



SHAKESPEARE
Carnival
A NSW STATEWIDE COMPETITION



HIGH SCHOOL CARNIVAL

ENSEMBLE SCENES



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A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM

ACT 2, SC 1 – PUCK, FAIRY, TITANIA, OBERON

In the forest, two fairies – one a servant of Queen Titania, the other a servant of King Oberon – meet by chance. Oberon's servant warns Titania's to be sure to keep Titania out of Oberon's sight, for the two are very angry with each other. Titania and Oberon enter, and argue over an Indian prince that Titania has taken as her attendant and refuses to give over to Oberon. Oberon vows to take revenge by sending Puck in search of a flower of which the juice – when rubbed on Titania's eyes – will cause her to fall in love with the first beast she sees...

A wood near Athens. Enter, from opposite sides, a FAIRY, and PUCK

PUCK

How now, spirit! whither wander you?

FAIRY

Over hill, over dale,
Thorough bush, thorough brier,
Over park, over pale,
Thorough flood, thorough fire,
I do wander everywhere,
Swifter than the moon's sphere;
And I serve the fairy queen,
To dew her orbs upon the green.
The cowslips tall her pensioners be:
In their gold coats spots you see;
Those be rubies, fairy favours,
In those freckles live their savours:
I must go seek some dewdrops here
And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.
Farewell, thou lob of spirits; I'll be gone:
Our queen and all our elves come here anon.

PUCK

The king doth keep his revels here to-night:
Take heed the queen come not within his sight;
For Oberon is passing fell and wrath,
Because that she as her attendant hath
A lovely boy, stolen from an Indian king;
She never had so sweet a changeling;
And jealous Oberon would have the child
Knight of his train, to trace the forests wild;
But she perforce withholds the loved boy,
Crowns him with flowers and makes him all her joy:
And now they never meet in grove or green,



By fountain clear, or spangled starlight sheen,
But, they do square, that all their elves for fear
Creep into acorn-cups and hide them there.

FAIRY

Either I mistake your shape and making quite,
Or else you are that shrewd and knavish sprite
Call'd Robin Goodfellow: are not you he
That frights the maidens of the villagery;
Skim milk, and sometimes labour in the quern
And bootless make the breathless housewife churn;
And sometime make the drink to bear no barm;
Mislead night-wanderers, laughing at their harm?
Those that Hobgoblin call you and sweet Puck,
You do their work, and they shall have good luck:
Are not you he?

PUCK

Thou speak'st aright;
I am that merry wanderer of the night.
I jest to Oberon and make him smile
When I a fat and bean-fed horse beguile,
Neighing in likeness of a filly foal:
And sometime lurk I in a gossip's bowl,
In very likeness of a roasted crab,
And when she drinks, against her lips I bob
And on her wither'd dewlap pour the ale.
The wisest aunt, telling the saddest tale,
Sometime for three-foot stool mistaketh me;
Then slip I from her bum, down topples she,
And 'tailor' cries, and falls into a cough;
And then the whole quire hold their hips and laugh,
And waxen in their mirth and neeze and swear
A merrier hour was never wasted there.
But, room, fairy! here comes Oberon.

FAIRY

And here my mistress. Would that he were gone!

Enter, from one side, OBERON, with his train; from the other, TITANIA, with hers

OBERON

Ill met by moonlight, proud Titania.

TITANIA

What, jealous Oberon! Fairies, skip hence:
I have forsworn his bed and company.

OBERON

Tarry, rash wanton: am not I thy lord?



TITANIA

Then I must be thy lady: but I know
When thou hast stolen away from fairy land,
And in the shape of Corin sat all day,
Playing on pipes of corn and versing love
To amorous Phillida. Why art thou here,
Come from the farthest Steppe of India?
But that, forsooth, the bouncing Amazon,
Your buskin'd mistress and your warrior love,
To Theseus must be wedded, and you come
To give their bed joy and prosperity.

OBERON

How canst thou thus for shame, Titania,
Glance at my credit with Hippolyta,
Knowing I know thy love to Theseus?
Didst thou not lead him through the glimmering night
From Perigenia, whom he ravished?
And make him with fair Aegle break his faith,
With Ariadne and Antiopa?

TITANIA

These are the forgeries of jealousy:
And never, since the middle summer's spring,
Met we on hill, in dale, forest or mead,
By paved fountain or by rushy brook,
Or in the beached margent of the sea,
To dance our ringlets to the whistling wind,
But with thy brawls thou hast disturb'd our sport.
Therefore the winds, piping to us in vain,
As in revenge, have suck'd up from the sea
Contagious fogs; which falling in the land
Have every pelting river made so proud
That they have overborne their continents.
And thorough this distemperature we see
The seasons alter: hoary-headed frosts
Far in the fresh lap of the crimson rose,
And on old Hiems' thin and icy crown
An odorous chaplet of sweet summer buds
Is, as in mockery, set: the spring, the summer,
The childing autumn, angry winter, change
Their wonted liveries, and the mazed world,
By their increase, now knows not which is which:
And this same progeny of evils comes
From our debate, from our dissension;
We are their parents and original.

OBERON



Do you amend it then; it lies in you:
Why should Titania cross her Oberon?
I do but beg a little changeling boy,
To be my henchman.

TITANIA

Set your heart at rest:
The fairy land buys not the child of me.
His mother was a votaress of my order:
And, in the spiced Indian air, by night,
Full often hath she gossip'd by my side,
And sat with me on Neptune's yellow sands,
Marking the embarked traders on the flood,
When we have laugh'd to see the sails conceive
And grow big-bellied with the wanton wind;
But she, being mortal, of that boy did die;
And for her sake do I rear up her boy,
And for her sake I will not part with him.

OBERON

How long within this wood intend you stay?

TITANIA

Perchance till after Theseus' wedding-day.
If you will patiently dance in our round
And see our moonlight revels, go with us;
If not, shun me, and I will spare your haunts.

OBERON

Give me that boy, and I will go with thee.

TITANIA

Not for thy fairy kingdom. Fairies, away!
We shall chide downright, if I longer stay.

Exit TITANIA with her train

OBERON

Well, go thy way: thou shalt not from this grove
Till I torment thee for this injury.
My gentle Puck, come hither. Thou rememberest
Since once I sat upon a promontory,
And heard a mermaid on a dolphin's back
Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath
That the rude sea grew civil at her song
And certain stars shot madly from their spheres,
To hear the sea-maid's music.

PUCK

I remember.

**OBERON**

That very time I saw, but thou couldst not,
Flying between the cold moon and the earth,
Cupid all arm'd: a certain aim he took
At a fair vestal throned by the west,
And loosed his love-shaft smartly from his bow,
As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts.
Yet mark'd I where the bolt of Cupid fell:
It fell upon a little western flower,
Before milk-white, now purple with love's wound,
And maidens call it love-in-idleness.
Fetch me that flower; the herb I shew'd thee once:
The juice of it on sleeping eye-lids laid
Will make or man or woman madly dote
Upon the next live creature that it sees.
Fetch me this herb; and be thou here again
Ere the leviathan can swim a league.

PUCK

I'll put a girdle round about the earth
In forty minutes.

Exit

OBERON

Having once this juice,
I'll watch Titania when she is asleep,
And drop the liquor of it in her eyes.
The next thing then she waking looks upon,
Be it on lion, bear, or wolf, or bull,
On meddling monkey, or on busy ape,
She shall pursue it with the soul of love.



A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM

ACT 3, SC 1 – THE WOOD AT NIGHT

Enter fearfully QUINCE, SNUG, BOTTOM, FLUTE, SNOOT, and STARVELING – it's a dark night in a scary wood and they are a long way from home.

BOTTOM

Are we all met?

QUINCE

Pat, pat; and here's a marvellous convenient place for our rehearsal.

BOTTOM

Peter Quince?

QUINCE

What sayest thou, bully Bottom?

BOTTOM

There are things in this comedy of "Pyramus and Thisby" that will never please. First, Pyramus must draw a sword to kill himself -

SNUG

Which the ladies cannot abide!

BOTTOM

How answer you that?

SNOOT

By'r lakin, a parlous fear.

STARVELING

I believe we must leave the killing out, when all is done.

BOTTOM

Not a whit: Write me a prologue; and let the prologue seem to say, we will do no harm with our swords, and that Pyramus is not killed indeed.

SNUG

This will put them out of fear!

QUINCE

Well, we will have such a prologue.

SNOOT

Will not the ladies be afeard of the lion?

STARVELING

I fear it, I promise you.

BOTTOM

Masters, you ought to consider with yourselves: to bring in--God shield us!--a lion among ladies, is a most dreadful thing.



SNOUT

Therefore another prologue must tell he is not a lion.

BOTTOM

Nay! Half his face must be seen through the lion's neck: and he himself must speak through, saying thus, 'Ladies,'-

SNUG

Or 'Fair-ladies -

BOTTOM

I would wish You,'-

SNUG

Or 'I would entreat you,-

BOTTOM

Not to fear, if you think I come hither as a lion, it were pity of my life: no I am no such thing.

I am a man –

SNUG

As other men are -

BOTTOM

And there indeed let him name his name, and tell them plainly he is Snug the joiner.

QUINCE

Well it shall be so. But there is two hard things; that is, to bring the moonlight into a chamber; for, you know, Pyramus and Thisby meet by moonlight.

SNOUT

Doth the moon shine that night we play our play?

BOTTOM

A calendar, a calendar!

STARVLING

Look in the almanac; find out moonshine, find out moonshine.

QUINCE

Yes, it doth shine that night.

STARVELING

Why, then may you leave a casement of the great chamber window, where we play, open -

BOTTOM

And the moon may shine in at the casement.

QUINCE

Ay; or else one must come in with a bush of thorns and a lantern -

STARVELING

And say he comes to disfigure, or to present, the person of Moonshine.

QUINCE

Then, there is another thing: we must have a wall in the great chamber; for Pyramus and Thisby says the story, did talk through the chink of a wall.

SNOUT

You can never bring in a wall. What say you, Bottom?

BOTTOM

Some man or other must present Wall –

STARVELING

And let him have some plaster –



SNUG

Or some loam -

SNOUT

Or some rough-cast about him -

STARVELING, SNUG & SNOUT

To signify wall!

BOTTOM

And let him hold his fingers thus, and through that cranny shall Pyramus and Thisby whisper.

QUINCE

If that may be, then all is well. Come, sit down, every mother's son, and rehearse your parts. Pyramus, you begin: when you have spoken your speech, enter into that brake: and so everyone according to his cue.

Enter PUCK behind

PUCK

What hempen home-spuns have we swaggering here?

What, a play toward! I'll be an auditor;

An actor too, perhaps, if I see cause.

QUINCE

Speak, Pyramus. Thisby, stand forth.

BOTTOM

Thisby, the flowers of odious savours sweet,--

QUINCE

Odours, odours!

BOTTOM

--odours savours sweet:

So hath thy breath, my dearest Thisby dear.

But hark, a voice! Stay thou but here awhile,

And by and by I will to thee appear.

Exit

PUCK

A stranger Pyramus than e'er played here.

Exit

FLUTE

Must I speak now?

QUINCE

Ay, marry, must you; for you must understand he goes but to see a noise that he heard, and is to come again.

FLUTE

Most radiant Pyramus, most lily-white of hue,
Of colour like the red rose on triumphant brier,
Most brisky juvenal and eke most lovely Jew,
As true as truest horse that yet would never tire,
I'll meet thee, Pyramus, at Ninny's tomb.

QUINCE

'Ninus' tomb,' man: why, you must not speak that yet; that you answer to Pyramus: you speak all your part at once, cues and all Pyramus enter: your cue



is past; it is, 'never tire.'

FLUTE

O,--As true as truest horse, that yet would
never tire.

Re-enter PUCK, and BOTTOM with an ass's head

BOTTOM

If I were fair, Thisby, I were only thine.

QUINCE

O monstrous! O strange! we are haunted. Pray, masters! fly, masters! Help!

Exeunt QUINCE, SNUG, FLUTE, SNOUT, and STARVELING

PUCK [*frightening the actors*]

I'll follow you, I'll lead you about a round,

Through bog, through bush, through brake, through brier:

Sometime a horse I'll be, sometime a hound,

A hog, a headless bear, sometime a fire;

And neigh, and bark, and grunt, and roar, and burn,

Like horse, hound, hog, bear, fire, at every turn.

Exit

BOTTOM

Why do they run away? This is a knavery of them to make me afeard.

Re-enter SNOUT

SNOUT

O Bottom, thou art changed! What do I see on thee?

BOTTOM

What do you see? You see an asshead of your own, do you? *Exit SNOUT*

Re-enter QUINCE

QUINCE

Bless thee, Bottom! bless thee! Thou art translated.

Exit

BOTTOM

I see their knavery: this is to make an ass of me; to fright me, if they could. But I will not stir from this place, do what they can: I will walk up and down here, and I will sing, that they shall hear I am not afraid.

Sings

The ousel cock so black of hue,

With orange-tawny bill,

The throstle with his note so true,

The wren with little quill,--

Exits while singing



A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM

ACT 3, SC 2

Fairy magic turns the passionate love of Lysander and Demetrius from Hermia to Helena, confusion and consternation ensues.

Enter LYSANDER and HELENA

LYSANDER

Why should you think that I should woo in scorn?

HELENA

You do advance your cunning more and more.
These vows are Hermia's: will you give her o'er?

LYSANDER

I had no judgment when to her I swore.

HELENA

Nor none, in my mind, now you give her o'er.

LYSANDER

Demetrius loves her, and he loves not you.

DEMETRIUS

[*Awaking*] O Helena, goddess, nymph, perfect, divine!
To what, my love, shall I compare thine eyne?
Thy lips, those kissing cherries, tempting grow!

HELENA

O spite! O hell! I see you all are bent
To set against me for your merriment.
Can you not hate me, as I know you do,
But you must join in souls to mock me too?

LYSANDER

You are unkind, Demetrius; be not so;
For you love Hermia; this you know I know:
And here, with all good will, with all my heart,
In Hermia's love I yield you up my part.

HELENA

Never did mockers waste more idle breath.

DEMETRIUS

Lysander, keep thy Hermia; I will none:
If e'er I loved her, all that love is gone.

HERMIA

Thou art not by mine eye, Lysander, found;
Mine ear, I thank it, brought me to thy sound
But why unkindly didst thou leave me so?

LYSANDER

Why should he stay, whom love doth press to go?

HERMIA

What love could press Lysander from my side?

LYSANDER

Enter HERMIA



Lysander's love, that would not let him bide.
Why seek'st thou me? Could not this make thee know,
The hate I bear thee made me leave thee so?

HERMIA

You speak not as you think: it cannot be.

HELENA

Lo, she is one of this confederacy!
Injurious Hermia! Most ungrateful maid!

HERMIA

I am amazed at your passionate words.

HELENA

Have you not set Lysander, as in scorn,
To follow me and praise my eyes and face?
And made your other love, Demetrius,
Who even but now did spurn me with his foot,
To call me goddess, nymph, divine and rare,
Precious, celestial?

HERMIA

I understand not what you mean by this.

HELENA

Wink each at other; hold the sweet jest up.

LYSANDER

Stay, gentle Helena; hear my excuse:
My love, my life my soul, fair Helena!

HELENA

O excellent!

HERMIA

Sweet, do not scorn her so.

DEMETRIUS

If she cannot entreat, I can compel.

LYSANDER

Thou canst compel no more than she entreat.
Helen, I love thee; by my life, I do:
I swear by that which I will lose for thee,
To prove him false that says I love thee not.

DEMETRIUS

I say I love thee more than she can do.

LYSANDER

If thou say so, withdraw, and prove it too.

DEMETRIUS

Quick, come!

HERMIA

Lysander, whereto tends all this?

LYSANDER

Away, you octopus!

DEMETRIUS

No, no; he'll

Seem to break loose; but yet come not.

LYSANDER



Hang off, thou cat, thou burr! Vile thing, let loose,
Or I will shake thee from me like a serpent!

HERMIA

Why are you grown so rude? What change is this?

Sweet love,--

LYSANDER

Thy love!?! Out, tawny tyrant, out!

Out, loathed medicine! Hated potion, hence!

LYSANDER

Demetrius, I will keep my word with thee.

DEMETRIUS

I would I had your bond, for I perceive

A weak bond holds you. I'll not trust your word.

LYSANDER

What, should I hurt her? Strike her? Kill her dead?

Although I hate her, I'll not harm her so.

HERMIA

What, can you do me greater harm than hate?

Am not I Hermia? Are not you Lysander?

Since night you loved me; yet since night you left me:

Why, then you left me--O, the gods forbid!--

In earnest, shall I say?

LYSANDER

Ay, by my life;

And never did desire to see thee more.

Therefore be out of hope, of question, of doubt;

That I do hate thee and love Helena.

HERMIA

O me! You juggler! You canker-blossom!

You thief of love! What, have you come by night

And stolen my love's heart from her?

HELENA

Fine, i'faith!

Fie, fie! You counterfeit, you puppet, you!

HERMIA

Puppet? Why so? Ay, that way goes the game.

Now I perceive that she hath made compare

Between our statures; she hath urged her height;

How low am I? I am not yet so low

But that my nails can reach unto thine eyes.

HELENA

I pray you, though you mock me, gentlemen,

Let her not hurt me. You perhaps may think,

Because she is something lower than myself,

That I can match her.

HERMIA

Lower!?! Hark, again!

HELENA

Good Hermia, do not be so bitter with me.

To Athens will I bear my folly back



And follow you no further: let me go:
You see how simple and how fond I am.

HERMIA

Why, get you gone: who is't that hinders you?

HELENA

A foolish heart, that I leave here behind.

HERMIA

What, with Lysander?

HELENA

With Demetrius.

LYSANDER

Be not afraid; she shall not harm thee, Helena.

DEMETRIUS

No, sir, she shall not, though you take her part.

HELENA

O, when she's angry, she is keen and shrewd!

And though she be but little, she is fierce.

HERMIA

'Little' again! Nothing but 'low' and 'little'!

Let me come to her.

LYSANDER

Get you gone, you dwarf;

You bead, you acorn.

DEMETRIUS

Speak not for Helena;

Take not her part; for, if thou dost intend

Never so little show of love to her,

Thou shalt aby it.

LYSANDER

Now she holds me not;

Now follow, if thou darest, to try whose right,

Of thine or mine, is most in Helena.

DEMETRIUS

Follow!?! Nay, I'll go with thee, cheek by jowl.

HERMIA

You, mistress, all this coil is 'long of you:

Nay, go not back.

HELENA

I will not trust you, I.

Your hands than mine are quicker for a fray,

My legs are longer though, to run away.

HERMIA

I am amazed, and know not what to say.

Exit LYSANDER and DEMETRIUS

Exit

Exit



AS YOU LIKE IT

ACT 1, SC 2 – LAWN BEFORE DUKE'S PALACE

Rosalind's father has been exiled by and her cousin Celia's father. They are sad and a bit bored until they watch the young Orlando, an amateur wrestler, defeat the champion, Charles. Celia's father, Duke Frederick, is displeased with Orlando's parentage – he was a friend of Rosalind's father. Rosalind and Orlando fall in love with each other.

This scene has been heavily edited for time – make sure you read the full text to make your performances as rich as they can be.

Once exciting challenge here is: 'How to present the wrestling match?'. It can be on stage, off stage, hinted at, symbolically done....there are many options, try a few and see which you like best.

Enter CELIA and ROSALIND

CELIA

I pray thee, Rosalind, sweet my coz, be merry.

ROSALIND

Dear Celia, I show more mirth than I am mistress of; and would you yet I were merrier? Unless you could teach me to forget a banished father, you must not learn me how to remember any extraordinary pleasure.

CELIA

Herein I see thou lovest me not with the full weight that I love thee. If my uncle, thy banished father, had banished thy uncle, the duke my father, so thou hadst been still with me, I could have taught my love to take thy father for mine: so wouldst thou, if the truth of thy love to me were so righteously tempered as mine is to thee.

ROSALIND

Well, I will forget the condition of my estate, to rejoice in yours.

CELIA

You know my father hath no child but I, nor none is like to have: and, truly, when he dies, thou shalt be his heir, for what he hath taken away from thy father perforce, I will render thee again in affection; by mine honour, I will; and when I break that oath, let me turn monster: therefore, my sweet Rose, my dear Rose, be merry.

ROSALIND

From henceforth I will, coz, and devise sports. Let me see; what think you of falling in love?



Here comes Monsieur Le Beau.

ROSALIND

With his mouth full of news.

CELIA

Which he will put on us, as pigeons feed their young.

Enter LE BEAU

Bon jour, Monsieur Le Beau: what's the news?

LE BEAU

Fair princess, you have lost much good sport.

CELIA

Sport! Of what colour?

LE BEAU

Good wrestling, which you have lost the sight of.

ROSALIND

You tell us the manner of the wrestling.

LE BEAU

I will tell you the beginning; and, if it please your ladyships, you may see the end; for here, where you are, they are coming to perform it.

CELIA

Well, the beginning...

LE BEAU

There comes an old man and his three sons. The eldest of the three wrestled with Charles, the duke's wrestler; which Charles in a moment threw him and broke three of his ribs, that there is little hope of life in him: so he served the second, and so the third. Yonder they lie; the poor old man, their father, making such pitiful dole over them that all the beholders take his part with weeping.

ROSALIND

Alas! Thus men may grow wiser every day: it is the first time that ever I heard breaking of ribs was sport for ladies.

CELIA

Or I, I promise thee.

ROSALIND

Shall we see this wrestling, cousin?

LE BEAU

You must, if you stay here; for here is the place appointed for the wrestling, and they are ready to perform it.

CELIA

Yonder, sure, they are coming: let us now stay and see it.



Flourish. Enter DUKE FREDERICK, Lords, ORLANDO, CHARLES, and Attendants

DUKE FREDERICK

Come on: since the youth will not be entreated, his own peril on his forwardness.

ROSALIND

Is yonder the man?

LE BEAU

Even he, madam.

CELIA

Alas, he is too young! Yet he looks successfully.

DUKE FREDERICK

How now, daughter and cousin! Are you crept hither to see the wrestling?

ROSALIND

Ay, my liege, so please you give us leave.

DUKE FREDERICK

You will take little delight in it, I can tell you; there is such odds in the man. In pity of the challenger's youth I would fain dissuade him, but he will not be entreated. Speak to him, ladies; see if you can move him.

CELIA

Young gentleman, your spirits are too bold for your years. You have seen cruel proof of this man's strength. We pray you, for your own sake, to embrace your own safety and give over this attempt.

ROSALIND

Do, young sir; your reputation shall not therefore be misprised: we will make it our suit to the duke that the wrestling might not go forward.

ORLANDO

I beseech you, punish me not with your hard thoughts; wherein I confess me much guilty, to deny so fair and excellent ladies anything. But let your fair eyes and gentle wishes go with me to my trial: wherein if I be foiled, there is but one shamed that was never gracious; if killed, but one dead that was willing to be so.

ROSALIND

The little strength that I have, I would it were with you.

CELIA

And mine, to eke out hers.

ROSALIND

Fare you well: pray heaven I be deceived in you!

CELIA

Your heart's desires be with you!

CHARLES



Come, where is this young gallant that is so desirous to lie with his mother earth?

ORLANDO

Ready, sir; but his will hath in it a more modest working.

DUKE FREDERICK

You shall try but one fall.

CHARLES

No, I warrant your grace, you shall not entreat him to a second, that have so mightily persuaded him from a first.

ORLANDO

An you mean to mock me after, you should not have mocked me before: but come your ways.

ROSALIND

Now Hercules be thy speed, young man!

CELIA

I would I were invisible, to catch the strong fellow by the leg.

They wrestle

ROSALIND

O excellent young man!

CELIA

If I had a thunderbolt in mine eye, I can tell who should down.

Shout. CHARLES is thrown

DUKE FREDERICK

No more, no more.

ORLANDO

Yes, I beseech your grace: I am not yet well breathed.

DUKE FREDERICK

How dost thou, Charles?

LE BEAU

He cannot speak, my lord.

DUKE FREDERICK

Bear him away. What is thy name, young man?

ORLANDO

Orlando, my liege; the youngest son of Sir Rowland de Boys.

DUKE FREDERICK

I would thou hadst been son to some man else:
The world esteem'd thy father honourable,
But I did find him still mine enemy:



Thou shouldst have better pleased me with this deed,
Hadst thou descended from another house.
But fare thee well; thou art a gallant youth:
I would thou hadst told me of another father.

Exeunt DUKE FREDERICK, train, and LE BEAU

CELIA

Were I my father, coz, would I do this?

ORLANDO

I am more proud to be Sir Rowland's son,
His youngest son; and would not change that calling,
To be adopted heir to Frederick.

ROSALIND

My father loved Sir Rowland as his soul,
And all the world was of my father's mind.

CELIA

Gentle cousin,
Let us go thank him and encourage him:
My father's rough and envious disposition
Sticks me at heart.

ROSALIND

Gentleman,

Giving him a chain from her neck

Wear this for me, one out of suits with fortune,
That could give more, but that her hand lacks means.
Shall we go, coz?

CELIA

Ay. Fare you well, fair gentleman.

ORLANDO

Can I not say, I thank you? My better parts
Are all thrown down, and that which here stands up
Is but a quintain, a mere lifeless block.

ROSALIND

He calls us back. Did you call, sir?
Sir, you have wrestled well and overthrown
More than your enemies.

CELIA

Will you go, coz?

ROSALIND



Have with you. Fare you well.

Exeunt ROSALIND and CELIA

ORLANDO

What passion hangs these weights upon my tongue?
I cannot speak to her, yet she urged conference.
O poor Orlando, thou art overthrown!

Exit



AS YOU LIKE IT

ACT 3, SC 5 – THE FOREST OF ARDEN

Enter SILVIUS and PHEBE running

SILVIUS

Sweet Phebe, do not scorn me; do not, Phebe;
Say that you love me not, but say not so
In bitterness.

Enter ROSALIND, CELIA, and CORIN, behind

PHEBE

I would not be thy executioner:
I fly thee, for I would not injure thee.
Thou tell'st me there is murder in mine eye:
I am sure, there is no force in my eyes
That can do hurt.

SILVIUS

O dear Phebe,
If ever,--as that ever may be near,--
You meet in some fresh cheek the power of fancy,
Then shall you know the wounds invisible
That love's keen arrows make.

PHEBE

But till that time
Come not thou near me: and when that time comes,
Afflict me with thy mocks, pity me not;
As till that time I shall not pity thee.

ROSALIND

And why, I pray you? Who might be your mother,
That you insult, exult, and all at once,
Over the wretched?
You foolish shepherd, wherefore do you follow her,
Like foggy south puffing with wind and rain?
You are a thousand times a properer man
Than she a woman: 'tis such fools as you
That makes the world full of ill-favour'd children.
But, mistress, know yourself: down on your knees,
And thank heaven, fasting, for a good man's love:
For I must tell you friendly in your ear,
Sell when you can: you are not for all markets.

PHEBE



Sweet youth, I pray you, chide a year together:
I had rather hear you chide than this man woo.

ROSALIND

I pray you, do not fall in love with me,
For I am falser than vows made in wine:
Besides, I like you not. Shepherd, ply her hard.
Shepherdess, look on him better, and be not proud.

Exeunt ROSALIND

PHEBE

Dead Shepherd, now I find thy saw of might,
'Who ever loved that loved not at first sight?'

SILVIUS

Sweet Phebe,--

PHEBE

Ha, what say'st thou, Silvius?

SILVIUS

Sweet Phebe, pity me.

PHEBE

Know'st now the youth that spoke to me erewhile?

SILVIUS

Not very well, but I have met him oft.

PHEBE

Think not I love him, though I ask for him.
It is a pretty youth: not very pretty:
But, sure, he's proud, and yet his pride becomes him.
He is not very tall; yet for his years he's tall.
There be some women, Silvius, had they mark'd him
In parcels as I did, would have gone near
To fall in love with him; but, for my part,
I love him not nor hate him not; and yet
He said mine eyes were black and my hair black:
And, now I am remember'd, scorn'd at me:
I marvel why I answer'd not again.
I'll write to him a very taunting letter,
And thou shalt bear it: wilt thou, Silvius?

SILVIUS

Phebe, with all my heart.

PHEBE

I'll write it straight;
The matter's in my head and in my heart:
I will be bitter with him and passing short.
Go with me, Silvius.

Exeunt



HAMLET

ACT 1, SC 1

Elsinore. A platform before the castle. *FRANCISCO* at his post. *Enter to him BERNARDO*

BERNARDO

Who's there?

FRANCISCO

Nay, answer me: stand, and unfold yourself.

BERNARDO

Long live the king!

FRANCISCO

Bernardo?

BERNARDO

He.

FRANCISCO

You come most carefully upon your hour.

BERNARDO

'Tis now struck twelve; get thee to bed, Francisco.

FRANCISCO

For this relief much thanks: 'tis bitter cold,

And I am sick at heart.

BERNARDO

Have you had quiet guard?

FRANCISCO

Not a mouse stirring.

BERNARDO

Well, good night.

If you do meet Horatio and Marcellus,

The rivals of my watch, bid them make haste.

FRANCISCO

I think I hear them. Stand, ho! Who's there?

HORATIO

Friends to this ground.

MARCELLUS

And liegemen to the Dane.

FRANCISCO

Give you good night.

MARCELLUS

O, farewell, honest soldier:

Who hath relieved you?

FRANCISCO

Bernardo has my place.

Give you good night.

MARCELLUS

Holla! Bernardo!

BERNARDO

Enter HORATIO and MARCELLUS

Exit



Say, is Horatio there?

HORATIO

A piece of him.

BERNARDO

Welcome, Horatio. Welcome, good Marcellus.

MARCELLUS

What, has this thing appear'd again to-night?

BERNARDO

I have seen nothing.

MARCELLUS

Horatio says 'tis but our fantasy:

Therefore I have entreated him along

That if again this apparition come,

He may approve our eyes and speak to it.

HORATIO

Tush, tush, 'twill not appear.

BERNARDO

Sit down awhile;

And let us once again assail your ears,

That are so fortified against our story

What we have two nights seen.

HORATIO

Well, sit we down,

And let us hear Bernardo speak of this.

BERNARDO

Last night of all,

When yond same star that's westward from the pole

Had made his course to illume that part of heaven

Where now it burns, Marcellus and myself,

The bell then beating one,--

Enter Ghost

MARCELLUS

Peace, break thee off. Look, where it comes again!

BERNARDO

In the same figure, like the king that's dead.

MARCELLUS

Thou art a scholar; speak to it, Horatio.

HORATIO

What art thou? By heaven I charge thee, speak!

MARCELLUS

It is offended.

BERNARDO

See, it stalks away!

HORATIO

Stay! Speak! Speak! I charge thee, speak!

Stay, and speak! Stop it, Marcellus.

MARCELLUS

Shall I strike at it with my partisan?

HORATIO

Do, if it will not stand.



BERNARDO 'Tis here!

HORATIO 'Tis here!

MARCELLUS

'Tis gone!

We do it wrong, being so majestic,
To offer it the show of violence.

HORATIO

But, look, the morn, in russet mantle clad,
Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastward hill.
Let us impart what we have seen to-night
Unto young Hamlet; for, upon my life,
This spirit, dumb to us, will speak to him.

Exit Ghost



HAMLET

ACT 3, SC 2

HAMLET – playing a recorder
GUILDENSTERN

Enter ROSENCRANTZ and

GUILDENSTERN

Good my lord, vouchsafe me a word with you.

HAMLET

Sir, a whole history.

GUILDENSTERN

The queen, your mother, in most great affliction of spirit, hath sent me to you.

HAMLET

You are welcome.

GUILDENSTERN

Nay, good my lord, this courtesy is not of the right breed. If it shall please you to make me a wholesome answer, I will do your mother's commandment: if not, your pardon and my return shall be the end of my business.

HAMLET

Sir, I cannot.

GUILDENSTERN

What, my lord?

HAMLET

Make you a wholesome answer; my wit's diseased: but, sir, such answer as I can make, you shall command; or, rather, as you say, my mother: therefore no more, but to the matter: my mother, you say,--

ROSENCRANTZ

Then thus she says; your behavior hath struck her into amazement and admiration.

HAMLET

O wonderful son, that can so astonish a mother!

ROSENCRANTZ

She desires to speak with you in her closet, ere you go to bed.

HAMLET

We shall obey, were she ten times our mother. Have you any further trade with us?

ROSENCRANTZ

My lord, you once did love me.

HAMLET

So I do still, by these pickers and stealers.

ROSENCRANTZ

Good my lord, what is your cause of distemper? You do, surely, bar the door upon your own liberty, if you deny your griefs to your friend.



HAMLET

Will you play upon this pipe?

GUILDENSTERN

My lord, I cannot.

HAMLET

I pray you.

GUILDENSTERN

Believe me, I cannot.

HAMLET

I do beseech you.

GUILDENSTERN

I know no touch of it, my lord.

HAMLET

'Tis as easy as lying: govern these ventages with your fingers and thumb, give it breath with your mouth, and it will discourse most eloquent music. Look you, these are the stops.

GUILDENSTERN

But these cannot I command to any utterance of harmony; I have not the skill.

HAMLET

Why, look you now, how unworthy a thing you make of me! You would play upon me; you would seem to know my stops; you would pluck out the heart of my mystery; you would sound me from my lowest note to the top of my compass: and there is much music, excellent voice, in this little organ; yet cannot you make it speak. 'Sblood, do you think I am easier to be played on than a pipe? You cannot play upon me.



HENRY IV | PART ONE

ACT 1, SC 3

KING HENRY IV

Why, yet he doth deny his prisoners,
But with proviso and exception,
That we at our own charge shall ransom straight
His brother-in-law, the foolish Mortimer;
Who, on my soul, hath wilfully betray'd
The lives of those that he did lead to fight
Against that great magician, damn'd Glendower,
Whose daughter, as we hear, Mortimer
Hath lately married. Shall our coffers, then,
Be emptied to redeem a traitor home?
No, on the barren mountains let him starve;
For I shall never hold that man my friend
Whose tongue shall ask me for one penny cost
To ransom home revolted Mortimer.

HOTSPUR

Revolted Mortimer!
He never did fall off, my sovereign liege,
But by the chance of war; to prove that true
Needs no more but one tongue for all those wounds,
Those mouthed wounds, which valiantly he took
When on the gentle Severn's sedgy bank,
In single opposition, hand to hand,
He did confound the best part of an hour
In changing hardiment with great Glendower.
Then let not him be slander'd with revolt.

KING HENRY IV

Thou dost belie him, Percy, thou dost belie him;
He never did encounter with Glendower:
I tell thee. But, sirrah, henceforth
Let me not hear you speak of Mortimer:
Send me your prisoners with the speediest means,
Or you shall hear in such a kind from me
As will displease you. My Lord Northumberland,
We licence your departure with your son.
Send us your prisoners, or you will hear of it.

Exeunt King Henry, Blunt, and train

HOTSPUR



An if the devil come and roar for them,
I will not send them.

NORTHUMBERLAND

What, drunk with choler? Stay and pause awhile:
Here comes your uncle.

Re-enter WORCESTER

HOTSPUR

Speak of Mortimer!
'Zounds, I will speak of him; and let my soul
Want mercy, if I do not join with him:
Yea, I will lift the down-trod Mortimer
As high in the air as this unthankful king,
As this ingrate and canker'd Bolingbroke.

NORTHUMBERLAND

Brother, the king hath made your nephew mad.

EARL OF WORCESTER

Who struck this heat up after I was gone?

HOTSPUR

He will, forsooth, have all my prisoners;
And when I urged the ransom once again
Of my wife's brother, then his cheek look'd pale,
And on my face he turn'd an eye of death,
Trembling even at the name of Mortimer.

EARL OF WORCESTER

I cannot blame him: was not Mortimer proclaim'd
By King Richard that is dead the next king?

NORTHUMBERLAND

He was; I heard the proclamation.

HOTSPUR

But soft, I pray you; did King Richard then
Proclaim my wife's brother, Edmund Mortimer,
Heir to the crown?

NORTHUMBERLAND

He did; myself did hear it.

HOTSPUR

Nay, then I cannot blame this Bolingbroke,
That wished him on the barren mountains starve.
But shall it be that you, that set the crown
Upon the head of this forgetful man,
Revenge the jeering and disdain'd contempt
Of this proud king? He studies day and night
To answer all the debt he owes to you,
Even with the bloody payment of your deaths.
Therefore, I say--

**EARL OF WORCESTER**

Peace, cousin, say no more:
And now I will unclasp a secret book,
And read you matter deep and dangerous.

HOTSPUR

Send danger from the east unto the west,
So honour cross it from the north to south,
And let them grapple: O, the blood more stirs
To rouse a lion than to start a hare!

NORTHUMBERLAND

Imagination of some great exploit
Drives him beyond the bounds of patience.

HOTSPUR

By heaven, methinks it were an easy leap,
To pluck bright honour from the pale-faced moon,
Or dive into the bottom of the deep,
And pluck up drowned honour by the locks!

EARL OF WORCESTER

Good cousin, give me audience for a while.

HOTSPUR

I cry you mercy.

EARL OF WORCESTER

Those same noble Scots
That are your prisoners,--

HOTSPUR

I'll keep them all;
By God, he shall not have a Scot of them;
No, if a Scot would save his soul, he shall not:
I'll keep them, by this hand.

EARL OF WORCESTER

You start away
And lend no ear unto my purposes.
Those prisoners you shall keep.

HOTSPUR

Nay, I will; that's flat:
He said he would not ransom Mortimer;
Forbad my tongue to speak of Mortimer;
But I will find him when he lies asleep,
And in his ear I'll holla 'Mortimer!'
Nay,
I'll have a starling shall be taught to speak
Nothing but 'Mortimer,' and give it him
To keep his anger still in motion.

EARL OF WORCESTER

Hear you, cousin; a word.

HOTSPUR



All studies here I solemnly defy,
Save how to gall and pinch this Bolingbroke.

EARL OF WORCESTER

Farewell, kinsman: I'll talk to you
When you are better temper'd to attend.

NORTHUMBERLAND

Why, what a wasp-stung and impatient fool
Art thou to break into this woman's mood,
Tying thine ear to no tongue but thine own!

HOTSPUR

Why, look you, I am whipp'd and scourged with rods,
Nettled and stung with pismires, when I hear
Of this vile politician, Bolingbroke.
God forgive me!
Good uncle, tell your tale; I have done.

EARL OF WORCESTER

Nay, if you have not, to it again;
We will stay your leisure.

HOTSPUR

I have done, i' faith.

EARL OF WORCESTER

Then once more to your Scottish prisoners.
Deliver them up without their ransom straight,
And make the Douglas your only means
For powers in Scotland.

To Northumberland

Your son in Scotland being thus employ'd,
You shall secretly visit the archbishop -

HOTSPUR

Of York, is it not?

EARL OF WORCESTER

True. Who bears hard his brother's death.
I speak not this in estimation,
As what I think might be, but what I know
Only stays that occasion that shall bring it on.

HOTSPUR

I smell it: upon my life, it will do well.

NORTHUMBERLAND

Before the game is afoot, thou still let'st slip.

EARL OF WORCESTER

I'll steal to Glendower and Lord Mortimer;
Where you and Douglas and our powers at once,
As I will fashion it, shall happily meet,
To bear our fortunes in our own strong arms.



HOTSPUR

Why, it cannot choose but be a noble plot;
And then the power of Scotland and of York,
To join with Mortimer, ha?

EARL OF WORCESTER

And so they shall.

HOTSPUR

In faith, it is exceedingly well aim'd.

EARL OF WORCESTER

And 'tis no little reason bids us speed;
For, the king will always think him in our debt,
Till he hath found a time to pay us home:
And see already how he doth begin
To make us strangers to his looks of love.

HOTSPUR

He does, he does! We'll be revenged on him.

EARL OF WORCESTER

Cousin, farewell: no further go in this
Than I by letters shall direct your course.

NORTHUMBERLAND

Farewell, good brother. We shall thrive, I trust.

HOTSPUR

Uncle, Adieu: O, let the hours be short
Till fields and blows and groans applaud our sport!

Exeunt



HENRY IV | PART ONE

ACT 1, SC 3 – THE PALACE

INFORMATION ABOUT THE SCENE:

Northumberland and Warwick helped put King Henry on the throne, by deposing King Richard [who King Henry then had killed].

In a victorious battle with the Scots the hot-headed and valiant knight, Hotspur, Northumberland's son and Warwick's nephew, has taken prisoners that King Henry demands Hotspur hand over. Hotspur refuses, unless King Henry ransom Hotspur's cousin, Lord Mortimer, who was captured in a different battle with the Welsh.

King Henry doesn't want to ransom Mortimer because King Richard [who he replaced as king] had announced Mortimer [and not Henry] should be the next king when Richard died.

Hotspur is exploding with rage and his father and uncle try to calm him down so that his insults aren't heard by the king and get him into even more trouble – they then try to explain that they have a plan to kick King Henry off the throne too, but they are worried that he will reveal the plan.

Hotspur swings between explosions of rage and dreams of being a noble knight and can barely stop and listen to his wiser, devious relatives as they try to get him to shut up for a second and listen to their secret plot.

HOTSPUR

An if the devil come and roar for them,
I will not send my prisoners: I will after straight
And tell him so.

NORTHUMBERLAND

What, drunk with choler? Stay and pause awhile:
Here comes your uncle.

Re-enter WORCESTER

HOTSPUR

Speak of Mortimer!

'Zounds, I will speak of him.

NORTHUMBERLAND

Brother, the king hath made your nephew mad.

EARL OF WORCESTER

Who struck this heat up after I was gone?

HOTSPUR

King Henry will, forsooth, have all my prisoners;
And when I urged the ransom once again
Of cousin Mortimer, then his cheek look'd pale,
Trembling even at the name of Mortimer.



EARL OF WORCESTER

I cannot blame him: Mortimer was proclaim'd
By Richard that is dead the next of blood?

NORTHUMBERLAND

He was; I heard the proclamation.
King Richard did proclaim my brother Mortimer
Heir to the crown.

HOTSPUR

But shall it be that you, that set the crown
Upon the head of this forgetful man
Of this proud King Henry--

EARL OF WORCESTER

Peace, cousin, say no more:
And now I will unclasp a secret book,
And read you matter deep and dangerous.

HOTSPUR

Send danger from the east unto the west,
So honour cross it from the north to south,
And let them grapple: O, the blood more stirs -

NORTHUMBERLAND

Imagination of some great exploit
Drives him beyond the bounds of patience.

HOTSPUR

By heaven, methinks it were an easy leap,
To pluck bright honour from the pale-faced moon,
Or dive into the bottom of the deep,
And pluck up drowned honour by the locks!

EARL OF WORCESTER

Good cousin, give me audience for a while.

HOTSPUR

I cry you mercy.

EARL OF WORCESTER

Those same noble Scots
That are your prisoners,--

HOTSPUR

I'll keep them all;

By God, he shall not have a Scot of them;
I'll keep them, by this hand.

EARL OF WORCESTER

You start away



And lend no ear unto my purposes.
Those prisoners you shall keep.

HOTSPUR

Nay, I will; that's flat:
He said he would not ransom Mortimer;
Forbad my tongue to speak of Mortimer;
But I will find him when he lies asleep,
And in his ear I'll holla 'Mortimer!'
Nay,
I'll have a starling shall be taught to speak
Nothing but 'Mortimer,' and give it him
To keep his anger still in motion.

EARL OF WORCESTER

Hear you, cousin; a word.

HOTSPUR

All studies here I solemnly defy,
Save how to gall and pinch King Henry.

EARL OF WORCESTER

Farewell, kinsman: I'll talk to you
When you are better temper'd to attend.

NORTHUMBERLAND

Why, what a wasp-stung and impatient fool
Art thou to break into this woman's mood,
Tying thine ear to no tongue but thine own!

HOTSPUR

Why, look you, I am whipp'd and scourged with rods,
Nettled and stung with pismires, when I hear
Of this vile politician, King Henry.
O, the devil take such cozeners! God forgive me!
Good uncle, tell your tale; I have done.

EARL OF WORCESTER

Nay, if you have not, to it again;
We will stay your leisure.

HOTSPUR

I have done, i' faith.

EARL OF WORCESTER

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Deliver them up to King Henry straight,
And make the Douglas your only means
For powers in Scotland -

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I smell it: upon my life, it will do well.



NORTHUMBERLAND

Before the game is afoot, thou still let'st slip.

HOTSPUR

Why, it cannot choose but be a noble plot;
And then the power of Scotland and of ours,
To join with Mortimer, ha?

EARL OF WORCESTER

And so they shall.

HOTSPUR

In faith, it is exceedingly well aim'd.

EARL OF WORCESTER

And 'tis no little reason bids us speed,
To save our heads by cutting off the King's head;
See already how he doth begin
To make us strangers to his looks of love.

HOTSPUR

He does, he does: we'll be revenged on him.

EARL OF WORCESTER

Cousin, farewell: no further go in this
Than I by letters shall direct your course.

NORTHUMBERLAND

Farewell, good brother: we shall thrive, I trust.

HOTSPUR

Uncle, Adieu: O, let the hours be short
Till fields and blows and groans applaud our sport!

Exeunt



HENRY IV | PART ONE

ACT 2, SC 4 – FALSTAFF, HAL, POINS, AND OTHERS (7 NAMED ROLES)

Falstaff has returned empty handed from a robbery that Prince Hal had agreed to join them in. But the Prince didn't show up and another group of robbers stole the loot that Falstaff had 'fairly' stolen. He returns to the pub to castigate the cowardly Prince and excuse his own loss of the money.

Because the division of dialogue is so uneven in this script to bring this ensemble scene to life the world of the King's Head Tavern must be made vibrant with a table and chairs and some drinks. The ensemble must be active participants in the scene – echoing lines and responding to insults and adding 'orchestration' of the theatrical event. Another challenge is to use the whole stage for the action. How can you motivate the characters to move around the space so that each move is inspired by their objectives and actions and involves the ensemble as well? Think of this as almost half a dance piece as well as spoken theatre.

Enter FALSTAFF, GADSHILL, BARDOLPH, and PETO; FRANCIS following with wine

POINS

Welcome, Jack: where hast thou been?

FALSTAFF

A plague of all cowards, I say. Give me a cup of sack, boy. A plague of all cowards! Give me a cup of sack, rogue. Is there no virtue extant?

He drinks

PRINCE HENRY

How now, wool-sack! What mutter you?

FALSTAFF

A king's son! You Prince of Wales!

PRINCE HENRY

Why, you whoreson round man, what's the matter?

FALSTAFF

Are not you a coward? Answer me to that: and Poins there?

POINS

'Zounds, ye fat paunch, an ye call me coward, by the Lord, I'll stab thee.



FALSTAFF

I call thee coward! I'll see thee damned ere I call thee coward: but I would give a thousand pound I could run as fast as thou canst. You are straight enough in the shoulders, you care not who sees your back. Give me a cup of sack: I am a rogue, if I drunk to-day.

PRINCE HENRY

O villain! Thy lips are scarce wiped since thou drunkenest last.

Falstaff drinks

FALSTAFF

A plague of all cowards, still say I.

PRINCE HENRY

What's the matter?

FALSTAFF

What's the matter! There be four of us here have ta'en a thousand pound this day morning.

PRINCE HENRY

Where is it, Jack? Where is it?

FALSTAFF

Where is it! Taken from us it is: a hundred upon poor four of us.

PRINCE HENRY

What, a hundred, man?

FALSTAFF

I am a rogue, if I were not at half-sword with a dozen of them two hours together. I have 'scaped by miracle. I am eight times thrust through the doublet, four through the hose; my buckler cut through and through; my sword hacked like a hand-saw--ecce signum! A plague of all cowards! Let them speak: if they speak more or less than truth, they are villains and the sons of darkness.

PRINCE HENRY

Speak, sirs; how was it?

GADSHILL

We four set upon some dozen--

FALSTAFF

Sixteen at least, my lord.

GADSHILL

And bound them.

PETO

No, no, they were not bound.

FALSTAFF

You rogue, they were bound, every man of them.

GADSHILL



As we were sharing, some six or seven fresh men set upon us--

FALSTAFF

And unbound the rest, and then come in the other.

PRINCE HENRY

What, fought you with them all?

FALSTAFF

All! I know not what you call all; but if I fought not with fifty of them, I am a bunch of radish: if there were not two or three and fifty upon poor old Jack, then am I no two-legged creature.

PRINCE HENRY

Pray God you have not murdered some of them.

FALSTAFF

Nay, that's past praying for: I have peppered two of them; two I am sure I have paid, two rogues in buckram suits. I tell thee what, Hal, if I tell thee a lie, spit in my face, call me horse. Four rogues in buckram let drive at me--

PRINCE HENRY

What, four? Thou saidst but two even now.

FALSTAFF

Four, Hal; I told thee four.

POINS

Ay, ay, he said four.

FALSTAFF

These four came all a-front, and mainly thrust at me. I made me no more ado but took all their seven points in my target, thus.

PRINCE HENRY

Seven? Why, there were but four even now.

FALSTAFF

In buckram?

POINS

Ay, four, in buckram suits.

FALSTAFF

Seven, by these hilts, or I am a villain else.

PRINCE HENRY

Prithee, let him alone; we shall have more anon.

FALSTAFF

Dost thou hear me, Hal?

PRINCE HENRY

Ay, and mark thee too, Jack.

FALSTAFF



Do so, for it is worth the listening to. These nine in buckram that I told thee of--

PRINCE HENRY

So, two more already.

FALSTAFF

Their points being broken-

POINS

Down fell their hose.

FALSTAFF

Began to give me ground: but I followed me close, came in foot and hand; and with a thought seven of the eleven I paid.

PRINCE HENRY

O monstrous! Eleven buckram men grown out of two!

FALSTAFF

But, as the devil would have it, three misbegotten knaves in Kendal green came at my back and let drive at me; for it was so dark, Hal, that thou couldst not see thy hand.

PRINCE HENRY

These lies are like their father that begets them; gross as a mountain, open, palpable. Why, thou clay-brained guts, thou knotty-pated fool, thou whoreson, obscene, grease tallow-catch,--

FALSTAFF

What, art thou mad? Art thou mad? Is not the truth the truth?

PRINCE HENRY

Why, how couldst thou know these men in Kendal green, when it was so dark thou couldst not see thy hand? Come, tell us your reason. What sayest thou to this?

POINS

Come, your reason, Jack, your reason.

FALSTAFF

What, upon compulsion? 'Zounds, give you a reason on compulsion! If reasons were as plentiful as blackberries, I would give no man a reason upon compulsion, I.

PRINCE HENRY

I'll be no longer guilty of this sin; this sanguine coward, this bed-presser, this horseback-breaker, this huge hill of flesh-

FALSTAFF

'Sblood, you starveling, you elf-skin, you dried neat's tongue, you bull's pizzle, you stock-fish! O for breath to utter what is like thee! You tailor's-yard, you sheath, you bowcase; you vile standing-tuck-

PRINCE HENRY

Well, breathe awhile, and then to it again: and when thou hast tired thyself in base comparisons, hear me speak but this.

**POINS**

Mark, Jack.

PRINCE HENRY

We two saw you four set on four and bound them, and were masters of their wealth. Mark now, how a plain tale shall put you down. Then did we two set on you four; and, with a word, out-faced you from your prize, and have it; yea, and can show it you here in the house: and, Falstaff, you carried your guts away as nimbly, with as quick dexterity, and roared for mercy and still run and roared, as ever I heard bull-calf. What a slave art thou, to hack thy sword as thou hast done, and then say it was in fight! What trick, what device, what starting-hole, canst thou now find out to hide thee from this open and apparent shame?

POINS

Come, let's hear, Jack; what trick hast thou now?

FALSTAFF

By the Lord, I knew ye as well as he that made ye. Why, hear you, my masters: was it for me to kill the heir-apparent? Should I turn upon the true prince? Why, thou knowest I am as valiant as Hercules: but beware instinct; the lion will not touch the true prince. Instinct is a great matter; I was now a coward on instinct. But, by the Lord, lads, I am glad you have the money. Gallants, lads, boys, hearts of gold, all the titles of good fellowship come to you! What, shall we be merry?



HENRY V

ACT 3, SC 7 – THE FRENCH CAMP, NEAR AGINCOURT

The 'over-confident and lusty' commanders of the French army pass the night as they wait for the next day's battle. They are riven by petty jealousies and mutual contempt.

Enter the Constable of France, the LORD RAMBURES, ORLEANS, DAUPHIN, with others

RAMBURES

Tut! I have the best armour of the world. Would it were day!

ORLEANS

You have an excellent armour; but let my horse have his due.

RAMBURES

It is the best horse of Europe.

ORLEANS

Will it never be morning?

DAUPHIN

My lords of Orleans and Rambures, you talk of horse and armour?

ORLEANS

You are as well provided of both as any prince in the world.

DAUPHIN

What a long night is this! I will not change my horse with any that treads but on four pasterns. Ca, ha! He bounds from the earth, as if his entrails were hairs; le cheval volant, the Pegasus! When I bestride him, I soar, I am a hawk: he trots the air; the earth sings when he touches it; the basest horn of his hoof is more musical than the pipe of Hermes.

ORLEANS

He's of the colour of the nutmeg.

DAUPHIN

And of the heat of the ginger. It is a beast for Perseus: he is pure air and fire; and the dull elements of earth and water never appear in him, but only in Patient stillness while his rider mounts him: he is indeed a horse; and all other jades you may call beasts.

Constable

Indeed, my lord, it is a most absolute and excellent horse.

DAUPHIN

It is the prince of palfreys; his neigh is like the bidding of a monarch and his countenance enforces homage.

Constable

No more, cousin.

DAUPHIN

Nay, the man hath no wit that cannot, from the rising of the lark to the lodging of the lamb, vary deserved praise on my palfrey: 'tis a subject for a sovereign to reason on, and for a sovereign's sovereign to ride on. I once writ a sonnet in his praise and began thus: 'Wonder of nature,'--



ORLEANS

I have heard a sonnet begin so to one's mistress.

DAUPHIN

Then did they imitate that which I composed to my courser, for my horse is my mistress.

RAMBURES

Your mistress bears well.

Constable

You have good judgment in horsemanship.

DAUPHIN

I had rather have my horse to my mistress.

RAMBURES

Yet do I not use my horse for my mistress.

DAUPHIN

My lord constable, the armour that I saw in your tent to-night, are those stars or suns upon it?

Constable

Stars, my lord.

DAUPHIN

Some of them will fall to-morrow, I hope.

Constable

And yet my sky shall not want.

DAUPHIN

Will it never be day? I will trot to-morrow a mile, and my way shall be paved with English faces.

Constable

I will not say so, for fear I should be faced out of my way: but I would it were morning; for I would fain be about the ears of the English.

DAUPHIN

'Tis midnight; I'll go arm myself.

Dauphin exits

ORLEANS

The Dauphin longs for morning.

RAMBURES

He longs to eat the English.

Constable

I think he will eat all he kills.

RAMBURES

He is simply the most active gentleman of France.

Constable

He never did harm, that I heard of.

ORLEANS

I know him to be valiant.

Constable

I was told that by one that knows him better than you.

ORLEANS



What's he?

Constable

Marry, he told me so himself.

DAUPHIN

My lord high constable, the English lie within fifteen hundred paces of your tents.

Constable

Would it were day! Alas, poor Harry of England! He longs not for the dawning as we do.

DAUPHIN

What a wretched and peevish fellow is this king of England, to mope with his fat-brained followers so far out of his knowledge!

ORLEANS

If the English had any apprehension, they would run away.

DAUPHIN

That they lack; for if their heads had any intellectual armour, they could never wear such heavy head-pieces.

Constable

That island of England breeds very valiant creatures.

RAMBURES

You may as well say, that's a valiant flea that dare eat his breakfast on the lip of a lion.

Constable

Now is it time to arm: come, shall we about it?

DAUPHIN

It is now two o'clock: but, let me see, by ten
We shall have each a hundred Englishmen.

Exeunt



HENRY V

ACT 4, SC 7

King Henry disguises himself as a common man and wanders through his army. He discovers that not all his army support his war. Henry isn't always speaking in every beat of this scene. What is he doing? What are the other characters doing when they aren't directly involved? How can you create a world in which all the characters are alive the whole time? Do they overhear some or all or none of the other conversations? How should you end this scene? The script says: "Exit Soldiers". What could happen to make them want to leave in a dramatic and interesting way? Partly Shakespeare wanted Henry to be left alone on stage to have a soliloquy, but there are both dramatic and comedic possibilities – see what you can create.

Also, the stage directions have some characters entering and exiting midway through the scene. Is that the most dramatically pleasing option? What if they were all onstage and you created a theatrical world for them to live in? Or does it work better to focus our attention if only certain groups on stage at any particular time.

PISTOL

Qui va la?

KING HENRY V

A friend.

PISTOL

Discuss unto me; art thou officer?

Or art thou base, common and popular?

KING HENRY V

I am a gentleman of a company.

PISTOL

Trail'st thou the puissant pike?

KING HENRY V

Even so. What are you?

PISTOL

As good a gentleman as the emperor.

KING HENRY V

Then you are a better than the king.

PISTOL

The king's a bawcock, and a heart of gold, A lad of life, an imp of fame; Of parents good, of fist most valiant. I kiss his dirty shoe, and from heart-string I love the lovely bully. What is thy name?

KING HENRY V

Harry le Roy.

PISTOL

Le Roy! A Cornish name: art thou of Cornish crew?

KING HENRY V

No, I am a Welshman.

PISTOL



Know'st thou Fluellen?

KING HENRY V

Yes.

PISTOL

Tell him, I'll knock his leek about his pate
Upon Saint Davy's day.

KING HENRY V

Do not you wear your dagger in your cap that day, lest he knock that about yours.

PISTOL

Art thou his friend?

KING HENRY V

And his kinsman too.

PISTOL

The figo for thee, then!

KING HENRY V

I thank you: God be with you!

PISTOL

My name is Pistol call'd.

Exit Pistol

KING HENRY V

It sorts well with your fierceness.

Enter FLUELLEN and GOWER

GOWER

Captain Fluellen!

FLUELLEN

So! In the name of Jesu Christ, speak lower. It is the greatest admiration of the universal world, when the true and aunchient prerogatifes and laws of the wars is not kept: if you would take the pains but to examine the wars of Pompey the Great, you shall find, I warrant you, that there is no tiddle toddle nor pibble pabble in Pompey's camp.

GOWER

Why, the enemy is loud; you hear him all night.

FLUELLEN

If the enemy is an ass and a fool and a prating coxcomb, is it meet, think you, that we should also, look you, be an ass and a fool and a prating coxcomb? In your own conscience, now?

GOWER

I will speak lower.

FLUELLEN

I pray you and beseech you that you will.

Exeunt GOWER and FLUELLEN

KING HENRY V

Though it appear a little out of fashion,
There is much care and valour in this Welshman.

Enter three soldiers, JOHN BATES, ALEXANDER COURT, and MICHAEL WILLIAMS



WILLIAMS

Brother John Bates, is not that the morning which breaks yonder?

BATES

I think it be: but we have no great cause to desire the approach of day.

WILLIAMS

We see yonder the beginning of the day, but I think we shall never see the end of it. Who goes there?

KING HENRY V

A friend.

WILLIAMS

Under what captain serve you?

KING HENRY V

Under Sir Thomas Erpingham.

WILLIAMS

A good old commander and a most kind gentleman: I pray you, what thinks he of our estate?

KING HENRY V

Even as men wrecked upon a sand, that look to be washed off the next tide.

BATES

He hath not told his thought to the king?

KING HENRY V

No; nor it is not meet he should. For, though I speak it to you, I think the king is but a man, as I am, his fears, out of doubt, be of the same relish as ours are: yet, in reason, no man should possess him with any appearance of fear, lest he, by showing it, should dishearten his army.

BATES

He may show what outward courage he will; but I believe, as cold a night as 'tis, he could wish himself in Thames up to the neck; and so I would he were, and I by him, at all adventures, so we were quit here.

KING HENRY V

By my troth, I will speak my conscience of the king: I think he would not wish himself anywhere but where he is.

BATES

Then I would he were here alone; so should he be sure to be ransomed, and a many poor men's lives saved.

KING HENRY V

I dare say you love him not so ill, to wish him here alone, howsoever you speak this to feel other men's minds: methinks I could not die anywhere so contented as in the king's company; his cause being just and his quarrel honourable.

WILLIAMS

That's more than we know.

BATES

Ay, or more than we should seek after; for we know enough, if we know we are the king's subjects: if his cause be wrong, our obedience to the king wipes the crime of it out of us.

WILLIAMS

But if the cause be not good, the king himself hath a heavy reckoning to make, when all those legs and arms and heads, chopped off in battle, shall join together at the latter day and cry all 'We died at



such a place;' some swearing, some crying for a surgeon, some upon their wives left poor behind them, some upon the debts they owe, some upon their children rawly left. I am afraid there are few die well that die in a battle. Now, if these men do not die well, it will be a black matter for the king that led them to it.

KING HENRY V

So, if a son that is by his father sent about merchandise do sinfully miscarry upon the sea, the imputation of his wickedness by your rule, should be imposed upon his father that sent him: but this is not so: the king is not bound to answer the particular endings of his soldiers, nor the father of his son; for they purpose not their death, when they purpose their services. Every subject's duty is the king's; but every subject's soul is his own.

WILLIAMS

'Tis certain, every man that dies ill, the ill upon his own head, the king is not to answer it.

BATES

But I do not desire he should answer for me; and yet I determine to fight lustily for him.

KING HENRY V

I myself heard the king say he would not be ransomed.

WILLIAMS

Ay, he said so, to make us fight cheerfully: but when our throats are cut, he may be ransomed, and we ne'er the wiser.

KING HENRY V

If I live to see it, I will never trust his word after.

WILLIAMS

You pay him then. You'll never trust his word after! Come, 'tis a foolish saying.

KING HENRY V

Your reproof is something too round: I should be angry with you, if the time were convenient.

WILLIAMS

Let it be a quarrel between us, if you live.

KING HENRY V

I embrace it.

WILLIAMS

How shall I know thee again?

KING HENRY V

Give me any gage of thine, and I will wear it in my bonnet: then, if ever thou darest acknowledge it, I will make it my quarrel.

WILLIAMS

Here's my glove: give me another of thine.

KING HENRY V

There.

WILLIAMS

This will I also wear in my cap: if ever thou come to me and say, after to-morrow, 'This is my glove,' by this hand, I will take thee a box on the ear.

KING HENRY V

If ever I live to see it, I will challenge it.

WILLIAMS



Thou darest as well be hanged.

BATES

Be friends, you English fools, be friends: we have French quarrels enow.

Exit Soldiers



KING LEAR

ACT 2, SC 2 – KING LEAR, FOOL, KENT

King Lear's mood matches the intensity of the storm, as he rages against his daughters' abusive treatment. The Fool attempts to reason with the King, encouraging him to seek shelter, but Lear refuses to submit. Kent arrives and convinces Lear to take refuge in a nearby hovel. The Fool is left alone on stage, making a cryptic prophecy.

Another part of the heath. Storm still. Enter KING LEAR and FOOL

KING LEAR

Blow, winds, and crack your cheeks! rage! blow!
You cataracts and hurricanoes, spout
Till you have drench'd our steeples, drown'd the cocks!
You sulphurous and thought-executing fires,
Vaunt-couriers to oak-cleaving thunderbolts,
Singe my white head! And thou, all-shaking thunder,
Smite flat the thick rotundity o' the world!
Crack nature's moulds, an germens spill at once,
That make ingrateful man!

FOOL

O nuncle, court holy-water in a dry
house is better than this rain-water out o' door.
Good nuncle, in, and ask thy daughters' blessing:
here's a night pities neither wise man nor fool.

KING LEAR

Rumble thy bellyful! Spit, fire! spout, rain!
Nor rain, wind, thunder, fire, are my daughters:
I tax not you, you elements, with unkindness;
I never gave you kingdom, call'd you children,
You owe me no subscription: then let fall
Your horrible pleasure: here I stand, your slave,
A poor, infirm, weak, and despised old man:
But yet I call you servile ministers,
That have with two pernicious daughters join'd
Your high engender'd battles 'gainst a head
So old and white as this. O! O! 'tis foul!

FOOL

He that has a house to put's head in has a good
head-piece.
The cod-piece that will house
Before the head has any,
The head and he shall louse;



So beggars marry many.
The man that makes his toe
What he his heart should make
Shall of a corn cry woe,
And turn his sleep to wake.
For there was never yet fair woman but she made
mouths in a glass.

KING LEAR

No, I will be the pattern of all patience;
I will say nothing.

Enter KENT

KENT

Who's there?

FOOL

Marry, here's grace and a cod-piece; that's a wise
man and a fool.

KENT

Alas, sir, are you here? things that love night
Love not such nights as these; the wrathful skies
Gallow the very wanderers of the dark,
And make them keep their caves: since I was man,
Such sheets of fire, such bursts of horrid thunder,
Such groans of roaring wind and rain, I never
Remember to have heard: man's nature cannot carry
The affliction nor the fear.

KING LEAR

Let the great gods,
That keep this dreadful pother o'er our heads,
Find out their enemies now. Tremble, thou wretch,
That hast within thee undivulged crimes,
Unwhipp'd of justice: hide thee, thou bloody hand;
Thou perjured, and thou simular man of virtue
That art incestuous: caitiff, to pieces shake,
That under covert and convenient seeming
Hast practised on man's life: close pent-up guilts,
Rive your concealing continents, and cry
These dreadful summoners grace. I am a man
More sinn'd against than sinning.

KENT

Alack, bare-headed!
Gracious my lord, hard by here is a hovel;
Some friendship will it lend you 'gainst the tempest:
Repose you there; while I to this hard house--



More harder than the stones whereof 'tis raised;
Which even but now, demanding after you,
Denied me to come in--return, and force
Their scanted courtesy.

KING LEAR

My wits begin to turn.
Come on, my boy: how dost, my boy? art cold?
I am cold myself. Where is this straw, my fellow?
The art of our necessities is strange,
That can make vile things precious. Come,
your hovel.
Poor fool and knave, I have one part in my heart
That's sorry yet for thee.

FOOL

[Singing]
He that has and a little tiny wit--
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,--
Must make content with his fortunes fit,
For the rain it raineth every day.

KING LEAR

True, my good boy. Come, bring us to this hovel.

Exeunt KING LEAR and KENT

FOOL

This is a brave night to cool a courtezan.
I'll speak a prophecy ere I go:
When priests are more in word than matter;
When brewers mar their malt with water;
When nobles are their tailors' tutors;
No heretics burn'd, but wenches' suitors;
When every case in law is right;
No squire in debt, nor no poor knight;
When slanders do not live in tongues;
Nor cutpurses come not to throngs;
When usurers tell their gold i' the field;
And bawds and whores do churches build;
Then shall the realm of Albion
Come to great confusion:
Then comes the time, who lives to see't,
That going shall be used with feet.
This prophecy Merlin shall make; for I live before his time.

Exit



KING LEAR

ACT 1, SC 1 – LEAR, CORDELIA, REGAN, GONERIL, KENT, ENSEMBLE

KING LEAR

Meantime we shall express our darker purpose.
Give me the map there. Know that we have divided
In three our kingdom: and 'tis our fast intent
To shake all cares and business from our age;
Conferring them on younger strengths, while we
Unburthen'd crawl toward death. Tell me, my daughters,--
Which of you shall we say doth love us most?
That we our largest bounty may extend
Where nature doth with merit challenge. Goneril,
Our eldest-born, speak first.

GONERIL

Sir, I love you more than words can wield the matter;
Dearer than eye-sight, space, and liberty;
Beyond what can be valued, rich or rare;
No less than life, with grace, health, beauty, honour;
As much as child e'er loved, or father found;
A love that makes breath poor, and speech unable;
Beyond all manner of so much I love you.

CORDELIA

[Aside] What shall Cordelia do?
Love, and be silent.

LEAR

Of all these bounds, even from this line to this,
With shadowy forests and with champains rich'd,
We make thee lady. What says our second daughter,
Our dearest Regan, wife to Cornwall? Speak.

REGAN

Sir, I am made
Of the self-same metal that my sister is,
And prize me at her worth. In my true heart
I find she names my very deed of love;
Only she comes too short: that I profess
Myself an enemy to all other joys,
And find I am alone felicitate
In your dear highness' love.

CORDELIA

[Aside] Then poor Cordelia!
And yet not so; since, I am sure, my love's
More richer than my tongue.

KING LEAR



To thee and thine hereditary ever
Remain this ample third of our fair kingdom;
No less in space, validity, and pleasure,
Than that conferr'd on Goneril. Now, our joy,
Although the last, not least; what can you say to draw
A third more opulent than your sisters? Speak.

CORDELIA

Nothing, my lord.

KING LEAR

Nothing!

CORDELIA

Nothing.

KING LEAR

Nothing will come of nothing: speak again.

CORDELIA

Unhappy that I am, I cannot heave
My heart into my mouth: I love your majesty
According to my bond; nor more nor less.

KING LEAR

How, how, Cordelia! mend your speech a little,
Lest it may mar your fortunes.

CORDELIA

Good my lord,
You have begot me, bred me, loved me: I
Return those duties back as are right fit,
Obey you, love you, and most honour you.
Why have my sisters husbands, if they say
They love you all? Haply, when I shall wed,
That lord whose hand must take my plight shall carry
Half my love with him, half my care and duty:
Sure, I shall never marry like my sisters,
To love my father all.

KING LEAR

But goes thy heart with this?

CORDELIA

Ay, good my lord.

KING LEAR

So young, and so untender?

CORDELIA

So young, my lord, and true.

KING LEAR

Let it be so; thy truth, then, be thy dower:
For, by the sacred radiance of the sun,
The mysteries of Hecate, and the night;
By all the operation of the orbs
Here I disclaim all my paternal care,



Propinquity and property of blood,
And as a stranger to my heart and me
Hold thee, from this, for ever.

KENT

Good my liege,--

KING LEAR

Peace, Kent!

Come not between the dragon and his wrath.
I loved her most, and thought to set my rest
On her kind nursery. Hence, and avoid my sight!
With my two daughters' dowers digest this third:
Let pride, which she calls plainness, marry her.
I do invest you jointly with my power,
Ourselves, by monthly course,
With reservation of an hundred knights,
By you to be sustain'd, shall our abode
Make with you by due turns. Only we still retain
The name, and all the additions to a king;
The sway, revenue, execution of the rest,
Beloved daughters, be yours: which to confirm,
This coronet part betwixt you.

Giving the crown

KENT

Royal Lear,
Whom I have ever honour'd as my king,
Loved as my father, as my master follow'd,
As my great patron thought on in my prayers,--

KING LEAR

The bow is bent and drawn, make from the shaft.

KENT

Be Kent unmannerly, when Lear is mad?
Thy youngest daughter does not love thee least.

KING LEAR

Kent, on thy life, no more.

KENT

My life I never held but as a pawn
To wage against thy enemies; nor fear to lose it,
Thy safety being the motive.

KING LEAR

Out of my sight!

KENT

See better, Lear; and let me still remain
The true blank of thine eye.

KING LEAR



Hear me, recreant!
On thine allegiance, hear me!
Since thou hast sought to make us break our vow,
To come between our sentence and our power,
take thy reward.
Five days we do allot thee, for provision
To shield thee from diseases of the world;
And on the sixth to turn thy hated back
Upon our kingdom: if, on the tenth day following,
Thy banish'd trunk be found in our dominions,
The moment is thy death. Away! by Jupiter,
This shall not be revoked.

KENT

Fare thee well, king: sith thus thou wilt appear,
Freedom lives hence, and banishment is here.

To CORDELIA

The gods to their dear shelter take thee, maid,
That justly think'st, and hast most rightly said!

To REGAN and GONERIL

And your large speeches may your deeds approve.
Thus Kent, O princesses, bids you all adieu;
He'll shape his old course in a country new.

Exit

CORDELIA

I yet beseech your majesty,--

KING LEAR

Better thou
Hadst not been born than not to have pleased me better.
Bid farewell to your sisters.

Flourish. Exeunt all but, GONERIL, REGAN, and CORDELIA

CORDELIA

The jewels of our father, with wash'd eyes
Cordelia leaves you: I know you what you are;
And like a sister am most loath to call
Your faults as they are named. Use well our father:
I would prefer him to a better place.
So, farewell to you both.

REGAN

Prescribe not us our duties.

GONERIL



You have obedience scanted,
And well are worth the want that you have wanted.

CORDELIA

Well may you prosper!

Exeunt CORDELIA

GONERIL

Sister, it is not a little I have to say of what most nearly appertains to us both.
You see how full of changes his age is; he always loved our sister most; and
with what poor judgment he hath now cast her off appears too grossly.

REGAN

'Tis the infirmity of his age: yet he hath ever but slenderly known himself.

GONERIL

The best and soundest of his time hath been but rash; then must we look to receive from his age, the
unruly waywardness that infirm and choleric years bring with them.

REGAN

Such unconstant starts are we like to have from him as this of Kent's banishment.

GONERIL

Pray you, let's hit together: if our father carry authority with such dispositions as he bears, this last
surrender of his will but offend us.

REGAN

We shall further think on't.

GONERIL

We must do something, and i' the heat.

Exeunt



ROMEO AND JULIET

ACT 3, SC 1 – A PUBLIC PLACE

Enter MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO, Page

BENVOLIO

I pray thee, good Mercutio, let's retire:
The day is hot, the Capulets abroad,
And, if we meet, we shall not scape a brawl;
For now, these hot days, is the mad blood stirring.

MERCUTIO

Benvolio, thou hast quarreled with a man for cracking nuts, having no other reason but because thou hast hazel eyes, and yet thou wilt tutor me from quarrelling?

BENVOLIO

By my head, here come the Capulets.

MERCUTIO

By my heel, I care not.

Enter TYBALT

TYBALT

Friends. Good den: a word with one of you.

MERCUTIO

And but one word with one of us? Couple it with something; make it a word and a blow.

TYBALT

You shall find me apt enough to that, an' you will give me occasion.

MERCUTIO

Could you not take some occasion without giving?

TYBALT

Mercutio, thou consort'st with Romeo,--

MERCUTIO

Consort! What, dost thou make us minstrels? An' thou make minstrels of us, look to hear nothing but discords: here's my fiddlestick; here's that shall make you dance. 'Zounds, consort!

BENVOLIO

We talk here in the public haunt of men:
Either withdraw unto some private place,



And reason coldly of your grievances,
Or else depart; here all eyes gaze on us.

MERCUTIO

Men's eyes were made to look, and let them gaze;
I will not budge for no man's pleasure, I.

ROMEO (*calls from offstage*) Mercutio.

TYBALT

Well, peace be with you, sir: here comes my man.
Romeo, the hate I bear thee can afford
No better term than this,--thou art a villain.

Enter ROMEO

ROMEO

Tybalt, the reason that I have to love thee
Doth much excuse the appertaining rage
To such a greeting: villain am I none;
Therefore farewell; I see thou know'st me not.

TYBALT

Boy! This shall not excuse the injuries
That thou hast done me; therefore turn and draw.

ROMEO

I do protest, I never injured thee,
But love thee better than thou canst devise,
And so, good Capulet,--which name I tender
As dearly as my own,--be satisfied.

MERCUTIO

O calm, dishonourable, vile submission!
Alla stoccata carries it away.

Draws

Tybalt, you rat-catcher, will you walk?

TYBALT

What wouldst thou have with me

MERCUTIO

Good king of cats, nothing but one of your nine lives.

TYBALT

I am for you.

Drawing sword

ROMEO

Gentle Mercutio, put thy rapier up.

They fight

ROMEO



Draw, Benvolio; beat down their weapons.
Gentlemen, for shame, forbear this outrage!
Tybalt, Mercutio, the prince expressly hath
Forbidden bandying in Verona streets:
Hold, Tybalt! good Mercutio!

TYBALT, under ROMEO's arm, stabs MERCUTIO, and flies with his followers

MERCUTIO

I am hurt.
A plague o' both your houses!

BENVOLIO

What, art thou hurt?

MERCUTIO

Ay, ay, a scratch, a scratch; marry, 'tis enough.

ROMEO

Courage, man; the hurt cannot be much.

MERCUTIO

No, 'tis not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a church-door; but 'tis enough, 'twill serve: ask for me to-morrow, and you shall find me a grave girl. A plague o' both your houses! Why the devil came you between us? I was hurt under your arm.

ROMEO

I thought all for the best.

MERCUTIO

Help me into some house, Benvolio,
Or I shall faint. A plague o' both your houses!
They have made worms' meat of me: I have it,
And soundly too: your houses!

BENVOLIO

O Romeo, Romeo, brave Mercutio's dead!

ROMEO

This day's black fate on more days doth depend;
This but begins the woe, others must end.

BENVOLIO

Here comes the furious Tybalt back again.

ROMEO

Alive, in triumph! and Mercutio slain!
Now, Tybalt, take the villain back again,
That late thou gavest me; for Mercutio's soul

Re-enter TYBALT



Is but a little way above our heads,
Staying for thine to keep him company:
Either thou, or I, or both, must go with him.

TYBALT

This shall determine that.

They fight; TYBALT falls

BENVOLIO

Romeo, away, be gone!
the prince will doom thee death,
If thou art taken.

ROMEO

O, I am fortune's fool!



THE TEMPEST

ACT 1, SC 1

On a ship at sea: a tempestuous noise of thunder and lightning heard.

Enter a Master and a Boatswain.

Master

Boatswain!

Boatswain

Here, master. What cheer?

Master

Good, speak to the mariners: fall to't, yarely, or we run ourselves aground. Bestir! Bestir!

Exit Master & Enter Mariners

Boatswain

Heigh, my hearts! Cheerly, cheerly, my hearts! Yare, yare! Take in the topsail.

Enter ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, FERDINAND, GONZALO, and others

ALONSO

Good boatswain, have care. Where's the master?

Boatswain

I pray now, keep below.

ANTONIO

Where is the master, boatswain?

Boatswain

Do you not hear him? You mar our labour: keep your cabins: you do assist the storm.

GONZALO

Nay, good, be patient.

Boatswain

When the sea is. Hence! What cares these roarers for the name of king? To cabin: silence! Trouble us not.

GONZALO

Good, yet remember whom thou hast aboard.

Boatswain

None that I more love than myself. You are a counsellor; if you can command these elements to silence, and work the peace of the present, we will not hand a rope more; use your authority: if you cannot, give thanks you have lived so long, and make yourself ready in your cabin for the mischance of the hour, if it so hap. Cheerly, good hearts! Out of our way, I say.

Exit

GONZALO

I have great comfort from this fellow: methinks he hath no drowning mark upon him; his complexion is perfect gallows. If he be not born to be hanged, our case is miserable.

Exeunt Gonzalo, Re-enter Boatswain

Boatswain



Down with the topmast! Yare! Lower, lower! Bring her to try with main-course.

A noise within

A plague upon this howling! They are louder than the weather or our office.

Re-enter SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, and GONZALO

Yet again! What do you here? Have you a mind to sink?

SEBASTIAN

A pox o' your throat, you bawling, blasphemous, incharitable dog!

Boatswain

Work you then.

ANTONIO

Hang, cur! We are less afraid to be drowned than thou art.

GONZALO

I'll warrant him for drowning; though the ship were no stronger than a nutshell.

Boatswain

Set her two courses off to sea again; lay her off.

Enter Mariners wet

Mariners

All lost! To prayers, to prayers! All lost!

Boatswain

What, must our mouths be cold?

*A confused noise within: 'Mercy on us!'-- 'We split, we split!'--'Farewell, my wife and children!'--
'Farewell, brother!'*

ANTONIO

Let's all sink with the king.

SEBASTIAN

Let's take leave of him.

Exeunt ANTONIO and SEBASTIAN

GONZALO

Now would I give a thousand furlongs of sea for an acre of barren ground, long heath, brown furze, anything. The wills above be done! but I would fain die a dry death.

Exeunt



THE TEMPEST

ACT 2, SC 2 – ANOTHER PART OF THE ISLAND

Enter CALIBAN with a burden of wood. A noise of thunder heard

CALIBAN All the infections that the sun sucks up
From bogs, fens, flats, on Prosper fall, and make him
By inch-meal a disease. His spirits hear me,
And yet I needs must curse.

Enter TRINCULO

Lo, now, lo!
Here comes a spirit of his, and to torment me
For bringing wood in slowly. I'll fall flat.

TRINCULO Here's neither bush nor shrub, to bear off any weather at all, and another storm brewing: yond same black cloud, yond huge one, looks like a foul bombard that would shed his liquor.
What have we here? A man or a fish? Dead or alive? A fish, he smells like a fish: a very ancient and fishlike smell: A strange fish! Legged like a man and his fins like arms! I do now let loose my opinion, hold it no longer: this is no fish, but an islander, that hath lately suffered by a thunderbolt.

Thunder

Alas, the storm is come again! My best way is to creep under his gabardine. Misery acquaints a man with strange bed-fellows.

Enter STEPHANO, singing: a bottle in his hand

STEPHANO This is a very scurvy tune to sing at a man's funeral: well, here's my comfort.

Drinks

CALIBAN Do not torment me: O!

STEPHANO What's the matter? Have we devils here? I have not scaped drowning to be afeard now of your four legs.

CALIBAN The spirit torments me: O!

STEPHANO This is some monster of the isle with four legs, who hath got, as I take it, an ague.

CALIBAN Do not torment me, prithee: I'll bring my wood home faster.

STEPHANO He shall taste of my bottle: if he have never drunk wine afore, it will go near to remove his fit.

CALIBAN Thou dost me yet but little hurt: thou wilt anon.

STEPHANO Come on your ways: open your mouth: here is that which will give language to you, cat. Open your mouth. You cannot tell who's your friend. Open your chaps again.

TRINCULO I should know that voice: it should be - but he is drowned; and these are devils. O, defend me!



- STEPHANO** Four legs and two voices: a most delicate monster!
His forward voice now is to speak well of his friend: his backward voice is to utter foul speeches and to detract. I will pour some in thy other mouth.
- TRINCULO** Stephano!
- STEPHANO** Doth thy other mouth call me? Mercy, mercy! This is a devil, and no monster.
- TRINCULO** Stephano! If thou be'st Stephano, touch me and speak to me, for I am Trinculo - be not afeard - thy good friend Trinculo.
- STEPHANO** I'll pull thee by the lesser legs. If any be Trinculo's legs, these are they. Thou art very Trinculo indeed! How cam'st thou to be the siege of this moon-calf? Can he vent Trinculos?
- TRINCULO** I took him to be killed with a thunder-stroke. But art thou not drowned, Stephano? And art thou living, Stephano? O Stephano, two Neapolitans 'scaped!
- STEPHANO** Prithee, do not turn me about: my stomach is not constant.
- CALIBAN** [*Aside*] These be fine things, an if they be not sprites.
That's a brave god and bears celestial liquor. I will kneel to him.
- STEPHANO** How didst thou 'scape? How cam'st thou hither? Swear by this bottle how thou cam'st hither. I escaped upon a butt of sack which the sailors heaved o'erboard, by this bottle.
- CALIBAN** I'll swear upon that bottle to be thy true subject, for the liquor is not earthly.
- STEPHANO** Here: swear then how thou escape'dst.
- TRINCULO** Swum ashore, man, like a duck: I can swim like a duck, I'll be sworn.
- STEPHANO** Here, kiss the book.
- TRINCULO** O Stephano. Hast any more of this?
- STEPHANO** The whole butt, man: my cellar is in a rock th'sea-side where my wine is hid. How now, moon-calf!
- CALIBAN** Hast thou by not dropped from heaven?
- STEPHANO** Out o'th'moon, I do assure thee: I was the man i'th'moon when time was.
- CALIBAN** I have seen thee in her and I do adore thee.
- STEPHANO** Come, swear to that. Kiss the book. I will furnish it anon with new contents. Swear!
- TRINCULO** By this good light, this is a very shallow monster! I afeard of him? A very weak monster!
- CALIBAN** I'll show thee every fertile inch o' th' island: and I will kiss thy foot: I prithee, be my god.
- CALIBAN** I'll show thee the best springs: I'll pluck thee berries: I'll fish for thee and get thee wood enough. A plague upon the tyrant that I serve!
I'll bear him no more sticks, but follow thee, thou wondrous man.
- STEPHANO** I prithee, now lead the way without any more talking. Trinculo, the queen and all our company else being drowned, we will inherit here.
- CALIBAN** [*Sings drunkenly*] Farewell master; farewell, farewell!
- TRINCULO** A howling monster: a drunken monster!
- CALIBAN** 'Ban, 'Ban, Cacaliban
Has a new master: get a new man.
Freedom, high-day! High-day, freedom! Freedom,
high-day, freedom!
- STEPHANO** O brave monster, lead the way!

Exeunt



TWELFTH NIGHT

ACT 2, SC 3 – SIR TOBY BELCH, SIR ANDREW, FOOL, MARIA, MALVOLIO

Sir Toby and Sir Andrew stay up late drinking in Olivia's house. Feste the Fool appears, and the noblemen ask him to sing them a song. Maria catches them in the act, warning them to keep their voices down or Olivia will call her steward, Malvolio. The drunk noblemen ignore her, and Malvolio enters, telling them off for their unruly behaviour. He warns Sir Toby that Olivia will kick him out of her house, but Sir Toby continues to insult Malvolio. The steward leaves with a final threat to inform Olivia of their behaviour.

Enter SIR TOBY BELCH and SIR ANDREW

SIR TOBY BELCH

Approach, Sir Andrew: not to be abed after midnight is to be up betimes; and 'diluculo surgere,' thou know'st –

SIR ANDREW

Nay, my troth, I know not:
but I know, to be up late is to be up late.

SIR TOBY BELCH

A false conclusion: I hate it as an unfilled can.
To be up after midnight and to go to bed then, is early: so that to go to bed after midnight is to go to bed betimes. Does not our life consist of the four elements?

SIR ANDREW

Faith, so they say; but I think it rather consists of eating and drinking.

SIR TOBY BELCH

Thou art a scholar; let us therefore eat and drink.

Enter FOOL

SIR ANDREW

Here comes the fool, i' faith.

FOOL

How now, my hearts! did you never see the picture of 'we three'?



SIR TOBY BELCH

Welcome, ass. Now let's have a catch.

SIR ANDREW

By my troth, the fool has an excellent breast. I had rather than forty shillings I had such a leg, and so sweet a breath to sing, as the fool has. In sooth, thou wast in very gracious fooling last night.

FOOL bows.

SIR TOBY BELCH

Come on; there is sixpence for you: let's have a song.

FOOL

Would you have a love-song, or a song of good life?

SIR TOBY BELCH

A love-song, a love-song.

SIR ANDREW

Ay, ay: I care not for good life.

FOOL

[Sings]

O mistress mine, where are you roaming?
O, stay and hear; your true love's coming,
That can sing both high and low:
Trip no further, pretty sweeting;
Journeys end in lovers meeting,
Every wise man's son doth know.

SIR ANDREW

Excellent good, i' faith.

SIR TOBY BELCH

Good, good.

FOOL

[Sings]

*What is love? 'tis not hereafter;
Present mirth hath present laughter;
What's to come is still unsure:
In delay there lies no plenty;
Then come kiss me, sweet and twenty,
Youth's a stuff will not endure.*

SIR ANDREW

A mellifluous voice, as I am true knight.



SIR TOBY BELCH

A contagious breath.

SIR ANDREW

Very sweet and contagious, i' faith.

SIR TOBY BELCH

To hear by the nose, it is dulcet in contagion.
But shall we make the welkin dance indeed? shall we
rouse the night-owl in a catch that will draw three
souls out of one weaver? shall we do that?

SIR ANDREW

Most certain. Let our catch be, 'Thou knave.'

FOOL

'Hold thy peace, thou knave,' knight? I shall be
constrained in't to call thee knave, knight.

SIR ANDREW

'Tis not the first time I have constrained one to
call me knave. Begin, fool: it begins 'Hold thy peace.'

FOOL

I shall never begin if I hold my peace.

SIR ANDREW

Good, i' faith. Come, begin.

A song and dance: 'Hold thy peace'. Enter MARIA

MARIA

What a caterwauling do you keep here! If my lady
have not called up her steward Malvolio and bid him
turn you out of doors, never trust me.

FOOL

Beshrew me, the knight's in admirable fooling.

SIR ANDREW

Ay, he does well enough if he be disposed, and so do
I too: he does it with a better grace, but I do it
more natural.

SIR TOBY BELCH

[Sings] 'O, the twelfth day of December,'—

MARIA

For the love o' God, peace!



Enter MALVOLIO

MALVOLIO

My masters, are you mad? or what are you? Have ye no wit, manners, nor honesty, but to gabble like tinkers at this time of night? Do ye make an alehouse of my lady's house? Is there no respect of place, persons, nor time in you?

SIR TOBY BELCH

We did keep time, sir, in our catches. Sneek up!

MALVOLIO

Sir Toby, I must be round with you. My lady bade me tell you, that, though she harbours you as her kinsman, she's nothing allied to your disorders. If you can separate yourself and your misdemeanours, you are welcome to the house; if not, an it would please you to take leave of her, she is very willing to bid you farewell.

SIR TOBY BELCH

[Sings] 'Farewell, dear heart, since I must needs be gone.'

MARIA

Nay, good Sir Toby.

FOOL

'His eyes do show his days are almost done.'

SIR TOBY BELCH

'But I will never die.'

FOOL

Sir Toby, there you lie.

SIR TOBY BELCH

'Shall I bid him go?'

FOOL

'What an if you do?'

SIR TOBY BELCH

'Shall I bid him go, and spare not?'

FOOL

'O no, no, no, no, you dare not.'

SIR TOBY BELCH



Out o' tune, sir: ye lie. Art any more than a
steward? Dost thou think, because thou art
virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale?
Go, sir, rub your chain with crumbs. A stoup of wine, Maria!

MALVOLIO

Mistress Mary, if you prized my lady's favour at any
thing more than contempt, you would not give means
for this uncivil rule: she shall know of it, by this hand.

MALVOLIO exits

MARIA

Go shake your ears.