

# SHAKESPEARE IN 30 MINUTES: THE TAMING OF THE SHREW Adapted by Mike Willis

Copyright © MM by Mike Willis, All Rights Reserved.

Brooklyn Publishers LLC in association with Heuer Publishing LLC

ISBN: 978-1-61588-369-1

**CAUTION:** Professionals and amateurs are hereby warned that this Work is subject to a royalty. This Work is fully protected under the copyright laws of the United States of America and all countries with which the United States has reciprocal copyright relations, whether through bilateral or multilateral treaties or otherwise, and including, but not limited to, all countries covered by the Pan-American Copyright Convention, the Universal Copyright Convention and the Berne Convention.

**RIGHTS RESERVED:** All rights to this Work are strictly reserved, including professional and amateur stage performance rights. Also reserved are: motion picture, recitation, lecturing, public reading, radio broadcasting, television, video or sound recording, all forms of mechanical or electronic reproduction, such as CD-ROM, CD-I, DVD, information and storage retrieval systems and photocopying, and the rights of translation into non-English languages.

**PERFORMANCE RIGHTS AND ROYALTY PAYMENTS:** All amateur and stock performance rights to this Work are controlled exclusively by Brooklyn Publishers LLC. No amateur or stock production groups or individuals may perform this play without securing license and royalty arrangements in advance from Brooklyn Publishers LLC. Questions concerning other rights should be addressed to Brooklyn Publishers LLC. Royalty fees are subject to change without notice. Professional and stock fees will be set upon application in accordance with your producing circumstances. Any licensing requests and inquiries relating to amateur and stock (professional) performance rights should be addressed to Brooklyn Publishers LLC.

*Royalty of the required amount must be paid, whether the play is presented for charity or profit and whether or not admission is charged.*

**AUTHOR CREDIT:** All groups or individuals receiving permission to produce this Work must give the author(s) credit in any and all advertisement and publicity relating to the production of this Work. The author's billing must appear directly below the title on a separate line where no other written matter appears. The name of the author(s) must be at least 50% as large as the title of the Work. No person or entity may receive larger or more prominent credit than that which is given to the author(s).

**PUBLISHER CREDIT:** Whenever this Work is produced, all programs, advertisements, flyers or other printed material must include the following notice: ***Produced by special arrangement with Brooklyn Publishers LLC.***

**COPYING:** Any unauthorized copying of this Work or excerpts from this Work is strictly forbidden by law. No part of this Work may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form, by any means now known or yet to be invented, including photocopying or scanning, without prior permission from Brooklyn Publishers LLC.

BROOKLYN PUBLISHERS LLC  
P.O. BOX 248 • CEDAR RAPIDS, IOWA 52406  
TOLL FREE (888) 473-8521 • FAX (319) 368-8011

**SHAKESPEARE IN 30 MINUTES:  
THE TAMING OF THE SHREW****Adapted by Mike Willis**

**SYNOPSIS:** In this adaptation of “The Taming of The Shrew,” portions of the Induction and Epilogue are included. It is common practice with many full productions of this play to omit these scenes from the play. However, this one act adaptation of the play utilizes the drunken character of “Sly,” along with some of the other characters in the Induction, to identify the locale of the different scenes in the play. The drunken Sly is tricked into believing that he is a lord and that the players are there to perform a play just for him. Once Sly is convinced that he is a lord and that the players are there to perform for him, the action opens in the house of Baptista, the father of the lovely Bianca and the shrewish Katharina. Sly falls asleep off and on throughout the play, but awakens periodically to clap or be told where and what is happening in the play. The play follows the path of the original text with some of the minor characters dropped and some speeches either edited or omitted. In the end, the shrew has been tamed and Sly is awakened to proclaim, “...thou hast waked me out of the best dream that ever I had in my life...”

**CAST OF CHARACTERS***(3 females, 13 males, 1 extra)*

SLY (m) .....	A drunkard (23 lines)
HOSTESS (f) .....	an innkeeper (7 lines)
LORD (m) .....	A lord (18 lines)
1 <sup>st</sup> PAGE (m) .....	Servant to the lord (3 lines)
2 <sup>nd</sup> PAGE (m) .....	Servant to the lord (3 lines)
3 <sup>rd</sup> PAGE (m) .....	Servant to the lord (4 lines)
BAPTISTA (m) .....	Wealthy lord father to Katharina, Bianca (28 lines)
GREMIO (m) .....	Suitor of Bianca (21 lines)
HORTENSIO (m) .....	Suitor of Bianca (33 lines)
KATHARINA (f) .....	The shrew (34 lines)
BIANCA (f) .....	Younger, kinder sister (7 lines)
LUCENTIO (m) .....	In love with Bianca (15 lines)
TRANIO (m) .....	Lucentio’s servant (9 lines)

---

PETRUCHIO (m) .....	suitor to Katharina ( <i>67 lines</i> )
GRUMIO (m).....	Servant to Petruchio ( <i>26 lines</i> )
CURTIS (m).....	Servant to Petruchio ( <i>12 lines</i> )
WIDOW (f).....	Hortensio's wife ( <i>Non-Speaking</i> )

### PRODUCTION NOTES

The Lord and Sly remain on stage throughout the play as on-stage observers. The transitions from scene to scene are made possible through the use of these two characters. Their dialogue is meant to tie the scenes together and inform the audience of locale changes. The play should be played to its fullest taking advantage of its many comedic elements. The play can be done without a sound system. The light Madrigal selection at the beginning and end of the play is sung without accompaniment. The selection used in the original production of this script was "Now is The Time for Maying." However, any light selection will work. The play can be done with just curtains, however, it is best to have Sly and the Lord off to one side or on an elevated platform so their reactions can be noted.

**AUTHOR'S NOTE**

“Shakespeare in 30 Minutes” is available as an anthology of four award-winning adaptations by Mike Willis, or each adaptation separately. Mr. Willis is a high school drama director who spent twelve seasons with the Wisconsin Shakespeare Festival Acting Company. He used his Shakespearean experience to fashion four 30-minute adaptations were entered in the Wisconsin High School Forensic Association’s Fall Play Festival Competition. In order to be selected as an “all-state” play and given the opportunity to perform at the state festival, a production is required to participate at sub-district, district, and sectional levels and be awarded advance recommendations from two of three adjudicators. Each of the four adaptations in this collection received all-state recognition and were performed at the Wisconsin High School Forensic Association’s State Theatre Festival. Along with their all-state selection, these plays were also accorded several other awards, including: ten student outstanding acting awards, four state outstanding director’s awards, and “A Midsummer Night’s Dream” was chosen to receive the Critic’s Choice Award at the 1993 state festival. These adaptations are easily staged and unlike some adaptations of Shakespeare, they keep the poetry of the dialogue intact. Each adaptation is ideal for one act play competitions and school productions where resources do not allow for a full-length Shakespearean production.

---

**THE INDUCTION**  
*NEAR THE LORD'S HOUSE*

**SETTING:** *The set consists of a raised platform placed up center stage. There is a five foot wide arch on each side of the platform. These arches are angled slightly down left and down right. The platform and archways are Elizabethan in design. The platform up center is five foot high and has steps leading up on each end. There is a throne on the platform. The archways are free-standing. There are side curtains dressing the wings and a number of entrances and exits are off left and off right. There are two small benches, one placed at extreme down left and one at extreme down right.*

**AT RISE:** *As lights come up, a number of the actors come center stage. They proceed to sing a Madrigal selection without accompaniment. The selection is light and lively. They exit quickly after the second verse. SLY and HOSTESS enter from right arguing.*

**SLY:** I'll pheeze you, in faith.

**HOSTESS:** A pair of stocks, you rogue!

**SLY:** Ye are a baggage: the Slys are no rogues; look in the chronicles; we came in with Richard Conqueror. Therefore paucas pallabris, let the world slide: sessa.

**HOSTESS:** You will not pay for the glasses you have burst?

**SLY:** No, not a denier. Go to thy cold bed, and warm thee.

**HOSTESS:** I know my remedy; I must go fetch the third borough.  
*(HOSTESS exits right.)*

**SLY:** *(SLY crosses up on platform and sits in throne.)* Third, or fourth or fifth borough, I'll answer him by law: I'll not budge an inch boy: let him come, and kindly. *(SLY falls asleep.)*

*Horns sound, the LORD enters with THREE PAGES.*

**LORD:** What's here? One dead, or drunk? See, doth he breathe?

**1st PAGE:** *(Crosses to SLY.)* He breathes, my lord. Were he not warm'd with ale.

**LORD:** O monstrous beast! how like a swine he lies!

Sirs, I will practice on this drunken man.

What think you, if he were wrapp'd in sweet clothes,

Rings put upon his fingers, and brave attendants

Near him when he wakes, would not the beggar then

Forget himself?

**2nd PAGE:** Believe me, lord, I think he cannot choose.

It would seem strange unto him when he waked.

**3rd PAGE:** My lord, I warrant you we will play our part.

**LORD:** (*Hands his cape and hat to pages.*) Take him up gently And  
each one to his office when he wakes.

*PAGES cross to SLY and put LORD'S cape and hat on him.*

**SLY:** (*Awakes.*) For God's sake, a pot of small ale.

**1st PAGE:** Will't please your lordship have a cup of sack?

**2nd PAGE:** Will't please your honour taste of some conserves?

**SLY:** I am Christophero Sly; call me not honour nor lordship:

I ne'er drank sack in my life, and if you give me any Conserves,  
give me conserves of beef.

**LORD:** Heaven cease this idle humour in your honour!

O, that a mighty man of such descent,  
of such possessions and so high esteem,  
Should be infused with so foul a spirit!

**SLY:** What would you make me mad? Am I not Christopher  
Sly, old Sly's son of Burton-heath, by birth a pedlar,  
by education a card-maker, by transmutation a bear—  
herd, and now by present profession a tinker?

**LORD:** O, this it is that makes your lady mourn!

**3rd PAGE:** O, this it is that makes your servants droop!

**LORD:** Hence comes it that your kindred shuns your house,  
As beaten hence by your strange lunacy.

O noble lord, bethink thee of thy birth.

Thou art a lord and nothing but a lord.

**SLY:** Am I a lord, or do I dream? or have I dream'd till now?  
 I do not sleep: I see, I hear, I speak;  
 I smell sweet savours and I feel soft things:  
 Upon my life, I am a lord indeed  
 And not Christophero Sly.

**2nd PAGE:** O, how we joy to see your wit restored!  
 O, that once more you knew but what you are!

**3rd PAGE:** These fifteen years you have been in a dream;  
 Or when you waked, so waked as if you slept.

**SLY:** These fifteen years! by my fay, a goodly nap.  
 Now lord be thanked for my good amends.

**ALL:** Amen.

**SLY:** I thank thee: thou shalt not lose by it.

*The remainder of the acting company enters from the wings and stands onstage looking up to SLY.*

**LORD:** (*Indicating the ACTORS.*)

You're honour's players, hearing of your amendment,  
 Are come to play a pleasant comedy;  
 For so your doctors hold it very meet,  
 Seeing too much sadness hath congeal'd your blood.

**SLY:** Marry, I will let them play it.

*All the ACTORS bow and leave except LUCENTIO and TRANIO who cross to down right bench where LUCENTIO sits, LORD and SLY remain on the platform.*

## SCENE 1

### BAPTISTA'S HOUSE IN PADUA

**LORD:** In this first scene my lord, we find young Signior Lucentio and his trusty servant Tranio resting in front of Signior Baptista's house in Padua. Young Lucentio has left home to seek out adventure and love. (*Noise.*)  
 Hark, here comes Signior Baptista.

*BAPTISTA, KATHARINA, BIANCA, HORTENSIO, GREMIO enter through up right arch.*

**BAPTISTA:** Gentlemen, importune me no farther,  
For how I firmly am resolve you know;  
That is, not to bestow my youngest daughter  
Before I have a husband for the elder:  
If either of you both love Katharina,  
Because I know you well and love you well,  
Leave shall you have to court her at your pleasure.

**GREMIO:** (*Aside.*) To cart her rather: she's too rough for me.  
There, there, Hortensio, will you any wife?

**KATHARINA:** I pray you, sir, is it your will  
To make a stale of me amongst these mates?

**HORTENSIO:** Mates, maid! How mean you that? No mates for you,  
unless you were of gentler, milder mold.

**KATHARINA:** I' faith sir, you shall never need to fear.

**HORTENSIO:** From all such devils, good Lord deliver us!

**GREMIO:** And me too, good Lord!

**TRANIO:** Hush, master! here's some good passtime toward:  
That wench is stark mad or wonderful forward.

**LUCENTIO:** (*Looking at BIANCA.*) But in the other's silence do I see  
Maid's mild behavior and sobriety.

**BAPTISTA:** Gentlemen, content ye; I am resolved:  
Go in, Bianca.  
And for I know she taketh most delight  
In music, instruments and poetry,  
Schoolmasters will I keep within my house,  
Fit to instruct her youth. If you, Hortensio  
Go Signior Gremio, you, know any such,  
Prefer them hither;  
And so farewell. Katharina, you may stay;  
For I have more to commune with Bianca.

*BIANCA and BAPTISTA exit up right arch.*

**KATHARINA:** Why, and I trust I may go too, may I not? What, Shall I be appointed hours; as though, belike, I knew not what to take, and what to leave, ha? (*KATHARINA exits up right.*)

**GREMIO:** You may go to the devil's dam: your gifts are so good, here's none will hold you.

**HORTENSIO:** Signior Gremio, but a word, I pray.

**GREMIO:** What's that, I pray?

**HORTENSIO:** Marry sir, we must get a husband for her sister.

**GREMIO:** A husband! a devil.

**HORTENSIO:** I say, a husband.

**GREMIO:** I say, a devil. Thinkest thou, Hortensio, though her father be very rich, any man is so very a fool to be married to hell?

**HORTENSIO:** Tush Gremio, there be good fellows in the world, an a man could light on them, would take her with all her faults, and money enough.

**GREMIO:** I cannot tell; but I have lief take her dowry with this condition, to be whipped at the high cross every morning.

**HORTENSIO:** Faith, as you say, there's small choice in rotten apples. But come; by helping Baptista's eldest daughter to a husband we set his youngest free for a husband then have to 't afresh. How say you, Signior Gremio?

**GREMIO:** I am agreed; and would I had given him the best horse in Padua to begin his wooing that would thoroughly woo her, wed her and bed her and rid the house of her! Come on.

*HORTENSIO and GREMIO exit down left.*

**TRANIO:** I pray, sir, tell me, is it possible  
That love should of a sudden take such hold?

**LUCENTIO:** O Tranio, till I found it to be true,  
I never thought it possible or likely;  
But see, while idly I stood looking on,  
I found the effect of love in idleness.

**TRANIO:** Master, you look'd so longly on the maid,  
Perhaps you mark'd not what's the pith of all.

**LUCENTIO:** O yes, I saw sweet beauty in her face.

**TRANIO:** Saw you no more?

Her eldest sister is so curst and shrewd  
That till the father rid his hands of her.

Master, your love must live a maid at home.

**LUCENTIO:** Ah, Tranio, what a cruel father's he!

But art thou not advised, he took some care  
To get her cunning schoolmasters to instruct her?

**TRANIO:** Ay marry, am I sir; and now 'tis plotted.

**You** will be schoolmaster  
And undertake the teaching of the maid:  
That's your device.

**LUCENTIO:** It is: Come Tranio.

'Tis plotted then!

*TRANIO and LUCENTIO exit down left.*

## SCENE 2

*PADUA: BEFORE HORTENSIO'S HOUSE*

*PETRUCHIO and GRUMIO enter down right, PETRUCHIO starts his speech and is interrupted by SLY'S snoring from above, PETRUCHIO halts his speech in disgust as the LORD wakes SLY.*

**LORD:** My lord, my lord! *(Waking SLY.)*

**SLY:** Huh, oh, Twas good. *(Starts clapping.)* Twas . . .

**LORD:** Shhhhh! *(Silencing SLY. LORD gestures for PETRUCHIO to continue.)*

**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. *(Points to up left arch.)*  
Here, sirrah Grumio; knock I say.

**GRUMIO:** Knock, sir! whom should I knock? is there any 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:** (*Aside.*) My master is grown quarrelsome. (*To PETRUCHIO.*) I should knock you first, and then I know after who comes by the worst.

**PETRUCHIO:** Will it not be?

Faith, sirrah, and you'll not knock, I'll ring it;

I'll try how you can sol, fa, and sing it. (*Wrings GRUMIO'S ears.*)

**GRUMIO:** Help, masters, help! my master is mad.

**PETRUCHIO:** Now, knock when I bid you, sirrah villain!

*HORTENSIO enter through up left arch.*

**HORTENSIO:** (*Parting them.*) 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:** Nay, 'tis no matter, sir. If this be not lawful cause for me to leave his service, 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:** 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 have come aboard to see the world.

**HORTENSIO:** Petruchio, shall I then come roundly to thee  
And wish thee to a shrewd ill-favour'd wife?  
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,  
As wealth is burden of my wooing dance,  
I come to wive it wealthy 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 come withal.

*PETRUCHIO threatens GRUMIO.*

**HORTENSIO:** Petruchio, since we are stepp'd thus far in,  
I will continue that I broach'd in jest.  
I can, Petruchio, help thee to a wife  
With wealth enough and young and beauteous,  
Her only fault, and that is faults enough,  
Is that she is intolerable curst.

**PETRUCHIO:** Hortensio, peace! thou know'st not gold's effect: Tell  
me her father's name and 'tis enough;  
For I will board her, though she chide as loud  
As thunder when the clouds in autumn crack.

**HORTENSIO:** Her father is Baptista Minola,  
An affable and courteous gentleman:  
Her name is Katharina Minola,  
Renown'd in Padua for her scolding tongue.

**PETRUCHIO:** I know her father, though I know not her;  
 And he knew my deceased father well.  
 I will not sleep, Hortensio, till I see her.

**HORTENSIO:** Tarry, Petruchio, I must go with thee,  
 For in Baptista's keep my treasure is:  
 His youngest daughter, beautiful Bianca.  
 This order hath Baptista ta'en  
 That none shall access unto Bianca.  
 Till Katharina the curst have got a husband.

**GRUMIO:** (*Aside.*) Katharina the curst!  
 A title for a maid of all titles the worst.

**HORTENSIO:** Now shall my friend Petruchio do me grace,  
 And offer me disguised in sober robes  
 To old Baptista as a schoolmaster  
 Well seen in music, to instruct Bianca.

**GRUMIO:** Master, master, look about you: who goes there, ha?

**HORTENSIO:** Peace, Grumio! It is the rival of my love.  
 Petruchio, stand by a while.  
 God save you, Signior Grumio.

*GREMIO, LUCENTIO enter down right.*

**GREMIO:** And you are well met, Signior Hortensio.  
 Trow you wither I am going? To Baptista Minola.  
 I promised to inquire carefully  
 About a schoolmaster for the fair Bianca:  
 And by good fortune I have lighted well  
 On this young man, for learning and behavior  
 Fit for her turn, well read in poetry.  
 And other books, good ones, I warrant ye.

**HORTENSIO:** 'Tis well; and I have met a gentleman  
 Upon agreement from us to his liking,  
 Will undertake to woo curst Katharina,  
 Yea, and to marry her, if her dowry please.

**GREMIO:** So said, so done, is well.  
 Hortensio, have you told him all her faults?

**PETRUCHIO:** I know she is an irksome brawling scold,  
 If that be all masters, I hear no harm.

**GREMIO:** O sir, such a life, with such a wife, were strange!  
 But if you have a stomach, to 't i' God's name:  
 You shall have me assisting you in all.  
 Hortensio, Hark:  
 This gentleman is happily arrived  
 Let's to Signior Baptistas.

*ALL exit up right arch. PAGES bring in table and place it center stage. LORD shakes SLY awake.*

**SLY:** Huh, oh, foresooth, where are we now?

**LORD:** In Padua still, at Signior Baptista's house.

### SCENE 3

*PADUA: BAPTISTA'S HOUSE*

*BIANCA enters with KATHARINA chasing her.*

**BIANCA:** Good sister, wrong me not, nor wrong yourself,  
 To make a bondmaid and a slave of me.

**KATHARINA:** Of all thy suitors, here I charge thee, tell  
 Whom thou lovest best, see thou dissemble not.

**BIANCA:** Believe me, sister, of all the men alive  
 I never yet beheld that special face  
 Which I could fancy more than any other.

**KATHARINA:** Minion, thou liest. Is't not Hortensio?

**BIANCA:** If you affect him, sister, here I swear  
 I'll plead for you myself, but you shall have him.

*KATHARINA strikes BIANCA. Enter BAPTISTA up right arch.*

**BAPTISTA:** Why, how now Dane! whence grows this insolence?  
 Bianca, stand aside. Poor girl! she weeps.  
 For shame, thou hilding of a devilish spirit,  
 Why dost thou wrong her that did ne'er wrong thee?  
 When did she cross thee with a bitter word?

**KATHARINA:** Her silence flouts me and I'll be revenged.

*KATHARINA tries to strike BIANCA.*

**BAPTISTA:** What, in my sight? Bianca, get thee in.

*BIANCA exits up right arch.*

**KATHARINA:** What, will you not suffer me?

She is your treasure, she must have a husband;  
I must dance bare-foot on her wedding day.  
And for your love to her lead apes in hell.

*BAPTISTA makes as if to speak.*

Talk not to me: I will go sit and weep  
Till I can find occasion of revenge. (*KATHARINA exits up right arch.*)

**BAPTISTA:** Was ever gentleman thus grieved as I?

*Enter GREMIO, LUCENTIO, HORTENSIO, and PETRUCHIO from down right.*

**GREMIO:** Good morrow, neighbour Baptista.

**BAPTISTA:** Good morrow, neighbor Gremio. God save you,  
gentlemen!

**PETRUCHIO:** And you, good sir! Pray, have you not a daughter  
Call'd Katharina, fair and virtuous?

**BAPTISTA:** I have a daughter, sir, called Katharina.

**PETRUCHIO:** I am a gentleman of Verona, sir,  
That hearing of her beauty and her wit,  
Am bold to show myself a forward guest  
Within your house, the make mine eye the witness  
Of that report which I so oft have heard.  
And, for an entrance to my entertainment,  
I do present you with a man of mine, (*Presenting HORTENSIO.*)  
Cunning in music and the mathematics,  
To instruct her fully in those sciences.

**BAPTISTA:** You're welcome, sir; and he, for your good sake.

But for my daughter Katharine, this I know,  
She is not for your turn, the more my grief.

**PETRUCHIO:** I see you do not mean to part with her,  
Or else you like not of my company.

**BAPTISTA:** Mistake me not; I speak but as I find.

Whence are you sir? what may I call your name?

**PETRUCHIO:** Petruchio is my name; Antonio's son,  
A man well known throughout all Italy.

**BAPTISTA:** I know him well: you are welcome for his sake.

**GREMIO:** Neighbour, to express the like kindness, myself  
I freely give unto you this young scholar (*Presenting LUCENTIO.*)  
That hath been long studying at Rheims;  
as cunning in Greek, Latin, and other languages,  
as the other in music and mathematics:  
pray, accept his service.

**BAPTISTA:** A thousand thanks, Signior Gremio. Welcome, good sir.  
Holla, within!

*A PAGE enters.*

**BAPTISTA:** Sirrah, lead these gentlemen  
To my daughters; and tell them both,  
These are their tutors: bid them use them well.

*PAGE, HORTENSIO, LUCENTIO exit up right arch.*

**PETRUCHIO:** Signior Baptista, my business asketh haste,  
And everybody I cannot come to woo.  
Tell me, if I get your daughters love,  
What dowry shall I have with her to wife?

**BAPTISTA:** After my death the one half of my lands,  
And in possession twenty thousand crowns.

**PETRUCHIO:** And, for that dowry, I'll assure her of  
Her widowhood, be it that she survive me,  
In all my lands and leases whatsoever:  
Let specialties be therefore drawn between us,  
That covenants may be kept on either hand.

**BAPTISTA:** Ay, when that special thing is well obtain'd,  
That is, her love; for that is all in all.

**PETRUCHIO:** Why, that is nothing; for I tell you, father,  
I am rough and woo not like a babe.

**BAPTISTA:** Well mayst thou woo, and happy be thy speed!

*HORTENSIO enters with broken lute behind his back and holding his head.*

How now, my friend! Why dost thou look so pale?

**HORTENSIO:** For fear, I promise you, if I look pale.

**BAPTISTA:** What, will my daughter prove a good musician?

**HORTENSIO:** I think she'll sooner prove a soldier:  
Iron may hold her, but never lutes.

**BAPTISTA:** Why, then thou canst not break her to the lute?

**HORTENSIO:** (*Holding up lute.*) Why, no; for she hath broke the lute  
to me.

**PETRUCHIO:** Now, by the world, it is a lusty wench;  
I love her ten times more than e'er I did.  
O, how I long to have some chat with her!

**BAPTISTA:** (*To HORTENSIO.*)

Well, go with me and be not so discomfited  
Proceed and practice with my younger daughter;  
She's apt to learn and thankful for good turns.  
Signior Petruchio, will you go with us,  
Or shall I send my daughter Kate to you?

**PETRUCHIO:** I pray you do.

*ALL exit up right arch except PETRUCHIO.*

I will attend her here,  
And woo her with some spirit when she comes.  
Say she rail; why then I'll tell her plain.  
She sings as sweetly as a nightingale:  
If she do bid me pack, I'll give her thanks  
As though she bid me stay by her a week:  
If she deny to wed, I'll crave the day  
When I shall ask the bans and when be married,

**PETRUCHIO:** (*Continued.*) but here she comes; and now, Petruchio, speak.

*Enter KATHARINA up right arch.*

Good morrow, Kate;  
for that's your name, I hear.

**KATHARINA:** Well, have you heard, but something hard of hearing:  
They call me Katharina that do talk of me.

**PETRUCHIO:** You lie, in faith; for you are call'd plain Kate,  
And bonny Kate and sometimes Kate the curst;  
But Kate, the prettiest Kate in Christendom,  
Hearing thy mildnest praised in every town,  
Myself am moved to woo thee for my wife.

**KATHARINA:** Moved! in good time: let him that moved you hither,  
remove you hence: I knew you at the first, you were a moveable.

**PETRUCHIO:** Why, what's a moveable?

**KATHARINA:** A Join'd-stool.

**PETRUCHIO:** Thou hast hit it: come sit on me. (*PETRUCHIO sits up on table.*)

**KATHARINA:** Asses are made to bear, and so are you.

**PETRUCHIO:** Women are made to bear, and so are you.

**KATHARINA:** No such jade as you, if me you mean.

**PETRUCHIO:** Come, good Kate; I am a gentleman.

**KATHARINA:** (*Slaps PETRUCHIO.*) That I'll try.

**PETRUCHIO:** I swear I'll cuff you, if you strike again.

**KATHARINA:** So may you loose your arms:

If you strike me, you are no gentleman;

And if no gentleman, why then no arms.

**PETRUCHIO:** A heard, Kate? O, put me in thy books?

**KATHARINA:** What is your crest? a coxcomb?

**PETRUCHIO:** A combless cock, so Kate will be my hen.

**KATHARINA:** No cock of mind, you crow too like a craven.

**PETRUCHIO:** Nay, come, Kate, come; you must not look so sour.

*PETRUCHIO takes KATHARINA by the arm.*

**KATHARINA:** I chafe you, if I tarry: let me go.

**PETRUCHIO:** No, not a whit: I find you passing gentle.  
'Twas told me you were rough and coy and sullen,  
And now I find report a very liar;

*KATHARINA bumps leg on table.*

Why does the world report that Kate doth limp?  
O slanderous world! Kate like the hazel-twig  
Is straight and slender and as brown in hue  
As hazel nuts and sweeter than the kernels.  
O, let me see thee walk: thou dost not halt.

**KATHARINA:** Go, fool, and who thou keep'st command.

*KATHARINA chases PETRUCHIO, she is limping.*

**PETRUCHIO:** (*Mocking KATHARINA'S limp.*) Did ever Dian so  
become a grove as Kate this chamber with her princely gait?  
O, be thou Dian, and let her be Kate;  
And then let Kate be chaste and Dian sportful!

**KATHARINA:** Where did you study all this goodly speech?

**PETRUCHIO:** It is extempore, from my mother-wit.

**KATHARINA:** A witty mother! witless else her son.

**PETRUCHIO:** Am I not wise?

**KATHARINA:** Yes; keep you warm.

**PETRUCHIO:** Marry, so I mean, sweet Katharine, in thy bed;  
And therefore, setting all this chat aside,  
Thus in plain terms: your father hath consented  
That you shall be my wife; your dowry 'greed on;  
And, will you, nill you, I will marry you.  
Now, Kate, I am a husband for your turn;  
(*Offstage noise.*) Here comes your father: never make denial;  
I must and will have Katharine to my wife.

*BAPTISTA and GREMIO enter.*

**BAPTISTA:** Now, Signior Petruccio, how speed you with my  
daughter?

**PETRUCHIO:** How but well, sir? how but well?

It were impossible I should speed amiss.

**BAPTISTA:** Why, how now daughter Katharine! in your dumps?

**KATHARINA:** Call you me daughter? now, I promise you

You have show'd a tender fatherly regard,  
To wish me wed to one half lunatic;  
A madcap ruffian and a swearing Jack,  
That thinks with oaths to face the matter out.

**PETRUCHIO:** Father, 'tis thus: yourself and all the world,

That talk'd of her, have talk'd amiss of her:  
And to conclude, we have 'greed so well together,  
That upon Sunday is the wedding-day.

**KATHARINA:** I'll see thee hang'd on Sunday first.

**GREMIO:** Hark, Petruchio; she says she'll see thee hang'd first.

**PETRUCHIO:** Be patient, gentlemen;

'This bargain'd 'twixt us twain, being alone,  
That she shall still be curst in company.  
I tell you, 'tis incredible to believe  
How much she loves me: O,  
Give me thy hand, Kate: I will unto Venice,  
To buy apparel 'gainst the wedding-day.  
Provide the feast, father, and bid the guests;  
I will be sure my Katharine shall be fine.

**BAPTISTA:** I know not what to say: but give me your hands;

God send you joy, Petruchio! 'tis a match.

**GREMIO:** Amen, say I: I will be witness.

**PETRUCHIO:** Father, and wife, and gentlemen adieu;

I will to Venice; Sunday comes apace:  
We will have rings and things and fine array;  
And kiss me, Kate, we will be married o' Sunday.

*PETRUCHIO kisses KATHARINA then exits down left, KATHARINA exits up right arch in a huff.*

**GREMIO:** Was ever match clapp'd up so suddenly?

**BAPTISTA:** Faith, now I play a merchant's part,

And venture madly on a desperate mart.

---

***Thank you for reading this free excerpt from SHAKESPEARE  
IN 30 MINUTES: THE TAMING OF THE SHREW by Mike Willis.  
For performance rights and/or a complete copy of the script,  
please contact us at:***

**Brooklyn Publishers, LLC  
P.O. Box 248 • Cedar Rapids, Iowa 52406  
Toll Free: 1-888-473-8521 • Fax: (319) 368-8011  
[www.brookpub.com](http://www.brookpub.com)**

DO NOT COPY