UNDERWATER CANAL – NIGHT

Glimmering shape moves through the water. As it comes closer we recognize it as a tragic mask – which is pulled up and out of the water.

EXT. CANAL – NIGHT

Misty night. The moon is reflected in the canal. A gondola appears through the mist. As it passes us we see a SLOUCHING FIGURE, wearing the tragic mask. The gondola crosses another which moors up. A veiled figure disembarks. A nightdress flashes white beneath a cloak, as the figure runs off.

EXT. ST. MARKS SQUARE – NIGHT

TWO ROBED MEN (SENATORS) walk briskly towards the Doge's palace.
TWO CAPTAINS approach from the other side.

INT. COUNCIL CHAMBER – NIGHT

CLOSEUP: 16th century map of the Mediterranean by the flickering light of a fire. Venice is central. Rhodes and Cyprus are surrounded by symbols denoting armies and ships.

We pull back to see that the map is spread across a large table. TWO ATTENDANTS stand over it, holding torches. Their light gives glimpses of several OFFICERS and ATTENDANTS in the background and of the rich tapestries and paintings of battles that adorn the walls.

SEVERAL ELDERLY SENATORS, lavishly dressed and dripping jewelry, sit, clutching letters. The 1st and 2nd Senators take their place among them. MESSENGERS run back and forth.

The DOGE (DUKE) OF VENICE sits by the fireside playing chess with an elegant YOUNG MAN (LODOVICO). We catch snippets of urgent conversation between the Senators.

FIRST SENATOR
There is no composition in these news
That gives them credit.

SECOND SENATOR
Indeed they are disproportioned
My letters say a hundred and seven galleys.

FIRST SENATOR
And mine a hundred and forty.

A TURKISH EMISSARY arrives with a scroll. A SOLDIER delivers the scroll to the Doge. He studies the following:

Sultan of the Turks to the Signory of Venice:
'We demand of you Cyprus, which you shall give willingly or perforce. Beware, therefore, lest you arouse our wrath for we shall wage most cruel war against you everywhere.'
(1570)

He passes the scroll to his Senators. There is a flurry of activity.

DUKE
Tis certain then, for Cyprus.

EXT. STREET – NIGHT

The veiled figure rounds a corner into a seedy back street and runs through an arcade passing a trio of late night masked revelers.

INT. CHAPEL – NIGHT

Three men stand silently, tensely: A PRIEST, a handsome SOLDIER (CASSIO) and a black GENERAL (OTHELLO).
The door bursts open. The men rise. The veiled figure stands panting in the doorway and pulls back the veil to reveal a beautiful young woman, DESDEMONA.

INT. CHAPEL – NIGHT

Othello and Desdemona stand before the Priest. Othello fumbles awkwardly with the ring, then slips it onto her finger. They lean in to kiss. We pull back to reveal:

EXT. / INT. CHAPEL – NIGHT

A richly DRESSED GENTLEMAN (RODERIGO) and a SOLDIER (IAGO) watching through the window as Othello and Desdemona kiss. Roderigo’s face twists in agony.

RODERIGO
I take it much unkindly that thou, Iago, Shouldst know of this.

Othello brings out a sash and places it across Cassio's shoulder, who bows...

IAGO
By the faith of man,  
I know my price, I am worth no worse a place;  
But he, that never set a squadron in the field,  
Nor the division of a battle knows,  
More than a spinster, must his Lieutenant be,  
And I, of whom his eyes had seen the proof –  
God bless the mark – his moorship's Ancient.

Cassio cannot contain his smile. They clasp hands. Othello takes out a small dagger studded with rubies and gives it to him. The two men embrace. Cassio pays the Priest and they both leave.

Othello and Desdemona are now alone. They move towards each other, tentatively.

Roderigo turns away in disgust. He pulls Iago beneath the window and whispers:

RODERIGO
By heaven, I rather would have been his hangman.

IAGO
Why, there's no remedy. 'Tis the curse of service:

RODERIGO
I would not follow him then.

IAGO
O, Sir, content you:  
I follow him to serve my turn upon him.  
We cannot all be masters, nor all masters  
Cannot be truly followed. You shall mark  
Heaven is my judge, not I for love and duty,  
But seeming so for my peculiar end:  
I am not what I am.

RODERIGO
What a full fortune does the thick lips owe...
If he can carry't thust.

IAGO
Call up her father.

Roderigo considers, then sets off. Iago turns and looks directly into the Camera. Though his expression is blank, his eyes shine with tears.

INT. COUNCIL CHAMBER – NIGHT

Cassio lots himself quietly into the chamber.

The Senators pore over the map.

DUKE
But who should lead our business against the Turkish fleet?

They exchange thoughtful glances.

FIRST SENATOR
(tentatively)
Othello?

SECOND SENATOR
Marcos Luccicos, is not he in town?

FIRST SENATOR
He's now in Florence. Othello?

The other Senators look disapprovingly at the Duke.

FIRST SENATOR
Another of his fathom we have none.

The Duke turns to Lodovico.

LODOVICO
The fortitude of the place is best known to him.

DUKE
Fetch Othello hither.

Cassio leaves the room, followed by two attendants

EXT. STREET TO BRABANTIO'S HOUSE – NIGHT

Iago and Roderigo approach BRABANTIO'S HOUSE.

INT. BRABANTIO'S BEDROOM – NIGHT

An OLD MAN (BRABANTIO) lies asleep in his bed. He mumbles and writhes.

RODERIGO
What, ho, Brabantio! Signor Brabantio, ho!
IAGO
Awake! What, ho, Brabantio! Thieves, thieves!
Look to your house, your daughter!

Brabantio sits bolt upright, as if waking from a nightmare, eyes staring.

IAGO
... and your bags! Thieves, thieves!

EXT. BRABANTIO'S BEDROOM – NIGHT

Roderigo and Iago shouting "Awake", "Brabantio", "Magnifico". Brabantio appears on his balcony in his night-dress. Iago ducks into the shadows.

BRABANTIO
(peering into the darkness)
What is the reason of this terrible summons? What is the matter here?

Iago urges Roderigo to speak.

RODERIGO
(nervously)
Signor, is all your family within?

BRABANTIO
I know thee, Roderigo,
And have charged thee not to haunt about my doors;
In honest plainness thou hast heard me say
My daughter is not for thee.

IAGO
Are your doors locked?

BRABANTIO
Why, wherefore ask you this?

IAGO
Zounds, sir, you're robbed; for shame, put on your gown;
Your heart is burst, you have lost half your soul.

BRABANTIO
What, have you lost your wits?

IAGO
Even now, now, very now, an old black ram
Is tupping your white ewe. Arise I say!

BRABANTIO
What profane wretch art thou?

IAGO
I am one, sire that comes to tell you, your daughter and the Moor are now making the beast with two backs.
BRABANTIO
Thou art a villain.

IAGO
You are a senator.

BRABANTIO
This thou shalt answer, Roderigo...

RODERIGO
Sir, I will answer anything; but I beseech you,
Straight satisfy yourself;
If she be in your chamber or your house,
Let loose on me the justice of the state
For thus deluding you.

BRABANTIO
Strike on the tinder, ho!
Give me a taper; call up all my people!

Brabantio mutters to himself, struggling for breath:

BRABANTIO
This accident is not unlike my dream:
Belief of it oppresses me already.
(yelling)
Light, I say, light!

Brabantio goes back into his room. Sounds of commotion.

Iago congratulates Roderigo with a firm shake of the hand.

Roderigo gives him a purse.

IAGO
Farewell, for I must leave you.

Roderigo tries to grab him, but Iago eludes him and goes.

Brabantino comes out of his front door into the street.

A BAND OF MEN carrying torches gather at his side.

BRABANTIO
It is too true an evil. Gone she is.
Do you know where we may
Apprehend her and the Moor?

RODERIGO
I think I can discover him.

BRABANTIO
O, that you had had her.
(shouting to his Servants)
Get weapons, Ho!
EXT. CHAPEL – NIGHT

Cassio, his two Attendants and Iago stand motionless in the swirling mist. Cassio is a little uncomfortable and discovers that Iago is staring at him. Their eyes lock together. Iago breaks the tension with a wink. Cassio grins, Iago smiles warmly.

Othello steps out of the chapel to join them. He scoops up a stray cat into his arms.

IAGO
I pray you, sir, are you fast married?

CASSIO
Sir, you have been hotly called for.

OTHELLO
Have with you.

They march off.

EXT. MARKETPLACE – NIGHT

Othello and his Men appear from one side. Brabantio's from the other.

Brabantio draws his sword. The sound of swords whipped from their scabbards. Iago and Cassio stop in front of Othello.

Roderigo is terrified to find himself in the middle of the imminent fight.

IAGO
You, Roderigo? Come, air, I am for you.

He draws the confused Roderigo to one side.

OTHELLO
Hold your hands,
Both you of my inclining and the rest,
Were it my cue to fight, I should have known it
Without a prompter.

BRABANTIO
O thou foul thief
Where hast thou stowed my daughter?
Damned as thou art, thou hast enchanted her,
T’run from her guardage to the sooty bosom
Of such a thing as thou?
Lay hold upon him.


OTHELLO
Keep up your bright swords for the dew will rust'em
Good Signor, where will you that I go to answer this your charge?

BRABANTIO
To Prison, til fit time
Of law and course of direct session
call thee to answer.

**OTHELLO**
What if I do obey?
How many the Duke be therewith satisfied,
Whose messengers are here about my side,
To bring me to him?

**CASSIO**
'Tis true, most worthy Signor:
The Duke's in council, and your noble self
I am sure is sent for.

**BRABANTIO**

*Brabantio sets off. Othello rebuffs the arms that try to take hold of him, but follows Brabantio.*

**INT. COUNCIL CHAMBER – NIGHT**

*The door opens and Othello enters, Brabantio, Iago, Roderigo, Cassio and OFFICERS follow.*

**DUKE**
Valiant Othello, we must straight employ you
Against the general Turkish foe.

*Brabantio pushes his way forward.*

**DUKE**
I did not see you: Welcome, gentle Signor;
We lacked your counsel and your help tonight.

**BRABANTIO**
So did I yours. Good your grace, pardon me:
Neither my place, nor aught I heard of business,
Hath raised me from my bed...

**DUKE**
Why? What's the matter?

**BRABANTIO**
My daughter! O, my daughter!

**DUKE**
Dead?

**BRABANTIO**
Ay, to me.
She is abused, stolen from me, and corrupted.
For nature so preposterously to err,
Sans witchcraft could not.

**DUKE**
Whoe'er he be that in this foul proceeding
Hath thus beguiled your daughter of herself
And you of her, the bloody book of law
You shall yourself read in the bitter letter
After your own sense, yea, though our proper son
Stood in your action.

BRABANTIO
Humbly I thank your grace.
Here is the man.

He indicates Othello. An embarrassed silence.

FIRST SENATOR
We are very sorry for't.

DUKE
(to Othello)
What in your own part can you say to this?

BRABANTIO
Nothing but this is so.

OTHELLO
Most potent grave and reverend signors,
My very noble and approved good masters,
That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter,
It is most true;

Gasps of shock and outrage, setting off a series of whispers.

OTHELLO
O true I have married her;

The whispering grows louder.

OTHELLO
The very head and front of my offending
Hath this extent, no more.

Roderigo gasps indignantly. The Duke silences the noise.

OTHELLO
Rude am I in my speech
And little blessed with the soft phrase of peace
Since these arms of mine had seven years' pith
Till now some nine moons wasted, they have used
Their dearest action in the tented field
And little of this great world can I speak
More than pertains to feats of broil and battle;
And therefore little shall I grace my cause
In speaking of myself. Yet, by your gracious patience,
I will round unvarnished tale deliver
Of my whole course of love; what drugs, what charms,
What conjuration and what mighty magic –
For such proceedings am I charged withal –
I won his daughter.
BRABANTIO
A maiden never bold;
of spirit so still and quiet that her motion
Blushed at herself – and she in spite of nature
To fall in love with what she feared to look on!

OTHELLO
I do beseech you, send for the lady
And let her speak of me before her father.
If you do find me foul in her report,
The trust, the office I do hold of you
Not only take away, but let your sentence
Even fall upon my life.

All eyes turn to the Duke. The Duke turns to Brabantio, who smiles and nods morbidly.

DUKE
Fetch Desdemona hither.

Othello gestures to Iago who leaves with two Attendants.

DUKE
Speak, Othello.

OTHELLO
Her father loved me, oft invited me,
Still questioned me the story of my life
From year to year – the battles, sieges, fortunes,
That I have passed:

EXT. GARDEN OF BRABANTIO'S HOUSE – DAY – FLASHBACK

Brabantio and Othello walk together in a bright, sunlit garden. GRATIANO and Cassio listen to a MUSICIAN play.

Brabantio listens intently as Othello tells his story.

OTHELLO (V.O.)
Wherein I spoke of most disastrous chances,
Of moving accidents and hair-breadth scapes,
Of being taken by the insolent foe,
And sold to slavery.

Desdemona sits behind them. Her hair spread out for blonding in the sun.

IN CLOSEUP we see she is peeking through her hair. She averts her eyes when Othello turns her way.

OTHELLO (V.O.)
And of the Cannibals that each other eat,
The Anthropophagi, and men whose heads
Do grow beneath their shoulders. This to hear
Would Desdemona seriously incline...
And with a greedy ear
Devour up my discourse; which I observing...
EXT. GARDEN OF BRABANTIO'S HOUSE – EVENING – FLASHBACK

ANOTHER DAY

Twilight in the garden. We find Othello and Desdemona in a secluded corner.

OTHELLO (V.O.)
Took once a pliant hour, and found good means
To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart
That I would all my pilgrimage dilate.
I did consent...

INT. COUNCIL CHAMBER – NIGHT

Brabantio, seething with anger, turns to the Duke. The Duke remains inscrutable.

EXT. GARDEN OF BRABANTIO'S HOUSE. EVENING – FLASHBACK CONTINUED

OTHELLO (V.O.)
... and ran it through even from my boyish days
To the very moment that he bade me tell it.

CLOSEUP on Desdemona's face, on which the following montage appears.

MONTAGE

INT. HUT – DAY

Flames. A white arm drops a flaming torch... Frantic figures move in the background. In the foreground stands a BLACK CHILD. The child seems abandoned, but is then whisked away by his FATHER.

EXT. RAVINE – DAY

The BOY OTHELLO runs fast and scared across a ravine. There is shouting and yelling behind him. He crouches among a pile of rocks. He nearly loses his footing, and, looking down, he sees a cluster of human bones at his feet. He squints up into the sun. The sunlight is all but blocked out as a vast, strangely misshapen figure carrying a spear steps into view and casts a shadow over his face. He picks up a bone and prepares to strike...

EXT. TRAINING GROUND – DAY

The Boy Othello... strikes, with a staff at his Father who is training him in the arts of war.

EXT. CRATER AND POST – DAY

The Young Othello... strikes again, with a sword, at TWO ENEMY SOLDIERS. A net is thrown across him.
EXT. BATTLEFIELD – DAY

The Young Othello – Shackled to other prisoners of war is led through a smoking battlefield. Explosion. Dead bodies. one is shifted aside – Othello, bloodied, lies beneath.

EXT. BATTLEFIELD – DAY

Othello, bare-chested, catches a gun that's thrown at him.

EXT. BATTLEFIELD – DAY

Othello in MILITARY UNIFORM, fighting side by side with Iago. Othello saves Iago from a fatal blow. Iago escapes through smoke. Othello fights on. Iago returns on horseback, picks up Othello and they ride off through flames.

EXT. GARDEN OF BRABANTIO'S HOUSE – EVENING – FLASHBACK CONTINUED

The images fade from Desdemona's face to reveal tears on her cheek. Othello dabs her cheeks with a strawberry spotted handkerchief.

OTHELLO (V.O.)

My story being done,
She gave me for my pains a world of sighs:
She swore, in faith: 'twas strange, 'twas passing strange,
'Twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful;
She wish'd she had not heard it, yet she wished
That heaven had made her such a man.

Othello puts on his coat and prepares to leave.

He gives her the handkerchief.

OTHELLO (V.O.)

She thanked me,
And bade me: if I had a friend that loved her,
I should but teach him how to tell my story,
And that would woo her.

They look into each other's eyes. She puts her hand slowly to his head, then his face.

OTHELLO (V.O.)

She loved me for the dangers I had passed,
And I loved her that she did pity them.

INT. COUNCIL CHAMBER – NIGHT

OTHELLO

This only is the witchcraft I have used.

All eyes turn to the Duke.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE COUNCIL CHAMBER – NIGHT
Desdemona stops outside the door. Iago stands behind her. Her face is tense, her breathing fast. She straightens her disheveled clothing. Her hair is in disarray. Her shaking hand fumbles to put it up.

Iago steps in and assists. He smiles calmly at her. She smiles back gratefully. She takes a deep breath. Iago reaches for the door handles.

INT. COUNCIL CHAMBER – NIGHT

The door opens onto Desdemona. All eyes turn to her.

**BRABANTIO**

Come hither, gentle mistress;  
Do you perceive in all this company  
Where most you owe obedience?

**DESDEMONA**

My noble father,  
To you I am bound for life and education;  
My life and education both do learn me  
How to respect you. You are lord of all my duty,  
I am hitherto your daughter. But here's my husband;  
And so much duty as my mother showed  
To you, preferring you before her father,  
So much I challenge, that I may profess  
Due to the Moor, my lord.

Brabantio’s face creases in pain. Roderigo, likewise.

**BRABANTIO**

God bu’y! I have done.  
I had rather to adopt a child than get it.  
Come hither, Moor:  
I here do give thee that with all my heart  
Which, but thou hast already, with all my heart  
I would keep from thee.

Brabantio takes his daughter’s hand and places it in Othello’s. Othello grasps it vehemently, Desdemona winces.

As Brabantio turns away, his face contorts again and he clutches at his chest. His feet give way and Othello and Roderigo rush to his aid. He pushes them away.

**BRABANTIO**

I humbly beseech you proceed to th’affairs of state.

The Duke waits until Brabantio is safely seated.

**DUKE**

The Turk with a most mighty preparation makes for Cyprus. Othello, you must away tonight. The affair cries haste and speed must answer it.

**OTHELLO**

With all my heart.
Most humbly therefore bending to your state,  
I crave fit disposition for my wife,  
Due reference of place and exhibition,  
With such accommodation and resort  
As levels with her breeding.

There is a murmur of disapproval amongst the Senators.

DUKE
Why if you please,  
Be't at her father's.

BRABANTIO
I'll not have it so.

OTHELLO
Nor I.

DESDEMONA
Nor I: I would not there reside  
To put my father in impatient thoughts  
By being in his eye. Most gracious Duke

DUKE
What would you, Desdemona?

DESDEMONA
That I did love the Moor to live with him  
My downright violence and scorn of fortunes  
May trumpet to the world: My heart's subdued  
Even to the utmost pleasure of my lord;  
I saw Othello's visage in his mind,  
And to his honours, and his valiant parts  
Did I my soul and fortunes consecrate:  
So that, dear lords, if I be left behind,  
A moth of peace, and he go to the war,  
The rites for which I love him are bereft me,  
And I a heavy interim shall support,  
By his dear absence.-lot me go with him.

OTHELLO
Let her have your voice.  
And heaven defend your good souls that you think  
I will your serious and great business scant  
For she is with me.

The Duke glances at the ailing Brabantio.

DUKE
Be it as you shall privately determine,  
Either for her stay, or going.  
At nine i’th’morning, here we’ll meet again  
Good night to everyone. And, noble Signor,

He beckons Brabantio and draws him to one side.

DUKE
If virtue no delighted beauty lack,
Your son-in-law is far more fair than black.

Desdemona sees that Othello has overheard this and is not amused.

The Duke leaves.

FIRST SENATOR
Adieu, brave Moor.
(he leaves)

SECOND SENATOR
Use Desdemona well.

Othello is immediately riled, but Desdemona calms him.

BRABANTIO
Look to her, Moor, if thou hast eyes to see.
She has deceived her father and may thee.

OTHELLO
My life upon her faith!

Brabantio leaves.

OTHELLO
Honest Iago,
My Desdemona must I leave to thee.
I prithee let thy wife attend on her,
And bring them after in the best advantage.
Come Desdemona, we must obey the time.

Othello and Desdemona leave and Iago is about to follow.

RODERIGO
Iago.

Iago turns back to the apparently empty room. Roderigo steps out of the shadows.

IAGO
What say'st thou, noble heart?

RODERIGO
What will I do, think'st thou?

IAGO
Why, go to bed and sleep.

RODERIGO
I will incontinently drawn myself.
O, Desdemona.

IAGO
If thou dost I shall never love thee after.
Why thou silly gentleman!

RODERIGO
It is silliness to live when to live is a torment.

IAGO

O villainous!

Iago sits in the Duke's chair and pours himself a drink.

IAGO
I have looked upon the world. For four times seven years, and I never yet found a man that know how to love himself. Ere I would say I would drown myself for the love of a guineau-hen, I would change my humanity with a baboon.

RODERIGO
What should I do? I confess it is my shame to be so fond, but it is not in my virtue to amend it.

IAGO
Virtue? A fig! 'Tis in ourselves that we are thus or thus. We have reason to cool our raging motions, our carnal stings, our unbitted lusts: Whereof I take this which you call love to be a sect or scion.

RODERIGO
It cannot be.

IAGO
It is merely a lust of the blood and a permission of the will. Come, be a man. Drown thyself? Drown cats and blind puppies.

He gets a smile out of Roderigo.

IAGO
I have professed me thy friend and I confess me knit to thy deserving with cables of perdurable toughness. I could never better stead thee than now. Put money in thy purse. Follow thou these wars; disguise thy features with an usurped beard.

Roderigo looks skeptical.

IAGO
I say, put money in thy purse. It cannot be that Desdemona should long continue her love to the Moor – put but money in thy purse When she is sated with his body she will find the error of her choice. She must have change, she must – fill thy purse with money. If sanctimony and a frail vow, betwixt an erring barbarian and a super-subtle venetian, be not too hard for my wits and all the tribe of hell, thou shall enjoy her. Therefore put....

He encourages Roderigo to join in...

IAGO & RODERIGO

... money in thy purse.
They laugh.

IAGO
A pox on drowning, tis clean out of the way. Seek thou rather to be hanged in compassing thy joy than to be drowned and go without her.

RODERIGO
Wilt thou be fast to my hopes?

Roderigo dangles a purse. Iago pushes it away.

IAGO
Thou art sure of me. There are many events in the womb of time which will be delivered. Go, provide thy money. We will have more of this tomorrow. Adieu.

Roderigo sets off contentedly. A thought occurs and he returns.

RODERIGO
Where shall we meet i'th' morning?

IAGO
At my lodging.

RODERIGO
(contented again)
I'll be with thee betimes.

IAGO
Go to; farewell.
(contenting him back)
Do you hear, Roderigo?

RODERIGO
(returning again)
What say thou?

IAGO
No more of drowning, do you hear?

RODERIGO
(laughing)
I am changed.

Iago flashes his palm. Roderigo automatically drops his purse into it.

IAGO
Go to: Farewell.
(contenting out again)
Put money enough in your purse.

RODERIGO
(returning again)
I'll sell all my land.

They both laugh as Roderigo leaves. Iago turns to address the Camera:
IAGO
Thus do I ever make my fool my purse: For I mine own
gained knowledge should profane if I would time expend
with such a snipe But for my sport and profit – I hate the
Moor, And it is thought abroad that 'twixt my sheets He's
done my office. I know not if't be true But I, for more
suspicion in that kind, Will do as if for surety. He holds me
well: The better shall my purpose work on him.

He studies the Duke's chessboard.

IAGO
Cassio's a proper man: Let me see now;
To got his place and to plume up my will
In double knavery. How?

He looks into the Camera as if it had made a suggestion:

IAGO
How?

He turns back to the chessboard.

IAGO
Let's see.

Iago's face is impassive, though his features seem to dance by the flickering light from the fire.
There is a distant rumble of a storm brewing.

INT. BRABANTIO'S HOUSE – NIGHT

Brabantio lies in bed, his face contorted in pain. HIS BROTHER (GRATIANO) sits by his side.
Desdemona stands nearby, tense.

Brabantio turns his stare on her and tries to speak. She brings her ear to his mouth.

BRABANTIO
O, treason of the blood.

Tearful and angry, Desdemona unhooks his fingers from her hand and leaves.

BRABANTIO
O who would be a father.

His features relax. He is dead.

INT. COUNCIL CHAMBER – NIGHT

CLOSEUP on empty chessboard. Iago's hand puts the black king onto it. Then the white queen.
Between them, a white knight.

IAGO
I have't. It is engendered.
His stares into the fire. The fire is reflected in his eyes. Transfixed, he reaches in as if to clutch a flame. He then rapidly withdraws his hand, laughing painfully.

IAGO
Hell and night. Must bring this monstrous birth to th' world's light.

He pockets the three pieces. He toasts the Camera, empties his glass and spits it into the fire. The flames flare and crackle, mingling with the sound of the now raging storm.

He picks up one end of the map and, with a flick of the wrists, sends a ripple across it. The miniature ships and armies tumble.

EXT. SEA / ROCKS – DAY
A robe flows back and forth with the tide. We see a dead TURKISH SOLDIER beneath it, entangled in ropes.

EXT. BATTLEMENTS – DAY – (CYPRUS)
A CYPRIOT SOLDIER scours the horizon across the sea. The Soldier turns and signals to the OTHER SOLDIERS on the ramparts.

SOLDIER
(shouts)
A sail, a sail, a sail!

EXT. CASTLE WALL – DAY
The Soldiers fire the cannon.

EXT. SHORE – DAY
In the distance we see the ships out at sea.

In the foreground, a rowing boat is pulled to shore. Cassio steps off it. He is greeted by an OFFICER (MONTANO).

MONTANO
Cassio Thanks you the valiant of this worthy isle
That so approve the Moor, and let the heavens,
Give him defense against their elements,
For I have lost him on a dangerous sea.

They see another boat arriving further down the shore – it contains Desdemona and a COMPANION (EMILIA – Iago's Wife)

CASSIO
O behold, the riches of the ship
Is come ashore.

They set off towards the boat. Cassio strides into the water. He lifts Desdemona out and onto the shore.
CASSIO
Hail to thee lady! And the grace of heaven,
Before, behind thee, and on every hand,
Enwheel thee round.

He kisses her hand.

DESDEMONA
I thank you valiant Cassio.
What tidings can you tell me of my lord?

CASSIO
He is not yet arrived; nor know I aught
But that he's well, and will be shortly here.

DESDEMONA
O, but I fear!

She looks out across the sea. Cassio leads her inland.

In the background Iago and Roderigo (now disguised in a beard) haul up the boats.

EXT. COASTAL ROAD – DAY
The new arrivals are travelling. A horse-drawn litter carries Desdemona. Cassio and Montano escort the litter on horses. Behind them cargo is transported an carts. Emilia is on a mule. Iago and Roderigo march alongside with SOLDIERS.

EXT. APPROACH TO CASTLE – DAY
The party climb the hill to the castle. Cassio leans across to Desdemona in the litter.

IAGO
(to Camera)
He takes her by the palm; Ay, smile upon her do.

The castle appears ahead of them. SOLDIERS peer down from the battlements. CHILDREN run alongside the new arrivals.

EXT. COURTYARD – DAY
Desdemona steps out of the litter:

CASSIO
You men of Cyprus let her have your knees.

OFFICERS and SOLDIERS bow. Iago arrives followed by Emilia.

CASSIO
(to Iago)
Good Ancient, you are welcome.
(to Emilia)
Welcome, mistress.
Let it not gall your patience, good Iago,
That I extend my manners. 'Tis my breeding
That gives me this bold show of courtesy.

Cassio kisses Emilia.

IAGO
Sir, would she give you so much of her lips
As of her tongue she oft bestows on me,
You'd have enough.

He gets a laugh from the assembled Soldiers.

DESDEMONA
Alas, she has no speech.

IAGO
In faith, too much.
I find it still when I have list to sleep.

More laughter.

EMILIA
You shall not write my praise.

IAGO
No, let me not.

Desdemona looks troubled. Cassio comforts her.

Iago takes out a knife and cuts a piece of fruit. He glimpses them in the reflection of his knife.

IAGO
Very good. Ay, well said, whisper. With as little a web as
this will I ensnare as great a fly as Cassio.

Roderigo taps him on the shoulder and is about to speak – the cannon fires.

EXT. COURTYARD – DAY – LATER

Othello rides into the courtyard.

Desdemona steps forward.

OTHELLO
O, my fair warrior!

DESDEMONA
Oh, my dear Othello.

OTHELLO
It gives me wonder great as my content
To see you here before me. O my soul's joy!
I cannot speak enough of this content;
It stops me here; it is too much of joy.

They kiss repeatedly.

OTHELLO
And this, and this the greatest discords be
That e'er our hearts shall make.

IAGO
O, you are well tuned now!
But I'll set down the pegs that make this music,
As honest as I am.

OTHELLO
News, friends; our wars are done; the
Turks are drowned.
This desperate storm
Hath seen a grievous wrack and sufferance
On most part of their fleet.

Cheers of jubilation.

Othello spots Montano and shakes his hand.

OTHELLO
How does my old acquaintance of this Isle?
Honey, you shall be well desired in Cyprus:
I have found great love amongst them. O my sweet,
I prattle out of fashion and I dote
In mine own comforts.

She laughs and kisses him.

CASSIO
And besides the mere perdition of the Turkish fleet
It is the celebration of our general's nuptial.

The lovers embrace again.

EXT. CASTLE FORTIFICATIONS – EVENING

A SOLDIER lights a candle.

CUT TO:

WIDE ON CASTLE

Lit up with candles.

MONTAGE – THE CASTLE – EVENING

The castle is being prepared for the celebrations:

Banners are unfurled.
Statuary being polished etc.

Women applying make-up.

INT. BEDROOM – NIGHT

TWO MAIDS adorn the bed with rose petals, oranges and apples. One Maid dips her finger in perfumed water, smells it and splashes it on her neck.

INT. MAIN HALL – NIGHT

Dining table is being prepared. A SERVANT knocks a monkey off the table.

INT. BEDROOM – NIGHT

Emilia arranges pearls in Desdemona’s hair -

CROSS CUT WITH:

IAGO

Rubbing gum resin into black breeches.

Gold dust sprinkled over Desdemona’s hair

Gold dust sprinkled over Othello’S breeches

Cassio arrives and extends an arm towards her.

INT. MAIN HALL – NIGHT

Othello and guests sit in silence. They include Iago, Emilia, Montano, VENETIAN CAPTAINS, CYPRIOT OFFICIALS, and their wives.

Desdemona appears, escorted by Cassio. A musical sextet plays while Desdemona performs a bridal dance.

Othello leaps onto the table and performs a Moorish dance unaccompanied in return. Then they dance together.

EXT. CASTLE COURTYARD – NIGHT

Roderigo, dejected, sits on the grass, drinking from a bottle and looking up at the castle dining room.

SOLDIERS and CYPRIOT CIVILIANS sit by bonfires, eating, drinking and dancing. A turkish effigy burns. CYPRIOT WOMEN walk amongst the Soldiers.

INT. MAIN HALL – NIGHT
The dancing continues. Othello beckons Cassio to dance with Desdemona.

OTHELLO
Heaven bless the isle of Cyprus.

MONTANO
And our worthy general, Othello.

CASSIO
He hath achieved a maid,
That paragons descriptions and wild fame,
One that excels the quirks of blazoning pens,
And in the essential vesture of creation
Does bear all excellency.

DOVES dyed in many colours are released into the room.

The other men join in the dance around Desdemona. Othello watches admiringly. The women then join the men dancing. Iago dances with Emilia.

Cassio pulls Iago aside and whispers in his ear. Othello dances with Emilia.

EXT. CASTLE GRASS COURTYARD – NIGHT

A DRUNKEN SOLDIER pulls a striking WOMAN (BIANCA) out of an embrace with a CYPRIOT and tries to kiss her.

The Cypriot pushes him down. A number of SOLDIERS leap to their feet and several CYPRIOTS move in to support their compatriot.

Iago, now in military uniform, steps in with bottles of wine and distributes them. He raises his own and leads a toast.

IAGO
Heaven bless this isle and the perdition of the Turkish fleet.

ALL
Heaven bless this isle.

Iago kisses Bianca himself and gets an appreciative laugh.

Bianca looks up and sees Cassio at the window.

INT. MAIN HALL IN CASTLE – NIGHT

Cassio smiles nervously at Bianca and backs away from the window.

OTHELLO
Good Michael, look ye to the guard tonight. 
Let's teach ourselves that honourable stop, 
Not to outsport discretion.

CASSIO
Iago hath direction what to do;  
But notwithstanding with my personal eye  
Will I look to't.

**OTHELLO**

Iago is most honest.  
Michael, good night.

*They salute one another and Cassio reaches for Desdemona's hand. She smiles at his formality, but cooperates graciously. He kisses her hand.*

**OTHELLO**

Come my dear love.

**EXT. GRASS COURTYARD – NIGHT**

Roderigo is wedged against the wheel of a cart. A pair of LOVERS lie entwined on the cart. A stone under one of its wheels prevents it rolling down a gentle incline. He finishes his bottle and is pulled off balance. He turns to see Iago crouched beneath the cart and beckoning him.

Roderigo crawls drunkenly under the cart to join him.

**IAGO**

If thou be'st valiant – as they say base men being in love have then a nobility in their natures more then is native to them –

Roderigo senses this may be an insult, but is too inebriated to understand it and decides not to take offense. Iago presses down the edge of Roderigo's false beard which has lifted a little.

**IAGO**

– list me. The Lieutenant tonight watches on the court of guard. First, I must tell thee this: Desdemona is directly in love with him.

**RODERIGO**

With Cassio? Why, 'tis not possible.

Forgetting his location, Roderigo leaps up and bangs his head. The Lovers above them shift position, visible through the slats of wood in the cart.

**IAGO**

Lay thy finger thus and let thy soul be instructed. Mark me, her eye must be fed, and what delight shall she have to look on the devil? Her delicate tenderness has found itself abused, begun to heave the gorge, disrelish and abhor the Moor. Her very nature instructs her to it and compels her to some second choice.

**RODERIGO**

*(nursing his head)*

I cannot believe that in her: she's full of most blessed condition.

**IAGO**
Blessed fig's end! The wine she drinks is made of grapes. If she had been blessed, she would never have loved the Moor. Blessed pudding! Didst thou not see her paddle with the palm of his hand? Didst thou not mark that?

RODERIGO
Yes, that I did: But that was but courtesy.

IAGO
Lechery, by this hand:

Much to Roderigo's distaste the Lovers above are growing noisier.

IAGO
An index and obscure prologue to the history of lust and foul thoughts. They met so near with their lips that their breaths embraced together. Villainous thoughts, Roderigo! When these mutualities so marshal the way, hard at hand comes the master and main exercise, th'incorporate conclusion.

Roderigo recoils in revulsion. Iago protects Roderigo from banging his head again.

IAGO
But, sir, be you ruled by me. I have brought you from Venice. Watch you with the guard tonight: for the command, I'll lay't upon you. I'll not be far from you. Do you find some occasion to anger Cassio.

RODERIGO
Well?

Iago risks a cocky glimpse at the Camera.

INT. NIGHT

Othello shuts the door behind him and looks around. He sees a trail of Desdemona's clothes and follows it. It leads to the drapes of their four-poster bed. One of the drapes twitches. He hears giggling and sees the wriggling contours of a semi-naked body. Desdemona peeps out.

OTHELLO
The purchase made, the fruits are to ensue:
That profit's yet to come 'tween me and you.

EXT. GRASS COURTYARD – NIGHT

Roderigo rolls out from under the cart and dusts himself off.

Iago, still beneath the cart, takes out his chess pieces the black king, the white queen, and the knight – and stands them in the dirt in front of him.

IAGO
(to Camera)
That Cassio loves her, I do well believe't:
That she loves him, 'tis apt and of great credit.
The Moor – howbeit that I endure him not –
Is of a constant, loving, noble nature,
And I dare think, he'll prove to Desdemona
A most dear husband. Now, I do love her too;
Not out of absolute lust – though peradventure
I stand accountant for as great sin –
But partly led to diet my revenge,
For that I do suspect the lusty Moor
Hath leaped into my seat, the thought whereof

He is instantly seething with anger and jealously.

IAGO
Doth, like a poisonous mineral, gnaw my inwards,
And nothing can, or shall, content my soul
Til I am evened with him, wife for wife; or

He drops the passion like an unwanted toy.

IAGO
... failing so, yet that I put the Moor
At least into a jealousy so strong
That judgment cannot cure. Which thing to do,
I'll have our Michael Cassio on the hip,
Abuse him to the Moor in the rank

A short reprise of the passion:

IAGO
For I fear Cassio with my night-cap too
Make the Moor thank me, love me, and reward me
For making him egregiously an ass,
And practicing upon his peace and quiet,
Even to madness.

He gathers the chess pieces. He looks at the knight's pointed lance, then up at an inviting buttock about him. He throws a mischievous look at the Camera. Turning back, though, he merely places a playful peck on the 'cheek'.

Pocketing the king and queen, he leaves the knight under the cartwheel. As he rolls out, he knocks the stone away from under the wheel.

IAGO
'Tis here, but yet confused:
Knavery's plain face is never seen 'till used.

With the Lovers oblivious, the cart rolls out of sight, leaving the knight crushed in the dust.

INT. BEDROOM – NIGHT

Desdemona and Othello approach each other slowly. She starts to undo the buttons of his shirt.

She pulls him over to the fireside.

INT. THE ARMOURY – NIGHT
The Armoury at the end of the Soldier's Quarters. Cassio, now in military uniform, straps his sword to his side. THREE ARMED SOLDIERS stop out of the door into the night. He is about to follow, but is confronted by the figure of Iago in the doorway, swaying, bottle in hand.

CASSIO
Welcome, Iago; we must to the watch.

IAGO
Not this hour, Lieutenant; 'tis not yet ten o' th' clock. Our general cast us thus early for the love of his Desdemona; who let us not therefore blame.

IAGO
He hath not yet made wanton the night with her; and she is sport for Jove.

Cassio She is a most exquisite lady.

IAGO
And, I'll warrant her, full of game.

CASSIO
She is indeed perfection.

IAGO
Well, happiness to their sheets! Come, Lieutenant, I have a stoop of wine; and here without are a brace of Cyprus gallants that would fain have a measure to the health of black Othello.

CASSIO
Not tonight, good Iago. I have very poor and unhappy brains for drinking. I could well wish courtesy would invent some other custom of entertainment.

IAGO
O, they are our friends! But one cup; I'll drink for you.

CASSIO
I have drunk but one cup tonight already and dare not task my weakness with any more.

IAGO
What, man! a night of revels; the gallants desire it.

Cassio considers. Iago smiles, infectiously.

CASSIO
Where are they?

IAGO
(to Camera)
If I can fasten but one cup upon him....

INT. BEDROOM – NIGHT
A fire blazes. Apple peel lies on the floor.

Next to it Othello and Desdemona kiss passionately, their faces glistening with sweat. Desdemona pulls back and rolls the peeled apple across Othello’s forehead, mopping up the beads of sweat. She rolls it down and across his upper lip. She holds it under her nose and breathes in deeply.

He takes it from her mouth and kisses her. He rolls the apple around the small of her back. He slips it into her armpit. She gasps. He closes her arm over it, smiles and kisses her again.

EXT. COURTYARD – NIGHT

A band of Venetian and Cypriot SOLDIERS sit drinking by a fire. Iago, Cassio and Roderigo are among them. Behind them fireworks light up the sky.

IAGO

(singing)
And let me the canakin clink, clink;
And let me the canakin clink;
A soldier’s a man
O, man’s life’s but a span;
Why, then, let a soldier drink.

(pause)
Some wine, boys.

He pours more wine. They repeat the verse with the Venetians encouraging the uncomprehending Cypriots to join in. A Cypriot offers Iago a sip from his flask. Iago winces at the strength. The Cypriots laugh.

CASSIO

'Fore God, an excellent song.

IAGO

I learned it in England, where indeed they are most potent in potting. Your Dane, your German, and your sway-bellied Hollander – drink, ho! – are nothing to your English.

CASSIO

Is your Englishman so expert in his drinking?

IAGO

Why, he drinks you with facility your Dane dead drunk; he sweats not to overthrow your Alemaine; he gives your Hollander a vomit, ere the next pottle can be filled.

CASSIO

(proposing a toast)
To the health of our General!

Montano arrives from the main hall.

CASSIO

I am for it, Lieutenant; and I'll do you justice.

The others cheer as Montano raises his tankard to meet Cassio’s.
IAGO

Drink ho!

They race each other to empty their tankards, accompanied by encouraging cheers. A dead heat.

IAGO

O, sweet England.

They congratulate each other. Bianca walks past.

BIANCA

Save you friend Cassio.

CASSIO

How is't with you most fair...

BIANCA

Bianca.

She pulls a ribbon from her hair and drops it in his lap. The other men laugh. Iago pours refills and encourages the Cypriot with the flask to pour some into Cassio's tankard as a prank.

INT. BEDROOM – NIGHT

Othello and Desdemona at the height of passion.

Desdemona's arm stretches out over the side of the bed, her fingers splayed. Othello's hand reaches for hers. Their fingers meet and clench together. Groans of pleasure.

INT. BEDROOM – NIGHT

Othello and Desdemona lie in each other's Arms.

OTHELLO

If it were now to die,
'Twere now to be most happy; for I fear
My soul hath her content so absolute
That not another comfort like to this
Succeeds in unknown fate.

DESDEMONA

The heavens forbid
But that our loves and comforts should increase
Even as our days do grow.

OTHELLO

Amen to that, sweet powers.

EXT. COURTYARD – NIGHT

IAGO

(singing)

'Tin pride that pulls the country down;
Then take thine auld cloak about thee.

It finishes on a haunting, melancholy note and Iago leaves a moment's silence. Cassio finishes his drink. Iago starts to pour more.

**CASSIO**
Let's have no more of this; let's to our affairs. God forgive us our sins. Gentlemen, let's look to our business.

*He clambers to his feet, but has a little difficulty keeping his balance. The others snigger.*

**CASSIO**
Do not think, gentlemen, I am drunk: This is my Ancient, this is my right hand, and this is my left hand. I am not drunk now: I can stand well enough and I speak well enough.

**ALL**
Excellent well.

**CASSIO**
Why, very well; you must not think then that I am drunk.

Cassio concentrates on walking in a straight line. He succeeds. Once he's gone into the darkness, we hear him fall and the others collapse into hysterics.

*Iago nods at Roderigo, who gets up and goes after Cassio.*

Montano gets to his feet.

**CASSIO**
To the platform, master; come let's set the watch.

*Iago moves in to have a quiet word with Montano.*

**IAGO**
You see this fellow that is gone before. He is a soldier fit to stand by Caesar And give direction; and do but see his vice.

*Iago indicates the empty bottles at their feet.*

**CASSIO**
But is he often thus?

**IAGO**
'Tis evermore the prologue to his sleep.

*Roderigo returns at a run, hotly pursued by Cassio.*

**CASSIO**
Zounds, you rogue, you rascal! (pause)
What's the matter, Lieutenant? (pause)
A knave teach me my duty? I'll beat the knave into a twiggen-bottle.
RODERIGO
Beat me?

CASSIO
Dost thou prate, rogue?

He strikes Roderigo with the back of his hand, knocking him to the ground. He hits him again. Roderigo kicks out at him and Cassio draws his sword.

CASSIO
Nay, good Lieutenant, I pray you, sir, hold your hand. Let me go, sir, or I'll knock you o'er the mazzard.

MONTANO
Come, come, you're drunk.

CASSIO
Drunk!

He turns his sword on Montano, who draws his own.

IAGO
Nay, good Lieutenant. God's will, gentlemen!

Cassio strikes at Montano. As the fight begins, Iago picks Roderigo up and whispers:

IAGO
Away, I say; go and cry out a mutiny.

Roderigo runs out. We hear cries of "MUTINY!"

Roderigo rings the Courtyard Bell. The Alarm is taken up by the nearby bigger bell.

Although there are now three men against him, Cassio's wildness is hard to combat. The CYPRIOTS look on, confused and alarmed. Cassio's sword is knocked out of his hand. He grabs burning logs and hurls them.

IAGO
Help, ho! Lieutenant! Sir! Montana! Sir!

INT. ARMORY – NIGHT
SOLDIERS reach for their weapons. A bell starts ringing. Shouts and running feet.

EXT. FORTIFICATIONS – NIGHT
SOLDIERS leave their posts.

INT. BEDROOM – NIGHT
Othello moves quietly but quickly out of bed, while Desdemona sleeps. He grabs his sword.
EXT. COURTYARD – NIGHT

Cassio is surrounded. He swings a long burning log and scatters his opponents. A bell rings loudly. TWO SOLDIERS rush in and restrain those closest: Montano's men. In that moment, Cassio plunges his dagger into Montano's side.

IAGO
God's will, Lieutenant, hold!

Cassio is shocked at his action. Montano grabs him round the throat. Othello arrives, half-dressed, armed men at his side.

OTHELLO
Hold for your lives!

Montano's Men, enraged by his wounding, struggle to free themselves. Cassio and Montano are still locked in combat. Iago attempts to separate them.

IAGO
Hold! The General speaks to you: Hold, for shame!

OTHELLO
What is the matter here, are we turned Turks? For Christian shams, put by this barbarous brawl.

The fighters stop as they see pikes and arrows leveled at them.

OTHELLO
He that stirs next to carve for his own rage Holds his soul light: He dies upon his motion.

The fighters drop their weapons and shuffle into line.

OTHELLO
Silence that dreadful bell: It frights the isle From her propriety. What is the matter, masters?

Silence.

OTHELLO
How comes it, Michael, you are thus forgot?

CASSIO
I pray you pardon me: I cannot speak.

OTHELLO
Worthy Montano. What's the matter That you unlace your reputation thus And spend your rich opinion for the name Of a night-brawler? Give me answer to it.

MONTANO
Worthy Othello, I am hurt to danger. Your officer, Iago, can inform you, While I spare speech, of all that I do know.

OTHELLO
Now, by heaven,
My blood begins my safer guides to rule.
Give me to know,
How this foul rout began, who set it on;
And he that is approved in this offense,
Though he had twinned with me, both at a birth,
Shall lose me. What! In a town of war
To manage private and domestic quarrel
In night, and on the court and guard of safety,
'Tis monstrous. On thy love I charge thee
Iago, who began’t?

MONTANO
If partially affined or leagued in office,
Thou dost deliver more or less than truth,
Thou art no soldier.

IAGO
Touch me not so near.
I had rather have this tongue cut from my mouth
Than it should do offence to Michael Cassio.

All eyes turn to Cassio.

IAGO
Yet, I persuade myself to speak the truth
Shall nothing wrong him. This it is, General.

He steps forward and stands to attention.

IAGO
Montano and myself being in speech,
There comes a fellow, crying out for help...
And Cassio following him with determined sword
To execute upon him. Sir, this gentleman
Steps in to Cassio, and entreats his pause.
Myself the crying fellow did pursue,
Lest by his clamour, as it so fell out,
The town might fall in fright. He, swift of foot,
Outran my purpose, and I returned, the rather
For that I heard the clink and fall of swords
And Cassio high in oath, which till tonight
I ne'er might say before. when I came back –
For this was brief – I found them close together
At blow and thrust, even as again they were
When you yourself did part them.
More of this matter can I not report.

Iago drops his military tone for a confidential one.

IAGO
But men are men; the best sometimes forget.
Though Cassio did some little wrong to him...
As men in rage strike those that wish them best,
Yet surely Cassio...

OTHELLO
I know, Iago,
Thy honesty and love doth mince this matter,
Making it light to Cassio. Cassio...

Othello approaches him. Cassio, reeling slightly, attempts to stand straight.

OTHELLO
I love thee,
But nevermore be officer of mine.

Desdemona appears, attended by Emilia.

OTHELLO
Look, if my gentle love be not raised up.
I'll make thee an example.

Othello rips the lieutenant's sash from Cassio's jacket.

DESDEMONA
What's the matter, dear?

OTHELLO
All's well now, sweeting: come away to bed.
Sir, for your hurts myself will be your surgeon.

Othello leads Desdemona away.

OTHELLO
'Tis the soldiers, life
To have their balmy slumbers waked with strife.

EXT. COURTYARD – NIGHT

Later. Cassio sinks to the ground. He is alone except for Iago who tidies up, putting smoking logs back into the fire.

IAGO
What, are you hurt... Lieutenant?

CASSIO
Ay, past all surgery.

IAGO
Marry, God forbid!

CASSIO
O, I have lost my reputation I have lost the immortal part of myself, and what remains is bestial. My reputation, Iago, my reputation!

IAGO
As I am an honest man I thought you had received some bodily wound, there is more offense in that than in reputation.

He kneels to comfort Cassio.
IAGO
What, man! There are ways to recover the General again. You are but now cast in his mood – a punishment more in policy than in malice. Sue to him again and he's yours.

CASSIO
I would rather sue to be despised than to deceive so good a commander with so slight, so drunken, and so indiscreet an officer.

IAGO
What was he that you followed with your sword? What had he done to you?

CASSIO
I know not.

IAGO
Is't possible?

CASSIO
Drunk! O God, that men should put an enemy in their mouths to steal away their brains! Every inordinate cup is unblessed and the ingredience is a devil.

IAGO
Come, come; good Wine is a good familiar creature if it be well used: Exclaim no more against it.

He cannot resist a quick grin to the Camera.

IAGO
Exclaim more against it. And good Lieutenant, I think you think I love you.

CASSIO
I have well approved it, sir. I drunk!

IAGO
You or any man living may be drunk at a time, man. I'll tell you what you shall do. Confess yourself freely to Desdemona; importune her: She'll help to put you in your place again. This broken joint between you and her husband, entreat her to splinter; and my fortunes against any lay worth naming, this crack of your love shall grow stronger than it was before.

CASSIO
You advise me well.

IAGO
I protest in the sincerity of love and honest kindness.

He offers his hand.

CASSIO
I think it freely...

Cassio accepts his hand and hauls him into an embrace.

CLOSEUP on Iago who stares into the Camera.

IAGO
(whispers)
And what's he then that says I play the villain?

CASSIO
... and betimes in the morning I will beseech the virtuous Desdemona to undertake for me.

They break apart.

CASSIO
I am desperate of my fortunes if they check me here.

IAGO
You are in the right. Good night, Lieutenant, I must to the watch.

CASSIO
Good night, honest Iago.

With his hopes a little restored, Cassio leaves.

IAGO
(to Camera)
How am I then a villain
When this advice is free I give and honest,
Probable to thinking, and indeed the course to win the Moor again?
His soul is so enfettered to Desdemona's love,
That she may make, unmake, do what she list,
Even as her appetite shall play the god
With his weak function. How am I then a villain
To counsel Cassio to this parallel course
Directly to his good? Divinity of hell!

He is drawn to the fire again.

IAGO
When devils will the blackest sins put on,
They do suggest at first with heavenly shows
As I do now. For whiles this honest fool
Plies Desdemona to repair his fortunes
And she for him pleads strongly to the Moor,
I'll pour this pestilence into his ear:
That she repeals him for her body's lust.

He puts his hand on a charred log. It sizzles slightly.

IAGO
And by how much she strives to do him good,
She shall undo her credit with the Moor.
So will I turn her virtue into pitch,

He draws his fingers down his face, smearing it black.

IAGO
And out of her own goodness make the net
That shall enmesh them all.

He embraces himself. His eyes closed in ecstasy. Fade to black.

The sound of panting. The image returns as before as Iago opens his eyes.

IAGO
How now, Roderigo?

He turns to see Roderigo, battered and disheveled.

RODERIGO
I do follow here in the chase, not like a hound that hunts,
but one that fills up the cry. My money is almost spent; I
have been tonight exceedingly well cudgeled; and I think
the issue will be, I shall have so much experience for my
pains; and so with no money at all, and a little more wit,
return again to Venice.

Seething, he turns to leave.

IAGO
(calling out)
How poor are they that have not patience

Roderigo stops, but doesn't turn back.

IAGO
What wound did ever heal but by degrees?
Thou know'st we work by wit, and not by witchcraft,
And wit depends on dilatory time.
Does't not go well?

A faint gasp from Roderigo, who is on the verge of tears.

IAGO
Cassio hath beaten thee,
And thou by that small hurt hath cashiered Cassio.

Roderigo turns slowly back. A grin breaks out on his face.

IAGO
Content thyself awhile.

He puts his arm round Roderigo. Birds sing.

IAGO
By th' mass, 'tis morning:
Pleasure and action make the hours seem short.
Retire thee awhile.
Roderigo is sleepy and comfortable with his head resting on Iago’s shoulder. Iago shrugs it off.

IAGO
Away, I say...

Roderigo starts to speak.

RODERIGO
Iago thou shalt know more hereafter:

Roderigo tries again.

RODERIGO
Iago Nay, get thee gone.

He goes. Iago turns sharply to the Camera:

IAGO
Two things are to be done.

INT. WINDING STAIRCASE – DAY

IAGO
(to Camera)
My wife must move for Cassio to her mistress: I'll set her on.

EXT. UPPER COLONNADE OF COURTYARD – DAY

Along upper colonnade moving along to stairway area.

Iago straps on his sword as Cassio enters in the background.

IAGO (V.O.)
Myself the while to draw the Moor apart,
And bring him jump when he may Cassio find
Soliciting his wife.

Cassio and Emilia approach as Iago sets off past them.

IAGO
Good morrow, good Lieutenant.

Cassio stops him for a moment.

CASSIO
(softly)
I humbly thank you.

Iago smiles, kisses Emilia firmly and hurries off.

IAGO
(to Camera)
Ay, that's the way.
Dull not device by coldness and delay.
EXT. BATTLEMENTS – DAY

Othello, and Montano's Men in battle-dress stand on the battlements overlooking a glassy sea. Othello turns aside and sniffs the peeled (and now brown) apple from the previous night. As Iago arrives he conceals it.

OTHELLO
This fortification, gentlemen, shall we see it?

INT. BEDROOM – DAY

CASSIO
Bounteous madam,
Whatever shall become of Michael Cassio,
He's never anything but your true servant.

DESDEMONA
I know't; I thank you.

She opens the door. Cassio takes her hand and kisses it. Emilia appears in the doorway.

EMILIA
Madam, here comes my lord.

CASSIO
Madam, I take my leave.

DESDEMONA
Why stay and hear me speak on thy behalf.

CASSIO
Madam, not now,
I am very ill at ease,
Unfit for mine own purposes.

Othello and Iago round a corner just Cassio disappears behind another.

IAGO
(muttering)
Ha! I like not that.

OTHELLO
What dost thou say?

IAGO
Nothing, my lord.

OTHELLO
Was not that Cassio parted from my wife?

IAGO
Cassio, my lord?
Othello walks past Desdemona into their bedroom. Iago follows and proceeds to take off Othello's armour.

**DESDEMONA**

How now, my lord?
I have been talking with a suitor here,
A man that languishes in your displeasure.

**OTHELLO**

Who is't you mean?

**DESDEMONA**

Why, your lieutenant, Cassio.

Othello throws a look at Iago, who shrugs.

**DESDEMONA**

Good my lord,
If he be not one that truly loves you,
I have no judgment in an honest face.
I prithee call him back.

**OTHELLO**

Went he hence now?

**DESDEMONA**

Aye, soothe; so humbled
That he hath left part of his grief with me
To suffer with him. Good love, call him back.

**OTHELLO**

Not now, sweet Desdemona; some other time.

**DESDEMONA**

But shall't be shortly?

**OTHELLO**

The sooner, sweet, for you.

**DESDEMONA**

Shall't be tonight at supper?

**OTHELLO**

No, not tonight.

**DESDEMONA**

(playfully)
Tomorrow dinner then?

**OTHELLO**

I shall not dine at home.
I meet the captains at the citadel.

Othello has removed his armour. She strokes and tickles his chest.

**DESDEMONA**

Why, then, tomorrow night, or Tuesday morn,
On Tuesday noon, or night; on Wednesday morn.
I prithee name the time, but let it not
Exceed three days.

*She looks at him hopefully: He feigns lack of interest.*

**DESDEMONA**

*When shall he come?*

*He looks at her blankly. She slaps his chest.*

**DESDEMONA**

*Tell me, Othello.*

*Again, no response; she starts to get riled:*

**DESDEMONA**

*I wonder in my soul
What you would ask me that I should deny,
Or stand so mammering on.*

*He sighs, concealing a grin.*

**DESDEMONA**

*What! Michael Cassio,
That came a-wooing with you, and so many a time
When I have spoke of you dispraisingly...*

*Her baiting receives a mere raised eyebrow.*

**DESDEMONA**

*... Hath tane your part, to have so much to do
To bring him in?*

*(passions blazing)*

*By'r Lady, I could do much.*

*Othello breaks into laughter, joined by Iago and Emilia.*

**OTHELLO**

*Prithee no more. Let him come when he will;
I will deny thee nothing.*

*She smiles, coolly. He goes to embrace her. She pulls away.*

**DESDEMONA**

*Why, this is not a boon;
'Tis as I should entreat you wear your gloves,
Or feed on nourishing dishes, or keep you warm,
Or sue to you to do a peculiar profit
To your own person. Nay, when I have a suit
Wherein I mean to touch your love indeed,
It shall be full of poise and difficult weight,
And fearful to be granted.*

*Though playful, the threat is meant. Othello respects it with a considered reply:*

**OTHELLO**
I will deny thee nothing.

*They embrace warmly. They look into each other's eyes: a calm, level gaze of lovers and equals.*

**OTHELLO**  
Whereon, I do beseech thee, grant me this,  
To leave me but a little to myself.

**DESDEMONA**  
Shall I deny you? No; farewell, my lord.

**OTHELLO**  
Farewell, my Desdemona! I'll come to thee straight.

**DESDEMONA**  
Emilia, come.

*He watches her as she goes: elegant, more woman now than child. She turns at the door.*

**DESDEMONA**  
Be as your fancies teach you;  
Whate'er you be, I am obedient.

*Her dignity belies any sense of servility. She leaves and Emilia follows. Iago watches Othello watching her.*

**EXT. CASTLE LAWN – DAY**

**SOLDIERS** training.

*Iago and Othello work together. Othello sees Desdemona watching and pulls off a fancy maneuver for her benefit. He blows her a kiss.*

**OTHELLO**  
Excellent wretch! Perdition catch my soul.  
But I do love thee,  
(to himself)  
And when I love thee not.  
Chaos is come again.

**IAGO**  
My noble lord?

**OTHELLO**  
What dost thou say, Iago?

**IAGO**  
Did Michael Cassio  
When you wooed my lady, know of your love?

**OTHELLO**  
He did from first to last.

**INT. BATH – DAY**
Othello sloshes water over his face.

OTHELLO
Why dost thou ask?

IAGO
But for a satisfaction of my thought;
No further harm.

INT. ARMOURY – DAY

Othello checks weapons.

OTHELLO
Why of thy thought, Iago?

IAGO
I did not think he had been acquainted with her.

OTHELLO
O yes, and went between us very oft.

IAGO
Indeed?

OTHELLO
Indeed? Ay, indeed. Discern'st thou aught in that?
Is he not honest?

IAGO
Honest my lord?

OTHELLO
Honest? Ay, honest.

IAGO
My lord, for aught I know.

OTHELLO
What dost thou think?

IAGO
Think, my lord?

OTHELLO
Think, my lord! By heaven, he echoes me.
Thou dost mean something. If thou dost love me,
Show me thy thought.

IAGO
My lord, you know I love you.

OTHELLO
I think thou dost;
And for I know thou'rt full of love and honesty,
And weighst thy words before thou giv'st them breath,
Therefore these stops of thine fright me the more.

IAGO
For Michael Cassio,
I dare be sworn I think that he is honest.

OTHELLO
I think so too.

IAGO
Men should be what they seem;
Or those that be not, would they might seem none!

OTHELLO
Certain, men should be what they seem.

IAGO
Why then, I think Cassio's an honest man.

OTHELLO
Nay, yet there's more in this.
I prithee speak to me as to thy thinkings,
As thou dost ruminate, and give thy worst of thoughts
The worst of words.

IAGO
Good my lord, pardon me;
Utter my thoughts!

OTHELLO
Thou dost conspire against thy friend, Iago,
If thou mak'st his ear a stranger to thy thoughts.

IAGO
I do beseech you,
Though I perchance am vicious in my guess-
As I confess it is my nature's plague,
To spy into abuses and oft my jealousy
Shapes faults that are not – I entreat you then,
It were not for your quiet nor your good,
Nor for my manhood, honesty, and wisdom,
To let you know my thoughts.

OTHELLO
What dost thou mean?

IAGO
Good name in man and woman, dear my lord,
Is the immediate jewel of their souls.
Who steals my purse steals trash: 'Tis something, nothing;
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands.
But he that filches from me my good name
Robe me of that which not enriches him
And makes me poor indeed.

OTHELLO
By heaven, I'll know thy thoughts.
IAGO
You cannot, if my heart were in your hand;
Nor shall not whilst 'tis in my custody.
O beware, my lord of jealousy:
It is the green-eyed monster which doth mock
The meat it feeds on.

OTHELLO
Why, why is this?
Think'st thou I'd make a life of jealousy,
To follow still the changes of the moon
With fresh suspicions? No, to be once in doubt
Is once to be resolved. Exchange me for a goat,
When I shall turn the business of my soul
To such exsufflicate and blown surmises,
Matching thy inference. 'Tis not to make me jealous
To say my wife is fair, feeds well, loves company,
Is free of speech, sings, plays and dances well:
Where virtue is these are more virtuous. No, Iago,
I'll see before I doubt; when I doubt, prove;
And on the proof, there is no more but this:
Away at once with love or jealousy.

IAGO
I am glad of this; for now I shall have reason
To show the love and duty that I bear you
With franker spirit. Therefore, as I am bound,
Receive it from me. I speak not yet of proof.
Look to your wife, observe her well with Cassio;
Look to't.
I know our country disposition well:
In Venice they do let Heaven see the pranks
They dare not show their husbands. Their best conscience
Is not to leave't undone, but keep't unknown.

OTHELLO
Dost thou say so?

IAGO
She did deceive her father, marrying you.
And when she seemed to shake and fear your looks
She loved them most.

OTHELLO
And so she did.

IAGO
Why, go to then!
But I am much to blame.
I humbly do beseech you of your pardon
For too much loving you.

OTHELLO
I am bound to thee forever.

IAGO
I see this hath a little dashed your spirits.

OTHELLO
Not a jot, not a jot.

IAGO
I'faith, I fear it has.
I hope you will consider what is spoke
Comes from my love. But I do see you're moved.
I am to pray you not to strain my speech
To grosser issues nor to larger reach
Than to suspicion.

OTHELLO
I will not.

IAGO
Should you do so, my lord,
My speech should fall into such vile success
As my thoughts aimed not at. Cassio's my worthy friend –
My lord, I see you're moved.

OTHELLO
No, not much moved.
I do not think but Desdemona's honest.

IAGO
Long live she so... and long live you to think so.

OTHELLO
And yet how nature erring from itself –

IAGO
Ay, there's the point: as, to be bold with you,
Not to enter into any marriage
Of her own clime, complexion and degree,
Whereto we see in all things nature tends –

Othello shuts his eyes in agony.

INT. CASTLE – FLASHBACK – NIGHT

Slow Motion Sequence: The first night in Cyprus. Desdemona dances, surrounded by VENETIANS. All share striking Italianate looks, wreathed in smiles.

IAGO (V.O.)
Foh, one may smell in such a will most rank,
Foul disproportion, thoughts unnatural.

Desdemona changes partner, from Montano to Cassio.

INT. BEDROOM – EVENING

Othello opens his eyes: He stands in front of a mirror and is dressed in Venetian finery. Iago is adjusting his ruff.
IAGO (CONT’D)
But pardon me: I do not in position
Distinctly speak of her, tho’ I may fear
Her will, recoiling to her better judgment,
May fall to match you with her country forma
And may perchance repent.

OTHELLO
Farewell.
If more thou dost perceive, let me know more.
Leave me, Iago.

IAGO
My lord, I take my leave.

He starts to leave, but stops at the door and watches Othello.

OTHELLO
(muttering)
Why did I marry?

IAGO
(returning)
My lord, I would I might entreat you honour
To scan this thing no farther. Leave it to time.
Let me be thought too busy in my fears
As worthy cause I have to fear I am –
And hold her free, I do beseech your honor.

OTHELLO
Fear not my government.
That we can call these delicate creatures ours
And not their appetites

Iago goes. Othello wrenches at his ruff to loosen it.

INT. CASTLE MAIN HALL – FLASHBACK – NIGHT

Desdemona dancing among the VENETIANS. She moves from Montano's arms into Cassio's. He whispers in her ear; a smile grows on her face.

CROSSFADE TO:

INT. BEDROOM – NIGHT

Desdemona, in a similar position and pose, stands in the doorway, smiling.

DESDEMONA
How now, my dear Othello?
Your dinner and the generous islanders,
By you invited, do attend your presence.

OTHELLO
I am to blame.
DESDEMONA
Why do you speak so faintly?
Are you not well?

She goes to him and sees that he's sweating. She takes out her strawberry-spotted handkerchief and mops his face. He pushes it away and it drops to the floor.

OTHELLO
Come, I'll go in with you.
He goes and Desdemona follows.

DESDEMONA
I am very sorry that you are not well.

Emilia sees the handkerchief and picks it up. She stares at it, then pockets it.

EXT. CASTLE OVERLOOKING THE SEA – NIGHT
The night buzzes with insect noise.

INT. CASSIO’S BEDROOM – NIGHT
Cassio lies in bed toying with the ribbon from Bianca's hair. He reaches out to return it to its owner, who we now see is in bed with him.

She moves up to kiss him. He resists. He blows out the candle.

INT. IAGO’S BEDROOM – NIGHT
Iago lies in bed. Emilia lays next to him. He turns away.

EMILIA
I have a thing for you.

IAGO
You have a thing for me? It is a common thing.

EMILIA
Ha!

IAGO
To have a foolish wife.

EMILIA
O, is that all? What will you give me now For that same handkerchief?

IAGO
What handkerchief?

EMILIA
What handkerchief? Why, that the Moor first gave to Desdemona,
That which so often you did bid me to steal.

**IAGO**
(sudden interest)
Hast stolen it from her?

**EMILIA**
No, faith: She let it drop by negligence,

*She reveals a corner of the handkerchief between her breasts. He smiles and reaches for it, but she claps her hands over it.*

**EMILIA**
What will you do with't, that you
Have been so earnest to have me filch it?

*He smiles and rolls her over onto her back. She gasps at the roughness of the movement. He leans in close to her lips. She relaxes and he snatches the handkerchief.*

**IAGO**
Why what's that to you? Go, leave me.

*He stares at her, coldly. Wounded, she turns to go. He grabs her, spins her round and pushes her face down onto the bed. He pulls up her skirt and turns to the Camera.*

**IAGO**
(to Camera)
*Trifles light as air*  
*Are to the jealous confirmations strong*  
*As proofs of holy writ. This may do something.*

*He tosses the handkerchief into the air.*

**INT. CASTLE – FLASHBACK FANTASY – NIGHT**

*The night of the dancing. Desdemona smiling in Cassio's arms. Their faces move close together. He moves his mouth close to her ear and flicks his tongue into it.*

*From amongst the VENETIANS behind them, a head turns slowly to face the Camera. It is Brabantio, his face deathly pale. He slowly shakes his head.*

**BRABANTIO**
Look to her Moor, if thou hast eyes to see;  
*She has deceived her father and may thee.*

**INT. BEDROOM – NIGHT**

*Othello's eyes spring open.*

**OTHELLO**
My life upon her faith.

*He lies in bed with Desdemona sleeping by his side. He gazes at her.*

**OTHELLO**
If she be false, O then Heaven mocks itself;
I'll not believe it.

He shuts his eyes, and is projected into another vision.

INT. BEDROOM – FLASHBACK FANTASY – NIGHT

We follow the trail of Desdemona's discarded clothes- as Othello did on the previous night – leading to the drapes around the four-poster bed. A drape twitches. A giggle. A naked figure behind the drape – and a second figure.

Othello's hand stretches out in front of us to the bedside table and grabs a heavy candlestick. His other hand reaches out to part the curtains.

INT. BEDROOM – NIGHT

Othello sits in bed, leaning over and staring intensely at the sleeping Desdemona. His face is running with sweat. A bead of sweat drops from his chin to his shoulder. More sweat runs down his arm to his wrist. in his shaking hand: The candlestick.

He drops it and it thuds against the floor. Desdemona stirs and mumbles. Eyes still closed, she stretches out her arm to Othello. He dries his face on a pillow, takes her hand and presses his lips to her palm. He sighs with relief and shuts his eyes:

INT. CASTLE – FLASHBACK FANTASY – NIGHT

Desdemona's arm is stretched over the bed, fingers splayed as in their earlier love-scene. Groans of pleasure. A hand reaches out to grasp her (as Othello did). This hand is white.

INT. BEDROOM – NIGHT

Othello's eyes flash open and he drops her hand in shock. He gets up.

EXT. BEACH – DAY

Othello leaves the Castle. In foreground Iago stalks him.

EXT. BEACH – DAY

Iago sits hidden amongst the rocks.

IAGO  
(to Camera)

The Moor already changes with my poison:
Dangerous conceits are in their natures poisons,
Which at the first are scarce found to distaste
But, with a little act upon the blood,
Burn like the mines of sulphur. I did say so.
Look...

He indicates Othello pacing on the shore.
IAGO
Not poppy nor mandragora,
Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world,
Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep
Which thou owed'st yesterday.

He joins Othello.

IAGO
Why, how now, general! No more of that.

OTHELLO
Avaunt, be gone! Thou hast set me on the rack.
I swear 'tis better to be much abused,
Than but to know't a little.

IAGO
How now, my lord!

OTHELLO
What sense had I of her stolen hours of lust?
I saw't not, thought it not, it harmed not me.
I found not Cassio's kisses on her lips.

IAGO
I am sorry to hear this.

OTHELLO
I had been happy if the general camp,
Pioneers and all, had tasted her sweet body
So I had nothing known. O now for ever
Farewell the tranquil mind. Farewell content.
Farewell the plumed troops, and the big wars
That make ambition virtue – O farewell.
Farewell the neighing steed and the shrill trump,
The spirit-stirring drum, th'ear-piercing fife,
The royal banner, and all quality,
Pride, pomp and circumstance, of glorious war.
And, O you mortal engines, whose rude throats
Th'im immortal Jove's dread clamours counterfeit,
Farewell. Othello's occupation's gone.

IAGO
Is't possible, my lord?

Othello turns to Iago.

OTHELLO
Villain, be sure thou prove my love a whore;
Be sure of it. Give me the ocular proof,
Or by the worth of mine eternal soul,
Thou hadst been better have been born a dog
Than answer my waked wrath.

IAGO
Is't come to this?
OTHELLO
Make as to see't; or, at the least, so prove it
That the probation bear no hinge nor loop
To hang a doubt on – or woe upon thy life.

Othello grabs Iago by the throat.

IAGO
My noble lord –

OTHELLO
It thou dost slander her and torture me,
Never pray more; abandon all remorse;
On horrors head horrors accumulate;
For nothing canst thou to damnation add
Greater than that.

His grip has tightened. He lets Iago drop. Iago backs away, gasping and spluttering.

IAGO
O grace! O heaven defend me!
God bu'y you; take mine office.
To be direct and honest is not safe.
I thank you for this profit and from hence
I'll love no friend, sith love breeds such offense.

He starts to leave.

OTHELLO
Nay stay: Thou shouldst be honest.

IAGO
I should be wise; for honesty's a fool
And loses that it works for.

OTHELLO
By the world,
I think my wife be honest, and think she is not:
I think that thou art just, and think thou art not.
I'll have some proof.
Would I were satisfied!

IAGO
I see, sir, you are eaten up with passion.
I do repent me that I put it to you.
You would be satisfied.

OTHELLO
Would? Nay, I will.

IAGO
And may. But how? How satisfied my lord?
Would you, the supervisor, grossly gape on?
Behold her topped?

Othello punches him to the ground.
OTHELLO

Death and damnation!

Iago gets up and brushes off the sand.

IAGO

It were a tedious difficulty, I think,
To bring them to that prospect. Damn them then
What shall I say? Where's satisfaction?
It is impossible you should see this,
Were they as prime as goats, as hot as monkeys

Othello grabs him again.

IAGO

But yet, I say,
If imputation and strong circumstances,
Which lead directly to the door of truth,
Will give you satisfaction, you might have it.

OTHELLO

Give me a living reason she's disloyal.

IAGO

I do not like the office;
But sith I am entered in this cause so far
Pricked to it by foolish honesty and love
I will go on. I lay with Cassio lately,
And being troubled with a raging tooth
I could not sleep.
There are a kind of men so loose of soul
That in their sleeps will mutter their affairs.
One of this kind is Cassio.
In sleep I heard him say, 'Sweet Desdemona,
Let us be wary, let us hide our loves.'

Othello sinks onto the sand. The sea laps at their ankles.

IAGO

And then, air, would he grip and wring my hand,
Cry, 'O sweet creature!', and then kiss me hard,
As if he plucked up kisses by the roots
That grow upon my lips; then laid his leg
Over my thigh.

Iago illustrates, placing his own leg lightly over Othello's.

IAGO

And sighed, and kissed and then
Cried.

CUT TO:

FLASHBACK FANTASY
IAGO (V.O.)
"Cursed fate that gave thee to the Moor."

EXT. BEACH – DAY

Othello pulls away and gets to his feet.

OTHELLO
O monstrous!

IAGO
Nay, this was but his dream.

OTHELLO
Monstrous!

IAGO
Nay, yet be wise; yet we see nothing done,
She may be honest yet. Tell me but this:
Have you not sometimes seen a handkerchief
Spotted with strawberries in your wife's hand?

OTHELLO
I gave her such a one; 'twas my first gift.

IAGO
I know not that; but such a handkerchief –
I am sure it was your wife's – did I today
See Cassio wipe his beard with.

OTHELLO
If it be that...

INT. CASSIO'S BEDROOM – DAY

Cassio's hand catches the strawberry-spotted handkerchief in mid-air.

Intrigued, he holds it up against the morning sunlight.

He places it on a bed-post. He kisses the sleeping Bianca.

Meanwhile we hear the following:

DESDEMONA (V.O.)
Where should I lose that handkerchief, Emilia?

EMILIA (V.O.)
I know not madam.

DESDEMONA (V.O.)
Believe me, I had rather lose my purse
Full of crusadoes; and but my noble Moor
Is true of mind and made of no such baseness
As jealous creatures are, it were enough
To put him to ill thinking.

EMILIA (V.O.)
Is he not jealous?

INT. BEDROOM – DAY

Desdemona still in her night-dress, rummages through her clothes. Their conversation continues:

DESDEMONA
Who he? I think the sun where he was born
Drew all such humours from him.

She turns and is startled to see standing in the doorway.

DESDEMONA
How is't with you, my lord?

OTHELLO
Well, my good lady. How do you, Desdemona?

DESDEMONA
Well, my good lord.

OTHELLO
Give me your hand. This hand is moist, my lady.

DESDEMONA
It has felt no age, nor known no sorrow.

OTHELLO
This argues fruitfulness and liberal heart.
Hot, hot and moist. This hand of yours requires
A sequester from liberty, fasting and prayer,
Much castigation, exercise devout;
For there's a young and sweating devil here
That commonly rebels. 'Tis a good hand,
A frank one.

DESDEMONA
You may indeed say so,
For 'twas that hand that gave away my heart.
Come now, your promise.

OTHELLO
What promise, chuck?

DESDEMONA
I have bid Cassio come speak to you.

He drops her hand, putting his own to his forehead.

OTHELLO
I have a salt and sorry rheum offends me:
Lend me that handkerchief.

DESDEMONA
Here, my lord.

She offers a plain, white handkerchief.

OTHELLO
That which I gave you.

DESDEMONA
I have it not about me.

OTHELLO
Not?

DESDEMONA
No, faith, my lord.

OTHELLO
That's a fault. That handkerchief
Did an Egyptian to my mother give:
She was a charmer and could almost read
The thoughts of people; she told her, while she kept it
'Twould make her amiable, and subdue my father
Entirely to her love but if she lost it,
Or made a gift of it, my father's eye
Should hold her loathly, and his spirits should hunt
After new fancies: she dying, gave it me,
And bid me when my fate would have me wive,
I give it her. I did so, and take heed on it:
Make it a darling, like your precious eye.
To lose it or give't away were such perdition
As nothing else could match.

DESDEMONA
Is't possible?

She is caught up in the intensity of his staring eyes.

OTHELLO
'Tie true. There's magic in the web of it:
The worms were hallowed that did breed the silk,
And it was dyed in mummy, which the skillful
Conserved of maiden's hearts.

DESDEMONA
I, faith, is't true?

OTHELLO
Most veritable; therefore look to it well.

DESDEMONA
Then would to God I had never seen it.

OTHELLO
S'Blood!

DESDEMONA
Why do you speak so startlingly and rash?

OTHELLO
Is't lost? Is't gone? Speak; is't out of th'way?

DESDEMONA
Heaven bless us.

OTHELLO
Say you?

DESDEMONA
It is not lost, but what and if it were?

OTHELLO
How?

DESDEMONA
I say it in not lost.

OTHELLO
Fetch it, let me see it.

DESDEMONA
Why so I can, sir; but I will not now. This is a trick to put me from my suit. Pray you let Cassio be received again.

OTHELLO
Fetch me my handkerchief. My mind misgives.

DESDEMONA
Come, come; You'll never meet a more sufficient man.

OTHELLO
The handkerchief!

DESDEMONA
I pray, talk me of Cassio.

OTHELLO
The handkerchief!

DESDEMONA
A man that all his time
Hath founded his good fortunes on your love,
Shared dangers with you –

OTHELLO
The handkerchief!

DESDEMONA
I'faith, you are to blame.
OTHELLO

Zounds!

Othello storms out. Iago stands, unseen, outside the door.

EMILIA

Is not this man jealous?

DESDEMONA

I ne'er saw this before.

Emilia catches sight of Iago retreating down the corridor.

EMILIA

'Tis not a year or two shows us a man.

Iago is meant to hear this and he does. He turns to look at her.

EMILIA

They are all but stomachs, and we all but food;
They eat us hungerly, and when they are full,
They belch us.

Iago turns away and goes.

DESDEMONA

Something sure of state
Hath puddled his clear spirit.

EMILIA

(turning back into the room)
Pray heaven it be, and no conception
Nor no jealous toy concerning you.

DESDEMONA

Alas the day I never gave him cause.

EMILIA

But jealous souls will not be answered so.
They are not ever jealous for the cause,
But jealous for they're jealous. 'Tis a monster
Begot upon itself, born on itself.

DESDEMONA

Heaven keep that monster from Othello's mind.

EMILIA

Lady, amen.

INT. CASTLE – MONTAGE SHOTS – DAY

A sequence of shots going down to the dungeons:

We follow Othello down a narrow passageway – Othello descends the steps.
The Camera catches him up and we push in to the back of his head.

OTHELLO'S POV

We lurch along the tunnel gathering pace.

Spiral staircase – we reel down the stairs and into the dungeon.

INT. DUNGEONS – FLASHBACK FANTASY – DAY

We see a PRISONER chained to the wall as he turns his head to Camera we see the dead head of Brabantio.

INT. DUNGEONS – DAY

We look again and see that it is a TURKISH PRISONER.

Iago is checking the cells and throws food to the prisoners.

IAGO
But if I give my wife a handkerchief.

OTHELLO
What then?

IAGO
Why, then 'tis hers, my lord' and being hers, She may, I think, bestow't on any man. What If I had said I had seen him do you wrong? Or heard him say –

OTHELLO
Hath he said anything?

INT. CASTLE MAIN HALL – OTHELLO'S FANTASY – NIGHT

A glimpse of Cassio whispering in Desdemona's ear.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. DUNGEONS – DAY

IAGO
He hath, my lord; but be you well assured, No more than he'll unswear.

OTHELLO
What hath he said?

IAGO
Faith, that he did – I know not what he did.
OTHELLO
What, what?

INT. CASTLE MAIN HALL – OTHELLO’S FANTASY – NIGHT

Figures writhe behind drapes. Moans and sighs.

INT. DUNGEONS – DAY

IAGO
Lie –

OTHELLO
With her?

IAGO
With her, on her, what you will.

INT. CASTLE MAIN HALL – OTHELLO’S FANTASY – NIGHT

The drapes are pulled back: Cassio and Desdemona making love.

INT. DUNGEONS – DAY

OTHELLO
Lie with her? Lie on her? Zounds that’s fulsome. Lie with her. Handkerchief –

He starts to reel.

INT. CASTLE MAIN HALL – OTHELLO’S FANTASY – NIGHT

A succession of rapid images flash in his head. Glimpses of the lovers’ bodies: hands, lips, arched backs, tongues, eyes, buttocks...

The sound of Othello’s erratic breathing mingle with whispering, laughing and sound of lovemaking. The images speed up and the sounds increase as the lovers reach their climax.

EXT. SKY – OTHHELLO’S FANTASY – DAY

Silence. Clear sky. A bright white handkerchief floats through the air. It is hit by a fleck of blood. Then another, and another. As it hits the ground, we...

CUT BACK TO:

INT. DUNGEONS – DAY

Othello falling and hitting the ground. His head cracks against the stone floor.

Iago looks down at him.
IAGO

Work on,
My medicine, work! I Thus credulous fools are caught,
And many worthy and chaste dames even thus,
All guiltless, meet reproach.

The sound of footsteps. Iago bends dawn to Othello

IAGO

What ho, my lord!
My lord, I say. Othello.

Cassio arrives.

CASSIO

What's the matter?

IAGO

My Lord is fallen into an epilepsy.
This is his second fit; he had one yesterday.

CASSIO

Rub him about the temples.

Cassio moves towards Othello, but Iago leads him outside.

IAGO

(whispering)
No, forbear.
The lethargy must have his quiet course.
If not, he foams at mouth and by and by
Breaks out to savage madness. Look, he stirs.
Do you withdraw yourself a little while;
He will recover straight. When he is gone,
I would on great occasion speak with you.

An Cassio goose Othello sits bolt upright and states at the Camera for the first time:

OTHELLO

(to Camera)
Did he confess it?

Iago, startled, flicks a suspicious look at the Camera.

IAGO

How is it, general? Have you not hurt your head?

OTHELLO

Dost thou mock me?

Iago helps him up and dusts him off.

IAGO

I mock you? No, by heaven. Good sir,
Whilst you were here, o'er whelmed with your grief,
Cassio came hither.
Othello looks about, wildly.

IAGO
I shifted him away.
And laid good scuse upon your ecstasy;
Bade him anon return and here speak with me,
The which he promised. Do but encave yourself,
And mark the jeers, the gibes and notable scorns
That dwell in every region of his face.
For I will make him tell the tale anew,
Where, how, how oft, how long ago and when
He hath and is again to cope your wife.
Marry patience.

Othello is on the verge of erupting. The sound of footsteps.

Iago hushes him and bundles him in to a cell with a DERANGED PRISONER. He locks the door.
Iago sighs with relief and whispers to the Camera:

IAGO
Now will I question Cassio of Bianca.
He, when he hears of her, cannot refrain
From the excess of laughter.

Cassio is almost upon him, Iago gets even quieter:

IAGO
As he shall smile, Othello shall go mad.

Through the bars of his cell Othello looks into the Camera again. The Prisoner studies him close by.

Iago greets Cassio.

IAGO
How do you now, lieutenant?

CASSIO
The worser that you give me that same title
Whose want even kills me.

IAGO
Ply Desdemona well and you are sure on't.
(whispering)
Now, if this suit lay in Bianca's power
How quickly should you speed.

CASSIO
(laughing)
Alas, poor wretch.

Othello turns to his fellow prisoner:

OTHELLO
Look how he laughs already.
CASSIO
I think, I'faith, she loves me.

IAGO
She gives it out that you shall marry her. Do you intend it?

Cassio laughs heartily.

CASSIO
I marry her? What! I prithee, bear some charity to my wit.

Iago leads him closer to Othello's cell. Othello ducks down, though the Prisoner continues to observe.

IAGO
Faith, the cry goes that you shall marry her.

CASSIO
Prithee, say true.

IAGO
I am a very villain else.

Iago and Cassio laugh. The Prisoner joins in.

CASSIO
This is the monkey's own giving out. She hangs and lolls and weeps upon me, so hales and pulls me.

He demonstrates on Iago. Othello seethes.

IAGO
Before me, look where she comes.

Iago withdraws, leaning on the cell door, an Bianca arrives.

CASSIO
How is it with you, my most fair Bianca?

She brings out the spotted handkerchief. Iago is ecstatic. He checks Othello's reaction.

BIANCA
Whence came this? This is some token from a newer friend.

CASSIO
No, by my faith.

BIANCA
Why, whose is it?

CASSIO
I know not. I found it in my chamber.

BIANCA
A likely story that you should find it in your chamber and not know who left it. This is some minx's token. There.

*She throws it at him.*

**BIANCA**
Give it to your hobby-horse, wheresoe'er you had it.

*Laughing, Cassio takes her in his arms and calms her.*

**CASSIO**
How now, my sweet Bianca. How now, how now.

**BIANCA**
If you'll come to supper tonight, you may. If you will not... come when you are next prepared for.

*She marches off. Iago and Cassio laugh at her.*

**IAGO**
After her, after her.

**CASSIO**
Faith, I must. She'll rail in the streets else.

*He picks up the handkerchief and sets off; but Iago checks him.*

**IAGO**
Will you sup there?

**CASSIO**
Faith, I intend to.

**IAGO**
Well, I may chance to see you; for I would very fain speak with you.

**CASSIO**
Prithee, come; will you?

**IAGO**
*(laughing)*
Go to, say no more.

*Cassio runs off.*

**OTHELLO**
How shall I murder him, Iago?

**IAGO**
Did you perceive how he laughed at his vice?

*Othello nods.*

**IAGO**
And did you see the handkerchief?
The prisoner nods.

Iago unlocks the door and Othello Steps out.

EXT. FORTIFICATIONS – EVENING

OTHELLO

(to Camera)

O, that the slave had forty thousand lives,
One is too poor, too weak for my revenge.

A fine woman, a fair woman, a sweet woman.

IAGO

Nay, you must forget that.

OTHELLO

Ay, let her rot and perish, and be damned tonight, for she shall not live.
No, my heart is turned to stone: I strike it and
It hurts my hand. But yet the pity of it,
Iago. O, Iago, the pity of it, Iago.
O, the world hath not a sweeter creature!
She might lie by an emperor's side and command him tasks.

IAGO

Nay, that's not your way.

OTHELLO

Damn her lewd minx, Damn her! Cuckold met.

IAGO

O, 'tis foul in her!

OTHELLO

With mine officer!

IAGO

That's fouler.

OTHELLO

Look here Iago,
All my fond love thus do I blow to heaven:
'Tis gone.
Arise black vengeance from thy hollow cell.
Yield up, O love, thy crown and hearted throne
To tyrannous hate. Now by yond marble heaven,
In the due reverence of a sacred vow
I here engage my words.

Kneeling, he takes out a dagger and cuts the of his hand. He starts to rise, but Iago holds him down.

IAGO

Do not rise yet.
Witness you ever-burning lights above,  
You elements that clip us round about,  
Witness that here Iago doth give up  
The execution of his wit, hands, heart,  
To wronged Othello's service. Let him command,  
And to obey shall be in me remorse,  
What bloody business ever.

_He takes Othello's knife and cuts his own palm._

**OTHELLO**  
I greet thy love,

_Othello clasps Iago's bleeding hand to his. Blood runs down their arms. They both rise._

**OTHELLO**  
Get me some poison, Iago, this night. I'll not expostulate  
with her, lest her body and beauty unprovide my mind  
again – this night, Iago.

**IAGO**  
Do it not with poison; strangle her in her bed, even the bad  
she hath contaminated.

**OTHELLO**  
Good, good. The justice of it pleases; very good –

**IAGO**  
And for Cassio, let me be his undertaker. You shall hear  
more by midnight.

**OTHELLO**  
Excellent good. Come, go with me apart. Now art thou my  
lieutenant.

_Othello holds his arm out and Iago grasps it._

**IAGO**  
I am your own forever.

_They fall into an embrace. Iago's eyes glisten with tears. He hides his face from the Camera in Othello's shoulder._

**INT. IAGO'S BEDROOM – NIGHT**

_Othello smartens his clothing. Iago puts on his new lieutenant's sash. As they leave Iago checks  
his appearance in the mirror._

**INT. MAIN HALL – NIGHT**

_Two Venetian STANDARD-BEARERS among a small band of Attendants._

_Lodovico (the Duke's chess partner) kisses Desdemona's hand. Next to them stands Gratiano  
(Brabantio's brother)._
Othello and Iago enter.

LODOVICO
God save you, worthy general.

OTHELLO
With all my heart, sir.

LODOVICO
The Duke and Senators of Venice greet you.

He gives Othello a letter. He takes it in his left hand. His right is clenched behind his back. Blood seeps through his fingers.

OTHELLO
I kiss the instrument of their pleasure.
Welcome, signior Gratiano.

Gratiano grunts. Othello opens the letter and reads.

DESDEMONA
And what's the news, uncle?

Gratiano grunts and turns away again.

DESDEMONA
Cousin Lodovico?

IAGO
I am very glad to see you, signor;
Welcome to Cyprus.

LODOVICO
I thank you. How does Lieutenant Cassio?

IAGO
Lives, sir.

DESDEMONA
Cousin, there's fallen between him and my lord
An unkind breach; but you shall make all well.

OTHELLO
(muttering)
Are you sure of that?

DESDEMONA
My lord?

OTHELLO
(reading the letter)
'This fail you not to do, as you will –

LODOVICO
He did not call; he's busy in the paper.
Is there division between my lord and Cassio?
DESDEMONA
A most unhappy one; I would do much
T'atone them, for the love I bear to Cassio,

CLOSEUP on Othello's hand behind his back. He clenches tightly, squeezing out a drop of blood which falls to the floor.

OTHELLO
Fire and brimstone!

My lord?

Are you wise?

Desdemona turns to Othello. His head is buried in the letter.

DESDEMONA
What, is he angry?

LODOVICO
Maybe the letter moved him;
For as I think they do command him home,
Deputing Cassio in his government.

DESDEMONA
By my troth, I am glad on it.

Indeed.

OTHELLO
My lord?

I am glad to see you mad.

DESDEMONA
Why, sweet Othello?

OTHELLO
Devil!

He strikes her across the face. The witnesses are shocked.

DESDEMONA
I have not deserved this.

LODOVICO
My lord, this would not be believed in Venice,
Though I should swear I saw it. 'Tis very much.
Make her amends; she weeps.

OTHELLO
If that the earth could teem with women's tears,
Each drops she falls would prove a crocodile.
Out of my sight.

DESDEMONA
I would not stay to offend you.

She starts to leave.

LODOVICO
Truly, an obedient lady.
I do beseech your lordship, call her back.

OTHELLO
Mistress.

DESDEMONA
(stopping)
My lord?

OTHELLO
What would you with her, sir?

LODOVICO
Who? I, my lord?

OTHELLO
Ay, you did wish that I would make her turn.
Sir, she can turn...
   (he spins her round)
... and turn and yet go on,
And turn again. And she can weep, sir, weep.
And she's obedient; as you say, obedient,
Very obedient – proceed you in your tears –

He lurches from politeness to fury:

OTHELLO
Concerning this, sir.
   (the Letter; to Desdemona)
O, well-painted passion.
I am commanded home – get you away!
I'll send for you anon. Sir, I obey the mandate,
And will return to Venice – Hence avaunt.

Desdemona runs off in tears.

OTHELLO
Cassio shall have my place. And air, tonight
I do entreat that we may sup together.
You are welcome, sir, to Cyprus.

He bows and walks away, shouting:

OTHELLO
Goats and monkeys!

Lodovico, amazed, watches him go. He turns to Iago:
LODOVICO
Is this the noble Moor whom our full senate
Call all-in-all sufficient? Is this the nature
Whom passion could not shake?

IAGO
He is much changed.

LODOVICO
Are his wits safe? Is he not light of brain?

IAGO
He's that he is; I may not breathe my censure
What he may be.

LODOVICO
What, strike his wife!

IAGO
(with great sadness)
Faith, that was not so well; yet would I knew
That stroke would prove the worst.

LODOVICO
I am sorry that I am deceived in him.

INT. BEDROOM – NIGHT

Emilia sits on a chair. Othello prowls around her.

OTHELLO
You have seen nothing then?

EMILIA
Nor ever heard, nor ever did suspect.

OTHELLO
Yes, you have seen Cassio and she together.

He moves in close to scrutinize her face. She battles to keep her composure.

EMILIA
But then I saw no harm, and then I heard
Each syllable that breath made up between them.

OTHELLO
What, did they never whisper?

EMILIA
Never, my lord
I durst, my lord, to wager she is honest,
Lay down my soul at stake. If you think other,
Remove your thought; it doth abuse your bosom.

OTHELLO
Bid her come hither; go.
(to Camera)
This is a subtle whore.

INT. BEDROOM – NIGHT

DESDEMONA
What is your pleasure?

OTHELLO
Let me see your eyes.
Look in my face.

He grasps her face in his hands.

DESDEMONA
What horrible fancy's this?

OTHELLO
What art thou?

DESDEMONA
Your wife, my lord; your true and loyal wife.

OTHELLO
Come, swear it;

He grabs her by the hair and...

INT. CHAPEL – NIGHT

... forces her to her knees by the altar.

OTHELLO
Damn thyself;
Swear thou art honest.
Heaven doth truly know it.

Othello reaches for his dagger.

OTHELLO
Heaven truly knows thou art false as hell.

She looks up at him, unaware of his outstretched arm.

DESDEMONA
To whom, my lord? With whom? How am I false?

His hand curls into a fist and he pushes her towards the door.

OTHELLO
Ah, Desdemona, away, away, away.

He collapses onto the ground in tears. She gathers him up and hugs him in her arms.

DESDEMONA
Alas, the heavy day. Why do you weep?
Am I the motive of these tears my lord?

_She kisses him about the face._

**OTHELLO**

Had it pleased heaven
To try me with affliction, had they rained
All kind of sores and shames on my bare head,
I should have found in some place of my soul
A drop of patience.
But alas there where I have garnered up my heart,
Where either I must live, or bear no life,
The fountain from the which my current runs,
Or else dries up – to be discarded thence
Or keep it as a cistern for foul toads
To knot and gender in!
O, thou, who art so lovely fair and smell'st
So sweet that the sense aches at thee,
Would thou hadst ne'er been born.

_She recoils in shock._

**DESDEMONA**

Alas, what ignorant sin have I committed?
He grabs her by the hair and pulls her head back.

**OTHELLO**

Was this fair paper, this most goodly book,
Made to write 'whore, upon? What committed!
Impudent strumpet!

_He kisses her forcefully, pins her down and molests her._

**DESDEMONA**

By heaven, you do me wrong.

**OTHELLO**

Are you not a strumpet?

**DESDEMONA**

No, as I am a Christian.
If to preserve this vessel for my lord
From any hated foul unlawful touch,
Be not to be a strumpet, I am none.

**OTHELLO**

What! Not a whore?

**DESDEMONA**

No, and I shall be saved.

**OTHELLO**

Is't possible?

**DESDEMONA**

O, heaven forgive us.
He releases her and straightens her dress.

OTHELLO
I cry you mercy then:
I took you for that cunning whore of Venice
That married with Othello.

He shouts at the door:

OTHELLO
You, mistress,
That have the office opposite to Saint Peter,
And keeps the gate of hell.

Emilia enters tentatively.

OTHELLO
You, you, ay, you.
We have done our course;

He presses coins into her hands, which fall to the floor.

OTHELLO
there's money for your pains.
I pray you turn the key, and keep our counsel.

He winks at her and leaves. Emilia rushes over to Desdemona.

EMILIA
How do you, madam? How do you, my good lady?

DESDEMONA
(faintly)
Faith, half-asleep.

EMILIA
Good madam, what's the matter with my lord?

DESDEMONA
With who?

EMILIA
Why, with my lord, madam.

DESDEMONA
Who is thy lord?

EMILIA
He that is yours, sweet lady.

DESDEMONA
I have none. Do not talk to me, Emilia.
I cannot weep, nor answers have I none
But what should go by water. Prithee tonight
Lay on my bed my wedding sheets, remember;
And call thy husband hither.
INT. CHAPEL – NIGHT

Desdemona stands by the window staring at the bright moon. She bites back tears.

DESDEMONA
Am I that name, Iago?

IAGO
What name fair lady?

DESDEMONA
Such as my lord did say I was.

EMILIA
He called her whore.

IAGO
Why did he so?

DESDEMONA
I do not know, I am sure I am none such.

IAGO
Do not weep, do not weep: Alas the day!

EMILIA
Has she forsook so many noble matches,
Her father, and her country, all her friends,
To be call'd whore? would it not make one weep?

DESDEMONA
It is my wretched fortune.

IAGO
Beshrew him for it.
How comes this trick upon him?

DESDEMONA
Nay, heaven doth know. O' good Iago.
What shall I do to win my lord again?
Good friend, go to him; for, by this light of heaven,
I know not how I lost him. Here I kneel:

She kneels in front of the altar-piece. Iago closes the shutters.

DESDEMONA
If e'er my will did trespass 'gainst his love
Either in discourse of thought or actual deed;
Or that mine eyes, mine ears, or any sense
Delighted them in any other form;
Or that I do not yet, and ever did
And ever will – though he do shake me off
To beggarly divorcement – love him dearly,
Comfort forswear me. Unkindness may do much,
And his unkindness may defeat my life,
But never taint my love. I cannot say 'whore:
It does abhor me now I speak the word;
To do the act that might the addition earn
Not the world's mass of vanity could make me.

She sobs again. Iago gets to his knees to comfort her.

IAGO
I pray you be content; 'tis but his humour.
The business of the state does him offense,
And he does chide with you.

DESDEMONA
If 'twere no other –

IAGO
It is but so, I warrant.

Trumpets sound. He raises her up and embraces her.

IAGO
Hark how these instruments summon to supper.
The messengers of Venice stay the meat.
Go in, and weep not; all things shall be well.

INT. CHAPEL – NIGHT

As Desdemona and Emilia move away, Iago is suddenly pulled to one side. He is banged against
the wall, and a sword-point is pressed to his throat.

IAGO
How now, Roderigo?

RODERIGO
I do not find that thou deal'st justly with me.

IAGO
What in the contrary?

RODERIGO
Every day thou daff'st me with some device,

Iago tries to speak.

RODERIGO
I will indeed no longer endure it.
Nor am I yet persuaded to put up in peace what
already I have foolishly suffered.

He presses harder with the sword-point.

IAGO
Will you hear me, Roderigo?

RODERIGO
Faith, I have heard too much; for your
Words and performance are no kin together.

IAGO
You charge me most unjustly.

RODERIGO
With naught but truth. I have wasted myself out of my means. The jewels you have had from me to deliver to Desdemona would half have corrupted a nun. You have told me she hath received them, and returned me expectations and comforts of sudden respect and acquaintance, but I find none.

Iago pushes the sword away.

IAGO
Well, go to; very well.

Roderigo pulls him back and slaps him.

RODERIGO
Very well, go to? I cannot go to, man, nor 'tis not very well. By this hand, I say 'tis very scurvy and begin to find myself fopped in it.

He slaps Iago again.

IAGO
(coolly)
Very well.

RODERIGO
I tell you 'tis not very well. I will make myself known to Desdemona.

Roderigo pulls off his false beard. Iago turns slowly back.

RODERIGO
If she will return me my jewels, I will give over my suit and repent my unlawful solicitation; if not, assure yourself, I will seek satisfaction of you.

IAGO
You have said now.

RODERIGO
Ay, and said nothing but what I protest intendment of doing.

He sets off after Desdemona. Iago swings him back.

IAGO
Why, now I see there's mettle in thee, and even from this instant do build on thee a better opinion than ever before. Give me thy hand, Roderigo. Thou hast taken against me a most just exception; but yet I protest I have dealt most justly in thy affair.
He leads him away from the door.

RODERIGO
It hath not appeared.

IAGO
I grant it hath not appeared; and your suspicions are not without wit and judgment. But, Roderigo, if thou hast that in thee indeed, which I have greater reason to believe now than ever – I mean purpose, courage and valour – this night show it. If thou the next night following enjoy not Desdemona, take me from this world and devise engines for my life.

RODERIGO
Well... what is it?

Iago smiles.

INT. MAIN HALL IN DINING MODE – NIGHT

Othello, Desdemona, Lodovico and Gratiano eat in silence.

Lodovico looks at Desdemona. She manages a smile, he smiles back. Othello’s eyes are fixed on his food.

INT. CASTLE CORRIDOR – NIGHT

Iago and Roderigo in heated discussion.

RODERIGO
Why, then Othello and Desdemona return again to Venice!

IAGO
Unless his abode be lingered here by some accident; wherein none can be so determinate as the removing of Cassio.

RODERIGO
(nervously)
How do you mean 'removing' of him?

IAGO
Why, by making him incapable of Othello's place – knocking out his brains.

RODERIGO
And that you would have me to do?

Iago hushes him.

RODERIGO
Ay, if you dare do yourself profit and a right. I will be near to second your attempt. Come, stand not amazed at it, but
go along with me. I will show you such a necessity in his
death that you shall think yourself bound put it on him.

RODERIGO
I will hear further reason for this.

IAGO
And you shall be satisfied.

EXT. COURTYARD – NIGHT

Othello, Desdemona Lodovico and Gratiano walk in silence escorted by Attendants.

LODOVICO
I do beseech you, sir, trouble yourself no further.

OTHELLO
O pardon me; ‘twill do me good to walk.
O Desdemona.

DESDEMONA
My lord?

OTHELLO
Get you to bed on the instant. I will return forthwith. Dismiss your attendant there.

She freezes.

OTHELLO
Look it be done.

DESDEMONA
I will, my lord.

LODOVICO
Madam, good night. I humbly thank your ladyship.

He kisses her hand.

DESDEMONA
Your honour is most welcome.

OTHELLO
Will you walk, air?

She leaves. They set off down the stair/path to front gate.

INT. BEDROOM – NIGHT

Emilia pours a bucket of hot water into a bath.

EMILIA
Dismiss me?
DESDEMONA
It was his bidding.

EMILIA
I would you had never seen him.

DESDEMONA
(forcefully)
So would not I.

Emilia turns to go.

DESDEMONA
(calling out)
Prithee...
(Emilia turns back)
unpin me here

Emilia helps her undress.

EMILIA
I have laid those sheets you bade me on the bed.

DESDEMONA
All's one. Good faith, how foolish are our minds.
If I do die before thee, prithee shroud me
In one of those same sheets.

EMILIA
Come, come, you talk.

Desdemona starts to hum distractedly.

EXT. FRONT GATE – NIGHT
The moon is lost in clouds.
Othello parts company with Lodovico and Gratiano.

INT. BEDROOM – NIGHT
Desdemona slips into a steaming bath.

DESDEMONA
My mother had a maid called Barbary:
She was in love and he she loved proved mad
And did forsake her. She had a song of willow;
An old thing 'twas but it expressed her fortune,
And she died singing it. That song tonight
Will not go from my mind.
(sings)
The poor soul sat sighing by a sycamore tree,
Sing all a green willow;
Her hand on her bosom, her head on her knee,
Sing willow, willow, willow;
The fresh streams ran by her and murmured her moans:
Sing willow, willow, willow.

EXT. BEACH – NIGHT

Othello's still silhouette amongst a patch of reeds thrashed by a fierce wind. He looks out to sea, at the billowing waves.

He turns away and moves inland.

Throughout:

DESDEMONA
(singing V.O.)
Her salt tears fell from her and softened the stones
Sing willow, willow, willow.
Prithee, hie thee; he'll come anon
Sing all a green willow must be my garland.
Let nobody blame him: his scorn I approve
Nay, that's not next.

INT. BEDROOM – NIGHT

Desdemona is now in her night-dress.

DESDEMONA
Hark, who is't that knocks?

EMILIA
It is the wind.

DESDEMONA
This Lodovico is a proper man.

EMILIA
A very handsome man.

DESDEMONA
He speaks well.

EMILIA
I know a lady in Venice, who would have walked barefoot to Palastine for a touch of his nether lip.

DESDEMONA
(sings)
I called my love false love, but what said he then?
Sing willow, willow, willow; If I court more women, you'll couch with more men.

She gets into bed.

DESDEMONA
So, get thee gone; good night. I do not think there is any such woman.
Emilia starts to leave.

DESDEMONA
Mine eyes do itch – Does that bode weeping?

EMILIA
(hovering at the door)
'Tis neither here nor there.

DESDEMONA
I have heard it said so. O, these men, these men.
Dost thou in conscience think – tell me, Emilia
That there be women do abuse their husbands
In such gross kind?

EMILIA
(returning)
There be some such, no question.

DESDEMONA
Wouldst thou do such a deed for all the world?

EMILIA
Why, would not you?

DESDEMONA
No, by this heavenly light;

EMILIA
Nor I by this heavenly light;
I might do't as well i'th'dark.

They laugh.

DESDEMONA
Wouldst thou do such a deed for all the world?

EMILIA
The world's a huge thing; it is a great price for a small vice.

DESDEMONA
In troth, I think thou wouldst not.

EMILIA
In troth, I think I should, and undo't again when I had
done it. For the whole world? 'ud's pity, who would not
make her husband a cuckold to make him a monarch? I
should venture purgatory for it.

DESDEMONA
I do not think there is any such woman.

EMILIA
Yes... a dozen.
They laugh. Desdemona falls silent, apparently distracted. Emilia rolls her onto the bed and begins to rub oil into her back.

**EMILIA**

But I do think it is their husbands' faults
If wives do fall. Say that they slack their duties,
And pour our treasures into foreign laps;
O else break out in peevish jealousies,
Throwing restraint upon us; or say they strike us
Why, we have galls, and though we have some grace,
Yet have we some revenge. Let husbands know
Their wives have sense like them: They see and smell
And have their palates both for sweet and sour,
As husbands have. What is it that they do
When they change us for others? Is it sport?
I think it is. And doth affection breed it?
I think it doth. Is't frailty that thus errs?
I think so too. And have not we affections,
Desires for sport, and frailty, as man have?
Then let them use us well: else let them know,
The ills we do, their ills instruct us so.

Desdemona's eyes are shut. Emilia gets up gently. Desdemona takes her hand and kisses it.

**DESDEMONA**

Good, night, good night.

Emilia kisses her on the head and goes.

Desdemona settles into the bed.

**INT. CASTLE COLONNADE – NIGHT**

Roderigo hovers nervously in a colonnade. He hears running feet and hides behind a pillar. He is startled by Iago arriving from the opposite side. Iago gives him a nod and starts to withdraw. Roderigo grabs him.

**RODERIGO**

Be near at hand; I may miscarry in it.

**IAGO**

Here at thy hand; be bold and take thy stand.

Iago slips behind the next pillar and pulls out his dagger.

**RODERIGO**

(muttering)
'Tis but a man gone. Forth my sword.

Roderigo takes out his rapier.

**IAGO**

(to Camera)
If Cassio do remain
He hath a daily beauty in his life
That makes me ugly, and beside, the moor
May unfold me to him; there stand I in much peril:
No, he must die.


RODERIGO
Villain, thou diest!

Cassio turns to face him and draws his sword. Iago peers out from behind his pillar. Roderigo lunges again but Cassio parries him.

Iago strikes at Cassio's back. At the same time Cassio lunges at Roderigo wounding him in the stomach. Missing Cassio's back, Iago's knife slices down and into the back of Cassio's log. Iago rolls away and runs off into the shadows.

Roderigo, in a state of shock, stumbles against a pillar, clutching his bleeding stomach. Cassio writhes on the ground.

RODERIGO
O villain that I am.

CASSIO
O help, ho! Murder! Murder!

INT. CASTLE GATE – NIGHT

Othello enters the castle. Hearing the cries, he smiles into the Camera.

EXT. CASTLE COLONNADE – NIGHT

Lodovico and Gratiano appear at the other and of the colonnade.

Cassio cries out again.

LODOVICO
'Tis some mischance; the cry is very direful.

Hearing them. Cassio's voice finds new power.

CASSIO
O, help!

LODOVICO
Hark.

They move cautiously in Cassio's direction.

RODERIGO
O, wretched villain.

Hearing this cry from another direction, they start to withdraw, but are halted by the arrival of Iago in his night-shirt, carrying a torch and dagger.

IAGO
Who's there? Whose noise is this that cries on murder?

LODOVICO
We do not know.

IAGO
Did not you hear a cry?

CASSIO
Here, here; for heaven's sake, help me!

Iago finds Cassio with his torchlight.

CASSIO
Iago? Give me some help.

IAGO
O me, lieutenant. What villains have done this?

CASSIO
I think that one of them is hereabout
And cannot make away.

IAGO
O, treacherous villains.

He calls out to Lodovico and Gratiano:

IAGO
What are you there? Come in and give some help.

RODERIGO
(faintly)
O, help me here.

CASSIO
That's one of them.

Iago finds Roderigo crumpled behind a pillar.

He helps him up and smiles at him. Then he clamps one hand over his mouth, and, with the other, plunges his dagger deep into his gut. He pulls it forcefully upwards, lifting Roderigo off the ground.

IAGO
(loudly)
O murderous slave, O, villain.

Roderigo clings onto Iago and, as he sinks down, stares into his eyes and whispers:

RODERIGO
O damned Iago. O inhuman dog.

Iago looks blankly at the Camera, then turns away.

IAGO
(shouting)
Where be these bloody thieves?

*He moves up behind Cassio. Looking about, he sees no one is watching. He raises his dagger to strike.*

*Hearing footsteps he hides his dagger and spins round, shouting.*

**IAGO**

Ho. murder, murder.

*The figures of Lodovico and Gratiano emerge from the shadows.*

**IAGO**

What may you be? Are you of good or evil?

**LODOVICO**

As you shall prove us, praise us.

Lodovico and Gratiano stop into the torchlight.

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**EXT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE OTHELLO’S BEDROOM – NIGHT**

Distant shouts of ‘Murder, murder’. **SOLDIERS** rush past the half-open door to Othello and Desdemona’s bedroom.

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**INT. BEDROOM – NIGHT**

Othello shuts out the sound as he closes the door behind him. He sees Desdemona asleep on the bed.

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**EXT. COLONNADE – NIGHT**

Lodovico holds a torch over Iago, who has taken off his night-shirt and is tying it around Cassio’s leg.

**Attendants arrive, bringing more light. Bianca runs in.**

She sees Cassio and throws herself to the ground by his side.

**BIANCA**

O, my dear Cassio, my sweet Cassio.

**IAGO**

Patience awhile, good Cassio. Come, come, Lend me a light.

*He leads them over to Roderigo*

**IAGO**

Know we this face or no?  
Alas, my friend and my dear countryman.  
Roderigo? No –

*He leans in with a torch.*
IAGO
– yes, sure – O heaven, Roderigo.

GRATIANO
What, of Venice?

IAGO
Even he, sire; did you know him?

GRATIANO
Know him? Ay.

*Attendants arrive with a stretcher. Iago returns to Cassio. He pulls Bianca away and they raise him onto the stretcher.*

IAGO
How do you, Cassio? He that lies slain here, Cassio, was my dear friend. What malice was between you?

CASSIO
None in the world, nor do I know the man.

IAGO
(to Bianca)
What, look you pale? – O, bear him out of the air.

*Cassio is carried away. A SOLDIER throws Roderigo over his back.*

Iago stops Lodovico and Gratiano:

IAGO
Stay you good gentlemen. Look you pale, mistress?

*He brings the torch close up to her face.*

IAGO
Behold her well; I pray you, look upon her. Do you see, gentlemen? Nay, guiltiness Will speak, though tongues were out of use.

*Emilia arrives.*

EMILIA
'Las, what's the matter? What's the matter, husband?

IAGO
Cassio hath here been set on in the dark. And almost slain.

EMILIA
Alas, good Cassio.

IAGO
This is the fruits of whoring. Prithee, Emilia, Go know of Cassio where he supped tonight. (to Bianca)
What, do you shake at that?

BIANCA
He supped at my house, but I therefore shake not.

IAGO
O, did he so? I charge you go with me

He grabs her roughly by the arms.

EMILIA
O, fie upon thee, strumpet.

BIANCA
I am no strumpet, but of life as honest
As you that thus abuse me.

EMILIA
As I? Foh! Fie upon thee.

IAGO
Kind gentlemen, let's go see poor Cassio dressed. Come mistress, you must tell us another tale.

Lodovico leaves with Gratiano. SOLDIERS drag Bianca along.

Iago tosses the 'black king', and the 'white queen' chess pieces into a water well. They sink into darkness.

INT. BEDROOM – NIGHT

OTHELLO
(whispers to Camera)
It is the cause, it is the cause, my soul:

He stands by the window, holding a candle. The shutters are slightly ajar and he looks out into the night.

OTHELLO
Let me not name it to you, you chaste stars.
It is the cause.

He closes the shutters and turns to the sleeping Desdemona.

OTHELLO
Yet I'll not shed her blood.
Nor scar that whiter skin of hers than snow
And smooth as monumental alabaster
Yet she must die, else she'll betray more men.
Put out the light, and then put out the light:
If I quench thee, thou flaming minister,
I can again thy former light restore,
Should I repent me; but once put out thy light,
Thou cunning'st pattern of excelling nature,
I know not where is that Promethean heat
That can thy light relume. When I have plucked thy rose,
I cannot give it vital growth again:  
It needs must wither. I'll smell it on the tree.

He leans in close to her. Her breathing is slow and steady. He kisses her lips. His voice grows even fainter.

**OTHELLO**  
O balmy breath, that doth almost persuade  
Justice to break her sword. One more, one more.

He kisses her again.

**OTHELLO**  
Be thus when thou art dead, and I will kill thee  
And love thee after.  
One more, and this the last.  
So sweet was ne'er so fatal.

He emits a sudden sob. She stirs; he moves swiftly away.

**DESDEMONA**  
Who's there?  
*(silence)*  
Othello?

**OTHELLO**  
Ay, Desdemona.

**DESDEMONA**  
Will you come to bed, my lord?

**OTHELLO**  
Have you prayed tonight, Desdemona?

**DESDEMONA**  
Ay, my lord.

**OTHELLO**  
If you bethink yourself of any crime  
Unreconciled as yet to heaven and grace,  
Solicit for it straight.

**DESDEMONA**  
Alas, my lord, what may you mean by that?

**OTHELLO**  
Well do it, and be brief: I will walk by.  
I would not kill thy unprepared spirit;  
No – heaven forfend – I would not kill thy soul.

**DESDEMONA**  
Talk you of killing?

**OTHELLO**  
Ay, I do.

**DESDEMONA**
Then heaven
Have mercy on me.

OTHELLO
Amen, with all my heart.

DESDEMONA
If you say so, I hope you will not kill me.
And yet I fear you
Some mortal passion shakes your very frame:

OTHELLO
Think on thy sins.

DESDEMONA
They are loves I bear to you.

OTHELLO
And for that thou diest.

DESDEMONA
That death's unnatural, that kills for loving.

She tries to take hold of him. He barks:

OTHELLO
Peace, and be still.

DESDEMONA
I will so. What's the matter.

OTHELLO
That handkerchief which I so loved and gave thee, Thou gav'st to Cassio.

DESDEMONA
No, by my life and soul.
Send for the man and ask him.

OTHELLO
Sweet soul, take heed.
Take heed of perjury: Thou art on thy death-bed.

DESDEMONA
Ay, but not yet to die.

OTHELLO
Yes, presently.

DESDEMONA
Then Lord have mercy on me.

OTHELLO
I say, Amen.

DESDEMONA
(forcefully)
And have you mercy too. I never did
Offend you in my life; never loved Cassio
But with such general warranty of heaven
As I might love. I never gave him token.

OTHELLO
By heaven, I saw my handkerchief in his hand.
O perjured woman...

DESdemona
He found it then;
I never gave it him. Send for him hither;
Let him confess a truth.

OTHELLO
He hath confessed.

DESdemona
What, my lord?

OTHELLO
That he hath used thee.

Desdemona is struck dumb with shock.

DESdemona
How? Unlawfully?

OTHELLO
Ay –

DESdemona
He will not say so.

OTHELLO
No, his mouth is stopped:
Honest Iago hath tane order for it.

DESdemona
O, my fear interprets. What, is he dead?

INT. SURGEON'S ROOM IN CASTLE – NIGHT

Lodovico, Gratiano, Emilia and Iago escorting the wounded Cassio.

Roderigo's body is thrown onto the table. He emits the faintest of sighs.

IAGO
Emilia, run and tell my lord and lady what hath happed.

She leaves. He turns to the Camera.

IAGO
This is the night,
That either makes me or fordoes me quite.
INT. BEDROOM – NIGHT

OTHELLO
Had all his hairs been lives, my great revenge
Had stomach for them all.

DESDEMONA
Alas, he is betrayed and I undone.

She buries her head in her hands. He flings her hands aside.

OTHELLO
Out, strumpet. Weep'st thou for him to my face?

He throws her down on the bed. She springs up at him, knocking the candle from his hands and into the drapes.

INT. CORRIDOR – NIGHT

Emilia runs along a corridor.

INT. BEDROOM – NIGHT

DESDEMONA
O, banish me, my lord, but kill me not.

OTHELLO
Down strumpet.

He throws her down again and fixes her with a stare.

DESDEMONA
Kill me tomorrow; let me live tonight.

He moves slowly towards her. She slaps him. He keeps advancing, she backs away. He springs at her. She evades him, but he catches her ankles and pulls her towards him. She tries to wrestle, but he pins her down and pulls his body on top of hers.

OTHELLO
Nay, if you strive –

DESDEMONA
But half an hour.

OTHELLO
Being done, there is no pause.

He picks up a pillow, she writhes beneath him.

OTHELLO
But while I say one prayer.

OTHELLO
It is too late.
She stops fighting and looks into his eyes, her own eyes glistening. She closes them and a tear runs down her cheek as she stretches up to kiss him. He presses the pillow to her mouth. For a moment there is no resistance.

Behind them, fire starts to climb the drapes. Her arms are wrapped around him. One of her hands finds his face and strokes it shakily. The hand starts to shake more violently and pull at his skin. He plucks it off. She tears at his shirt. He grabs her hand. Their fingers entwine tightly.

OTHELLO

O, Lord, Lord, Lord.

He body bucks beneath him, but the pillow stays firmly in place. The struggling stops. He rolls off her and lies by her side. He sees the gathering fire and stares at it, motionless. He sees the horned carving in the wall. The flickering light lends it animation. He gets up calmly, goes to the bath-tub full of water and empties it over the fire. Darkness. The extinct fire is still hissing when he hears a voice:

VOICE


OTHELLO

What, not dead? Not yet quite dead?

He picks up the pillow again.

VOICE

What, ho! My lord, my lord!

OTHELLO

Who's there?

VOICE

O, good my lord, I would speak a word with you.

OTHELLO

Yes – Emilia – by and by.

A slice of moonlight as Othello opens a shutter. The light catches Desdemona on the bed.

OTHELLO

Still as the grave.

(he turns to the Camera)

Shall she come in? Were't good?
I think she stirs again. No. What's best?
If she come in, she'll sure speak to my wife
My wife, my wife. What wife? I have no wife.

He cradles her.

EMILIA

I do beseech you
That I may speak with you. O, good my lord.

OTHELLO

I had forgot thee, Emilia. Soft, by and by.
He gently replaces Desdemona and straightens the bedsheets. He pulls a drape across to conceal the bed. He goes to the shutter. Darkness. The sound of unbolting and there is another thin slice of light as the door is opened. Othello leans his head round the door:

Othello
What's the matter with thee now.

Emilia
O, my good lord, yonder's foul murder done.

Othello
What? Now?

Emilia
But now, my lord.

Othello
It is the very error of the moon:
She comes more nearer earth than she was wont
And makes men mad.

Emilia
Cassio, my lord, hath killed a young Venetian
Called Roderigo.

Othello
Roderigo killed?
And Cassio killed?

Emilia
No, Cassio is not killed.

Emilia sees a little stream of water trickling out under the door. She tries to look behind Othello.

Othello
Not Cassio killed. Then murder's out of tune,
And sweet revenge grows harsh.

Desdemona
(faintly)
O falsely, falsely murdered.

Emilia
O Lord. What cry is that?

Othello
That? What?

Emilia
Out and alas, that was my lady's voice.

She pushes past Othello, and past the drape to Desdemona.

Emilia
Help, help, ho help. O lady, speak again.
Sweet Desdemona, o sweet mistress, speak.
DESDEMONA
A guiltless death I die.

EMILIA
O, who has done this deed?

Othello stands at the end of the bed. She looks up at him.

DESDEMONA
Nobody; I myself. Farewell.
Commend me to my kind lord. O farewell.

She dies. Silence.

Emilia gets to her feet and heads for the door. Othello steps into her path:

OTHELLO
Why, how should she be murdered?

EMILIA
Alas, who knows?

She tries to move round him, but he won't let her.

OTHELLO
You heard her say herself it was not I.

EMILIA
She said so; I must needs report the truth.

He moves aside. She gets to the door.

OTHELLO
She's like a liar gone to burning hell:
'Twas I that killed her.

She turns back.

EMILIA
O, the more angel she,
And you the blacker devil.

OTHELLO
She turned to folly and she was a whore.

EMILIA
Thou dost belie her and thou are a devil.

OTHELLO
She was false as water.

EMILIA
Thou art rash as fire to say
That she was false. O, she was heavenly true.

OTHELLO
Cassio did top her: Ask thy husband else.
O, I were damned beneath all depth in hell
But that I did proceed upon just grounds
To this extremity. Thy husband knew it all.

EMILIA
My husband?

OTHELLO
Thy husband.

EMILIA
That she was false to wedlock?

OTHELLO
Ay, with Cassio. Nay, had she been true –

EMILIA
My husband?

OTHELLO
Ay, ’twas he that told me on her first.

EMILIA
My husband?

OTHELLO
What needs this iterance, woman? I say thy husband.

EMILIA
O, mistress, villainy hath made mocks with love. My husband say that she was false?

OTHELLO
He, woman;
I say thy husband. Dost understand the word?
My friend, thy husband, honest, honest Iago.

EMILIA
If he say so, may his pernicious soul
Rot half a grain a day. He lies to the heart.
She was too fond of her filthy bargain.

*Othello snatches his battle-scarred sword from the wall.*

*Emilia doesn't flinch.*

EMILIA
Do thy worst. This deed of thine is no more
Worthy heaven than thou wast worthy her.
Help! Murder!

OTHELLO
*(raising his sword)*
Peace, you were best.

EMILIA
Thou hast not half the power to do me harm
As I have to be hurt. O gull. O dolt.
As ignorant as dirt. Thou hast done a deed –
I care not for thy sword – I'll make thee known,
Though I lost twenty lives. Help! Help! Ho, help!
The Moor hath killed my mistress. Murder, murder!

_Othello drops the sword and Emilia runs for the door, but is met by Montano, Gratiano and Iago._

**MONTANO**
What is the matter? How now, general?

_Othello stands rigid and staring._

**EMILIA**
O, are you come, Iago? You have done well.
That men must lay their murders on your neck.

**GRATIANO**
What is the matter?

**EMILIA**
Disprove this villain, if thou be'st a man.
He says thou told'st him that his wife was false.
I know thou didst not. thou'rt not such a villain.
Speak, for my heart is full.

_All eyes but Othello's turn to Iago._

**IAGO**
I told him what I thought, and told no more
Than what he found himself was apt and true.

**EMILIA**
But did you ever tell him she was false?

**IAGO**
I did.

**EMILIA**
You told a lie, an odious damned lie:
Upon my soul, a lie, a wicked lie.
She false with Cassio? Did you say with Cassio?

**IAGO**
With Cassio, mistress. Go to, charm your tongue.

**EMILIA**
I will not charm my tongue; I am bound to speak: My mistress here lies murdered in her bed.

_She pulls the drape aside to reveal Desdemona's body._

_The WITNESSES are horrified._

**EMILIA**
And your reports have set the murder on.
OTHELLO
Nay, stare not, masters; it is true indeed.

EMILIA
Villainy, villainy, villainy.
I think upon it, I think – I smell't – O villainy.

IAGO
What are you mad? I charge you get you home.

He tries to push her out. Othello looks across at him.

EMILIA
"Tin proper I obey him, but not now.
Perchance, Iago, I will ne'er go home.

OTHELLO
O! O! O!

Othello falls onto the bed.

EMILIA
Nay, lay thee down and roar,
For thou hast killed the sweetest innocent
That e'er did lift up eye.

OTHELLO
(leaping up again)
Or she was foul. Iago knows
That she with Cassio hath the act of shame
A thousand times committed. Cassio confessed it,
And she did gratify his amorous works
With that same handkerchief. I saw it in his hand:

EMILIA
O god. O heavenly God.

She turns to Iago.

IAGO
Be wise and get you home.

EMILIA
I will not.

Iago draws his sword on Emilia. All eyes turn to Iago.

EMILIA
O thou dull moor, that handkerchief thou speak'st of
I found by fortune and did give my husband.

IAGO
Filth, thou liest.

EMILIA
By heaven, I do not, I do not gentlemen. I found it –

OTHELLO
Are there no stones in heaven
But what serves for thunder? Precious villain.

Othello picks up his sword and runs at Iago; Montano intercepts and disarms him.

Iago puts a dagger to Emilia's throat and drags her to the door. He threatens her to stop the others advancing.

As he runs out of the room, he stabs her in the back.

Emilia stands still for a moment, then topples to the ground, blood running from her wound. Gratiano rushes to her side. Montano and SOLDIERS go in pursuit of Iago.

EMILIA
Lay me by my mistress side.

They do so...

INT. MAIN HALL – NIGHT

Iago sprints across the main hall, scrabbling over a table. He pushes past a couple of bemused SOLDIERS and out of the door. Montano follows.

EXT. BATTLEMENTS – NIGHT

Iago runs as Montano and his men chase him.

INT. CORRIDOR HIGH UP IN THE CASTLE – NIGHT

Iago running, the sound of footsteps not far behind. He turns a corner and hears footsteps coming from the other direction. He tries a door: It's locked. He tries another: it opens.

INT. SURGEON'S ROOM IN CASTLE – NIGHT

He listens with relief as the footsteps pass the door.

He turns to see: Cassio being tended by SURGEONS. Roderigo is propped up on a table and Lodovico searches his pockets. They haven't seen Iago. He catches his breath.

INT. BEDROOM – NIGHT

Emilia lies by Desdemona.

EMILIA
What did thy song bode, lady?
Hark, canst thou hear me? I will play the swan
And die in music:
(sings)
'Willow, willow willow'
Moor, she was chaste; she loved thee, cruel moor; So come my soul to bliss, as I speak true; So speaking as I think, I die, I die.

INT. SURGEON'S ROOM IN CASTLE – NIGHT

Iago remains unseen at the door. Roderigo's eyes slowly open. They open wider. B& slowly raises his arm and points. Lodovico follows the direction and sees Iago.

Iago turns to open the door and comes face to face with Montano and SOLDIERS. He turns back with a wry smile. Roderigo smiles back at him, shuts his eyes and slumps in the Surgeon's arms.

Iago slips out his dagger, but is knocked to the ground before he can use it. Feet fly at his body.

INT. BEDROOM – NIGHT

Othello is on the bed, poring over Desdemona's body.

Othello

Now, how dost thou look now? O ill-starred wench.  
Pale an thy smock. Cold, cold, my girl, 
Even like thy chastity  
O cursed, cursed slave. Whip me, ye devils,  
From the possession of this heavenly sight. 
Blow me about in winds! Roast me in sulphur!  
Wash me in steep-down gulfs of liquid fire! O Desdemona.  
Dead. O! O!

Lodovico arrives with Cassio, on crutches, and soldiers.

LODOVICO

Where is this rash and most unfortunate man?

Othello

That's he that was Othello: Here I am.

LODOVICO

Where is that viper? Bring the villain forth.

Montano brings Iago in. He is tied hand and foot and his face is badly beaten and bruised.

Othello

I look down towards his feet; but that's a fable. If that thou be'st a devil, I cannot kill thee.

He draws one of the soldier's swords and thrusts it into Iago's side. Iago falls to the ground, clutching the sword. Montano pushes Othello away and wrenches out the sword. Iago crumples, but clings to Othello.

Iago

I bleed, sir, but not killed.

Iago is pulled off and thrown to the ground.

Othello
I am not sorry neither; I'd have thee live,
For in my sense 'tis happiness to die.

LODOVICO
his wretch hath part confessed his villainy.
Did you and he consent in Cassio's death?

OTHELLO
Ay.

CASSIO
Dear general, I never gave you cause.

OTHELLO
I do believe it and ask you pardon.
Will you, I pray demand that demi-devil
Why he hath thus ensnared my soul and body?

IAGO
Demand me nothing; what you know, you know.
From this time forth I never will speak word.

He looks once into the Camera and turns away.

LODOVICO
What! Not to pray?

GRATIANO
Torments will ope your lips.

OTHELLO
Well, thou dost best.

Gratiano spins round and spits in Othello's face.

Othello sees there is a growing menace in the soldier's faces.

LODOVICO
You must forsake this room and go with us.
Your power and your command is taken off
And Cassio rules in Cyprus.

Cassio extends his hand to Othello. They clasp hands. Othello realizes that Cassio is trying to pass
something to him.

He glimpses the small ruby-studded dagger that he gave Cassio when he made him lieutenant. He
takes it and conceals it.

LODOVICO
Come, bring him away.

Soldiers take hold of him. He grabs a bed-post.

OTHELLO
Soft you: a word or two before you go.

The soldiers pull aggressively but he won't let go.
OTHELLO
I have done the state some service and they know it.

Lodovico motions to the Soldiers to release him.

OTHELLO
I pray you, in your letters
When you shall these unlucky deeds relate,
Speak of me as I am; nothing extenuate,
Nor set down aught in malice. Then must you speak
Of one that loved not wisely, but too well;
Of one not easily jealous, but, being wrought,
Perplexed in the extreme; of one whose hand,
Like the base Indian, threw a pearl away
Richer than all his tribe; of one whose subdued eyes,
Albeit unused to the melting mood,
Drops tears as fast as the Arabian trees,
Their medicinable gum. Set you down this;
And say besides that in Aleppo once
Where a malignant and a turbaned Turk
Beat a Venetian and traduced the state,
I took by the throat the circumcised dog
And smote him thus.

He pulls out the dagger and drives it into his heart.

Iago gasps and falls to his knees. Cassio prevents the others intervening.

Othello climbs onto the bed and over to Desdemona.

OTHELLO
I kissed thee ere I killed thee: No way but this,
Killing myself, to die upon a kiss.

With his lips pressed to here, he dies.

CASSIO
This did I fear, but thought he had no weapon,
For he was great of heart.

Lodovico drags Iago over to the foot of the bed.

LODOVICO
Look on the tragic loading of this bed:
This is thy work.
(to Cassio)
To you, lord governor,
Remains the censure of this hellish villain:
The time, the place, the torture, O, enforce it.
Myself will straight aboard, and to the state
This heavy act with heavy heart relate.

He leaves the room. All follow except Cassio and Iago

Cassio goes to the window, opens the shutters and looks out to sea. The weak light of pre-dawn brings a little light into the room. A bird sings.
Iago has worked his way onto the bed. He pushes Emilia aside and worms his way between the two lovers. Othello's body rolls back, revealing a large patch of spreading redness on the sheets.

Dawn breaks. More light spills into the room, colour with it: The blood shines scarlet red.

Iago lays his head on Othello's thigh and stares into the Camera.

EXT. SEA – DAY

The sun rises over the sea

INT. DUNGEON – DAY

Darkness except for glints of metal, and silence but for a soft creaking sound.

Iago's eyes. In the shadows we glimpse instruments of torture clamped to his limbs. His face remains impassive.

EXT. SEA – DAY

Cassio, in general's uniform, stands on the prow of a boat.

A linen wrapped package is tipped into the water by two attendants.

EXT. UNDERWATER – DAY

Beneath the surface. The sun glares through the water. We see the entwined figures of Othello and Desdemona sinking towards us, past us and into the darkness.

EXT. SEA – DAY

Rose petals float on the water.

CREDITS

FADE OUT

THE END