

Beware Women adapted by Dale Anthony Girard from *The Widow Ranter* by Aphra Behn
F/F SmS, SS, R&D

BEWARE WOMEN!

A SWORD PLAY adapted by Dale Anthony Girard (© 2/08, Revised – 1/10)
(Based on dialogue from *The Widow Ranter*, by Aphra Behn)

KATRINA

Tammira! By heaven, show yourself! TAMMIRA!

TAMMIRA (*entering*)

Katrina, desperate as thou art I scorn to take thee basely; you shall have a soldier's chance, my dear, for your life, since chance so luckily has brought us hither; without seconds or further aids we will settle this dispute. This spot of earth bears both our fates, we'll face one t'other on equal terms.

KATRINA

That's nobly said – the powers have heard my wish! Goode Edward, first taught me how to use a sword, which heretofore has served me with success, but now – 'tis for Edward that I draw, a prize more valued than my life –

TAMMIRA

Hah, Edward!

KATRINA

Your blushes do portray your passions for him.

(They fight and pause)

KATRINA

You fight as if you meant to outdo me this way, as you have done in courtesy.

TAMMIRA

You're not behindhand with me, my dear, in courtesy, come, here's to set us even –

(Fight again, TAMMIRA is wounded)

KATRINA

You bleed apace, my dear.

TAMMIRA

You've only breathed a vein, and given me new health and vigour by it

(They fight again, TAMMIRA is wounded, KATRINA takes her in her arms, TAMMIRA drops her sword)

KATRINA

How do you Tammira?

BEWARE WOMEN!

TAMMIRA

Like one – that’s hovering twixt heaven and earth, I’m – mounting – somewhere – upwards – but giddy with my flight, - I know not where.

KATRINA

I’ll fetch a surgeon - instantly! Honour returns my sister and love all bleeding’s fled.

TAMMIRA

Oh Edward, how much more truth had thy divinity than the predictions of the flattering oracles. Commend me to your - honorable - husband; the sin, dear sister, was only in my heart. Please, tell him – oh – but death prevents the rest.

(Dies)