Rodrigo: Damn that Iago!

That bootless rat tricked me.

All this time I've been playing into his hands.

I am sure that he knew of this wedding.

How could he have not known about this wedding?

He is none other than the ancient of Othello.

One of the closest men Othello has!

Surely Othello must have slipped the wedding to Iago.

It is settled! Iago was well aware of this wedding.

No. That liar is devil in disguise!

How else could he allow the fair Desdemona to marry Othello?

Surely he would have done something to prevent his marriage.

Aye! This very truth haunts me by the minute.

Worser yet, he helped Othello in this contraction.

The congealing darkness of Iago's treachery.

What for this vasty!

I've lined his purse with gilt practically every day.

And this is what it comes to.

Why, I probably would have better opening my clack-dish to Barbanzio,

And begging for Desdemona.

Or better yet parle to Desdemona.

Perhaps it be better that I request help from someone else.

Yes, it is better to cut my loss.

With the money I have I can buy any of the bezonian vulgars

I bet that greedy Iago is already swimming

In the rivers of jewels

and hiking mountains of gold and silver.

Hmm, of all the gifts I had him send Desdemona,

I wonder how many gifts were given.

I have given enough gifts to drive even the queen of England mad with love.

That bastard!

Iago never did give Desdemona any of the gifts.

The glutton must have kept all the gifts I had him give to Desdemona.

Yes, that must be true.

Hmm, how can I corner Iago, hmm.

Perhaps I can ask Desdemona for my gifts

Wait, is that Iago I see.

There you are you dog,

To think you had to courage to climb out of your hole.

Now explain yourself.

Do you conspire against me?

Why did you not tell me of this marriage?

Iago: Silence and listen to me.

This wedding was as much of a surprise to you to me.

If you ever find out that I knew then go ahead and hate me.

Rodrigo: Did you not tell me you hated him?

Why didn’t you do anything?

Iago: Did you think I didn’t hate him.

After the three most important senators of city,

Made personal recommendations of me to be his lieutenant.

Even so, he evades their request

With military nuisance,

And tells them that he has already chosen his lieutenant.

And who does he choose?

That artless Florentine by the name of Michael Cassio,

A guy incapable of controlling his own sentries,

And doubtlessly never commanded a squadron on the field.

He has no more experience with war

Than and old woman,

Unless you include what he reads in books.

And this is who I am replaced by.

I guy that get all his military knowledge from literature.

The general has seen my expertise

When I led great squadrons of men into battle

At Rhodes and Cyprus.

Yet he becomes that his lieutenant,

And I become that Moorship’s ancient.

Rodrigo: Why not just kill him?

Iago: Can’t you see you boiled-brained fool?

I am bound by military service

And it is the curse of this service,

That you are promoted favoritism.

But tell me, do you think I am obliged to serve that Moor.

Rodrigo: Then don’t serve him.

Iago: You really are a myopic, idle-headed measle aren’t you?

Can’t you see this is my, no our best chance to take advantage of him?

Now there are two kinds of servants,

One who is loyal and dutiful,

Who wears out his time for below minimum wages,

And are fired when they are too old.

Then there is the servant who only

Appears loyal and dutiful,

But really only look out for themselves.

They become rich pretending to serve their masters.

I am that kind of servant.

Thou I appear loyal and dutiful to that Moor,

I am really only serving him for my own ends.

I shall rob him of his riches

And make not appointing me lieutenant bitter.

I never show my true self outwardly.

I am not who I appear to be.

Rodrigo: That thick-lips will be lucky if he can get away with Desdemona.

Iago: This is the plan,

We shall rouse her father. Kill his happiness.

Spread lies to her relatives, defame his good reputation.

Pester him with locus. His happiness with be quenched

Like a fire in light of this.

(Rodrigo and Iago run over to Barbantio’s house under a balcony)

Rodrigo: This is Barbantio’s house. I’ll call out.

Iago: No, louder puny giglet. Give a dire yell.

Yell like you house was on fire.

Rodrigo: Wake up Barbantio! Wake up! Sir!

Iago: (louder) Hey! Wake up Barbantio! Thieves! You are being robbed.

(Barbantio enters from the balcony)

Barbantio: What is that atrocious noise below?

Iago: For god’s sake sir you are robbed. Be prepared,

Your heart will break when you hear this.

But right now, at this very instance, a barron is tapping your white equine.

Wake up! Wake up!

Barbantio: (Furious) Are your brains hard-boiled?

Rodrigo: Gracious, most honorable sir. Do you remember me?

Barbantio: If it isn’t Rodrigo.

The worser welcome.

Had I not already informed you

After your last preposterous proposal that

My Desdemona was not for you.

Did I not already banish you from

Coming within the vicinity of this house?

And now you wake me up in the darkest hour of the night

With ill intent to wake me up.

Rodrigo: But gracious sir…

Barbantio: Don’t forget Rodrigo, if this be all for naught,

I am vested with enough powers in the senate to

Make this hell for you Rodrigo.

Rodrigo: I have something important to tell you sir.

Barbantio: (angry) What is this robbery you speak of?

Did you not know that such anarchy is prohibited?

Iago: For God’s sake sir, we have come to help you.

We are not here to pester you nor are we villains.

But you can let a barron tap your daughter

And ruin your family.

Barbantio: What is this putrid hogwash you spew out of your mouth.

Iago: What we are trying to tell you is that at that the Moor is having sex with your daughter.

Barbantio: You villian. This is impossible.

My daughter would never commit such

Treason against her blood.

The very though goes against everything she stands for.

Why would a beautiful young girl,

Who has refused the hand of many attractive suitors,

Including this thing (points at Rodrigo),

Run away from her home to the moor.

And now fallen in love with him.

It is obvious that you are lying.

I don’t know who your conspirer is,

But I will make you pay Rodrigo.

Rodrigo: Please listen to us.

I take that you wouldn’t approve of this,

But earlier today your daughter ran off to that lusty moor.

If you don’t believe me go check to see if your daughter is still in her room.

If she is not, then go ahead and punish me.

(Barbantio exits and quickly returns, about 15 seconds)

Barbantio: (Panting, breathes heavily) Servants, get the lights!

If this is true then it is a nightmare,

My Desdemona is gone.

(Barbantio exits balcony)

Iago: (facing Rodrigo) It be best that I get going now.

I can’t be seen conspiring against the Moor.

Though I loath him, I have to act loyal.

(Iago exits, camera follows Iago, Iago transforms from blue to red, camera fades out with TF2 exit)