Sample Script Marking CORRECT Version

OTHELLO From ACT THREE, SCENE THREE:

OTHELLO

What sense had I of her stol'n hours of lust? I saw't not, thought it not, it harm'd not me: I slept the next night well, was free and merry; I found not Cassio's kisses on her lips: He that is robb'd, not wanting what is stol'n, Let him not know't, and he's not robb'd at all.

IAGO

I am sorry to hear this.

OTHELLO

I had been happy, if the general camp, Pioners and all, had tasted her sweet body, So I had nothing known. O, now, for ever Farewell the tranquil mind! farewell content! Farewell the plumed troop, and the big wars, That make ambition virtue! O, farewell! Farewell the neighing steed, and the shrill trump, The spirit-stirring drum, the ear piercing fife, The royal banner, and all quality, Pride, pomp and circumstance of glorious war! And, O you mortal engines, whose rude throats-The immortal Jove's dead clamours counterfeit, Farewell! Othello's occupation's gone!

IAGO

Is't possible, my lord?

OTHELLO

Villain, be sure thou prove my love a whore, UNTRUE, Be sure of it; give me the ocular proof: Or by the worth of man's eternal soul, Thou hadst been better have been born a dog Than answer my waked wrath!

-IAGO

Is't come to this?

OTHELLO

Make me to see't; or, at the least, so prove it, That the probation bear no hinge nor loop To hang a doubt on; or woe upon thy life!

4AGO

My noble lord,--

OTHELLO

If thou dost slander her and torture me, Never pray more; abandon all remorse; On horror's head horrors accumulate;

correctly highlighted correctly marked-through

· sexual references cut or changed

Sample Script Marking

INCORRECT version

OTHELLO From ACT THREE, SCENE THREE:

OTHELLO

What sense had I of her stol'n hours of lust?
I saw't not, thought it not, it harm'd not me:
I slept the next night well, was free and merry;
I found not Cassio's kisses on her lips:
He that is robb'd, not wanting what is stol'n,
Let him not know't, and he's not robb'd at all.

IAGO

I am sorry to hear this.

OTHELLO

I had been happy, if the general camp,
Pioners and all, had tasted her sweet body,
So I had nothing known. O, now, for ever
Farewell the tranquil mind! farewell content!
Farewell the plumed troop, and the big wars,
That make ambition virtue! O, farewell!
Farewell the neighing steed, and the shrill trump,
The spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife,
The royal banner, and all quality,
Pride, pomp and circumstance of glorious war!
And, O you mortal engines, whose rude throats
The immortal Jove's dead clamours counterfeit,
Farewell! Othello's occupation's gone!

IAGO

Is't possible, my lord?

OTHELLO

Villain, be sure thou prove my love a whore, Be sure of it; give me the ocular proof:
Or by the worth of man's eternal soul,
Thou hadst been better have been born a dog
Than answer my waked wrath!

IAGO

Is't come to this?

OTHELLO

Make me to see't; or, at the least, so prove it, That the probation bear no hinge nor loop To hang a doubt on; or woe upon thy life!

IAGO

My noble lord,--

OTHELLO

If thou dost slander her and torture me, Never pray more; abandon all remorse; On horror's head horrors accumulate; · includes lines that are not highlighted or marked-through

· sexual language intact

When dialogue and/or stage directions are not highlighted and not marked-through, the reader does not Know how to interpret your intentions.