

The Comedy of Errors abbreviated

Act 2, Scene 1

Resentment

Situation: As we now understand, Dromio of Ephesus mistook Antipholus of Syracuse for his master. Adriana takes out her anger over her husband's tardiness on the hapless Dromio of Ephesus, he having told her honestly that he had done his very best to get her husband home. He had just, unfortunately, mistaken her husband's twin brother for her husband.

ADRIANA: Go back again, thou slave, and fetch him home.

DROMIO OF EPHEBUS: Go back again and be new beaten home? For God's sake, send some other messenger.

ADRIANA: Back, slave, or I will break thy pate across.

DROMIO OF EPHEBUS: Between you, I shall have a holy head.

ADRIANA: Hence, prating peasant. Fetch thy master home.

DROMIO OF EPHEBUS: And I so round with you as you with me, that like a football you do spurn me thus? If I last in this service, you must case me in leather.

He exits.

Adriana to Luciana

Hath age from me alluring beauty took
Whilst I now here starve for a merry look?
He hath wasted it. It's his unkindness
That has blunted wit if keen and fluent
Discourses now be marred. My warrantless
Look of defeatures a sunny look sent
By him would soon repair. Unfeeling fools
Feed from home leaving us alone. He rules
My state. What ruins are in me that can
Be found by him not ruined? Husbands dear
Can with such wrongs dispense. I do fear an
Eye doth homage elsewhere, or he'd be here.
If my fair beauty cannot please his eye,
I'll weep my life away and weeping die.

LUCIANA: Self-harming jealousy, fie, beat it hence. How many fond fools serve mad jealousy!