

Dramatic Woman #3

Stop, stop! What on earth are you doing? *[Takes the sword away from Clar.]*

And you, you dog, you would have let her die? Have you the heart of a tiger, of a hyena, of a devil? Look at you, you're a pretty little fellow that expects ladies to disembowel themselves for you! You are much too kind to him, madam. He doesn't want you any more, I suppose? The man that doesn't want you doesn't deserve you. Let this murderer go to the devil; and you come along with me. There's no shortage of men; I'll promise to find you a dozen before evening.

Here's something I really don't understand. Here's a girl on the point of killing herself, and you sit there looking on, just as if you were at a play.

It's as the old saw says; we get the kicks and you the halfpence. They say women are unfaithful, but men are committing infidelities all day long. People talk about the women, and they never say a word about the men. We get all the blame, and you are allowed to do as you please. Do you know why? Because 'tis the men who have made the laws. If the women had made them, things would be just the other way. If I were a queen, I'd make every man who was unfaithful carry a branch of a tree in his hand, and I know all the town would look like forests.

**Goldoni, Carlo, *The Servant of Two Masters*, 1746,
<https://gutenberg.ca/ebooks/goldonident-twomasters/goldonident-twomasters-00-h.html>**