



WHY, WHOSE IS IT?



I KNOW NOT, SURE I FOUND IT IN MY CHAMBER.

I LIKE THE WORK WELL... I'D HATE IT COPIED.

TAKE IT AND DO IT, AND LEAVE ME FOR THIS TIME.

SAY IF I SHALL SEE YOU SOON AT NIGHT.

I'LL SEE YOU SOON.



THOU SAIDST HE HAD MY HANDKERCHIEF.

AY, WHAT OF THAT?

THAT'S NOT SO GOOD NOW, WHAT HATH HE SAID?

FAITH, THAT HE DID -

WHAT?

LIE -

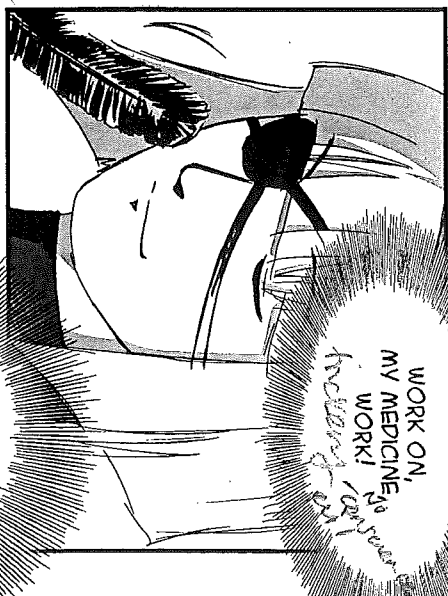
WITH HER?

AND
WITH HER, ON HER,
WHAT YOU WILL.

Othello:
LIE WITH HER!
LIE ON HER!

IT IS NOT WORDS
THAT SHAKE ME THUS,
EARS AND LIPS!

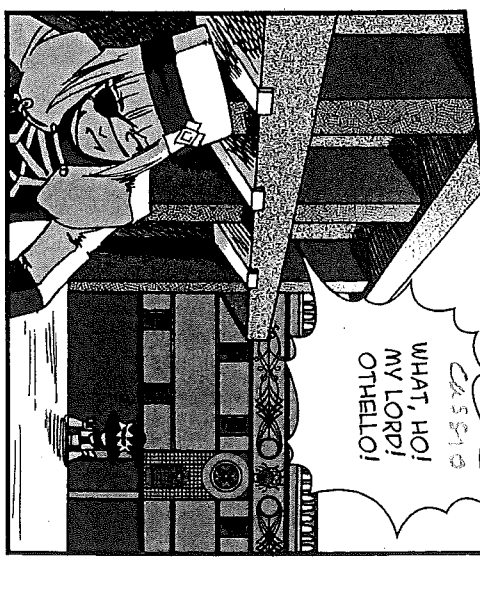
IS IT POSSIBLE?
CONFESS!
HANDKERCHIEF!
O DEVIL!
ASSES OUT



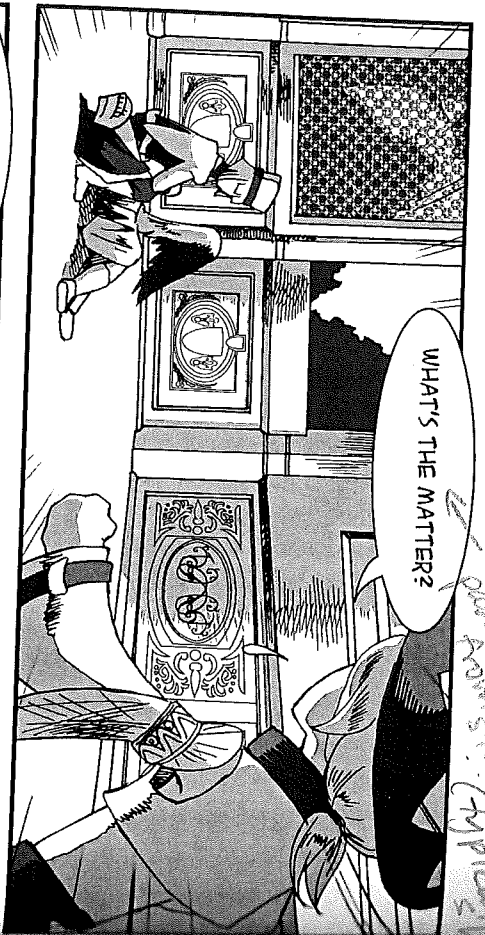
WORK ON,
MY MEDICINE,
WORK!
I'M NOT
FINDING IT



THUS CREPULOUS
FOOLS ARE CAUGHT,
AND MANY WORTHY
AND CHASTE DAMES,
ALL GUILTYLESS,
MEET REPROACH,
NO CONSCIENCE

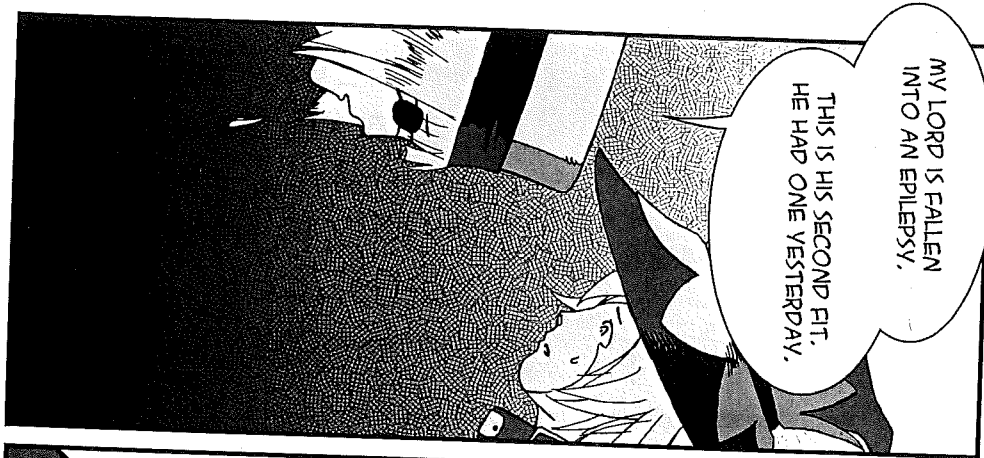


CASSIO
WHAT, HO!
MY LORD!
OTHELLO!



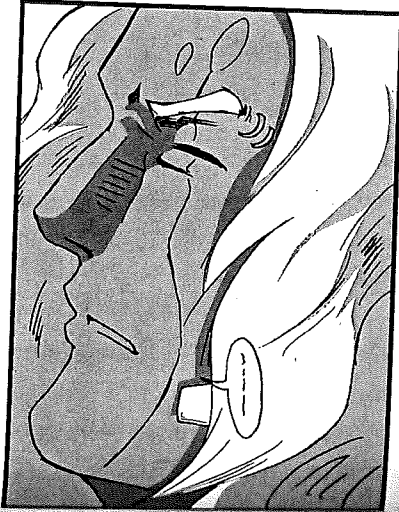
WHAT'S THE MATTER?

opened on good from stress (typical of suspense track).



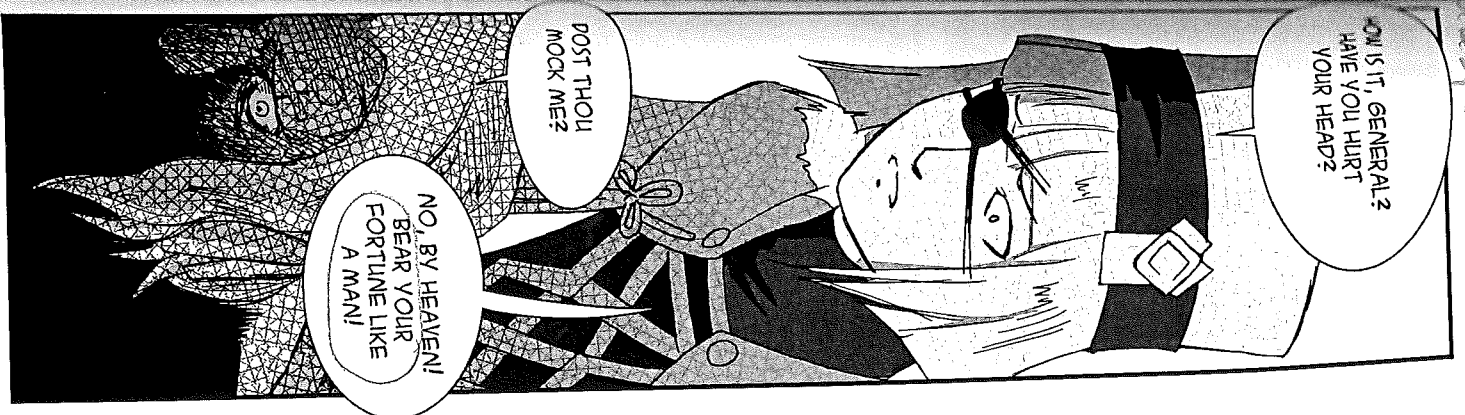
MY LORD IS FALLEN INTO AN EPILEPSY.

THIS IS HIS SECOND FIT. HE HAD ONE YESTERDAY.



LOOK! HE STIRS.

WITHDRAW YOURSELF A WHILE - I WOULD SPEAK WITH YOU.



NOW IS IT, GENERAL? HAVE YOU HURT YOUR HEAD?

POST THOU MOCK ME?

NO, BY HEAVEN! BEAR YOUR FORTUNE LIKE A MAN!



DID HE CONFESS IT?



CASSIO CAME HITHER, I BID HIM RETURN AND HERE SPEAK WITH ME.

I WILL MAKE HIM TELL
THE TALE ANEW, WHERE,
HOW, AND WHEN HE IS
AGAIN TO COPE YOUR WIFE.

MARK HIS GESTURE,
PATIENCE!

I WILL BE FOUND
MOST CUNNING IN
MY PATIENCE, BUT -
POST THOU HEAR? -
MOST BLOODY.

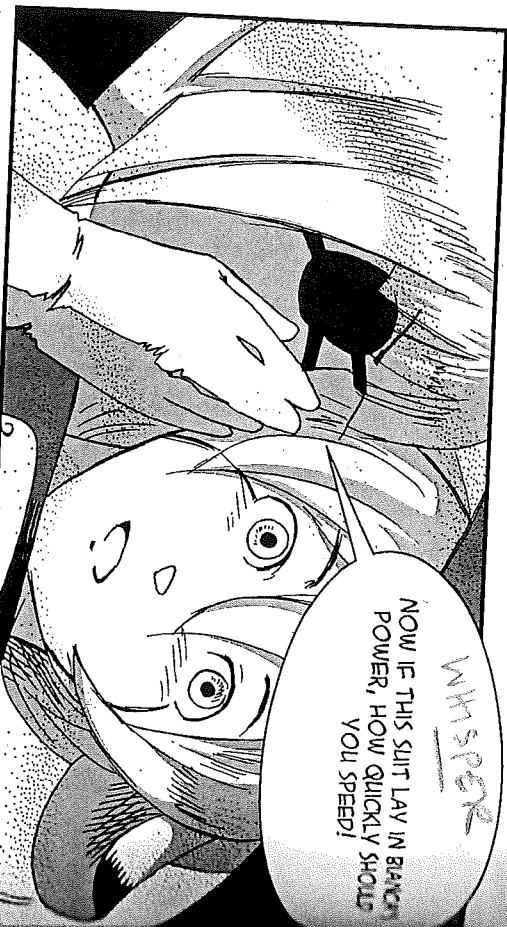
THAT'S NOT AMISS,
WILL YOU WITHDRAW?

NOW WILL I QUESTION
CASSIO OF BIANCA.
*Will tell of Bianca.
Don't think of D.
It is a creature
that dotes
on Cassio.*

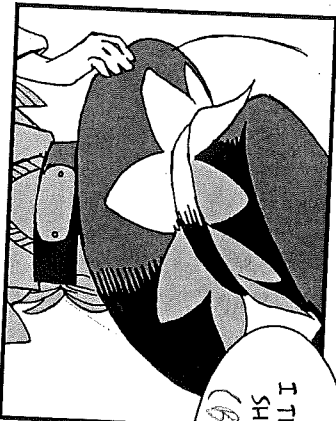
HOW DO YOU NOW,
LIEUTENANT?

THE WORSE.

CASSIO



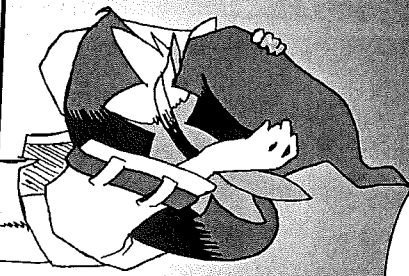
WHISPER
NOW IF THIS SUIT LAY IN BLANC'S POWER, HOW QUICKLY SHOULD YOU SPEED!



I THINK, I'FAITH, SHE LOVES ME, (Blanca)



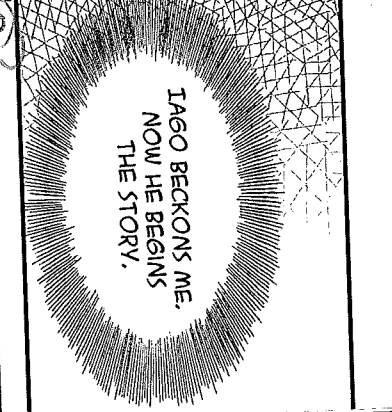
SHE GIVES IT OUT THAT YOU SHALL MARRY HER.



I MARRY HER! HA, HA, HA!



SO, SO, SO, THEY LAUGH THAT WIN.



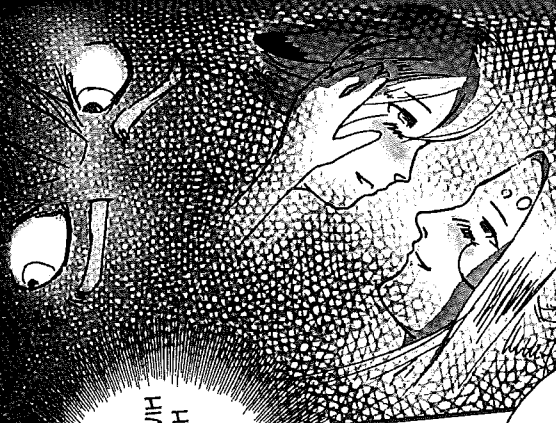
IAGO BECKONS ME, NOW HE BEGINS THE STORY.



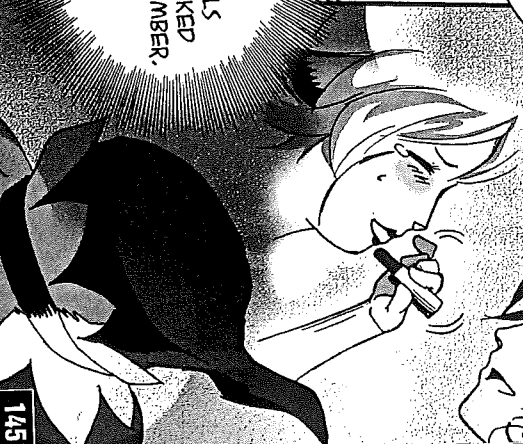
SHE HAUNTS ME IN EVERY PLACE.



SHE FALLS ABOUT MY NECK, HANGS AND LOLLIS AND WEEPS UPON ME. HA, HA, HA!



NOW HE TELLS HOW SHE PLICKED HIM TO MY CHAMBER.





LOOK, SHE COMES,
(Bored)

WHAT DO YOU MEAN
BY THIS HAUNTING OF ME

WHAT DID YOU
MEAN BY THAT
HANDKERCHIEF
YOU GAVE ME NOW?

Handkerchief

I WAS A FINE
GOLT TO TAKE IT.

THIS IS SOME
MINK'S TOKEN!

THERE, GIVE IT YOUR
HOBBY-HORSE,
WHERESOEVER
YOU HAD IT.

BY HEAVEN,
MY HANDKERCHIEF!
Oh, how I love it!

IF YOU'LL COME
TO SUPPER TONIGHT,
YOU MAY,

AFTER HER,
AFTER HER.

I MUST - SHE'LL
RAIL IN THE
STREET ELSE.

GO TO,
SAY NO MORE!

SEE HOW HE PRIZES THE FOOLISH WOMAN YOUR WIFE! SHE GAVE IT HIM AND HE HATH GIVEN IT HIS WHORE. MAY, YOU MUST FORGET THAT, poison against Cabal D. O'Connell

WAS THAT MINE?

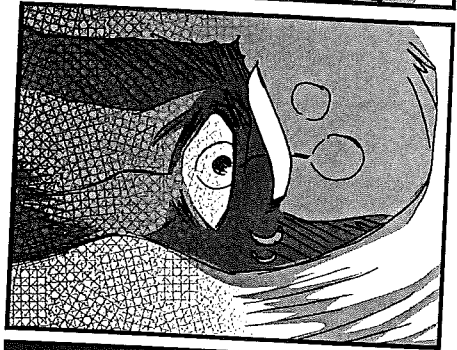
DID YOU PERCEIVE HOW HE LAUGHED? AND DID YOU SEE THE HANDKERCHIEF? forgetting the dagger under it

DID YOU PERCEIVE
HOW HE LAUGHED?

AND DID YOU SEE
THE HANDKERCHIEF?

WAS THAT
MINER

SEE HOW HE PRIZES
THE FOULISH WOMAN
YOUR WIFE! SHE GAVE
IT HIM AND HE HATH
GIVEN IT HIS WHORE.
NAY, YOU MUST
FORGET THAT.
*poison against
Cecilia D.
Cecilia D.
Cecilia D.*



LET HER ROT AND
PERISH AND
BE DAMNED TONIGHT,
FOR SHE SHALL
NOT LIVE!

MY HEART IS TURNED
TO STONE!
I STRIKE IT AND
IT HURTS MY HAND!

O, THE WORLD
HATH NOT
A SWEETER
CREATURE!

SHE'S THE WORSE
FOR ALL THIS.

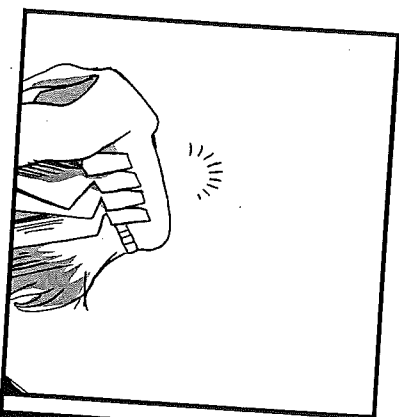
BUT YET THE PITY
OF IT, IAGO,
THE PITY OF IT!
Reminds us of Helen

GET ME SOME
POISON, IAGO,
THIS NIGHT.

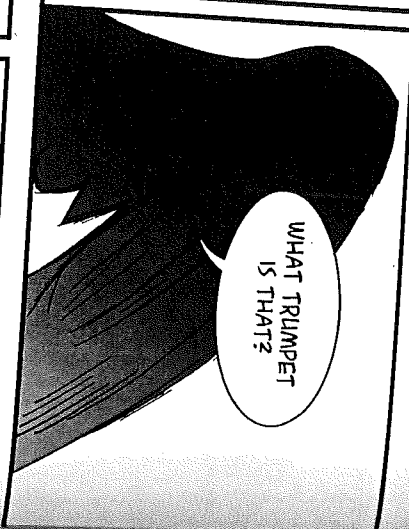
DO IT NOT WITH
POISON, STRANGLE
HER IN THE BED
SHE HATH
CONTAMINATED.
*reminds of Iago
helps Iago
revenge*

GOOD, GOOD,
THE JUSTICE OF IT
PLEASES.

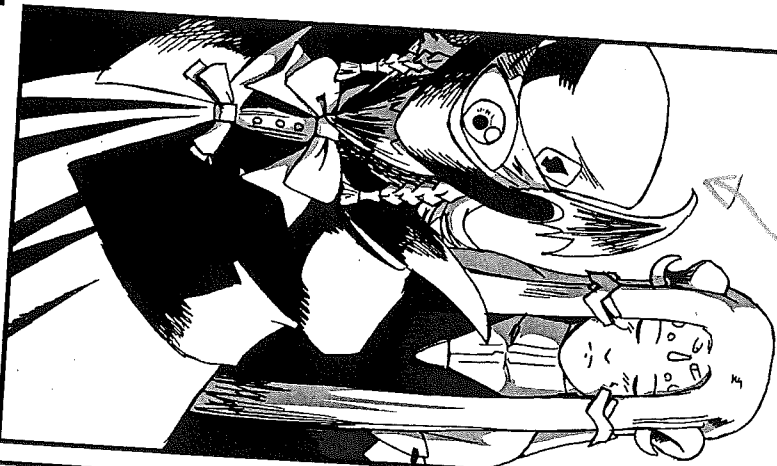
AND FOR CASSIO,
LET ME BE HIS
UNDERTAKER.
I'll kill C



WHAT TRUMPET
IS THAT?



'TIS LODOVICO,
COME FROM VENICE,
AND SEE, YOUR WIFE
IS WITH HIM.



THE DUKE AND SENATORS
OF VENICE GREET YOU



WELCOME TO
CYPRUS.

I THANK YOU.
HOW DOES
LIEUTENANT CASSIO?

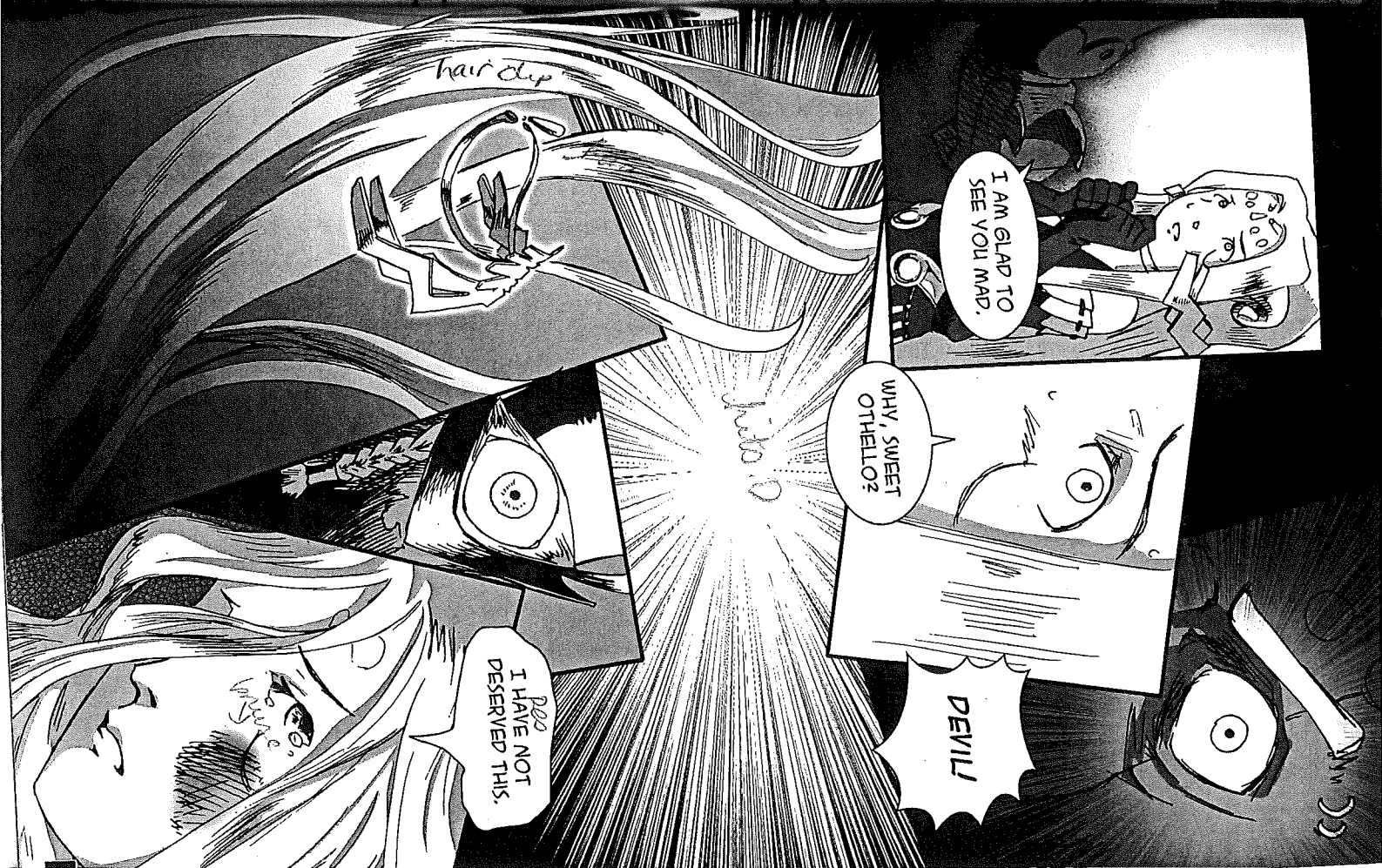
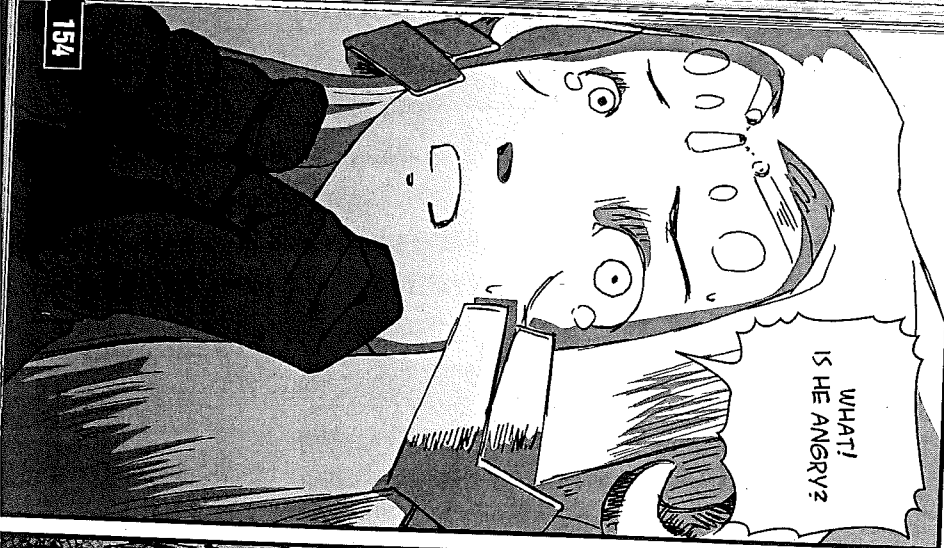
LIVES, SIR.

IS THERE DIVISION
'TWT MY LORD
AND CASSIO?



A MOST UNHAPPY ONE.
I WOULD DO MUCH TO
ATONE THEM, FOR
THE LOVE I BEAR
TO CASSIO.

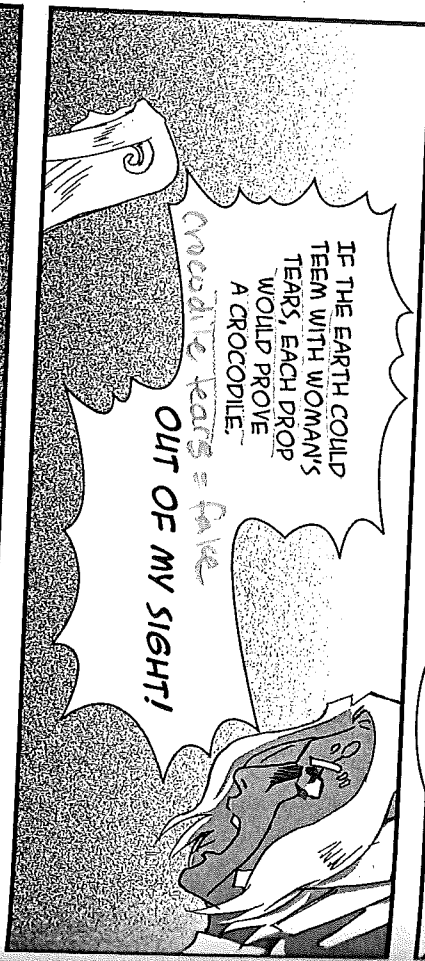
Des.
O'listen my
misinterpret





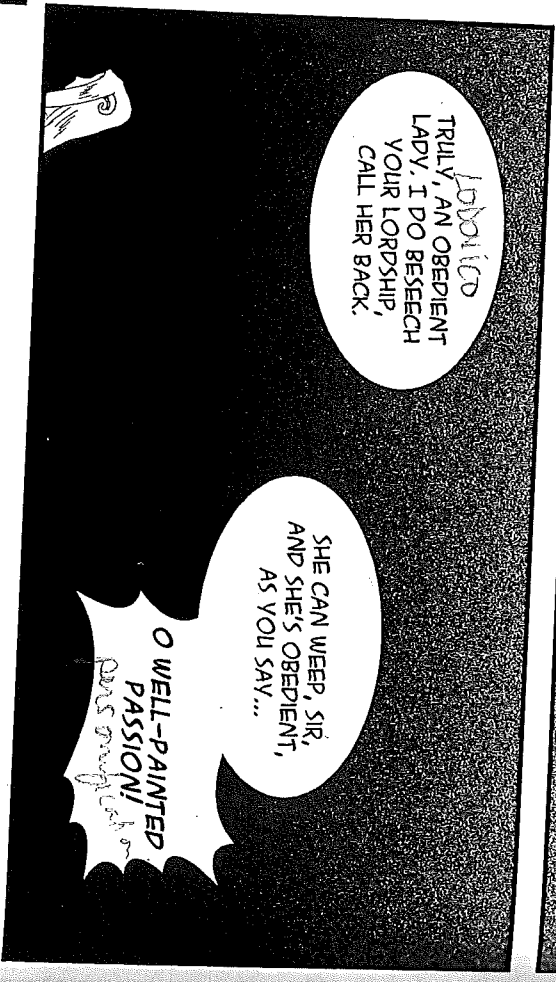
MY LORD, THIS WOULD NOT BE BELIEVED IN VENICE.

MAKE HER AMENDS, SHE WEEPS.



IF THE EARTH COULD TEEM WITH WOMAN'S TEARS, EACH DROP WOULD PROVE A CROCODILE.

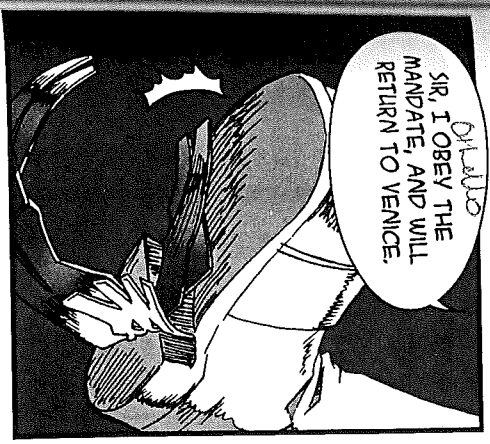
OUT OF MY SIGHT!



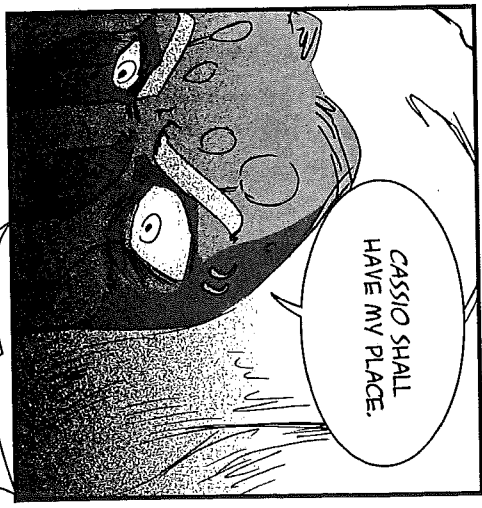
TRULY, AN OBEIENT LADY, I DO BESEECH YOUR LORDSHIP, CALL HER BACK.

SHE CAN WEEP, SIR, AND SHE'S OBEIENT, AS YOU SAY...

O WELL-PAINTED PASSION!



SR, I OBEY THE MANDATE, AND WILL RETURN TO VENICE.



CASSIO SHALL HAVE MY PLACE.

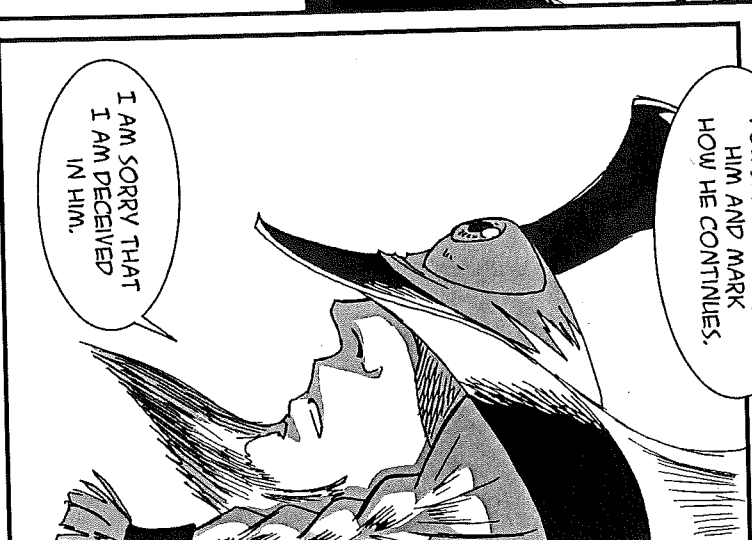
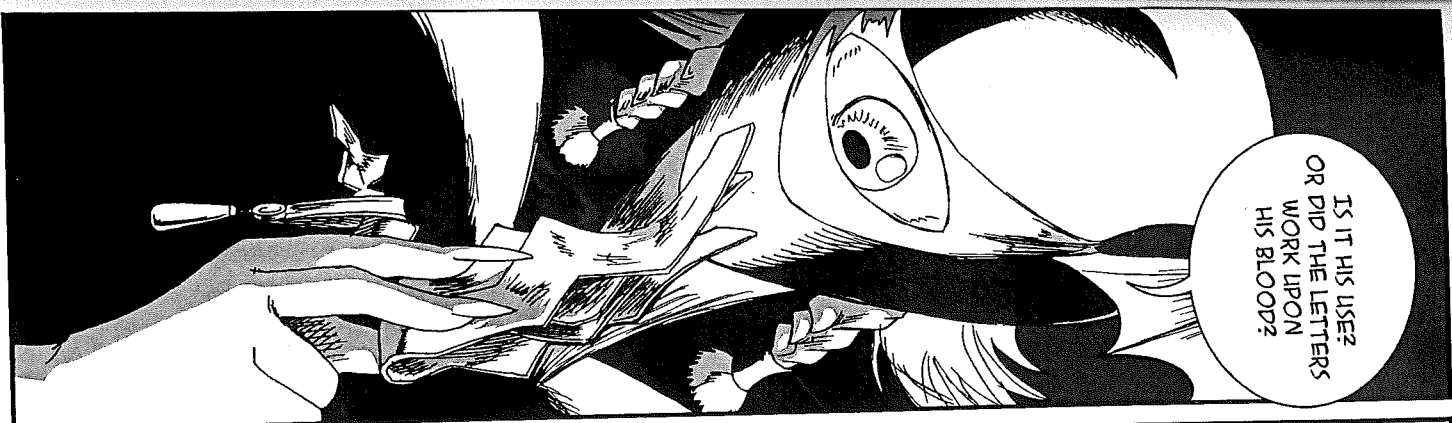
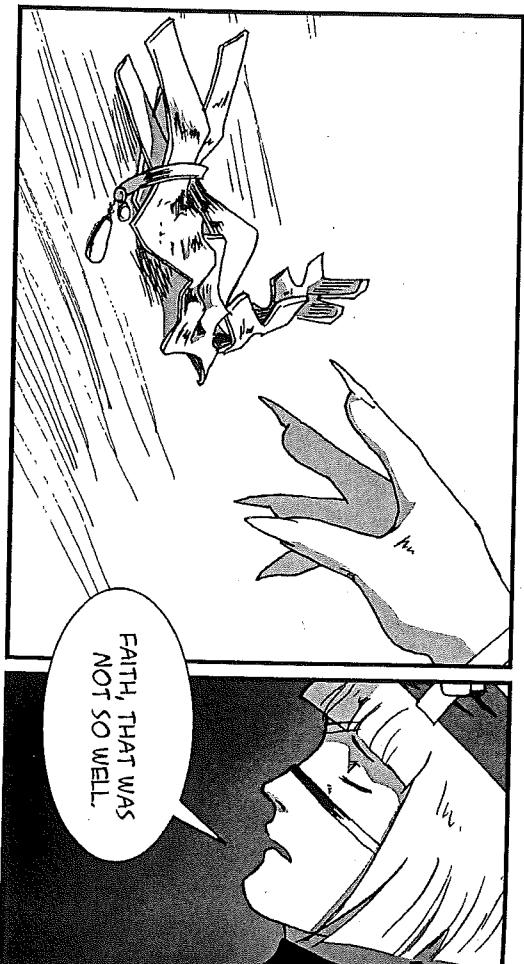


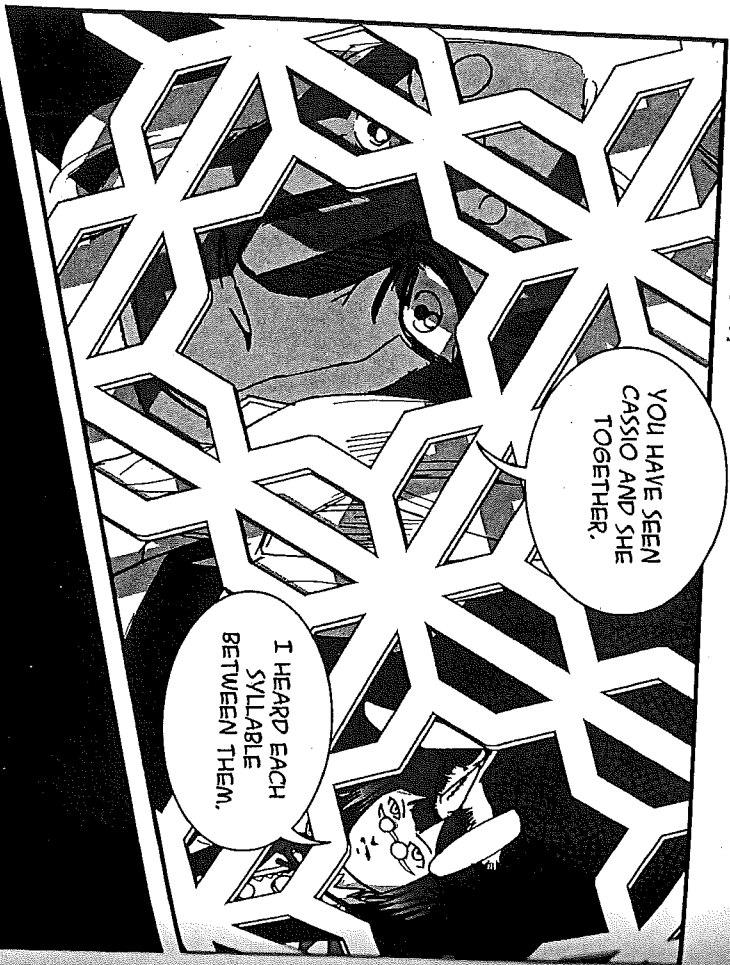
GOATS AND MONKEYS!



YOU ARE WELCOME, SR, TO CYPRUS.



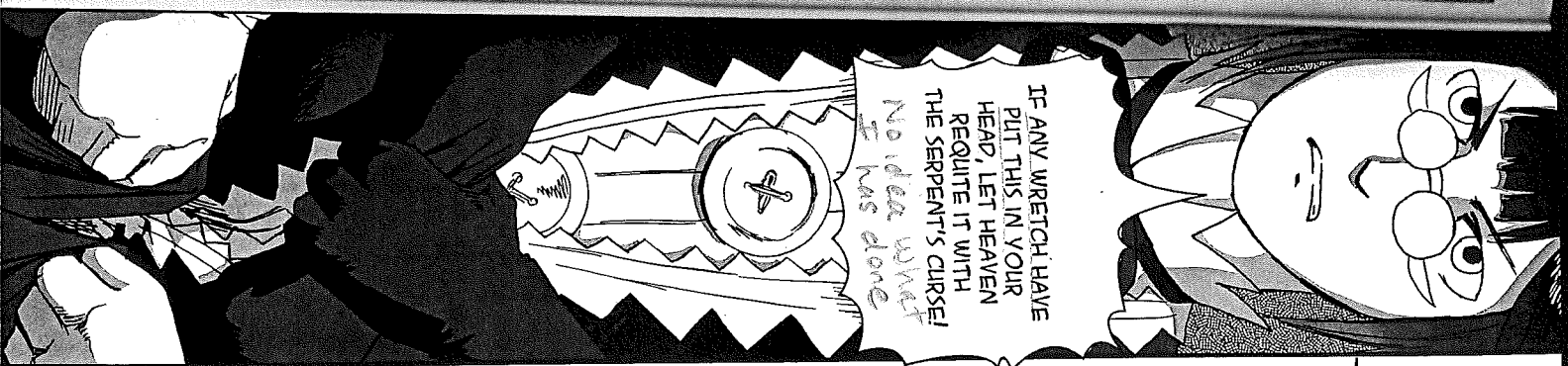




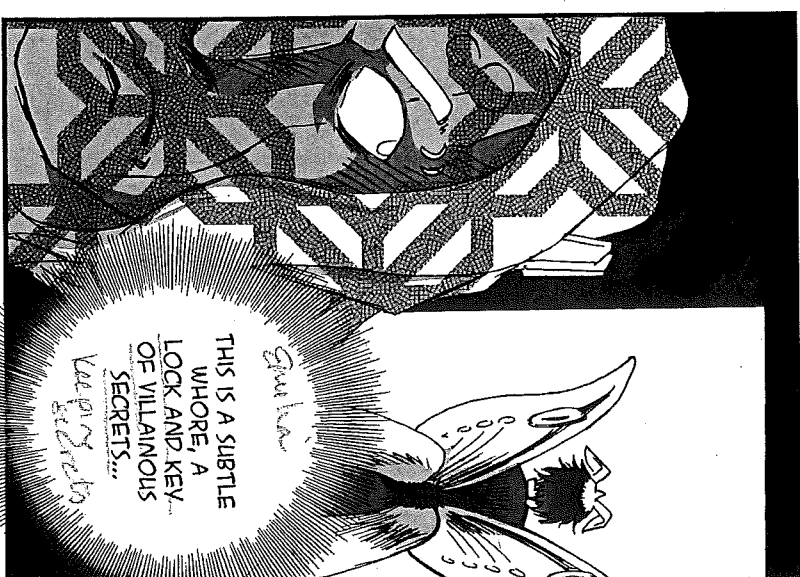
I HEARD EACH SYLLABLE BETWEEN THEM.



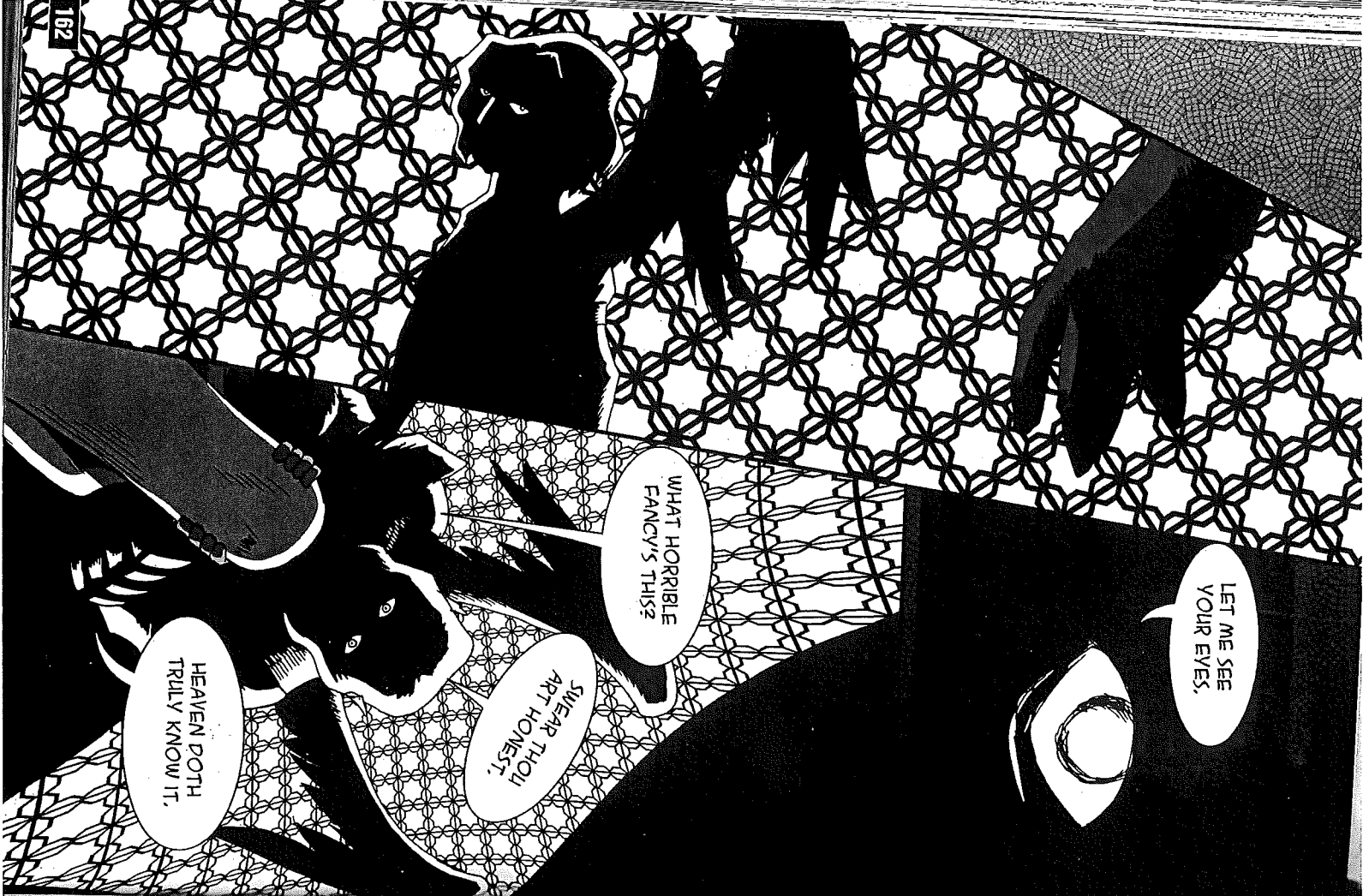
NEVER.
THAT'S STRANGE.



BID HER COME HITHER.



THIS IS A SUBTLE WHORE, A LOOK AND KEY OF VILLAINOUS SECRETS...



LET ME SEE
YOUR EYES.

WHAT HORRIBLE
FANCY'S THIS?

SWEAR THOU
ART HONEST.

HEAVEN DOT
TRULY KNOW IT.

HEAVEN TRULY KNOWS
THAT THOU ART FALSE
AS HELL.

TO WHOM, MY LORD?
WITH WHOM?
HOW AM I FALSE?

O THOU BLACK WEED!
WHY ART SO
LOVELY FAIR?
WOULD THOU HADST
NEVER BEEN BORN!

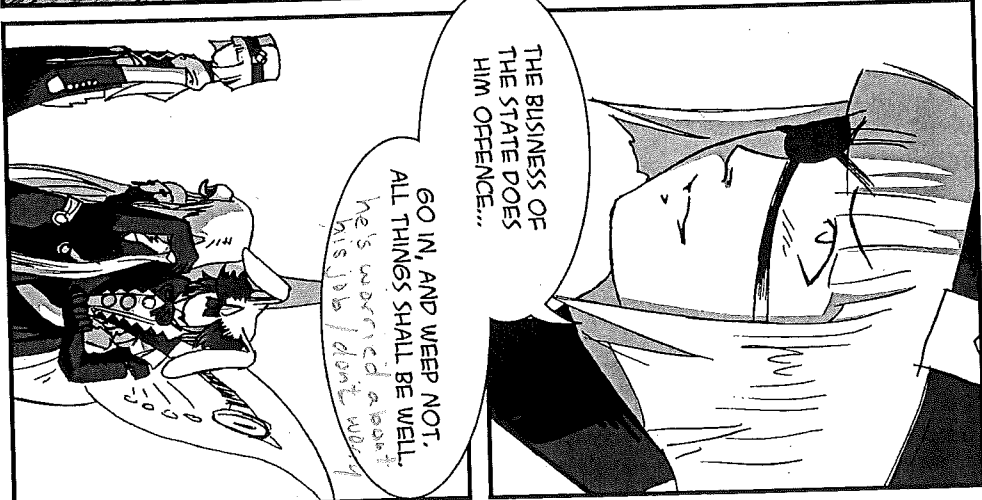
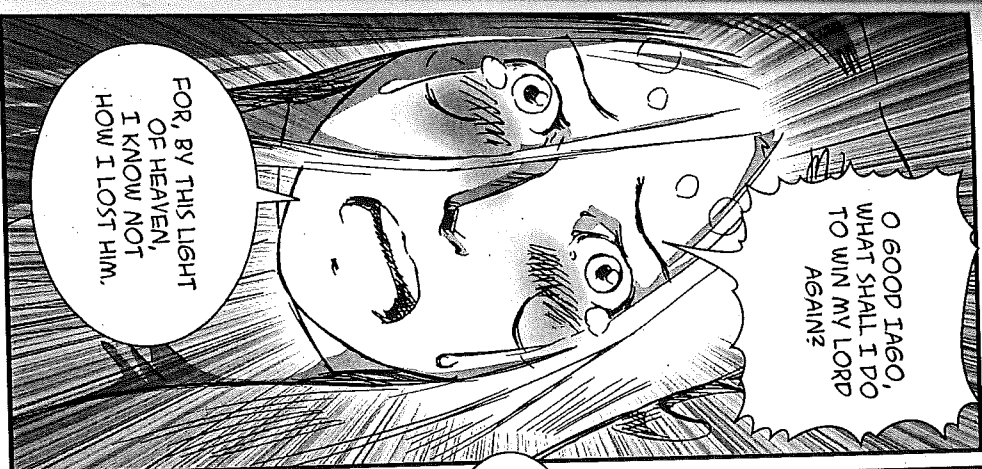
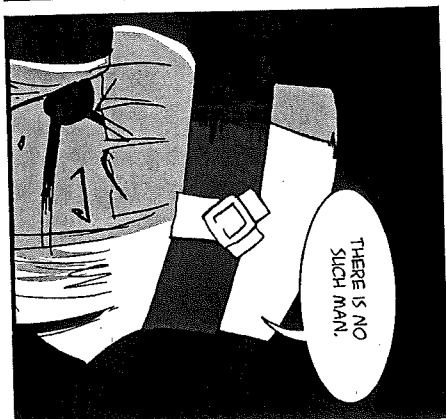
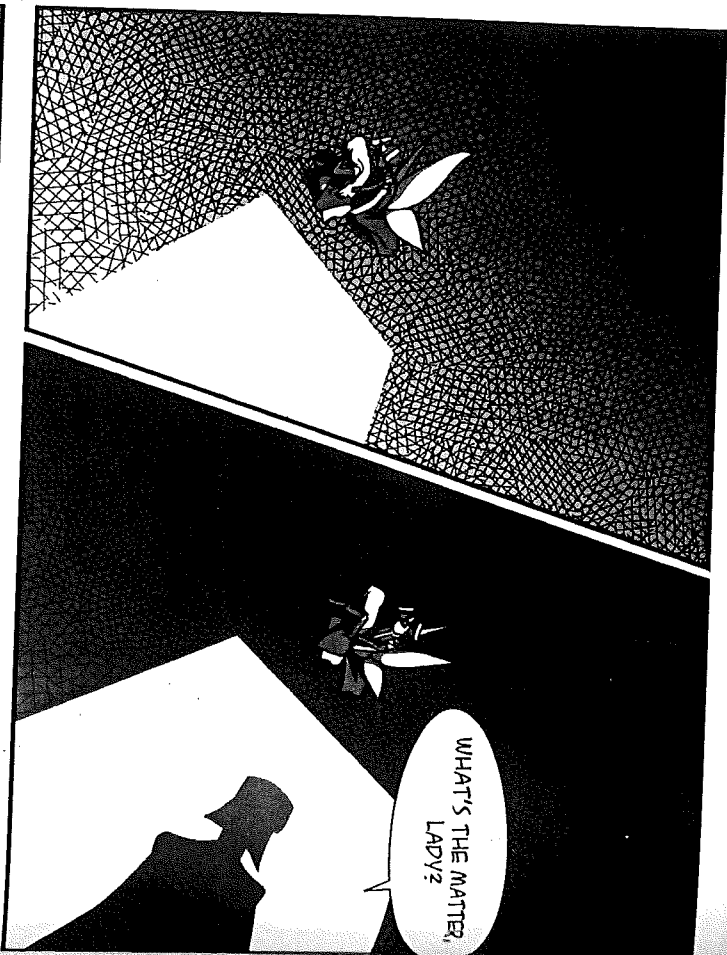


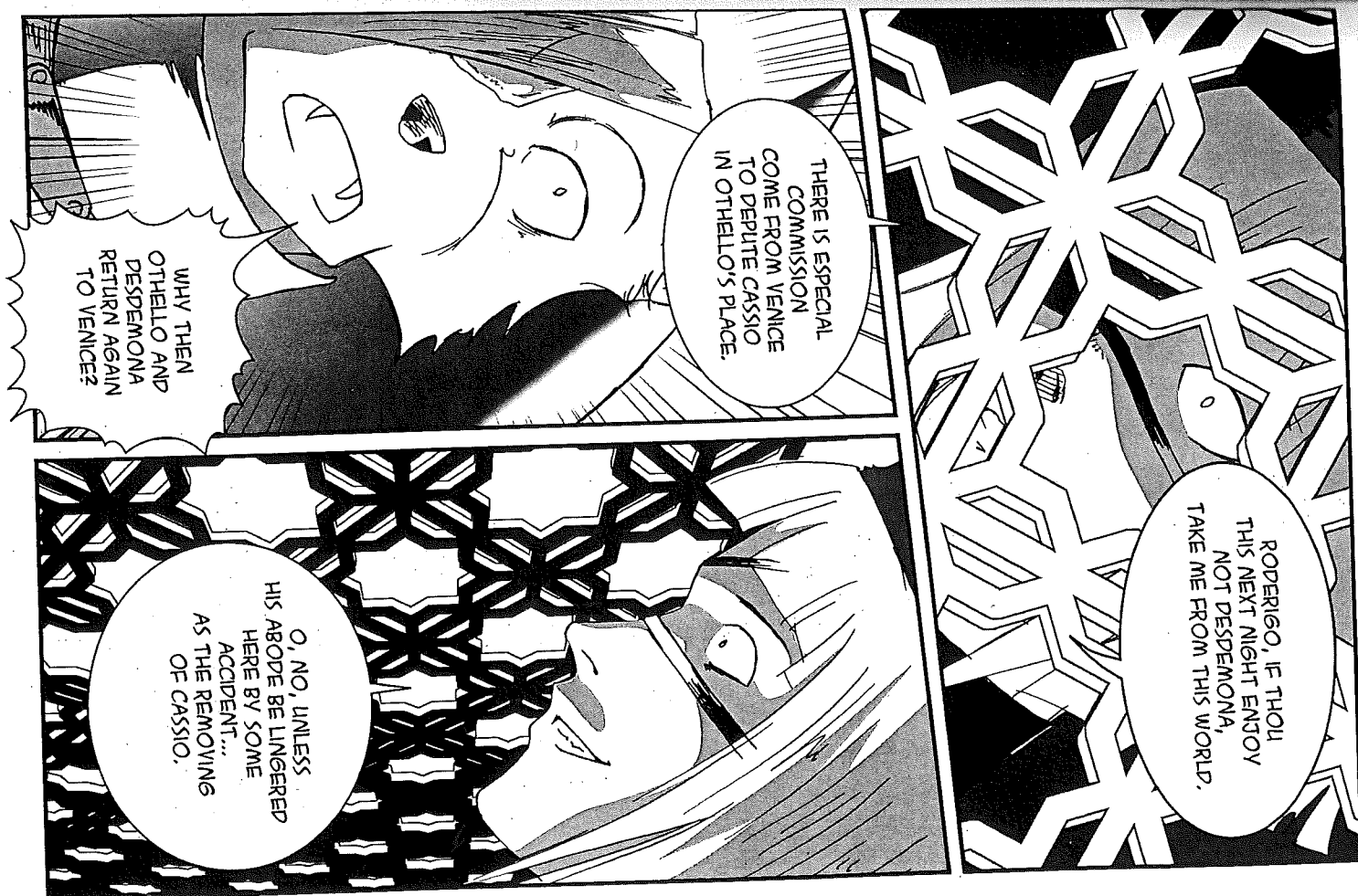
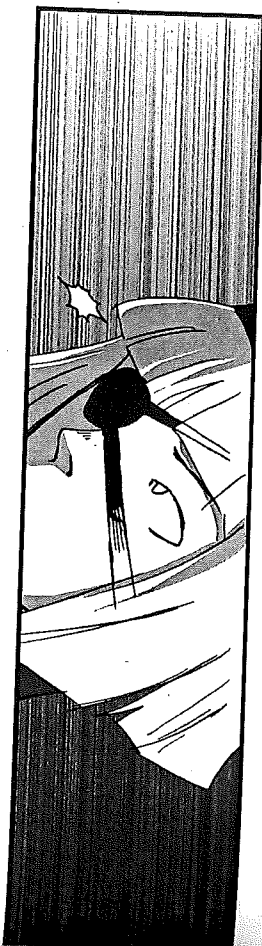
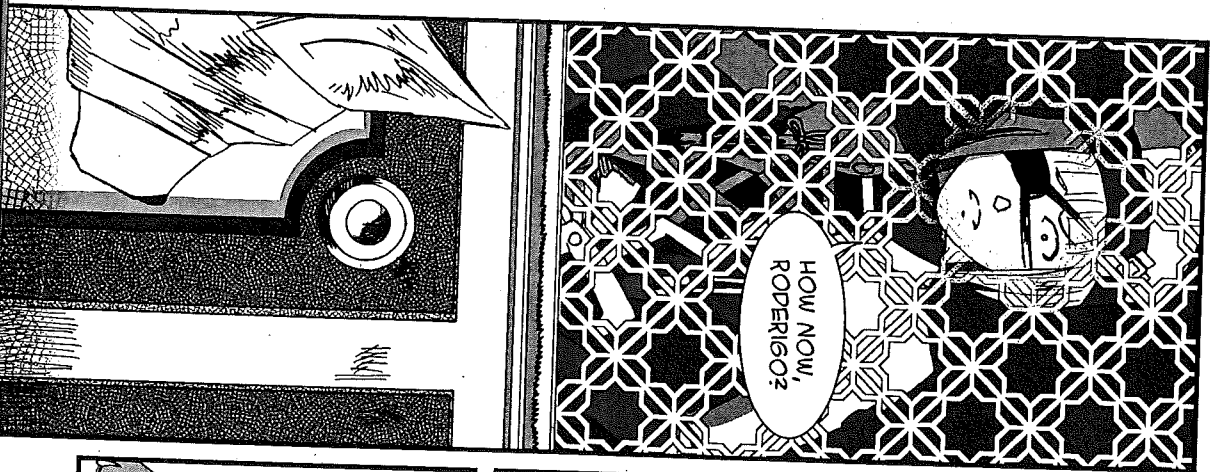
ALAS! WHAT IGNORANT
SIN HAVE
I COMMITTED?

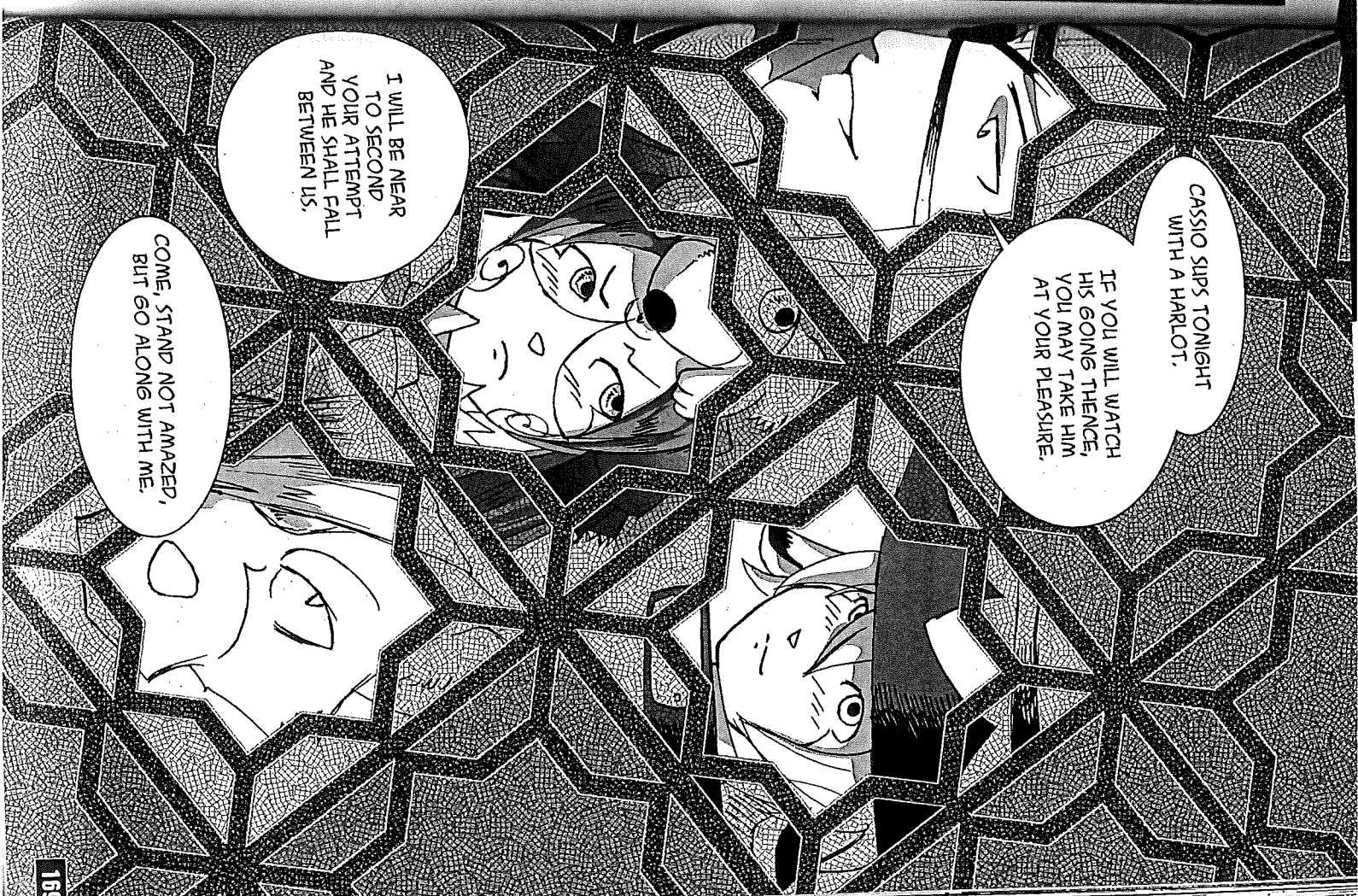
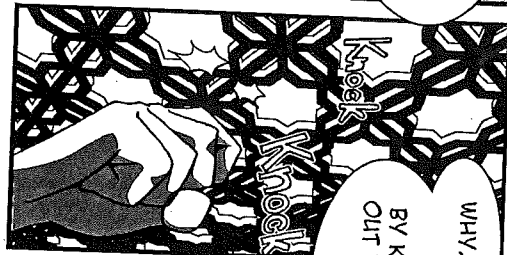
WHAT COMMITTED?
ARE NOT YOU
A STRUMPET?

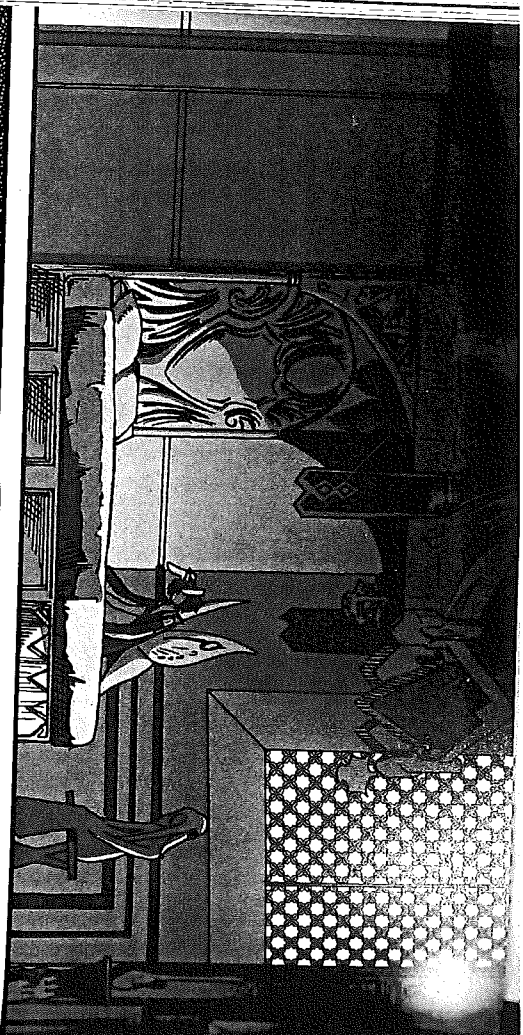
NO, AS I AM
A CHRISTIAN.

I TOOK YOU FOR
THAT CUNNING
WHORE OF VENICE
THAT MARRIED
WITH
OTHELLO!









HOW GOES IT NOW?

HE HATH COMMANDED ME TO GO TO BED AND BADE ME TO DISMISS YOU.



I WOULD YOU HAD NEVER SEEN HIM.

SO WOULD NOT I, MY LOVE DOTH SO APPROVE HIM THAT EVEN HIS FROWNS HAVE GRACE.



I HAVE LAID THOSE SHEETS YOU BADE ME ON THE BED,

IF I DO DIE BEFORE THEE, PRITHEE SHROUD ME IN ONE OF THOSE SAME SHEETS.

COME, COME, YOU TALK.

Spin

Spin

MY MOTHER HAD A MAID CALLED BARBARA. SHE WAS IN LOVE, AND HE SHE LOVED DID FORSAKE HER.

SHE HAD A SONG OF "WILLOW", AND SHE DIED SINGING IT.



THAT SONG TONIGHT WILL
NOT GO FROM MY MIND...

The fresh streams ran by her
and murmured her moans,

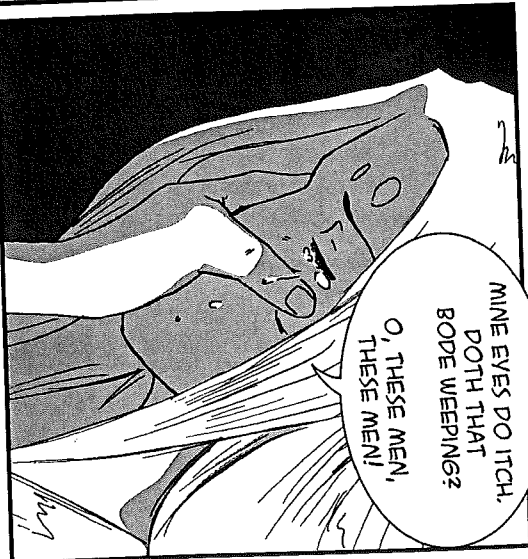
Sing willow, willow, willow.

Her salt tears fell from her
and softened the stones—

Sing willow, willow, willow...

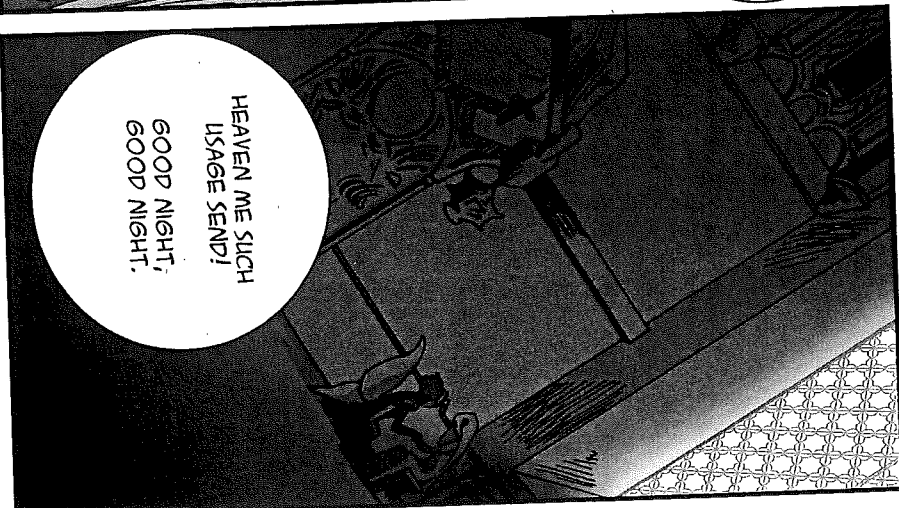
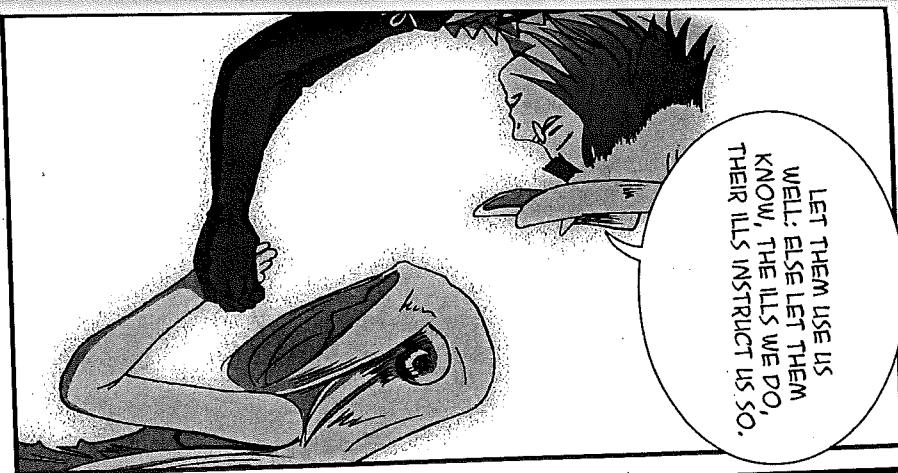
Sing all a green willow must be my garland.
Let nobody blame him, his scorn I approve—

*deaf
song*

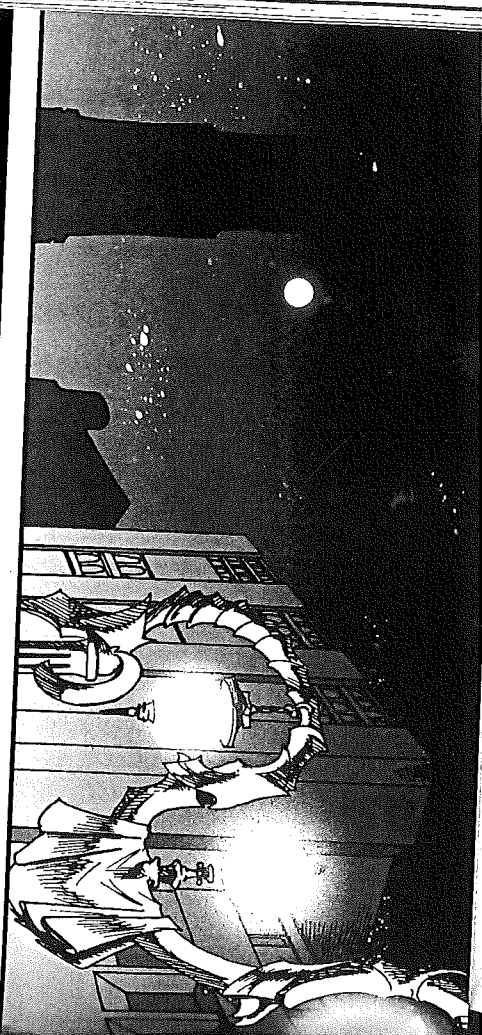


MINE EYES DO ITCH,
DOTH THAT
BODE WEEPING?
O, THESE MEN,
THESE MEN!

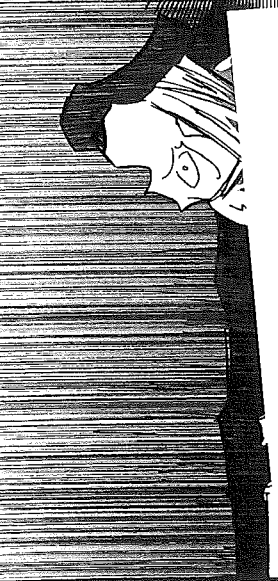
LET THEM USE US
WELL; ELSE LET THEM
KNOW, THE ILLS WE DO,
THEIR ILLS INSTRUCT US SO.



HEAVEN ME SUCH
USAGE SEND!
GOOD NIGHT,
GOOD NIGHT.

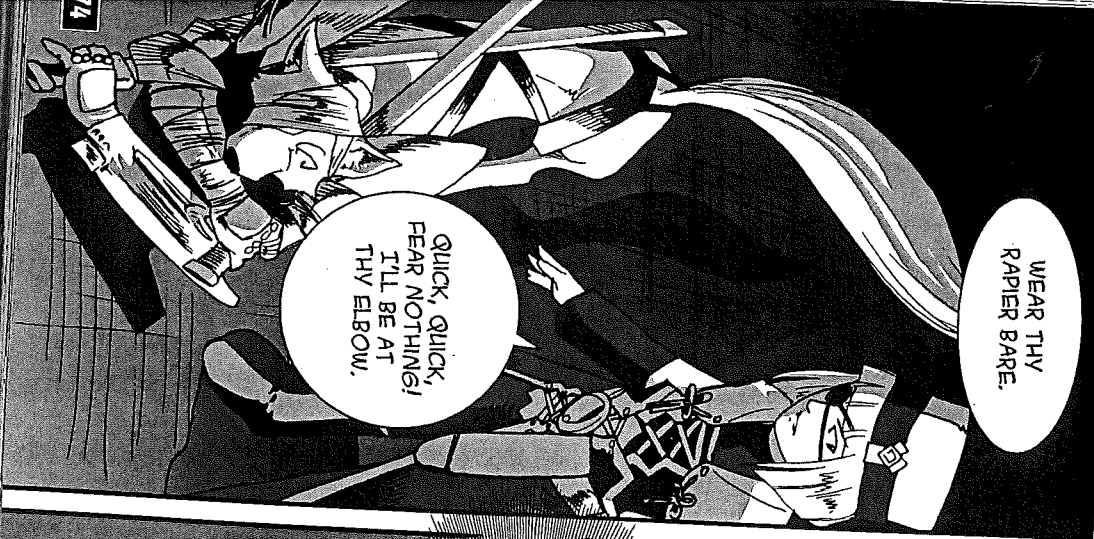


LIVE RODERIGO,
HE CALLS ME TO A
RESTITUTION OF GOLD
AND JEWELS THAT
I BOBBED FROM HIM AS
GIFTS TO DESEMONA...



WEAR THY
RAPIER BARE.

QUICK, QUICK,
FEAR NOTHING!
I'LL BE AT
THY ELBOW.



BE NEAR AT HAND,
I HAVE NO GREAT
DEVOTION TO
THE DEED.

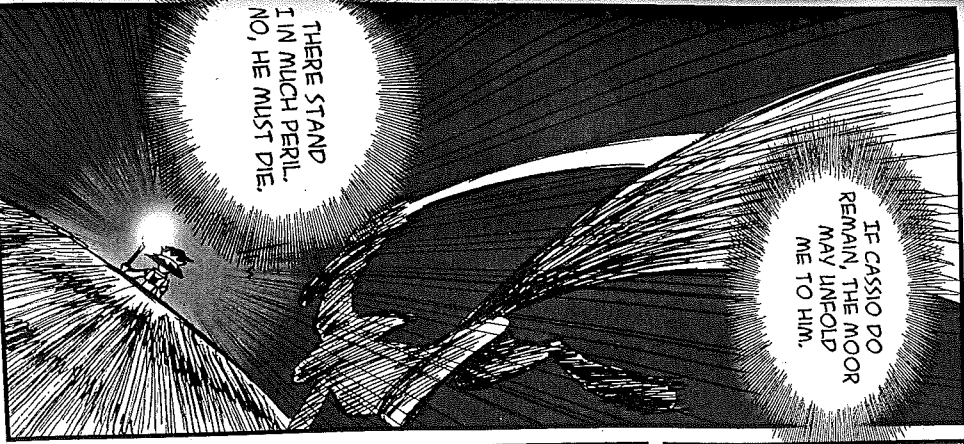


WHETHER HE KILL
CASSIO OR CASSIO HIM,
OR EACH DO KILL
THE OTHER, EVERY WAY
MAKES MY GAIN.



IF CASSIO DO
REMAIN, THE MOOR
MAY UNFOLD
ME TO HIM.

THERE STAND
I IN MUCH PERIL.
NO, HE MUST DIE.



'TIS HE, VILLAIN,
THOU DIEST!

