

FLORIANO: And beauty itself is varied:
the beauty of appearances,
harmony of outer form,

which you have in great abundance,
 though you don't understand a word;
 and the beauty of the intellect,
 distributed by St Peter
 to those souls about to be born.
 You must have been gazing at the moon
 and missed the gifts he pressed upon you.

ERIFILA: Weigh your words with ~~care~~, moonstruck fool.

FLORIANO: I'm no more the moon's fool than you.

ERIFILA: The moon affects me once a month.

FLORIANO: The moon is your sign, Elvira;
 all your brilliance is reflection.

ERIFILA: And your brain is the size of a...

FLORIANO: Planet.

ERIFILA: Jupiter or Mercury?

FLORIANO: (*Aside.*) This woman's clearly no one's fool.
 (*Aloud.*) And what do you know of love's sting?

ERIFILA: That we talk of being arrowstruck,
 that arrows are shot from bows like moons,
 that love is a form of madness.
 All of this I knew in theory
 until I met you in this place
 and I felt the sting in my flesh.
 The theory was turned into fact.

FLORIANO: You understand theory and fact?

ERIFILA: (*Aside.*) This man sounds as sane as I am.

FLORIANO: (*Aside.*) Who knows, she might have just struck
 lucky.

ERIFILA: Do you understand what I mean?

That I like you, that you please me,
 like pepper enriches red wine.

FLORIANO: Like bacon after Holy Week,
like mutton on a Saturday.

ERIFILA: (*Aside.*) His wit's too quick for a madman.

FLORIANO: She's sane! More than sane, she has wit!

ERIFILA: I come from a noble family.

FLORIANO: Mine has many lands in the north.

ERIFILA: I ran away from my father
with a servant who robbed and stripped me.

FLORIANO: They say I killed a man, a prince.

ERIFILA: He fled like a frightened whippet...

FLORIANO: I pretended to be insane...

ERIFILA: ... and got nothing from me but scorn.

FLORIANO: ... to keep my neck out of the noose.

ERIFILA: Are you telling me the truth?

FLORIANO: Yes.
Are you?

ERIFILA: I swear I am, my love.
Although I am not called Elvira
nor am I as mad as you thought.
Until they brought me here by mistake
my name was Erifila
and I was my father's darling.
You can trust me with your secrets;
I'll be as silent as the grave
and I'll worship you until I die.

FLORIANO: The sky has opened up for me.
Kiss me, Erifila.

ERIFILA: Oh yes,
I give myself to you in madness.