

Othello abbreviated

Act 4, Scene 2

Despair

Situation: Emilia, well aware that there is a serious problem between Desdemona and Othello, says “Good Madam, what’s the matter with my lord?” Desdemona abruptly dismisses Emilia, saying “Prithee, tonight lay on my bed my wedding sheets.” She innocently turns to Iago for comfort and counsel.

IAGO: What is your pleasure, madam? How is ‘t with you?

DESDEMONA: I cannot tell.

IAGO: Do not weep, do not weep! Alas the day!

EMILIA: I will be hanged if some eternal villain have not devised this slander.

IAGO: Fie, there is not such man. It is impossible.

EMILIA: The Moor’s abused by some most villainous knave, some scurvy fellow.

Desdemona to Iago

Alas, Iago, what shall I do to
Win my lord again. Good friend, see what you
Can do. I know not how I lost him. Ne’er
Did my will trespass ‘gainst his love, nor feed
Mine eyes or mine ears, nor did it error
In the course of thought or actual deed,
Nor have any senses delighted for
Another, nor did they, nor do they, nor
Will they, even though he do shake me to
Beggary divorcement as I profess
My love, as comfort forsakes me. I rue
The thought of unfaithfulness. Unkindness
May do much, though I love him as his wife,
Though his unkindness may defeat my life.