



## ACT II. SCENE I.

*The Grecian Camp.*

*Enter Ajax, and Therfites.*

A J A X.

**T**HERSITES!

*Ther. Agamemnon*—how if he had biles—full, all over generally? *[talking to himself.]*

*Ajax. Therfites!*

*Ther. And those biles did run?—say so, did not the general run? were not that a botchy core?*

*Ajax. Dog!*

*Ther. Then there would come some matter from him: I see none now.*

*Ajax. Thou bitch-wolf's son, canst thou not hear? feel then.* *[strikes him.]*

*Ther. The plague of Greece upon thee, thou mungrel beef-witted lord!*

*Ajax. Speak then, you whinnid'st baven, speak; or I will beat thee into handsomeness.*

*Ther. I shall sooner rail thee into wit and holiness; but, I think, thy horse will sooner con an oration, than thou learn a prayer without book: thou canst strike, canst thou? a red murrain o' thy jades tricks!*

*Ajax. Toadstool! learn me the proclamation.*

*Ther. Dost thou think I have no sense, thou strik'st me thus?*

*Ajax. The proclamation—*

*Ther. Thou art proclaimed a fool, I think.*

*Ajax. Do not, porcupine, do not; my fingers itch.*

*Ther. I would thou didst itch from head to foot, and I had the scratching of thee; I would make thee the loathsom'st scab in Greece.*

*Ajax.*