

8 INT. INNER ROOM IN LEONTES' PALACE - CONTINUOUS

8

Leontes raves about the room, inconsolable. Camillo tries to steady him.

CAMILLO

I would not be a stander-by to hear
My sovereign mistress clouded so, without
My present vengeance taken; 'shrew my heart,
You never spoke what did become you less than this.

LEONTES

Say it be, tis true.

CAMILLO

No, no my lord.

LEONTES

It is; you lie, you lie:
I say thou liest, Camillo: were my wife's liver
Infected as her life, she would not live
The running of one glass.

CAMILLO

Who does infect her?

LEONTES

Why, he that wears her like a medal, hanging
About his neck, Bohemia; who, if I
Had servants true about me, they would do that
Which should undo more doing: ay, thou
His cupbearer, who mayst see
Plainly as heaven sees earth and earth sees heaven,
How I am galled,-- mightst bespice a cup,
To give mine enemy a lasting wink.

He nudges a bottle and glass towards Camillo.

CAMILLO

Sir, my lord,
I could do this: but I cannot
Believe this crack to be in my dread mistress,
So sovereignly being honorable.
I have loved thee--

LEONTES

Make that thy question, and go rot!
Dost think I am so muddy, so unsettled,
To appoint myself in this vexation, sully
The purity and whiteness of my sheets,
Give scandal to the blood o' the prince my son,
Who I do think is mine and love as mine,
Without ripe moving to't? Would I do this?
Could man so blench?