

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW

A Humorous Reading

by
William Shakespeare



Wetmore Declamation Bureau

**Box 2695
Sioux City, IA 51106**

**www.wetmoredeclamation.com
Email: speeches@wetmoredeclamation.com**

CAUTION: Wetmore Declamation Bureau material is protected by United States copyright law and conventions. None of our material may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form or by any means-electronic, mechanical, photocopy, recording, or any other-without prior permission. No trademark, copyright or other notice may be removed or changed. All rights reserved. Violators will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law.

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW
A Humorous Reading

William Shakespeare

The scene is a hall in Petruchio's country house.

GRUMIO: (Enters) Fie, fie on all mad masters! Was ever man so weary? I am sent before to make a fire, and they are coming after to warm them. Now, were not I soon hot, my very lips might freeze to my teeth. Holla, ho! Curtis!

CURTIS: (Enters) Who is that calls so coldly?

GRUMIO: A piece of ice--A fire, good Curtis.

CURTIS: Is my master and his wife coming, Grumio?

G: O, ay, Curtis, ay: and therefore fire, fire.

CURT: Is she so hot a shrew as she's reported?

G: Wilt thou make a fire, or shall I complain on thee to our mistress, whose hand,--she being now at hand,--thou shalt soon feel, to thy cold comfort. Where's the cook? Is supper ready, the house trimmed, rushes strewed, cobwebs swept; the serving-men in their new fustian, their white stockings, and every officer his wedding-garment on?

CURT: All ready.

G: Call them forth.

Enter Petruchio and Katharina.

PETRUCHIO: Where be these knaves? What, no man at door
To hold my stirrup nor to take my horse!
Where is the foolish knave I sent before?

G: Here, sir; as foolish as I was before.

PET: Go, rascals, go, and fetch my supper in.--
Good sweet Kate, be merry.

Off with my boots, you rogues!

Out, you rogue! you pluck my foot awry:

Take that, and mend the plucking off the other.--(Strikes him)

KATHARINA: Patience, I pray you; It was a fault unwilling.

PET: Come, Kate, sit down; I know you have a stomach.

What's this? Mutton?

'Tis burnt; and so is all the meat.

--Where is the rascal cook?

There, take it to you, trenchers, cups, and all:

(Throws the meat, etc. about the stage)

--- END OF FREE PREVIEW ---