

Enter BIANCA

BIANCA

Save you, friend Cassio!

CASSIO

What make you from home?

How is it with you, my most fair Bianca?

I' faith, sweet love, I was coming to your house.

BIANCA

And I was going to your lodging, Cassio.

What, keep a week away? seven days and nights?

Eight score eight hours? and lovers' absent hours,

More tedious than the dial eight score times?

O weary reckoning!

CASSIO

Pardon me, Bianca:

I have this while with leaden thoughts been press'd:

But I shall, in a more continue time,

Strike off this score of absence. Sweet Bianca,

Giving her DESDEMONA's handkerchief

Take me this work out.

BIANCA

O Cassio, whence came this?

This is some token from a newer friend:

To the felt absence now I feel a cause:

Is't come to this? Well, well.

CASSIO

Go to, woman!

Throw your vile guesses in the devil's teeth,

From whence you have them. You are jealous now

That this is from some mistress, some remembrance:

No, in good troth, Bianca.

BIANCA

Why, whose is it?

CASSIO

I know not, sweet: I found it in my chamber.

I like the work well: ere it be demanded--

As like enough it will--I'd have it copied:

Take it, and do't; and leave me for this time.

BIANCA

Leave you! wherefore?

CASSIO

I do attend here on the general;
And think it no addition, nor my wish,
To have him see me woman'd.

BIANCA

Why, I pray you?

CASSIO

Not that I love you not.

BIANCA

But that you do not love me.
I pray you, bring me on the way a little,
And say if I shall see you soon at night.

CASSIO

'Tis but a little way that I can bring you;
For I attend here: but I'll see you soon.

BIANCA

'Tis very good; I must be circumstanced.

Exeunt