**SCENARIO**

**Muse:** Friends, Romans, Countrymen!

 Lend me your ears

 We’ve all come here

 To praise Shakespeare!

**Elf** : The applause! Delight! The wonder of our stage!

**Muse**: Thou art a monument without a tomb,

 And art alive still while thy book doth live,

 And we have wits to read and praise to give.

**Muse:** He was not of an age, but for all time!

 ( comes out Shakespeare with feather-pen and a paper)

**Shakespeare**: All the world’s a stage,

 And all the men and women merely players.

 They have their exits and their entrances,

 And one man in his time plays many parts,

 His acts being seven ages. At first the infant,

 Mewling and puking in the nurse’s arms.

 Then the whining schoolboy with his satchel

 And shining morning face, creeping like snail

 Unwillingly to school. And then the lover,

 Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad

 Made to his mistress' eyebrow. Then a soldier,

 Full of strange oaths and bearded like the pard,

 Jealous in honor, sudden and quick in quarrel,

 Seeking the bubble reputation

 Even in the cannon’s mouth. And then the justice,

 In fair round belly with good capon lined,

 With eyes severe and beard of formal cut,

 Full of wise saws and modern instances;

 And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts

 Into the lean and slippered pantaloon

 With spectacles on nose and pouch on side,

 His youthful hose, well saved, a world too wide

 For his shrunk shank, and his big manly voice,

 Turning again toward childish treble, pipes

 And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,

 That ends this strange eventful history,

 Is second childishness and mere oblivion,

 Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.

 ( S. takes his place at the back of the stage at the table and starts writing smth)

**Muse:** His drama is just the perfect mirror of life.

**Muse:** So let us try to ponder in that mirror and experience true love in its best implication.

**Muse:** For never was a story of more woe

 Than this of Juliet and her Romeo.

Enter **LADY CAPULET** and **NURSE**

**LADY CAPULET**

Nurse, where’s my daughter? Call her forth to me.

**NURSE**

What, ladybird!

God forbid! Where’s this girl? What, Juliet!

Enter **JULIET**

**JULIET**

What is it? Who’s calling me?

**NURSE**

Your mother.

**JULIET**

Madam, I am here. What is your will?

**LADY CAPULET**

This is the matter.— Nurse,

You know that my daughter is of a pretty age.

**NURSE**

Yes, I know her age down to the hour.

You were the prettiest baby I ever nursed.

If I live to see you get married someday,

I have my wish.

**LADY CAPULET**

Marry, that “marry” is the very theme

I came to talk of. Tell me, daughter Juliet,

How stands your disposition to be married?

**JULIET**

It is an honor that I dream not of.

**LADY CAPULET**

Well, think of marriage now. Younger than you

Here in Verona, ladies of esteem

Are made already mothers.

Give us a quick answer.

**JULIET**

I’ll look to like if looking liking move.

**NURSE**

Go, girl, seek happy nights to happy days.

( they leave the stage, Juliet goes up the balcony on stage)

**Muse**: Both bewitchèd by the charm of looks,

 To breathe such vows as lovers use to swear.

**Muse**: And she as much in love, her means much less

 To meet her new beloved anywhere.

 But passion lends them power, time means, to meet,

 Tempering extremities with extreme sweet.

 ( **ROMEO** and **JULIET** **dancing** )

**ROMEO**

Can I go forward when my heart is here?

Turn back to where my heart is.

But wait, what’s that light in the window over there?

 It is the east, and Juliet is the sun.

Rise up, beautiful sun, and kill the jealous moon.

It is my lady. Oh, it is my love.

Oh, that she knew she were!

She speaks, yet she says nothing. What of that?

**JULIET**

Oh, my!

**ROMEO**

(aside) She speaks.

O, speak again, bright angel!

**JULIET**

(not knowing **ROMEO** hears her) Oh, Romeo, Romeo,

 why do you have to be Romeo?

Deny your father and refuse your name.

**ROMEO**

(aside) Shall I hear more, or shall I speak at this?

**JULIET**

Romeo would be just as perfect

even if he wasn’t called Romeo.

 Romeo, lose your name.

Trade in your name

and take all of me in exchange.

**ROMEO**

(to **JULIET**) I trust your words

Call me but love,

and I will take a new name.

From now on I will never be Romeo again.

**JULIET**

Who are you?

Why do you hide in the darkness

and listen to my private thoughts?

Tell me, how did you get in here?

And why did you come?

**ROMEO**

I flew over these walls with the light wings of love.

For stony limits cannot hold love out,

And what love can do, that dares love attempt.

**JULIET**

Who told you how to get here?

**ROMEO**

Love showed me the way

Love told me what to do,

 and I let love borrow my eyes.

**JULIET**

Do you love me?

I know you’ll say “yes,”

and I’ll believe you. But if you swear you love me,

 you might turn out to be lying.

**ROMEO**

Lady, I swear by the sacred moon above

**JULIET**

Don’t swear by the moon. The moon is always changing.

**ROMEO**

What should I swear by?

**JULIET**

Don’t swear at all.

And I’ll believe thee.

My bounty is as boundless as the sea,

My love as deep. The more I give to thee,

The more I have, for both are infinite.

 (the **NURSE** calls from offstage)

I hear some noise within. Dear love, adieu.—

Just a minute, good Nurse.

**ROMEO**

Oh, blessed, blessed night!

 Because it’s dark out,

I’m afraid all this is just a dream,

 too sweet to be real.

**JULIET**

Three words, dear Romeo, and good night indeed.

Thy purpose marriage, send me word tomorrow

where and when we’ll be married.

I’ll lay all my fortunes at your feet

And follow thee my lord throughout the world.

**NURSE**

(offstage) JULIET!

**JULIET**

(to the NURSE) I’ll be right there!

(to ROMEO) But if you don’t have honorable intentions, I beg you—

**NURSE**

(offstage) JULIET!

**JULIET**

Alright, I’m coming!—I beg you to stop trying for me and leave me to my sadness. Tomorrow I’ll send the messenger.

**ROMEO**

My soul depends on it—

**JULIET**

A thousand times good night.

( **JULIET** leaves the balcony )

**ROMEO**

I hope you sleep peacefully.

 I wish I were Sleep and Peace,

so I could spend the night with you.

A thousand times the worse to want the light.

Love goes toward love as schoolboys from their books,

But love from love, toward school with heavy looks.

I doubt it not, and all these woes shall serve

For sweet discourses in our time to come.

Farewell! I won’t miss any chance to send my love to you.

( **ROMEO** exits.)

**JULIET**

It’s almost morning. I would have thee gone.

Yet I should kill thee with much cherishing.

Good night, good night! Parting is such sweet sorrow

That I shall say good night

until tonight becomes tomorrow.

**Muse:** A glooming peace this morning with it brings.

 The sun, for sorrow, will not show his head.

 Go hence, to have more talk of these sad things.

 Some shall be pardoned, and some punishèd.

 **Shakespeare:** For never was a story of more woe

 Than this of Juliet and her Romeo.

(**song** Someone like u / Can’t help falling in love with u)

**Muse:** Out, out, brief candle!

 Life’s but a walking shadow,

 A poor player

 That struts and frets his hour

 Upon the stage,

 And then is heard no more;

 Full of sound and fury,

 Signifying nothing.

**Muse:** There are, indeed, more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,

 than are dreamt of in your philosophy…

**Elf:** Something is rotten in the state of Denmark!

**HAMLET**

To be, or not to be? That is the question—

Whether ’tis nobler in the mind to suffer

The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,

Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,

And, by opposing, end them? To die, to sleep—

No more—and by a sleep to say we end

The heartache and the thousand natural shocks

That flesh is heir to—’tis a consummation

Devoutly to be wished! To die, to sleep.

To sleep, perchance to dream—ay, there’s the rub,

For in that sleep of death what dreams may come

When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,

Must give us pause. There’s the respect

That makes calamity of so long life.

But shh, here comes the beautiful Ophelia.

—Soft you now,

The fair Ophelia!—Nymph, in thy orisons

Be all my sins remembered.

 Oh! Lady, shall I lie in your lap?

**OPHELIA**

 No, my lord

**HAMLET**:

 I mean, my head upon your lap? Do u think I meant country matters?

**OPHELIA**:

 I think nothing, my lord.

**HAMLET**:

 That’s a fair thought to lie between maid’s legs.

**OPHELIA**

 What is, my lord?

**HAMLET**

 Nothing.

**OPHELIA**

 U are merry, my lord.

**HAMLET**

 Who, I? What should a man do but be merry.

**OPHELIA**

 Good, my lord. How does your honor for this many a day?

**HAMLET**

 I humbly thank u, well, well, well.

**OPHELIA**

 My, lord, I have rememberances of yours

 That I have longed to deliver

 I pray u now receive them.

**HAMLET**

 No, not I, I never gave u ought.

**OPHELIA**

 My lord, u know right well u did.

 And with them words of so sweet breath composed

 As made these things more rich. Their perfume lost,

 Take these again, for to the noble mind

 Rich gifts wax poor when givers prove unkind.

 There, my lord.

**HAMLET**

 Ha, ha! Are u honest?

**OPHELIA**

 My lord!

**HAMLET**

Are u fair?

**OPHELIA**

 What means your lordship?

**HAMLET**

That if you be honest and fair, your honesty

should admit no discourse to your beauty.

**OPHELIA**

Could beauty, my Lord, have better commerce

than with honesty ?

**HAMLET**

 This was sometime a paradox,

but now the time gives it proof.

I did love u once.

**OPHELIA**

 Indeed, my lord, u made me believe so.

**HAMLET**

 U should not have believed me. I loved u not.

**OPHELIA**:

 I was the more deceived.

**HAMLET**

 Get thee to a nunnery! I am myself indifferent, honest,

 But yet I could accuse me of such things that it were better

 My mother had not borne me.

 I am very proud, revengeful, ambitious. What should

 Such fellows as I do crawling between earth and heaven?

 Believe none of us!

**OPHELIA**

 O, help him, YOU sweet heavens!

**HAMLET**

 If thou need marry, marry a fool, for wise men know well enough what monsters u make of them.

**OPHELIA**

Heavenly powers, restore him!

**HAMLET**

Go to, I’ll no more on it.

It has made me mad.

 I say we will have no more marriages!

Those that are married already.

Shall live, the rest shall keep as they are.

To a nunnery, go!

**OPHELIA**

Oh,what a noble mind is here overthrown!

He used to have his grace, soldier’s, scholars, eye, tongue, sword…

The glass of fashion the mould of form

The one admired and observed

Quite , quite down !

And I of ladies most dejected and wretched,

Now see that noble…

That unmatched form and feature of blown youth

Blasted with ecstasy.

Oh how miserable I am to have seen what I have seen,

see what I see!

 (Ophelia exits)

**Muse**: Of that I shall have also cause to speak,

 But let this same be presently performed

 Even when men’s minds are wild,

 Lest more mischance

 On plots and errors happen.

 We know what we are, but we know not what we may be…

A man bearing a crown enters, followed by **KINGLEAR**, then **GONERIL**, **REGAN**, **CORDELIA**

**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

Unburdened crawl toward death.—Our son of Cornwall,

And you, our no less loving son of Albany,

We have this hour a constant will to publish.

My daughters, since I’m about to give up my throne

 and the worries that go along with it,

tell me which one of you loves me most,

so that I can give my largest gift to the one

who deserves it most.

—Goneril, my oldest daughter, you speak first.

**GONERIL**

Sir, I love you more than words can say.

I love you more than eyesight, space, and freedom,

beyond wealth or anything of value.

I love you as much as life itself,

and as much as status, health, beauty, or honor.

 I love you as much as any child has ever loved her father,

with a love too deep to be spoken of.

 I love you more than any answer to the question “How much?”

**CORDELIA**

(to herself) What will I say? I can only love and be silent.

**LEAR**

I give you all this land, from this line to that one

—dense forests, fertile fields, rivers rich with fish, wide meadows.

This land will belong to your and Albany’s children forever.

—And now what does my second daughter Regan,

the wife of Cornwall, have to say? Tell me.

**REGAN**

Sir, I’m made of the same stuff as my sister

and consider myself just as good as she is.

She’s described my feelings of love for you precisely,

 but her description falls a little short of the truth.

I reject completely any joy except my love for you,

and I find that only your majesty’s love makes me happy.

**CORDELIA**

**(aside)**Then poor Cordelia!

And yet not so, since I am sure my love’s

More ponderous than my tongue.

**LEAR**

You and your heirs hereby receive this large third of our lovely kingdom,

 no smaller in area or value than what I gave Goneril.

—Now, you, my youngest daughter, my joy,

courted by the rich rulers of France and Burgundy,

what can you tell me

that will make me give you a bigger part of my kingdom

 than I gave your sisters? Speak.

**CORDELIA**

Nothing, my lord.

**LEAR**

Nothing?

**CORDELIA**

Nothing.

**LEAR**

How? Nothing will come of nothing. Speak again.

**CORDELIA**

I’m unlucky. I don’t have a talent for putting my heart’s feelings into words.

I love you as a child should love her father,

neither more nor less.

**LEAR**

What are you saying, Cordelia?

Revise your statement, or you may damage your inheritance.

**CORDELIA**

My lord, you brought me up and loved me,

and I’m giving back just as I should:

I obey you, love you, and honor you.

 How can my sisters speak the truth

when they say they love only you?

Don’t they love their husbands too?

Hopefully when I get married,

I’ll give my husband half my love and half my sense of duty.

I’m sure I’ll never get married in the way my sisters say

they’re married, loving their father only.

**LEAR**

But goes thy heart with this?

**CORDELIA**

Ay, good my lord.

**LEAR**

So young and so untender?

**CORDELIA**

So young, my lord, and true.

**LEAR**

Then that’s the way it’ll be.

The truth will be all the inheritance you get.

 I swear by the sacred sun, by the mysterious moon,

 and by all the planets that rule our lives,

that I disown you now as my daughter.

As of now, there are no family ties between us,

and I consider you a stranger to me.

Don’t get in my way when I’m angry.

I loved Cordelia most of all

and planned to spend my old age with her taking care of me.

*(to*CORDELIA*)* Go away! Get out of my sight!

—I guess if she doesn’t love her father,

then I’ll only have peace when I’m dead.

**Elf 1**

Things base and vile, holding no quantity,

Love can transpose to love and dignity.

Love looks not with the eyes but with the mind.

And therefore is winged Cupid painted blind.

Nor hath Love’s mind of any judgment taste-

Wings and no eyes figure unheedy haste.

**Elf 2**

And Love therefore is said to be a child,

Because in choice he is so oft beguiled.

As waggish boys in game themselves forswear,

So the boy Love is perjured everywhere.

A Fairy and Robin Goodfellow meet onstage.

**ROBIN**

Hello, spirit! Where are you going?

**FAIRY**

Over hill, over dale,

Thorough bush, thorough brier,

Over park, over pale,

Thorough flood, thorough fire.

I do wander everywhere

I work for Titania, the Fairy Queen, And organize fairy dances for her in the grass.

**ROBIN**

The king’s having a party here tonight.

Just make sure the queen doesn’t come anywhere near him,

Because King Oberon is extremely angry.

He’s furious because she stole an adorable boy from an Indian king.

She’s never kidnapped such a darling human child before,

And Oberon’s jealous.

He wants the child for himself,

To accompany him on his wanderings through the wild forests.

But the queen refuses to hand the boy over to Oberon.

And now Oberon and Titania refuse to speak to each other,

Or meet each other anywhere—

Neither in the forest nor on the plain,

Nor by the river nor under the stars.

**FAIRY1**

But I work for Titania, the Fairy Queen,

And organize fairy dances for her in the grass.

Goodbye, you dumb old spirit. I’ve got to go. The queen and her elves will be here soon.

**OBERON enters**

My dear Puck, come here.

You remember the time when I was sitting on a cliff,

And I heard a mermaid sitting on a dolphin’s back

Sing such a sweet and harmonious song.

**ROBIN**

Yes, I remember.

**OBERON**

That same night, I saw Cupid flying from the moon to the earth,

With all of his arrows ready.

He took aim at a beautiful young virgin

Who was sitting on a throne in the western part of the world,

And he shot his arrow of love.

But I could see that Cupid’s fiery arrow

So the royal virgin continued her virginal thoughts

Without being interrupted by thoughts of love.

But I paid attention to where Cupid’s arrow fell.

It fell on a little western flower, which used to be white as milk

But now has turned purple from being wounded by the arrow of love.

Young girls call it “love-in-idleness.” Bring me that flower.

**ROBIN**

I could go around the world in forty minutes. **Exit ROBIN**

**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.

**ROBIN enters.**

 **OBERON**

Do you have the flower? Welcome, traveler.

**ROBIN**

Yes, here it is.

**OBERON**

  I pray thee, give it me.

*(takes flower from* ROBIN*)*

I know a bank where the wild thyme blows,

Where oxlips and the nodding violet grows,

There sleeps Titania sometime of the night,

Lulled in these flowers with dances and delight.

I’ll put the juice of this flower on Titania’s eyes,

And fill her with horrible delusions and desires.

 **FAIRY1**(sings)

 You spotted snakes with double tongue,

 Thorny hedgehogs, be not seen.

 Newts and blindworms, do no wrong.

 Come not near our fairy queen.

**FAIRY3**(sing)

 Philomel, with melody

 Sing in our sweet lullaby.

 Lulla, lulla, lullaby, lulla, lulla, lullaby.

 Never harm

 Nor spell nor charm

 Come our lovely lady nigh.

 So good night, with lullaby.

**The FAIRIES sing and dance. TITANIAsleeps.**

**OBERON**

*(he squeezes flower juice on* TITANIA *’s eyelids)*

Whatever you see first when you wake up, think of it as your true love.

**ROBIN** enters, unseen by the characters onstage.

 *(to himself)* Who are these country bumpkins swaggering around

So close to where the fairy queen is sleeping?

What? Are they about to put on a play?

I’ll watch. And I’ll act in it, too, if I feel like it.

**BOTTOM**

*(as* PYRAMUS*)* Thisbe, flowers with sweet odious smells—

“Odors,” “odors.”

 Odors and smells are like your breath, my dearest Thisbe dear.

But what’s that, a voice! Wait here a while.

I’ll be right back!

The blackbird with its black feathers

 And its orange-and-tan beak,

 The thrush with its clear voice,

 The wren with its small, piping chirp!

**TITANIA**

*(waking)* What angel wakes me from my flowery bed?

**BOTTOM**

(singing)

 The finch, the sparrow, and the lark,

 The gray cuckoo with his simple song

 That many men hear

 But they don’t dare say no to it—

**TITANIA**

Please sing again, sweet human.

 I love to listen to your voice,

And I love to look at your body.

I know this is the first time I’ve ever seen you,

But you’re so wonderful that

 I can’t help swearing to you that I love you.

**BOTTOM**

Methinks, mistress, you should have little reason for that.

And yet, to say the truth, reason

And love keep little company together nowadays.

**TITANIA**

You’re as wise as you are beautiful.

**BOTTOM**

No, that’s not true. But if I were smart enough to get out of this forest,

I’d be wise enough to satisfy myself.

**TITANIA**

Don’t bother wishing you could leave this forest,

Because you’re going to stay here whether you want to or not.

 I’m no ordinary fairy. I rule over the summer, and I love you.

So come with me. I’ll give you fairies as servants,

And they’ll bring you jewels from the depths of the ocean,

And sing to you while you sleep on a bed of flowers.

And I’ll turn you into a spirit like us, so you won’t die as humans do.

—Come here, Peaseblossom, Cobweb, Moth, and Mustardseed!

Be kind and polite to this gentleman.

 Follow him around. Leap and dance for him.

Feed him apricots and blackberries,

With purple grapes, green figs, and mulberries.

**OBERON**

Welcome, good Robin. Do you see this sweet sight?

 Now I’m starting to pity Titania for being so infatuated.

I ran into her recently at the edge of the forest.

I’ll undo the spell that makes her vision so disgustingly wrong.

And, gentle Puck, take this transformed ass’s head off of the head of that Athenian man.

 But first I’ll release the fairy queen from the spell.

(**OBERON** squeezes the juice from the second flower into **TITANIA**’s eyes)

Be like you used to be, and see like you used to see.

 This bud belongs to Diana, the goddess of virginity,

And it has the power to undo the effects of Cupid’s flower.

Now, Titania, wake up, my sweet queen.

**TITANIA***(waking up)*

 Oberon, I’ve had such a strange dream! I dreamed I was in love with an ass.

**OBERON**

There lies your love.

**TITANIA**

How did this happen? Oh, I hate looking at his face now!

**OBERON**

Be quiet for a while.—Robin, take off his donkey head.—

**ROBIN**

*(removing the ass’s head from* BOTTOM*)*

When you wake up,

see things with your own foolish eyes again.

 If we shadows have offended,

 Think but this, and all is mended—

 That you have but slumbered here

 While these visions did appear.

 And this weak and idle theme,

 No more yielding but a dream,

 Gentles, do not reprehend.

 If you pardon, we will mend.

 And, as I am an honest Puck,

 If we have unearnèd luck

 Now to ’scape the serpent’s tongue,

 We will make amends ere long.

 Else the Puck a liar call.

 So good night unto you all.

 Give me your hands if we be friends,

 And Robin shall restore amends.

**Shakespeare**

Join your hands, and with your hands your hearts.

MUSIC