

SCENE VI.

Enter Agamemnon, Ulysses, Nestor, Diomedes, Ajax, and Chalcas.

Achil. Patroclus, I'll speak with no body: — come in with me, Therites. *[Exit.]*

*Ther. Here is such patchery, such juggling, and such knavery! all the argument is a cuckold and a whore; a good quarrel to draw emulous factions, and bleed to death upon. Now the dry *serpigo* on the subject! and war and lechery confound all!* *[Exit.]*

Aga. Where is Achilles?

Pat. Within his tent; but ill dispos'd, my lord.

Aga. Let it be known to him that we are here. He sent us messengers; and we lay by Our appertainments, visiting of him: Let him be told so; lest, perchance, he think We dare not move the question of our place, Or know not what we are.

Pat. I shall so say to him. *[Exit.]*

Ulys. We saw him at the opening of his tent, He is not sick.

Ajax. Yes, lion-sick, sick of a proud heart: you may call it melancholy, if you will favour the man; but, by my head, tis pride; but why, why? let him show us the cause. — A word, my lord. *[to Agamemnon.]*

Nest. What moves Ajax thus to bay at him?

Ulys. Achilles hath inveigled his fool from him.

Nest. Who? Therites?

Ulys. He.

Nest. Then will Ajax lack matter, if he have lost his argument.

Ulys. No; you see, he is his argument, that has his argument; Achilles.

Nest. All the better; their fraction is more our wish than their faction; but it was a strong counsel that a fool could disunite.