

*Ajax.* I say, the proclamation —

*Ther.* Thou grumblest and railest every hour on *Achilles*; and thou art as full of envy at his greatness, as *Cerberus* is at *Proserpina's* beauty; ay, that thou bark'st at him.

*Ajax.* Mistress *Thersites*!

*Ther.* Thou shouldst strike him.

*Ajax.* Cobloaf!

*Ther.* He would pound thee into shivers with his fist, as a sailer breaks a bisket.

*Ajax.* You whoreson cur!

[beating him.]

*Ther.* Do, do.

*Ajax.* Thou stool for a witch!

*Ther.* Ay, do; thou sodden-witted lord! thou hast no more brain than I have in my elbows: an *assinego* may tutor thee. Thou scurvy valiant ass! thou art here but to thrash *Trojans*; and thou art bought and sold among those of any wit, like a *Barbarian* slave. If thou use to beat me, I will begin at thy heel, and tell what thou art by inches, thou thing of no bowels, thou!

*Ajax.* You dog!

*Ther.* You scurvy lord!

*Ajax.* You cur!

[beating him.]

*Ther.* Mars his idiot! do, rudeness; do, camel; do, do.

## SCENE II.

*Enter Achilles, and Patroclus.*

*Achil.* Why, how now, *Ajax*? wherefore do you this? —  
How now, *Thersites*? what's the matter, man?

*Ther.* You see him there, do you?

*Achil.* Ay; what's the matter?

*Ther.* Nay, look upon him.

*Achil.* So I do; what's the matter?

*Ther.* Nay, but regard him well.

*Achil.* Well, why, I do so.

*Ther.* But yet you look not well upon him; for, whosoever you take him to be, he is *Ajax*.

*Achil.*