

“The Comedy of Errors”
by William Shakespeare

The two Dromios and the two Antipholuses were still as much alike as Aegeon had said they were in their infancy. It was no wonder Antipholus thought it was his own slave returned and asked him why he came back so soon.

Dromio said, “My mistress sent me to bid you come home. The capon burns, the pig falls from the spit, the meat will be all cold if you do not come home.”

“These jests are out of season,” said Antipholus. “Where is the money?”

Dromio answered that his mistress had sent him to fetch Antipholus to.

“What mistress?” said Antipholus.

“Why, your worship’s wife, sir!”
replied Dromio.

Antipholus, having no wife, was very angry with Dromio, and said, “Because I familiarly sometimes chat with you, you presume to jest with me in this free manner. I am not in a sportive humor now. Where is the money? We being strangers here, how dare you trust so great a charge from your own custody?”

Dromio, hearing his master as he thought him, talk of being strangers, supposed Antiphons was jesting. He said, “I pray you, sir, jest as you sit at dinner. I had no charge but to fetch you home to dine with my mistress and her sister.”

Now Antipholus lost all patience, and beat Dromio, who ran home and told his

mistress that his master had refused to come to dinner and that he had no wife.

Adriana, the wife of Antipholus of Ephesus, was very jealous when she heard that her husband said he had no wife. She said her husband meant that he loved another lady better than herself. She began to fret and say unkind words and reproach of her husband. Her sister Luciana, who lived with her, tried to persuade her out of her suspicions.

Antipholus of Syracuse went to the inn and found Dromio with the money in safety there. Seeing his own Dromio, he was going to chide him for his free jests when Adriana came up to him. Not doubting she saw her husband, she began to reproach him for looking strange upon her—as well he might, never having seen

this angry lady before. Then she told him how well he loved her before they were married and that now he loved some other lady instead of her.

“How comes it, my husband,” said she, “That I have lost your love?”

“Plead you to me, fair dame?” said the astonished Antipholus.

It was in vain he told her he was not her husband and that he had been in Ephesus but two hours. She insisted on his going with her. Antipholus, unable to get away, went with her to his brother’s house and dined with Adriana and her sister, the one calling him husband and the other brother. He, all amazed, thought he must have been married her in his sleep, or that he was sleeping now.