

Handout 3

Shakespearean "Conversations"

An Insulting Conversation

- A: Thou damned and luxurious mountain goat.
- B: Let's meet as little as we can.
- A: More of your conversation would infect my brain.
- B: Away! Thou art poison to my blood.
- A: Why, thou clay-brained guts, thou knotty-pated fool, thou whoreson obscene greasy tallow-catch.
- B: Hang yourself, you muddy conger, hang yourself!
- A: Thou sodden-witted lord! Thou hast no more brain than I have in mine elbows.
- B: Go forward, and be choked with thy ambition!
- A: Teeth hadst thou in thy head when thou wast born to signify thou came to bite the world.
- B: Your heart is crammed with arrogancy, spleen and pride.
- A: Thou art a boil, a plague-sore, an embossed carbuncle in my corrupted blood
- B: There is not yet so ugly a fiend of hell as thou shall be.
- A: Ah, you whoreson loggerhead! You were born to do me shame.
- B: Come, you are a tedious fool.
- A: Beg that thou may have leave to hang thyself.
- B: Tempt not too much the hatred of my spirit; for I am sick when I do look on thee.
- A: Vile worm, thou wast o'erlook'd even in thy birth.
- B: Go thou and fill another room in hell.
- A: Heaven truly knows that thou are as false as hell.
- B: Thou lump of foul deformity.
- A: Thou detestable maw, thou womb of death.
- B: Away, you three-inch fool.
- A: Hang cur! hang, you whoreson, insolent noisemaker.
- B: Would thou wert clean enough to spit upon!
- A: Go to, you're a dry fool; I'll no more of you.
- B: Go rot!