

1st Call

Harry Baptista

1/7

ALL the MEN stop in the doorway of the Inn.

PETRUCHIO. Katharine, the curst! A title for a maid of all titles the worst!

ALL except LUCENTIO exit into the Inn. The door to Baptista's house flies open.

BIANCA, pursued by a broom-wielding KATHARINE, enters screaming.

Start

BIANCA. (weeping) Sister—sister—sister, content you in my discontent.

BAPTISTA enters, protecting the weeping Bianca.

BAPTISTA. Katharine, Katharine—for shame, thou hilding of a devilish spirit ...
Poor child, she weeps!

KATHARINE. She is your treasure; she must have a husband; I must dance barefoot on
her wedding day—and for your love to her, lead apes in hell.

BIANCA exits into the house.

BAPTISTA. Oh, oh! Was ever a father thus grieved as I?

LUCENTIO. (cross to Baptista, timidly) A word with you, kind sir.

BAPTISTA. Importune me no farther, good sir—
For how firmly I am resolved, you know—

LUCENTIO whispers to Baptista.

Eh? Whisper louder ...

LUCENTIO whispers some more into his other ear. BAPTISTA brightens.

That is indeed news, good news! Come in Lucentio.

END

BAPTISTA and LUCENTIO go into the house.

KATHARINE. (snarling at Lucentio as he enters the house)
Lucentio, thou meacock wretch.

No. 9

"I Hate Men"

(Katharine)

KATHARINE strides to the table, sits on a stool.
Alone, surly and unhappy, she sings:

KATHARINE. I hate men. (bang pewter mug on table)
I can't abide 'em even now and then.
Than ever marry one of them, I'd rest a virgin rather,
For husbands are a boring lot and only give you bother.
Of course, I'm awf'ly glad that Mother had to marry Father,

But, I hate men.
Of all the types I've ever met within our democracy,
I hate the most the athlete with his manner bold and brassy,
He may have hair upon his chest but, sister, so has Lassie.
Oh, I hate men!

I hate men. (*bang on table*)
Their worth upon this earth I dinna ken.
Avoid the trav'ling salesman though a tempting Tom he may be,
From China he will bring you jade and perfume from Araby,
But don't forget 'tis he who'll have the fun and ye the baby,
Oh, I hate men!
If thou shouldst wed a businessman, be wary, oh, be wary.
He'll tell you he's detained in town on business necessary,
His bus'ness is the bus'ness which he gives his secretary,
Oh, I hate men!

I hate men. (*bang on table*)
Though roosters they, I will not play the hen.
If you espouse an older man through girlish optimism,
He'll always stay at home at night and make no criticism,
Though you may call it love the doctors call it rheumatism,
Oh, I hate men.
From all I've read, alone in bed, from A to Zed, about 'em.
Since love is blind, then from the mind, all womankind should rout 'em,
But, ladies, you must answer too, what would we do without 'em?
Still, I hate men!

KATHARINE *bangs the table again, rises, crosses to center and bows.*
Music out. BAPTISTA enters, and, crossing to Katharine:

Start

BAPTISTA. Katharine! Wonder of wonders!

KATHARINE. (*belligerently*) What?

BAPTISTA. (*panting*) A gentleman from Verona—desires you—in marriage.

KATHARINE. Then he best go back there.

KATHARINE, *fanning herself with the card from Fred's flowers, goes into the house.* PETRUCHIO enters from the Inn and approaches Baptista.

PETRUCHIO. Greetings, good sir, I hear, sir, you have a daughter call'd Katharine, fair and virtuous.

BAPTISTA. I have a daughter, sir, called Katharine.

PETRUCHIO. I am a gentleman from Verona, sir, that hearing of her beauty and her wit, her affability and bashful modesty; her wondrous qualities and mild behavior—

LILLI. (*offstage*) Bastard!

We hear LILLI smashing a cup against a wall. PETRUCHIO pauses a moment in acknowledgment, but plows on.

PETRUCHIO. Uh—mild behavior, am bold to make myself a forward guest within your house to make mine eye the witness of that report. Signor Baptista, my business asketh haste, and every day, I cannot come to woo.

BAPTISTA. I'm afraid my daughter Katharine is not for your turn, the more my grief.

PETRUCHIO. I see you do not mean to part with her.

BAPTISTA. Mistake me not, sir—

PETRUCHIO. Or else you like not of my company—

BAPTISTA. You are more than welcome—

PETRUCHIO. (*sits on the table*) Well, then—what dowry shall I have with her to wife?

BAPTISTA. After my death, the one half of my lands.

PETRUCHIO. The fertile part?

BAPTISTA. So be it!

PETRUCHIO. And in possession?

BAPTISTA. Twenty thousand crowns!

PETRUCHIO. Thirty!

BAPTISTA turns away. PETRUCHIO rises to go.

BAPTISTA. (*turns back hastily*) Thirty!

PETRUCHIO. Father!

PETRUCHIO and BAPTISTA embrace.

PETRUCHIO. (*continuing*) Let specialties be therefore drawn between us.
That ...

CB

Harry
Baptista

4/7

PETRUCHIO and BAPTISTA *shake hands.*

PETRUCHIO. (*cont.*) 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 as peremptory as she is proud-minded.
And where two raging fires meet together,
They do consume the thing that feeds their fury.
So I to her, and so she yields to me,
For I am rough and woo not like a babe.

BAPTISTA. Well mayst thou woo, and happy be thy speed.
Be thou armed for some unhappy words.

PETRUCHIO. Ay, to the proof, as mountains are for winds,
That shake not, they blow perpetually.

BAPTISTA. *Signor* Petruchio, will you go with us,
Or shall I send my daughter Kate to you?

END

PETRUCHIO. I pray you do.

BAPTISTA *exits.* KATHARINE, *in a rage, throws open the window shutters.*

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

KATHARINE. Well have you heard, but somewhat hard of hearing;
They call me Katharine that do talk of me.

PETRUCIO. 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;
Could I but see thy face?

KATHARINE. Why, sir! 'Tis a face like any other ...

Music in.

PETRUCHIO. Aye—there's the rub.

Harry
Baptista

5/7

- 4 - Reprise: So In Love
[49] **faster!**

poco più mosso

55

Fred

there, In love with my

(Vn.1 *colla voce*)

Solo Ob.

Fl., Str., open Tpts

Ob.

Hn.

58

Fred

joy de - lir - i - ous When I

ten. *Solo Pno.* **rall.**

Fl., Cl. Tpts.

Tutti

Hn.

8^{va}Ob., Tpt.2

f ten. **big sound**

Solo oblig. Cl.

(+Cym. roll)

rit. **molto rall.**

knew that you could care. So

(Fl.) Solo Pno. *mp*

dimin. oblig. Pno. Str. +W.W. *p*

61

[65] a tempo [tempo primo]

taunt me and hurt me, De -

mute Br., Glock *sfz*

Vns. 8^wVc. Hn., Va. *p*

Rhy: Bs., Pno., Drs. w/brushes

ceive me, de - sert me, I'm

Cl., Hn., Str. +Fl., Ob.

cresc. poco a poco Tbn. Hn., Vc., 8^wTbn. Tpts.

69 Bs.Cl. *sust.*

rall. **a tempo**

yours 'till I die, So in

Hp. G scale gliss. ten. ten. ten. ten. Solo oblig. Hn. +Cl. Str. +8^{vb}

Tpts. Br. Bs.Cl. Vc.

73

Harry
Baptista 7/7

Fred
love, So in love, So in

Ob., Cl. *mf* Vns. +Ob.

poco oblig. Tbn. *dimin. poco a poco* [thru bar 84] *Solo oblig. 8^{va}Hn.*

Rhy.

Fred
love with you, my love, am

Ob., Vn.1 Cl. Vn.2 3 Hn. Va.

Bs.Cl., Vc. Bs.Cl. Vc.

rit.

[85]

Fred
I.

Solo Ob. *mp* +Fl. *solo*

Vns., Va. *sul tasto* *p*

Pno.

Vc. quasi oblig. (Bs., Drs. tacet to bar 91.)

Fred

Solo Hn. *Soll Bsn., Pno.* *W.W. Pno. Str.* *p* *mute Br.*

Bs. (F.Cym.)