

| | |
|--|--|
| <p>SC. 1] KING LEAR 99</p> <p>And from some knowledge and assurance offer This office to you.</p> | Standby Sound Q3 |
| <p><i>Gent.</i> I will talk further with you.</p> <p><i>Kent.</i> No, do not.</p> <p>For confirmation that I am much more Than my out-wall, open this purse, and take 45 What it contains. If you shall see Cordelia,— As fear not but you shall—show her this ring, And she will tell you who that fellow is</p> | Sound Q3 GO [Thunder] |
| <p>That yet you do not know. Fie on this storm! I will go seek the King. 50</p> <p><i>Gent.</i> Give me your hand. Have you no more to say?</p> <p><i>Kent.</i> Few words, but, to effect, more than all yet; That, when we have found the King, in which your pain That way, I'll this, he that first lights on him Holla the other. [<i>Exeunt severally.</i> 55</p> | Standby LX Qs 10-14 and Sound Qs 4-6 LX Q 10 GO [Dim scene change] |
| <p>SCENE II.—[<i>Another part of the Heath.</i>] Storm still.</p> <p><i>Enter LEAR and Fool.</i></p> <p><i>Lear.</i> Blow, winds, and crack your cheeks! rage! blow! You cataracts and hurricanoes, spout</p> | When the stage is clear LX Q 11 GO [Heath state – dim] |
| <p>Till you have drench'd our steeples, drown'd the cocks! You sulph'rous and thought-executing fires, Vaunt-couriers of oak-cleaving thunderbolts, 5 Singe my white head! And thou, all-shaking thunder, Strike flat the thick rotundity o'th'world! Crack Nature's moulds, all germens spill at once</p> | LXQ 12 GO [Lightning flash] Follow on Sound Q4 GO [Thunder rumble] LXQ13 GO [Lightning flash] |
| <p>That makes ingrateful man!</p> <p><i>Fool.</i> O Nuncle, court holy-water in a dry house is better 10 than this rain-water out o'door. Good Nuncle, in, ask thy daughters blessing; here's a night pities neither wise men nor Fools.</p> | Follow on Sound Q5 GO [Thunder crack] |
| <p><i>Lear.</i> Rumble thy bellyful! Spit, fire! spout, rain! Nor rain, wind, thunder, fire, are my daughters: 15 <u>I tax you not, you elements, with unkindness;</u> <u>I never gave you kingdom, call'd you children,</u> You owe me no subscription: then let fall Your horrible pleasure; here I stand, your slave, A poor, infirm, weak, and despis'd old man. 20 But yet I call you servile ministers, That will with two pernicious daughters join Your high-engender'd battles 'gainst a head So old and white as this. O, ho! 'tis foul.</p> | LXQ14 GO [Lightning flash] Follow on Sound Q6 GO [Thunder rumble] |
| <p><i>Fool.</i> He that has a house to put's head in has a good 25 head-piece. The cod-piece that will house Before the head has any, The head and he shall louse; So beggars marry many. 30</p> | |

Prompt Book Checklist and Sample Page Provided by Cheryl J. Williams