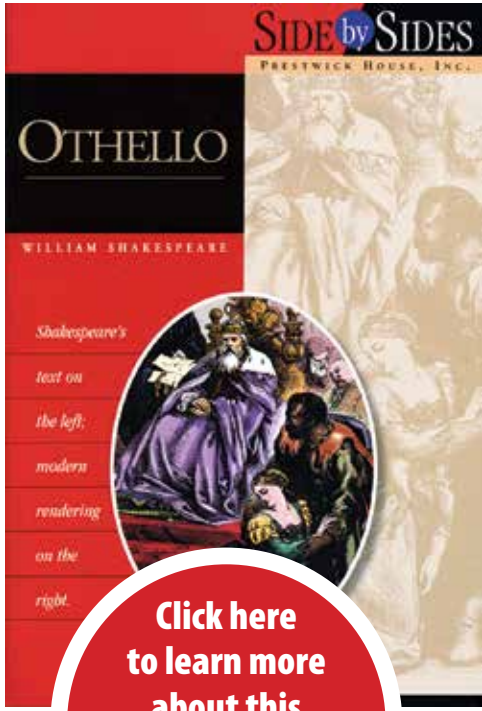




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## DRAMATIS PERSONAE

DUKE OF VENICE.  
BRABANTIO, a senator.  
Other Senators.  
(Senator)  
(First Senator)  
(Second Senator)  
GRATIANO, brother to Brabantio.  
LODOVICO, kinsman to Brabantio.  
OTHELLO, a noble Moor in the service of the Venetian state.  
CASSIO, his lieutenant.  
IAGO, his ancient.  
RODERIGO, a Venetian gentleman.  
MONTANO, predecessor of Othello in the government of Cyprus.

Clown, servant to Othello  
DESDEMONA, daughter to Brabantio and wife to Othello.  
EMILIA, wife to Iago.  
BIANCA, mistress to Cassio.  
SAILOR  
FIRST OFFICER  
MESSENGER  
GENTLEMAN  
FIRST GENTLEMAN  
SECOND GENTLEMAN  
THIRD GENTLEMAN  
FIRST MUSICIAN

*The first act takes place in Venice. The rest of the play takes place in a seaport in Cyprus.*

**SCENE 2**  
**Another street.**

*[Enter Othello, Iago, and Attendants with torches.]*

IAGO: Though in the trade of war I have slain men,  
Yet do I hold it very stuff o' the conscience  
To do no contrived murder. I lack iniquity  
Sometimes to do me service. Nine or ten times  
5 I had thought to have yerk'd him here under the ribs.

OTHELLO: 'Tis better as it is.

IAGO: Nay, but he prated  
And spoke such scurvy and provoking terms  
Against your honor  
10 That, with the little godliness I have,  
I did full hard forbear him. But I pray you, sir,  
Are you fast married? Be assured of this,  
That the magnifico is much beloved,  
And hath in his effect a voice potential  
15 As double as the Duke's. He will divorce you,  
Or put upon you what restraint and grievance  
The law, with all his might to enforce it on,  
Will give him cable.

OTHELLO: Let him do his spite.  
20 My services, which I have done the signiory,  
Shall out-tongue his complaints. 'Tis yet to know—  
Which, when I know that boasting is an honor,  
I shall promulgate—I fetch my life and being  
From men of royal siege; and my demerits  
25 May speak unbonneted to as proud a fortune  
As this that I have reach'd. For know, Iago,  
But that I love the gentle Desdemona,  
I would not my unhoused free condition  
Put into circumscription and confine  
30 For the sea's worth. But, look! What lights come yond?

**SCENE 2**  
**Another street.**

*[Enter Othello, Iago, and Attendants with torches]*

IAGO: *Although I have slain men in war, I still have a conscience and lack the evil required to commit a premeditated murder. Nine or ten times I have thought about stabbing Roderigo, here under the ribs.*

OTHELLO: *It is better that you did not.*

IAGO: *No, but he boasted and said such insulting things about your lack of honor that it took all of the goodness I have to stand it. But, I ask you, sir, are you securely married? Believe me that Brabantio is well liked, and his voice is possibly twice as powerful as the Duke's. He will have you divorced, or with all his might, he will cause whatever restriction and suffering he can to you under the law.*

OTHELLO: *Let him do his best. My services to the city are worth more than his complaints. He doesn't know it yet, and I won't boast about it until the right time, but I, too, come from royal blood. My good qualities will show that I come from as fine a fortune as the one that I have married into. Know, Iago, that I love the gentle Desdemona; otherwise, I would not have given up my freedom and put myself into the prison of marriage for all the money in the world. But look, what lights are those coming up?*

DUKE: Fetch Desdemona hither.

OTHELLO: Ancient, conduct them; you best know the place.

*[Exeunt Iago and Attendants.]*

135 And till she come, as truly as to heaven  
I do confess the vices of my blood,  
So justly to your grave ears I'll present  
How I did thrive in this fair lady's love  
And she in mine.

DUKE: Say it, Othello.

140 OTHELLO: Her father loved me, oft invited me,  
Still question'd me the story of my life  
From year to year, the battles, sieges, fortunes,  
That I have pass'd.  
I ran it through, even from my boyish days  
145 To the very moment that he bade me tell it:  
Wherein I spake of most disastrous chances,  
Of moving accidents by flood and field,  
Of hairbreadth 'scapes i' the imminent deadly breach,  
Of being taken by the insolent foe,  
150 And sold to slavery, of my redemption thence,  
And portance in my travels' history;  
Wherein of antres vast and deserts idle,  
Rough quarries, rocks, and hills whose heads touch heaven,  
It was my hint to speak,— such was the process;  
155 And of the Cannibals that each other eat,  
The Anthropophagi, and men whose heads  
Do grow beneath their shoulders. This to hear  
Would Desdemona seriously incline;  
But still the house affairs would draw her thence,  
160 Which ever as she could with haste dispatch,  
She'd come again, and with a greedy ear  
Devour up my discourse; which I observing,  
Took once a pliant hour, and found good means  
To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart  
165 That I would all my pilgrimage dilate,

DUKE: Bring Desdemona here.

OTHELLO: Ensign, show them to the Sagittary. You know the place best.

*[Exit Iago and Attendants]*

And until she arrives, I will confess my feelings to you as if I were telling  
God. I'll tell about how she came to love me and I came to love her.

DUKE: Tell me, Othello.

OTHELLO: Her father loved me and often invited me to his house to tell him  
stories about my life. I recounted, year by year, the battles, sieges, and for-  
tunes that I was involved in. I told him everything, from my boyhood days  
to the very moment that he asked me tell about my adventures. I spoke of  
all disastrous fortune: events on the seas and the battlefield, narrow escapes,  
and the turning points of battles. I also told about being taken by a terrible  
enemy and sold into slavery. I spoke of my release and my travels when I  
had to pass through caves and vast deserts alone, through rough quarries,  
over rocks, and mountains reaching heaven. It went that way. And I would  
tell him about the cannibals who ate each other, the man-eaters, and about  
men whose heads grow beneath their shoulders. Although Desdemona  
would attempt to hear these stories, affairs of the house would take her  
away. But whenever she could finish quickly, she would come back again,  
and take in my stories with an eager ear. I saw that she was interested, and  
once in an hour, I found a way to get her to earnestly ask me to relate all my  
adventures to her, most of which she had heard only in part. I agreed. She  
often cried when I spoke of some distressful situation that I suffered through  
when I was young. When my story was done, she gave me many sighs for  
my trouble. She swore, honestly, that it was strange, extremely strange. She  
said, "Twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful." She wished she had not heard;  
yet she wished that heaven had made her that kind of a man. She thanked  
me and told me that if I had a friend who loved her, I should teach him only  
how to tell my story, because that would win her heart. When she gave this  
hint, I spoke up. She loved me for the dangers I had encountered, and I loved  
her because she pitied them. This is the only witchcraft I have used. Here  
comes Desdemona; let her verify what I have said.

want of these required conveniences, her delicate tenderness will find itself abused, begin to heave the gorge, disrelish and abhor the Moor; very nature will instruct her in it and compel her to some  
 240 second choice. Now sir, this granted—as it is a most pregnant and unforced position—who stands so eminently in the degree of this fortune as Cassio does? A knave very voluble; no further conscio-  
 245 nable than in putting on the mere form of civil and humane seeming, for the better compassing of his salt and most hidden loose affection? Why, none; why, none; a slipper and subtle knave, a finder out of occasions; that has an eye can stamp and counterfeit advantages, though true advantage never present itself: a devilish knave! Besides, the knave is handsome, young, and hath all those  
 250 requisites in him that folly and green minds look after; a pestilent complete knave; and the woman hath found him already.

ROD: I cannot believe that in her; she's full of most blest condition.

IAGO: Blest fig'send! The wine she drinks is made of grapes. If she had been blest, she would never have loved the Moor. Blest pudding!  
 255 Didst thou not see her paddle with the palm of his hand? Didst not mark that?

ROD: Yes, that I did; but that was but courtesy.

IAGO: Lechery, by this hand; an index and obscure prologue to the history of lust and foul thoughts. They met so near with their lips that their breaths embraced together. Villainous thoughts, Roderigo!  
 260 When these mutualities so marshal the way, hard at hand comes the master and main exercise, the incorporate conclusion. Pish! But, sir, be you ruled by me. I have brought you from Venice. Watch you tonight; for the command, I'll lay't upon you. Cassio knows you not. I'll not be far from you. Do you find some occasion to anger Cassio, either by speaking too loud, or tainting his  
 265 discipline, or from what other course you please, which the time shall more favorably minister.

ROD: Well.

*of which the Moor lacks. Now, because she will miss these qualities, her delicate love will be feel cheated, she will get sick, begin to vomit, and hate the Moor. Her innate character will instruct her and force her to take some second choice. Now, sir, given this situation—since it is an obvious and likely position—who has a better opportunity here than Cassio? What other scoundrel would be in a better position to pretend to be well mannered and polite in order to fulfill his own obscene desires? No one, no one! He is a slippery and sneaky scoundrel, an opportunist, with the ability to fake and create phony advantages, even when true advantage never presents itself. He's a devilish rascal. Besides, the villain is handsome, young, and has all those qualities that fools and young minds look for. He is a sickening and absolute rogue, and Desdemona has found him already.*

ROD: I cannot believe that she act that way. She is full of holy qualities.

IAGO: “Holy” she is not! She is not a saint or goddess. If she were so good, she would never have fallen in love with the Moor. “Holy”; Nonsense! Didn't you see her play with the palm of his hand? Didn't you notice that?

ROD: Yes, I did; but that was only good manners.

IAGO: *It was lust, and in so doing she sent a signal and subtle preview to match his history of lust and foul thoughts. They came so close with their lips that their breaths embraced. Terrible thoughts, Roderigo! With their lustful exchanges leading the way toward the main exercise, surely the two bodies will inevitably come together. Pish! But, sir, listen to me: I have brought you from Venice. Watch tonight for when Cassio is on guard duty. I'll give you the plan. Cassio doesn't know you. [Roderigo makes a face]—Don't worry, I'll be close by you. Find some reason to make Cassio angry, either by speaking too loud, or taunting his discipline or however you please, based on what seems best for the time.*

ROD: Good.

IAGO: Come, you are too severe a moraler. As the time, the place, and the condition of this country stands, I could heartily wish this had not befallen; but since it is as it is, mend it for your own good.

280 CASSIO: I will ask him for my place again; he shall tell me I am a drunkard! Had I as many mouths as Hydra, such an answer would stop them all. To be now a sensible man, by and by a fool, and presently a beast! O strange! Every inordinate cup is unblest, and the ingredient is a devil.

285 IAGO: Come, come, good wine is a good familiar creature, if it be well used. Exclaim no more against it. And, good lieutenant, I think you think I love you.

CASSIO: I have well approved it, sir. I drunk!

IAGO: You or any man living may be drunk at some time, man. I'll tell you what you shall do. Our general's wife is now the general.  
290 I may say so in this respect, for that he hath devoted and given up himself to the contemplation, mark, and denotement of her parts and graces. Confess yourself freely to her; importune her help to put you in your place again. She is of so free, so kind, so apt, so blessed a disposition, she holds it a vice in her goodness not to do  
295 more than she is requested. This broken joint between you and her husband entreat her to splinter; and, my fortunes against any lay worth naming, this crack of your love shall grow stronger than it was before.

CASSIO: You advise me well.

300 IAGO: I protest, in the sincerity of love and honest kindness.

CASSIO: I think it freely; and betimes in the morning I will beseech the virtuous Desdemona to undertake for me. I am desperate of my fortunes if they check me here.

IAGO: You are in the right. Good night, lieutenant, I must to the watch.

IAGO: *Come, you are too hard on yourself. With the state that this country is in, I sincerely wish that all this had not happened, but since it has, you must learn from it.*

CASSIO: *I will ask the general for my position again; he will tell me I am a drunkard! And if I had as many mouths as Hydra, that answer would shut them all. To be at one moment a sensible man, the next moment a fool, and then a beast! Oh, it is strange! Every excessive cup of wine is a sin, and the ingredient is a devil.*

IAGO: *Come, come, good wine can be a good friend, if it is used wisely. Don't say anything else bad about it. And, good lieutenant, I think you know I am devoted to you.*

CASSIO: *I have earned your respect, sir. I am a drunk!*

IAGO: *You or any man living may get drunk at some time! I'll tell you what you should do. Our general's wife is now in charge. What I mean is that the general has devoted himself to the contemplation, attention, and study of her body and charm. Confess your guilt freely to her, and ask her to help you regain your position. She is free, kind, and competent; she has a blessed temperament, and she thinks that it is a weakness in her goodness not to do more than is requested of her. Get her to mend the wound between you and her husband. I'll bet my fortunes against anything you want to name that she will mend the crack in your love, and it will grow stronger than it was before.*

CASSIO: *You have given me good advice.*

IAGO: *In all sincerity and honest kindness, I am just trying to help.*

CASSIO: *I will think more about this on my own. In the morning I will ask the virtuous Desdemona to help me. I am desperate about my future if my career ends here.*

IAGO: *You are in the right. Good night, lieutenant; I must go on patrol.*

IAGO: Why, how now, general! No more of that.

OTHELLO: Avaunt! be gone! Thou hast set me on the rack:  
I swear 'tis better to be much abused  
375 Than but to know't a little.

IAGO: How now, my lord?

OTHELLO: What sense had I of her stol'n hours of lust?  
I saw't not, thought it not, it harm'd not me;  
I slept the next night well, was free and merry;  
380 I found not Cassio's kisses on her lips:  
He that is robb'd, not wanting what is stol'n,  
Let him not know't and he's not robb'd at all.

IAGO: I am sorry to hear this.

OTHELLO: I had been happy if the general camp,  
385 Pioners and all, had tasted her sweet body,  
So I had nothing known. O, now forever  
Farewell the tranquil mind! Farewell content!  
Farewell the plumed troop and the big wars  
That make ambition virtue! O, farewell,  
390 Farewell the neighing steed and the shrill trump,  
The spiritstirring drum, the earpiercing fife,  
The royal banner, and all quality,  
Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war!  
And O you mortal engines, whose rude throats  
395 The immortal Jove's dread clamors counterfeit,  
Farewell! Othello's occupation's gone!

IAGO: Is't possible, my lord?

OTHELLO: Villain, be sure thou prove my love a whore;  
Be sure of it. Give me the ocular proof;  
400 Or, by the worth of man's eternal soul,  
Thou hadst been better have been born a dog  
Than answer my waked wrath!

IAGO: Why, hello, general! No more of that kind of talk.

OTHELLO: Go! Be gone! You have put me on the torturing rack. I swear it is  
better to be deceived than it is to know even a little.

IAGO: What do you mean, my lord?

OTHELLO: What did I know about her secret hours of lust? I didn't see it, didn't  
think about it, and it did not hurt me. I slept well last night, was free and  
happy. I did not find Cassio's kisses on her lips. A person may be robbed,  
but if he has no knowledge of what has been stolen, ultimately, he has not  
been robbed at all.

IAGO: I am sorry to hear this.

OTHELLO: I would have been happier if every soldier in camp had tasted her  
sweet body, and I had known nothing about it. Oh, now, good-bye forever  
to the peaceful mind! Good-bye contentment! Farewell to the decorated  
troops and the big wars that make ambition an asset! Oh, farewell! Farewell  
the neighing horse, the screeching trumpet, the spirit-stirring drum, the ear-  
piercing flute, the royal banner, and all quality, pride, magnificence, and  
customs of glorious war! And, oh, you cannons, whose rude throats mimic  
the immortal Jove's thunder, farewell! Othello's occupation is gone!

IAGO: Is it possible, my lord?

OTHELLO: Villain, be sure you can prove that my love is a whore. [Grabbing  
Othello by the throat.] Be sure of it. Give me proof I can see, or by the  
worth of man's eternal soul, you will wish that you were born a dog rather  
than to be forced to answer to my awakened rage!

165 DESD: Alas the day, I never gave him cause!

EMILIA: But jealous souls will not be answer'd so;  
They are not ever jealous for the cause,  
But jealous for they are jealous. 'Tis a monster  
Begot upon itself, born on itself.

170 DESD: Heaven keep that monster from Othello's mind!

EMILIA: Lady, amen.

DESD: I will go seek him. Cassio, walk hereabout.  
If I do find him fit, I'll move your suit,  
And seek to effect it to my uttermost.

175 CASSIO: I humbly thank your ladyship.  
*[Exeunt Desdemona and Emilia.]*

*[Enter Bianca.]*

BIANCA: Save you, friend Cassio!

CASSIO: What make you from home?  
How is it with you, my most fair Bianca?  
I'faith, sweet love, I was coming to your house.

180 BIANCA: And I was going to your lodging, Cassio  
What, keep a week away? seven days and nights?  
Eight score eight hours? and lovers' absent hours,  
More tedious than the dial eight score times?  
O weary reckoning!

185 CASSIO: Pardon me, Bianca:  
I have this while with leaden thoughts been press'd;  
But I shall in a more continue time  
Strike off this score of absence. Sweet Bianca,  
*[Gives her Desdemona's handkerchief.]*  
Take me this work out.

DESD: *I rue this day; I never gave him cause to be jealous.*

EMILIA: *But jealous souls are not always jealous for a good cause. They are jealous because they are jealous. Jealousy is a monster produced from itself, born by itself.*

DESD: *Heaven keep that monster from Othello's mind!*

EMILIA: *Lady, Amen.*

DESD: *I will go look for him. Cassio, walk around here. If I find Othello in a good mood, I'll advance your case and try my best to help you.*

CASSIO: *I humbly thank your ladyship.*  
*[Exit Desdemona and Emilia]*

*[Enter Bianca]*

BIANCA: *Good day, friend Cassio!*

CASSIO: *What brings you out of the house? How are you, my most beautiful Bianca? To be honest, love, I was just coming over to your house.*

BIANCA: *And I was going to your house. Cassio, why have you not been around for a week? Seven days and nights? Eight score and eight hours? A lover's hours away from her love are more exhausting than the normal hours are. Oh, these are sad calculations!*

CASSIO: *Forgive me, Bianca; I have had a lot on my mind lately. But I will, in a more undisturbed time, make up for the twenty absences. Sweet Bianca, [Giving her Desdemona's handkerchief] copy this pattern.*



LODOVICO: What, strike his wife!

285 IAGO: Faith, that was not so well; yet would I knew  
That stroke would prove the worst!

LODOVICO: Is it his use?  
Or did the letters work upon his blood,  
And new create this fault?

290 IAGO: Alas, alas!  
It is not honesty in me to speak  
What I have seen and known. You shall observe him,  
And his own courses will denote him so  
That I may save my speech: do but go after,  
295 And mark how he continues.

LODOVICO: I am sorry that I am deceived in him.

*[Exeunt.]*

**SCENE 2**  
**A room in the castle.**

*[Enter Othello and Emilia.]*

OTHELLO: You have seen nothing, then?

EMILIA: Nor ever heard, nor ever did suspect.

OTHELLO: Yes, you have seen Cassio and she together.

EMILIA: But then I saw no harm, and then I heard  
5 Each syllable that breath made up between them.

OTHELLO: What, did they never whisper?

LODOVICO: *He struck his wife!*

IAGO: *In truth, that was not so good; I wish I knew if hitting her will be the worst of it!*

LODOVICO: *Is he usually like this, or did the letters get him worked up and create this problem?*

IAGO: *Alas, alas! I do not think it is right for me to say what I have seen and known. Watch him, and his actions will reveal who he is so that I do not need to talk about it. But, go after him, and notice how he acts.*

LODOVICO: *I am sorry that I was wrong about him.*

*[Exeunt]*

**SCENE 2**  
**A room in the castle.**

*[Enter Othello and Emilia]*

OTHELLO: *You have not seen anything then?*

EMILIA: *Nor heard anything or had any suspicions.*

OTHELLO: *Yes, but you have seen Cassio and her together.*

EMILIA: *But I saw no harm, and I heard each syllable that was spoken between them.*

OTHELLO: *They never whispered?*

135 *DESD:* Such as she says my lord did say I was.

*EMILIA:* He call'd her whore; a beggar in his drink  
Could not have laid such terms upon his callet.

*IAGO:* Why did he do so?

*DESD:* I do not know; I am sure I am none such.

140 *IAGO:* Do not weep, do not weep. Alas the day!

*EMILIA:* Hath she forsook so many noble matches,  
Her father and her country and her friends,  
To be call'd whore? Would it not make one weep?

*DESD:* It is my wretched fortune.

145 *IAGO:* How comes this trick upon him?

*DESD:* Nay, heaven doth know.

*EMILIA:* I will be hang'd, if some eternal villain,  
Some busy and insinuating rogue,  
Some cogging cozening slave, to get some office,  
150 Have not devised this slander; I'll be hang'd else.

*IAGO:* Fie, there is no such man; it is impossible.

*DESD:* If any such there be, heaven pardon him!

*EMILIA:* A halter pardon him! And hell gnaw his bones!  
Why should he call her whore? Who keeps her company?  
155 What place? What time? What form? What likelihood?  
The Moor's abused by some most villainous knave,  
Some base notorious knave, some scurvy fellow.  
O heaven, that such companions thou'dst unfold,  
And put in every honest hand a whip

*DESD:* The name Emilia told you that my lord said I was.

*EMILIA:* He called her whore. A drunken beggar could not have called his wench  
such names.

*IAGO:* Why did he do that?

*DESD:* I do not know. I am sure that I am not one.

*IAGO:* Do not cry, do not cry. Alas the day!

*EMILIA:* Has she turned down so many noble suitors, and given up her father, her  
country, and her friends, only to be called whore? Isn't it enough to make  
anyone cry?

*DESD:* It is my terrible fate.

*IAGO:* Where did he get this idea?

*DESD:* Only heaven knows.

*EMILIA:* I would die if some evil villain, some meddlesome and insinuating rogue,  
some deceptive, cheating slave, did not make up this lie to get some job. I  
would die.

*IAGO:* Never. There is no such man. It is impossible.

*DESD:* If there is, heaven forgive him!

*EMILIA:* A noose should forgive him, and hell should gnaw his bones! Why  
would he call her whore? Who spends time with her? Where? When? How?  
What is the likelihood? The Moor has been deceived by some very villain-  
ous knave, some disgraceful, notorious knave, some despicable fellow. Oh, I  
wish heaven would reveal the liars, and put a whip in every honest hand to  
lash the rascals naked through the world, from the east to the west!

## ACT V

### SCENE 1 Cyprus. A street.

*[Enter Iago and Roderigo.]*

IAGO: Here, stand behind this bulk; straight will he come:  
Wear thy good rapier bare, and put it home.  
Quick, quick; fear nothing; I'll be at thy elbow.  
It makes us, or it mars us; think on that,  
5 And fix most firm thy resolution.

ROD: Be near at hand; I may miscarry in't.

IAGO: Here, at thy hand, be bold, and take thy stand. *[Retires.]*

ROD: I have no great devotion to the deed;  
And yet he hath given me satisfying reasons:  
10 'Tis but a man gone. Forth, my sword; he dies.

IAGO: I have rubb'd this young quat almost to the sense,  
And he grows angry. Now, whether he kill Cassio,  
Or Cassio him, or each do kill the other,  
Every way makes my gain. Live Roderigo,  
15 He calls me to a restitution large  
Of gold and jewels that I bobb'd from him,  
As gifts to Desdemona;  
It must not be. If Cassio do remain,  
He hath a daily beauty in his life  
20 That makes me ugly; and besides, the Moor

## ACT V

### SCENE 1 Cyprus. A street.

*[Enter Iago and Roderigo]*

IAGO: *Here, stand behind this wall. Cassio will be here soon. Keep your sword out, and drive it into your enemy. Quick, quick; do not be afraid. I will be by your side. This will make us or ruin us. Think about that, and resolve to be firm in your purpose.*

ROD: *Stay close by; I may not get it right.*

IAGO: *I'll be here. Be bold, and take your stand. [Retires at a distance]*

ROD: *I am not committed to this act, yet he has given me good reasons for doing it, it is only one man dead. I'll put my sword forward, and he'll die.*

IAGO: *I have rubbed this young pimple until it is about to pop, and he grows angry. Now, whether he kills Cassio, or Cassio kills him, or they kill each other, I win any way. If Roderigo lives, I have to give back all the jewels that I stole from him to give as gifts to Desdemona. This cannot happen. If Cassio lives, he has a certain beauty in his life that makes me seem ugly; besides, the Moor may reveal my part in this to him. That would put me in a great deal of danger. No, Cassio must die. So be it: I hear him coming.*

85 DESD: He will not say so.

OTHELLO: No, his mouth is stopp'd;  
Honest Iago hath ta'en order for't.

DESD: O, my fear interprets! What, is he dead?

OTHELLO: Had all his hairs been lives, my great revenge  
90 Had stomach for them all.

DESD: Alas, he is betray'd, and I undone!

OTHELLO: Out, strumpet! Weep'st thou for him to my face?

DESD: O, banish me, my lord, but kill me not!

OTHELLO: Down, strumpet!

95 DESD: Kill me tomorrow; let me live tonight!

OTHELLO: Nay, if you strive—

DESD: But half an hour!

OTHELLO: Being done, there is no pause.

DESD: But while I say one prayer!

100 OTHELLO: It is too late. *[He stifles her.]*

EMILIA: *[Within.]* My lord, my lord! What, ho! my lord, my lord!

OTHELLO: What noise is this? Not dead? not yet quite dead?  
I that am cruel am yet merciful;  
I would not have thee linger in thy pain. So, so.

105 EMILIA: *[Within.]* What, ho! my lord, my lord!

DESD: *He would not say that.*

OTHELLO: *No, his mouth has been stopped. Honest Iago has taken care of it.*

DESD: *Oh! My fear guesses at it. What, is Cassio dead?*

OTHELLO: *If all his hairs had been alive, my revenge had stomach enough to kill all of them.*

DESD: *Alas! He is betrayed, and I am condemned.*

OTHELLO: *Out, whore! Do you cry for him to my face?*

DESD: *Oh, banish me, my lord, but don't kill me!*

OTHELLO: *Sit down, whore!*

DESD: *Kill me tomorrow. Let me live tonight!*

OTHELLO: *No, if you resist—*

DESD: *For just half an hour!*

OTHELLO: *Now that I have started, I will not stop.*

DESD: *But let me say one prayer!*

OTHELLO: *It is too late. [He suffocates her]*

EMILIA: *[Within] My lord, my lord! What, ho! My lord, my lord!*

OTHELLO: *What is that noise? Not dead? Not quite dead yet? Although I am cruel, I am also merciful. I will not have you linger in pain. So, so. [Finishes job]*

EMILIA: *[Within] What, ho! My lord, my lord!*

## Study Guide

### Act I, Scene 1

1. From Roderigo's first speech it appears that he paid Iago for something. Can you tell what it was? Iago says he hates Othello. For what reason?
2. What two kinds of followers are there, according to Iago? Shortly after this, Iago speaks to the point of appearance and reality. He concludes, "I am not what I am." State what precedes and explain this line.
3. How do Iago and Roderigo stir up trouble? What is Brabantio's reaction?

### Act I, Scene 2

1. Why does Iago say he wishes to kill Roderigo? What reason does Iago give for not killing Roderigo? What is Othello's response? Why is Othello not worried about Brabantio's wrath?
2. What message does Cassio bring? As Othello is about to leave for the Senate, Brabantio and his supporters show up and draw their swords. How would you describe Othello when he responds?
3. Brabantio wishes to arrest Othello and hold him in jail until he can be brought to court. What does Brabantio accuse Othello of? What forces Brabantio to change his plans?

### Act I, Scene 3

1. As at the opening of scenes 1 and 2 the audience is smack in the middle of the action. About what are the Duke and Senators concerned?
2. By what adjective do the Senators and the Duke refer to Othello? What does this indicate?

3. How does the Senate react to Brabantio's charges against Othello? What does the Duke say? What is the tone of Othello's response to this? What does this say about his temperament?
4. Othello tells us how he won Desdemona's heart. How did he do this?
5. Desdemona speaks well before the group, and Brabantio is convinced she did it of her own free will. The Duke then gives Brabantio advice. What is Brabantio's mood at this point?
6. Everyone has left and Roderigo tells Iago he is going to drown himself. What is Iago's response? What is Iago's view of human nature? Of love?
7. After Roderigo leaves we see into Iago's thoughts in his soliloquy. What is his opinion of Roderigo? Why does he hate the Moor? What plan has he formulated?

### Act II, Scene 1

1. What news do we get of the Turkish fleet? On the dock, we see that Iago's fierce mood has not abated. What does he observe, and what does he conclude?
2. It is clear that Iago views Othello as "different" and thinks that eventually Desdemona will, too. Why does he think Desdemona will lose her love for Othello?
3. In Iago's soliloquy at the end of this scene we again see into his mind and, unlike dialogue, he has no reason to lie. What does he believe about Cassio and Desdemona? Of Othello and Desdemona? His own feelings for Desdemona? His suspicions of the Moor? How does he plan to discredit Cassio?

### Act II, Scene 3

1. What is Othello's opinion of Iago? Why is Cassio reluctant to have a drink? Why does he finally agree? How does the clever Iago in one breath praise and condemn Cassio to Montano?