Act 2

**Scene 1**

Curan

Have you heard of no likely wars towards 'twixt the two dukes or cornwall and albany?

Edmund

This weaves itself perforce into my business

My father watches. O sir, fly this place!  
Intelligence is given where you are hid

I hear my father coming. Pardon me!

In cunning I must draw my sword upon you  
  
Some blood drawn on me would beget opinion  
Of my more fierce endeavour. I have seen  
             drunkards  
Do more than this in sport

Here stood he in the dark, his sharp sword out,

Warbling of wicked charms, conjuring the moon

To stand auspicious mistress

Persuade me to the murther of your lordship;  
But that I told him the revenging gods  
'Gainst parricides did all their thunders bend

Gloucester

Let him fly far.  
Not in this land shall he remain uncaught;  
And found - dispatch  
  
That he which find, him shall deserve our thanks,  
Bringing the murderous caitiff to the stake;  
He that conceals him, death

Edmund (giving these words to Edgar)

Thou unpossessing bastard

Gloucester

I never got him

Loyal and natural boy, I'll work the means

To make thee capable

O madam, my old heart is crack'd, it's crack'd!

Regan

What, did my father's godson seek your life?

Was he not companion with the riotous knights

That tend upon my father?

Edmund

Yes madam, he was of that consort

Cornwall

For you Edmund,  
Whose virtue and obedience doth this instant

So much commend itself, you shall be ours.  
Natures of such deep trust we shall much need

**Scene 2**

Kent

Art nothing but the composition of a knave, beggar, coward, pander, and the son and heir of a mongrel bitch

You come with letters against the King, and

Take vanity the puppet's part against the royalty of her father  
  
I’ll so carbonado your shanks

Thou whoreson zed! Thou unnecessary letter!

Yes, sir, but anger hath a privilege'  
  
No contraries hold more antipathy  
Than I and such a knave  
  
Sir, tis my occupation to be plain.  
I have seen better faces in my time  
Than stands on any shoulder that I see  
Before me at this instant  
  
I am no flatterer  
  
You shall do small respect, show too bold malice  
Against the grace and and person of my master,  
Stocking his messenger  
  
Regan

Till noon? Till night, my lord, and all night too!  
  
Kent

Why, madam, if I were your father's dog,   
 You should not use me so.  
  
Gloucester

His fault is much, and the good King his master  
Will check him for't  
  
The king must take it ill

That he, so slightly valued in his messenger,   
Should have him thus restrain'd

Regan

My sister may receive it much worse,

To have her gentleman abus’d assaulted,

For following her affairs  
  
Gloucester

I am sorry for thee, friend. 'Tis the Duke's pleasure,  
Whose disposition, all the world well knows,  
Will not be rubb'd nor stopp'd  
  
The Duke's to blame in this; 'twill be ill taken

Kent

I may

Peruse this letter.

I know ‘tis from Cordelia

Fortune, good night; smile once more, turn thy wheel.

**Scene 3**

Edgar

I will preserve myself; and am bethought  
To take the basest and most poorest shape

That ever penury, in contempt of man,

Brought near to beast.           

That’s something yet! Edgar I nothing am.                    

**Scene 4**

Lear

Tis strange that they should so depart from home,

And not send back my messenger

They durst not do't;  
They would not, could not do't'. 'Tis worse than murther  
To do upon respect such violent outrage

Kent

Whose welcome I perceiv'd had poison'd mine -  
Being the very fellow which of late

Display'd so saucily against your Highness

Fool

Winters not gone yet, if the wild geese fly that way

Lear

O, how this mother swells up toward my heart!

Hysterica passio! Down thou climbing sorrow!  
Thy element's below!''

Fool

Let go thy hold when a great wheel runs down a hill, lest it break thy neck with following it

Lear

Deny to speak with me? They are sick? They are weary?  
They have travell'd all the night? Mere fetches,  
The images of revolt and flying off!

Gloucester

You know the fiery quality of the Duke

Lear

Vengeance! Plague! Death! Confusion!

My breath and blood!

Or at their chamber door i'll beat the drum till it cry sleep to death

O me, my heart, my rising heart! But down!

Beloved Regan,  
Thy sister's naught. O Regan, she hath tied

Sharp-toot’d unkindness, like a vulture, here.

Regan

I pray you, sir, take patience. I have hope  
You less know how to value her desert  
Than she to scant her duty

I cannot think my sister in the least

Would fail her obligation.

Nature in you stands on the very verge

Of her confine. You should be ruled and led

By some discretion that discerns your state

Better than you yourself.

These are unsightly tricks

Lear

She hath abated me half of my train.

Looked balck upon me; struck me with her tongue,

Most serpent-like, upon the very heart

Strike her young bones  
 You taking airs, with lameness!

Infect her beauty,

You fen-suck'd fogs

Regan

O th blest gods! So will you wish on me

When the rash mood is on

Lear

No, Regan, thou shalt never have my curse.

Thy tender-hefted nature shall not give

Thee o'er to harshness'

Who put my man i’ th’ stocks? (x3)

Regan

I pray you, father, being weak, seem so  
  
Lear

No, rather I abjure all roofs, and choose

To wage against the enmity o' th' air,  
To be a comrade with the wolf and owl -  
Necessity's sharp pinch!''

Thou art a boil,  
A plague sore, an embossed carbuncle embossed   
In my corrupted blood

Regan

I look'd not for you yet, nor am a provided

For your fit welcome.  
  
Lear

I gave you all

Regan

And in good time you gave it.

Lear (To Goneril)

I’ll go with thee.

Thy fifty yet doth double five and twenty,

And thou art twice her love.  
  
Regan

What need one?  
  
Lear

O, reason not the need! Our basest beggars

Are in the poorest thing superfluous

Allow not nature more than nature needs,

Man’s life is cheap as beast’s.

You see me hear, you gods, a poor old man,

As full of grief as age; wretched in both.

If it be you that stir these daughters’ hearts

Against their father, fool me not so much

To bear it tamely; touch me with noble anger

And let not women’s weapons, water drops,

Stain my man’s cheeks.

I will have such revenges on you both

That all the world shall – I will do such things –

What they are yet, I know not; but they shall be

The terrors of the earth. You think I’ll weep.

No, I’ll not weep.

I have full cause of weeping, but this heart

Shall break into a hundred thousand flaws

Or ere I’ll weep. O fool I shall go mad.  
  
Goneril

Tis his own blame; hath put himself from rest  
 And must needs taste his folly

Gloucester

Alack, the night comes on, and the belak winds

Do sorely ruffle. For many miles about

There’s scarce a bush.  
  
Regan

O, sir, to wilful men  
The injuries that they themselves procure  
Must be their schoolmasters. Shut up your doors''