

SHAKESPEARE Intro to Group

Come one and all and listen to what I say to thee. I am William Shakespeare. Know this name well, for by the end of the day's festivities, you will be shouting it from the rooftops. Who is this character William Shakespeare you ask? Haha, I shall tell you. I am one of the most brilliant writers in this world. With sonnets and plays still being performed and read almost four centuries since my death. My death? What doth though mean, my death? I am here before you as you see me. Mind it not, for I am here to entertain thee with tales known of love, loss, and desire. Listen well, for you are about to enter the workings of the Bard of Avon.

Vignette 1: Romance**SONNET 116 ACTOR**

How easily is sorrow turned to a happy tune? Maybe the answer lies in an ever-fixed mark or hours or weeks under the wandering bark.

SONNET 116

Let me not to the marriage of true minds
 Admit impediments. Love is not love
 Which alters when it alteration finds,
 Or bends with the remover to remove:
 O no; it is an ever-fixed mark,
 That looks on tempests, and is never shaken;
 It is the star to every wandering bark,
 Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken.
 Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
 Within his bending sickle's compass come;
 Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
 But bears it out even to the edge of doom.
 If this be error and upon me proved,
 I never writ, nor no man ever loved.

SHAKESPEARE

Ah, the love that binds those that desire it hath no trouble finding its way. For now, I take thee to Egypt, and the love that is Antony and Cleopatra. The play, first performed by the King's Men at the Globe Theatre in the Year of our King, 1607. Here we find the queen imploring Antony to dictate just how much he loves her. But wait, there is a messenger from Rome. Will Cleopatra convince Antony to listen to the news from Rome? Can his claims that Rome means nothing to him convince Cleopatra of his love? Let us see.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA (Part of Act 1 Scene 1)

(Antony & Cleopatra are in position and frozen until Shakespeare's last line)

CLEOPATRA

If it be love indeed, tell me how much.

ANTONY

There's beggary in the love that can be reckoned.

CLEOPATRA

I'll set a bourn how far to be beloved.

ANTONY

Then must thou needs find out new heaven, new Earth. *(Enter a Messenger)*

MESSENGER

News, my good lord, from Rome.

ANTONY

Grates me, the sum.

CLEOPATRA

Nay, hear them, Antony.
 Fulvia perchance is angry. Or who knows
 If the scarce-bearded Caesar have not sent
 His powerful mandate to you: "Do this, or this;
 Take in that kingdom and enfranchise that.
 Perform 't, or else we damn thee."

ANTONY

How, my love?

CLEOPATRA

Perchance? Nay, and most like.
 You must not stay here longer; your dismissal
 Is come from Caesar. Therefore, hear it, Antony.
 Where's Fulvia's process? Caesar's, I would say — both?
 Call in the messengers. As I am Egypt's queen,
 Thou blushest, Antony, and that blood of thine
 Is Caesar's homager; else so thy cheek pays shame
 When shrill-tongued Fulvia scolds. The messengers!

ANTONY

Let Rome in Tiber melt and the wide arch
 Of the ranged empire fall. Here is my space.
 Kingdoms are clay. Our dungy earth alike
 Feeds beast as man. The nobleness of life
 Is to do thus; when such a mutual pair
 And such a twain can do 't, in which I bind,
 On pain of punishment, the world to weet
 We stand up peerless.

CLEOPATRA

Excellent falsehood!
 Why did he marry Fulvia and not love her?
 I'll seem the fool I am not. Antony
 Will be himself.

ANTONY

But stirred by Cleopatra.
 Now for the love of Love and her soft hours,
 Let's not confound the time with conference harsh.
 There's not a minute of our lives should stretch
 Without some pleasure now. What sport tonight?

CLEOPATRA

Hear the ambassadors.

ANTONY

Fie, wrangling queen,
 Whom everything becomes—to chide, to laugh,
 To weep; whose every passion fully strives
 To make itself, in thee, fair and admired!
 No messenger but thine, and all alone
 Tonight, we'll wander through the streets and note
 The qualities of people. Come, my queen,
 Last night you did desire it.
(To the Messenger) Speak not to us. (They Exit)

SONNET 98 ACTOR

With love comes consequences, but who are we to judge who to love? Let us now venture to another season as we choose to follow the flowers.

SONNET 98

From you have I been absent in the spring,
 When proud-pied April dress'd in all his trim
 Hath put a spirit of youth in every thing,
 That heavy Saturn laugh'd and leap'd with him.
 Yet nor the lays of birds nor the sweet smell
 Of different flowers in odour and in hue
 Could make me any summer's story tell,
 Or from their proud lap pluck them where they grew;
 Nor did I wonder at the lily's white,
 Nor praise the deep vermilion in the rose;
 They were but sweet, but figures of delight,
 Drawn after you, you pattern of all those.
 Yet seem'd it winter still, and, you away,
 As with your shadow I with these did play.

SHAKESPEARE

Be it the roses, the lilies white, or seasons of quality... Oh how doth one procure such extreme desires of the heart? Shall we find out the way to the answer, for at times, there is much to learn on the Twelfth Night. Here we find Viola, in her disguise as Cesario, appearing at Olivia's estate. Professing the love of Orsino, Cesario must convince Olivia that it is Orsino that loves her and should love him in return. Will she love Orsino, or will her encounter with Cesario set her heart on a different path?

TWELFTH NIGHT (Part of Act 1 Scene 5)

(Enter Malvolio)

MALVOLIO

Madam, yond young fellow swears he will speak with you. I told him you were sick; he takes on him to understand so much, and therefore comes to speak with you. I told him you were asleep; he seems to have a foreknowledge of that too, and therefore comes to speak with you. What is to be said to him, lady? He's fortified against any denial.

OLIVIA

Tell him he shall not speak with me.

MALVOLIO

Has been told so, and he says he'll stand at your door like a sheriff's post and be the supporter to a bench, but he'll speak with you.

OLIVIA

What kind o' man is he?

MALVOLIO

Why, of mankind.

OLIVIA

What manner of man?

MALVOLIO

Of very ill manner. He'll speak with you, will you or no.

OLIVIA

Of what personage and years is he?

MALVOLIO

Not yet old enough for a man, nor young enough for a boy—as a squash is before 'tis a peascod, or a codling when 'tis almost an apple. 'Tis with him in standing water, between boy and man. He is very well-favored, and he speaks very shrewishly. One would think his mother's milk were scarce out of him.

OLIVIA

Let him approach. Call in my gentlewoman.

MALVOLIO

Gentlewoman, my lady calls. *(He exits)*
(Enter Maria)

OLIVIA

Give me my veil. Come, throw it o'er my face. *(Olivia veils)*
We'll once more hear Orsino's embassy. *(Enter Viola)*

VIOLA

The honorable lady of the house, which is she?

OLIVIA

Speak to me. I shall answer for her. Your will?

VIOLA

Most radiant, exquisite, and unmatchable beauty—I pray you, tell me if this be the lady of the house, for I never saw her. I would be loath to cast away my speech, for, besides that it is excellently well penned, I have taken great pains to con it. Good beauties, let me sustain no scorn. I am very compatible even to the least sinister usage.

OLIVIA

Whence came you, sir?

VIOLA

I can say little more than I have studied, and that question's out of my part. Good gentle one, give me modest assurance if you be the lady of the house, that I may proceed in my speech.

OLIVIA

Are you a comedian?

VIOLA

No, my profound heart. And yet by the very fangs of malice I swear I am not that I play. Are you the lady of the house?

OLIVIA

If I do not usurp myself, I am.

VIOLA

Most certain, if you are she, you do usurp yourself, for what is yours to bestow is not yours to reserve. But this is from my commission. I will on with my speech in your praise and then show you the heart of my message.

OLIVIA
Come to what is important in 't. I forgive you the praise.

VIOLA
Alas, I took great pains to study it, and 'tis poetical.

OLIVIA
It is the more like to be feigned. I pray you,
keep it in. I heard you were saucy at my gates, and
allowed your approach rather to wonder at you than
to hear you. If you be not mad, begone; if you have
reason, be brief. 'Tis not that time of moon with me
to make one in so skipping a dialogue.

MARIA
Will you hoist sail, sir? Here lies your way.

VIOLA
No, good swabber, I am to hull here a little
longer.—Some mollification for your giant, sweet lady.

OLIVIA
Tell me your mind.

VIOLA
I am a messenger.

OLIVIA
Sure you have some hideous matter to deliver
when the courtesy of it is so fearful. Speak your office.

VIOLA
It alone concerns your ear. I bring no overture
of war, no taxation of homage. I hold the olive in
my hand. My words are as full of peace as matter.

OLIVIA
Yet you began rudely. What are you? What would you?

VIOLA
The rudeness that hath appeared in me have I
learned from my entertainment. What I am and
what I would are as secret as maidenhead: to your
ears, divinity; to any others, profanation.

OLIVIA
Give us the place alone. We will hear this
divinity. Maria and Attendants exit. Now, sir, what is your text?

VIOLA
Most sweet lady—

OLIVIA
A comfortable doctrine, and much may be said
of it. Where lies your text?

VIOLA
In Orsino's bosom.

OLIVIA
In his bosom? In what chapter of his bosom?

VIOLA
To answer by the method, in the first of his heart.

OLIVIA
O, I have read it; it is heresy. Have you no more to say?

Good madam, let me see your face.

VIOLA

Have you any commission from your lord to negotiate with my face? You are now out of your text. But we will draw the curtain and show you the picture. She removes her veil. Look you, sir, such a one I was this present. Is 't not well done?

OLIVIA

Excellently done, if God did all.

VIOLA

'Tis in grain, sir; 'twill endure wind and weather.

OLIVIA

'Tis beauty truly blent, whose red and white Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on. Lady, you are the cruel'st she alive If you will lead these graces to the grave And leave the world no copy.

VIOLA

O, sir, I will not be so hard-hearted! I will give out divers schedules of my beauty. It shall be inventoried and every particle and utensil labeled to my will: as, item, two lips indifferent red; item, two gray eyes with lids to them; item, one neck, one chin, and so forth. Were you sent hither to praise me?

OLIVIA

I see you what you are. You are too proud. But if you were the devil you are fair. My lord and master loves you. O, such love Could be but recompensed though you were crowned The nonpareil of beauty.

VIOLA

How does he love me?

OLIVIA

With adorations, fertile tears,
With groans that thunder love, with sighs of fire.

VIOLA

Your lord does know my mind. I cannot love him. Yet I suppose him virtuous, know him noble, Of great estate, of fresh and stainless youth; In voices well divulged, free, learned, and valiant, And in dimension and the shape of nature A gracious person. But yet I cannot love him. He might have took his answer long ago.

OLIVIA

If I did love you in my master's flame,
With such a suff'ring, such a deadly life,
In your denial I would find no sense.
I would not understand it.

VIOLA

Why, what would you?

OLIVIA

VIOLA

Make me a willow cabin at your gate
 And call upon my soul within the house,
 Write loyal cantons of contemnèd love
 And sing them loud even in the dead of night,
 Hallow your name to the reverberate hills
 And make the babbling gossip of the air
 Cry out "Olivia!" O, you should not rest
 Between the elements of air and earth
 But you should pity me.

OLIVIA

You might do much.
 What is your parentage?

VIOLA

Above my fortunes, yet my state is well.
 I am a gentleman.

OLIVIA

Get you to your lord.
 I cannot love him. Let him send no more—
 Unless perchance you come to me again
 To tell me how he takes it. Fare you well.
 I thank you for your pains. Spend this for me.
 She offers money.

VIOLA

I am no fee'd post, lady. Keep your purse.
 My master, not myself, lacks recompense.
 Love make his heart of flint that you shall love,
 And let your fervor, like my master's, be
 Placed in contempt. Farewell, fair cruelty.
(She exits)

OLIVIA

"What is your parentage?"
 "Above my fortunes, yet my state is well.
 I am a gentleman." I'll be sworn thou art.
 Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbs, actions, and spirit
 Do give thee fivefold blazon. Not too fast! Soft, soft!
 Unless the master were the man. How now?
 Even so quickly may one catch the plague?
 Methinks I feel this youth's perfections
 With an invisible and subtle stealth
 To creep in at mine eyes. Well, let it be.—
 What ho, Malvolio!
(Enter Malvolio)

MALVOLIO

Here, madam, at your service.

OLIVIA

Run after that same peevish messenger,
 The County's man. He left this ring behind him,
 Would I or not. Tell him I'll none of it.
 She hands him a ring.
 Desire him not to flatter with his lord,

OLIVIA (CONT.)

Nor hold him up with hopes. I am not for him.
 If that the youth will come this way tomorrow,
 I'll give him reasons for 't. Hie thee, Malvolio.

MALVOLIO

Madam, I will. *(He exits)*

OLIVIA

I do I know not what, and fear to find
 Mine eye too great a flatterer for my mind.
 Fate, show thy force. Ourselves we do not owe.
 What is decreed must be, and be this so. *(She exits)*

SHAKESPEARE

Ah, the troubles of love that do reside in one's heart. Be not afraid, for I shall remedy their desire towards the future. In the time between, let us gather to a new as we follow love with the sadness of tragedy.

Vignette 2: Tragedy**SONNET 131 ACTOR**

Be you not weary of love? For not all love is within the boundary of forever. Take now these words and know thy heart though fair as well to be in judgement's place.

SONNET 131

Thou art as tyrannous, so as thou art,
 As those whose beauties proudly make them cruel;
 For well thou know'st to my dear dotting heart
 Thou art the fairest and most precious jewel.
 Yet, in good faith, some say that thee behold
 Thy face hath not the power to make love groan:
 To say they err, I dare not be so bold,
 Although I swear it to myself alone.
 And, to be sure that is not false I swear,
 A thousand groans, but thinking on thy face,
 One on another's neck, do witness bear
 Thy black is fairest in my judgment's place.
 In nothing art thou black save in thy deeds,
 And thence this slander, as I think, proceeds.

SHAKESPEARE

not my fair, for as one tragedy arises, another falls. Now I bring you to a being of strength and determination, for he is bound by the title of king. The King, intending to divide his power and kingdom among his three daughters, demands public professions of their love. Though as all daughters do, his youngest was not so conceding. What will poor Cordelia's punishment be? And what of the Earl of Kent? Will he be punished as well for his defiance?

KING LEAR (Part of Act 1 Scene 1)

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

KING LEAR (CONT.)

Unburthen'd 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
 Our daughters' several dowers, that future strife
 May be prevented now. The princes, France and Burgundy,
 Great rivals in our youngest daughter's love,
 Long in our court have made their amorous sojourn,
 And here are to be answer'd. Tell me, my daughters, --
 Since now we will divest us both of rule,
 Interest of territory, cares of state, --
 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.

KING LEAR

Of all these bounds, even from this line to this,
 With shadowy forests and with champains rich'd,
 With plenteous rivers and wide-skirted meads,
 We make thee lady: to thine and Albany's issue
 Be this perpetual. 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,
 Which the most precious square of sense possesses;
 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,

KING LEAR (CONT.)

Than that conferr'd on Goneril. Now, our joy,
 Although the last, not least; to whose young love
 The vines of France and milk of Burgundy
 Strive to be interest'd; 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
 From whom we do exist, and cease to be;
 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, forever. The barbarous Scythian,
 Or he that makes his generation messes

KING LEAR (CONT.)

To gorge his appetite, shall to my bosom
 Be as well neighbour'd, pitied, and relieved,
 As thou my sometime daughter.

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!
 So be my grave my peace, as here I give
 Her father's heart from her! Call France; who stirs?
 Call Burgundy. Cornwall and Albany,
 With my two daughters' dowers digest this third:
 Let pride, which she calls plainness, marry her.
 I do invest you jointly with my power,
 Pre-eminence, and all the large effects
 That troop with majesty. Ourself, 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 sons, 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

Let it fall rather, though the fork invade
 The region of my heart: be Kent unmannerly,
 When Lear is mad. What wilt thou do, old man?
 Think'st thou that duty shall have dread to speak,
 When power to flattery bows? To plainness honour's bound,
 When majesty stoops to folly. Reverse thy doom;
 And, in thy best consideration, cheque
 This hideous rashness: answer my life my judgment,
 Thy youngest daughter does not love thee least;
 Nor are those empty-hearted whose low sound
 Reverbs no hollowness.

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

Now, by Apollo,--

KENT

Now, by Apollo, king,
Thou swear'st thy gods in vain.

KING LEAR

O, vassal! miscreant!
Laying his hand on his sword

ALBANY CORNWALL

Dear sir, forbear.

KENT

Do: Kill thy physician, and the fee bestow
Upon thy foul disease. Revoke thy doom;
Or, whilst I can vent clamour from my throat,
I'll tell thee thou dost evil.

KING LEAR

Hear me, recreant!
On thine allegiance, hear me!
Since thou hast sought to make us break our vow,
Which we durst never yet, and with strain'd pride
To come between our sentence and our power,
Which nor our nature nor our place can bear,
Our potency made good, 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. *(King Lear exits)*

(To CORDELIA) The gods to their dear shelter take thee, maid,
That justly think'st, and hast most rightly said! *(CORDELIA exits)*

(To REGAN and GONERIL) And your large speeches may your deeds approve,
That good effects may spring from words of love.

Thus Kent, O princes, bids you all adieu;
He'll shape his old course in a country new.

(KENT exits. REGAN and GONERIL look to each other, then exit)

SONNET 64 ACTOR

For I admire his needs, alone we leave him, for we have more to see and hear. I bring to thee to a tale of time, loss, and rage.

SONNET 64

When I have seen by Time's fell hand defac'd
 The rich-proud cost of outworn buried age;
 When sometime lofty towers I see down-razed
 And brass eternal, slave to mortal rage;
 When I have seen the hungry ocean gain
 Advantage on the kingdom of the shore,
 And the firm soil win of the wat'ry main,
 Increasing store with loss, and loss with store;
 When I have seen such interchange of state,
 Or state itself confounded to decay;
 Ruin hath taught me thus to ruminare --
 That Time will come and take my love away.
 This thought is as a death, which cannot choose
 But weep to have that which it fears to lose.

SHAKESPEARE

Oh time, how you are a fickle creature. Be you not a friend to those who have suffered. Loss is apparent for one soul who's own father lasted not through his time. Poor Hamlet, may his mind be free of this torment that wreaks havoc upon his soul. All the while, courteous to Ophelia, why does he suddenly turn, denying having loved her at all. Does his pain cause him to be so? And what of Ophelia?

HAMLET (Part of Act 3 Scene 1)

HAMLET

(HAMLET enters) 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.
 For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
 Th' oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely
 The pangs of despised love, the law's delay,
 The insolence of office, and the spurns
 That patient merit of th' unworthy takes,
 When he himself might his quietus make
 With a bare bodkin? Who would fardels bear,
 To grunt and sweat under a weary life,
 But that the dread of something after death,
 The undiscovered country, from whose bourn
 No traveller returns, puzzles the will,
 And makes us rather bear those ills we have
 Than fly to others that we know not of?

HAMLET (CONT.)

Thus conscience does make cowards of us all,
 And thus the native hue of resolution
 Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought,
 And enterprise of great pitch and moment
 With this regard their currents turn awry
 And lose the name of action. -- Soft you now,
 The fair Ophelia! -- Nymph, in thy orisons
 Be all my sins remembered.

OPHELIA

(OPHELIA enters) Good my lord,
 How does your honour for this many a day?

HAMLET

I humbly thank you; well, well, well.

OPHELIA

My lord, I have remembrances of yours,
 That I have longed long to re-deliver;
 I pray you, now receive them.

HAMLET

No, not I; I never gave you aught.

OPHELIA

My honour'd lord, you know right well you did;
 And, with them, words of so sweet breath composed
 As made the 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 you honest?

OPHELIA

My lord?

HAMLET

Are you 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

Ay, truly; for the power of beauty will sooner
 transform honesty from what it is to a bawd than the
 force of honesty can translate beauty into his
 likeness: this was sometime a paradox, but now the
 time gives it proof. I did love you once.

OPHELIA

Indeed, my lord, you made me believe so.

HAMLET

You should not have believed me; for virtue cannot
 so inoculate our old stock but we shall relish of it: I loved you not.

OPHELIA

I was the more deceived.

HAMLET

Get thee to a nunnery: why wouldst thou be a breeder of sinners? 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, with more offences at my beck than I have thoughts to put them in, imagination to give them shape, or time to act them in. What should such fellows as I do crawling between earth and heaven? We are arrant knaves, all; believe none of us. Go thy ways to a nunnery. Where's your father?

OPHELIA

At home, my lord.

HAMLET

Let the doors be shut upon him, that he may play the fool nowhere but in's own house. Farewell.
(HAMLET exits leaving OPHELIA stunned. OPHELIA pauses, then exits)

SHAKESPEARE

Poor Ophelia, why does he treat you so? I am weary of this tragedy and wish to find a happier time. To you I say, onward for we shall end the night with laughter.

Vignette 3: Comedy

SONNET 138 ACTOR

What tragedy brings you to my doorstep? Wish you to find more joy in these troubled times? So be it, for I bring you the truth of a false speaking tongue

SONNET 138

When my love swears that she is made of truth
I do believe her, though I know she lies,
That she might think me some untutor'd youth,
Unlearned in the world's false subtleties.
Thus vainly thinking that she thinks me young,
Although she knows my days are past the best,
Simply I credit her false speaking tongue:
On both sides thus is simple truth suppress'd.
But wherefore says she not she is unjust?
And wherefore say not I that I am old?
O, love's best habit is in seeming trust,
And age in love loves not to have years told:
Therefore I lie with her and she with me,
And in our faults by lies we flatter'd be.

SHAKESPEARE

Oh such words do test the soul to wonder, and wonder we shall. However, we are not done yet, for I bring you another; a comedy (*pause*) of errors. We see the Antipholus, who falls in love with Luciana. And let us not forget Dromio, betrothed to the kitchen maid of our Dear Adrianna. But what of this love, or is it that at all, for there is suspicion in their minds. Will they escape, or stay?

COMEDY OF ERRORS (Part of Act 3 Scene 2)

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE

Why, how now, Dromio.
Where runn'st thou so fast?

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE

Do you know me, sir? Am I
Dromio? Am I your man? Am I myself?

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE

Thou art Dromio, thou art
my man, thou art thyself.

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE

I am an ass, I am a woman's man, and besides myself.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE

What woman's man? And how besides thyself?

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE

Marry, sir, besides myself I am
due to a woman, one that claims me, one that
haunts me, one that will have me.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE

What claim lays she to thee?

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE

Marry, sir, such claim as you
would lay to your horse, and she would have me as
a beast; not that I being a beast she would have me,
but that she, being a very beastly creature, lays
claim to me.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE

What is she?

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE

A very reverend body, ay, such a
one as a man may not speak of without he say
"sir-reverence." I have but lean luck in the match,
and yet is she a wondrous fat marriage.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE

How dost thou mean a "fat marriage"?

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE

Marry, sir, she's the kitchen
wench, and all grease, and I know not what use to
put her to but to make a lamp of her and run from
her by her own light. I warrant her rags and the
tallow in them will burn a Poland winter. If she lives
till doomsday, she'll burn a week longer than the
whole world.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE

What complexion is she of?

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE

Swart like my shoe, but her face
nothing like so clean kept. For why? She sweats. A
man may go overshoes in the grime of it.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE

That's a fault that water will mend.

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE

No, sir, 'tis in grain; Noah's flood could not do it.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE

What's her name?

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE

Nell, sir, but her name and three quarters—that's an ell and three quarters—will not measure her from hip to hip.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE

Then she bears some breadth?

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE

No longer from head to foot than from hip to hip. She is spherical, like a globe. I could find out countries in her.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE

In what part of her body stands Ireland?

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE

Marry, sir, in her buttocks. I found it out by the bogs.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE

Where Scotland?

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE

I found it by the barrenness, hard in the palm of the hand.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE

Where France?

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE

In her forehead, armed and reverted, making war against her heir.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE

Where England?

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE

I looked for the chalky cliffs, but I could find no whiteness in them. But I guess it stood in her chin, by the salt rheum that ran between France and it.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE

Where Spain?

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE

Faith, I saw it not, but I felt it hot in her breath.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE

Where America, the Indies?

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE

O, sir, upon her nose, all o'erembellished with rubies, carbuncles, sapphires, declining their rich aspect to the hot breath of Spain, who sent whole armadas of carracks to be ballast at her nose.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE

Where stood Belgia, the Netherlands?

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE

O, sir, I did not look so low. To
conclude: this drudge or diviner laid claim to me,
called me Dromio, swore I was assured to her, told
me what privy marks I had about me, as the mark
of my shoulder, the mole in my neck, the great wart
on my left arm, that I, amazed, ran from her as a witch.
And, I think, if my breast had not been made of
faith, and my heart of steel,
She had transformed me to a curtal dog and made
me turn i' th' wheel.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE

Go, hie thee presently. Post to the road.
An if the wind blow any way from shore,
I will not harbor in this town tonight.
If any bark put forth, come to the mart,
Where I will walk till thou return to me.
If everyone knows us, and we know none,
'Tis time, I think, to trudge, pack, and be gone.

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE

As from a bear a man would run for life,
So fly I from her that would be my wife. (*He exits*)

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE

There's none but witches do inhabit here,
And therefore 'tis high time that I were hence.
She that doth call me husband, even my soul
Doth for a wife abhor. But her fair sister,
Possessed with such a gentle sovereign grace,
Of such enchanting presence and discourse,
Hath almost made me traitor to myself.
But lest myself be guilty to self wrong,
I'll stop mine ears against the mermaid's song.

SONNET 130 ACTOR (*preferably female*)

What is a comedy if not one filled with mistakes of man or a slip of ones words? To mine eyes, I prefer the mistress, but humorous to me only it may be. For who am I to judge appearance of another?

SONNET 130

My mistress' eyes are nothing like the sun;
Coral is far more red than her lips' red;
If snow be white, why then her breasts are dun;
If hairs be wires, black wires grow on her head.
I have seen roses damask'd, red and white,
But no such roses see I in her cheeks;
And in some perfumes is there more delight
Than in the breath that from my mistress reeks.
I love to hear her speak, yet well I know
That music hath a far more pleasing sound;
I grant I never saw a goddess go;

SONNET 130 (CONT.)

My mistress, when she walks, treads on the ground:
 And yet, by heaven, I think my love as rare
 As any she belied with false compare.

SHAKESPEARE

Mistress, I have none but to mine own I see the eyes as blue as the seas and the lips as pink as a flower. The figure however (*pause*) let us not discuss. For now, I ask, what would you do if you found your love in cahoots with another? Let us find out as we listen to Mistress Page and Mistress Ford compare their love letters from Falstaff and plot revenge against him.

THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR (Part of Act 2 Scene 1)

(Enter MISTRESS PAGE, with a letter)

MISTRESS PAGE

What, have I scaped love-letters in the holiday-time of my beauty, and am I now a subject for them? Let me see.

[Reads]

'Ask me no reason why I love you; for though Love use Reason for his physician, he admits him not for his counsellor. You are not young, no more am I; go to then, there's sympathy: you are merry, so am I; ha, ha! then there's more sympathy: you love sack, and so do I; would you desire better sympathy? Let it suffice thee, Mistress Page,--at the least, if the love of soldier can suffice,--that I love thee. I will not say, pity me; 'tis not a soldier-like phrase: but I say, love me. By me, Thine own true knight,
 By day or night,
 Or any kind of light,
 With all his might
 For thee to fight, JOHN FALSTAFF'
 What a Herod of Jewry is this! O wicked world! One that is well-nigh worn to pieces with age to show himself a young gallant! What an unweighed behavior hath this Flemish drunkard picked--with the devil's name!--out of my conversation, that he dares in this manner assay me? Why, he hath not been thrice in my company! What should I say to him? I was then frugal of my mirth: Heaven forgive me! Why, I'll exhibit a bill in the parliament for the putting down of men. How shall I be revenged on him? for revenged I will be, as sure as his guts are made of puddings. (Enter MISTRESS FORD)

MISTRESS FORD

Mistress Page! trust me, I was going to your house.

MISTRESS PAGE

And, trust me, I was coming to you. You look very ill.

MISTRESS FORD

Nay, I'll ne'er believe that; I have to show to the contrary.

MISTRESS PAGE

Faith, but you do, in my mind.

MISTRESS FORD

Well, I do then; yet I say I could show you to the contrary. O Mistress Page, give me some counsel!

MISTRESS PAGE

What's the matter, woman?

MISTRESS FORD

O woman, if it were not for one trifling respect, I could come to such honour!

MISTRESS PAGE

Hang the trifle, woman! take the honour. What is it? dispense with trifles; what is it?

MISTRESS FORD

If I would but go to hell for an eternal moment or so, I could be knighted.

MISTRESS PAGE

What? thou liest! Sir Alice Ford! These knights will hack; and so thou shouldst not alter the article of thy gentry.

MISTRESS FORD

We burn daylight: here, read, read; perceive how I might be knighted. I shall think the worse of fat men, as long as I have an eye to make difference of men's liking: and yet he would not swear; praised women's modesty; and gave such orderly and well-behaved reproof to all uncomeliness, that I would have sworn his disposition would have gone to the truth of his words; but they do no more adhere 55 and keep place together than the Hundredth Psalm to the tune of 'Green Sleeves.' What tempest, I trow, threw this whale, with so many tuns of oil in his belly, ashore at Windsor? How shall I be revenged on him? I think the best way were to entertain him with hope, till the wicked fire of lust have melted him in his own grease. Did you ever hear the like?

MISTRESS PAGE

Letter for letter, but that the name of Page and Ford differs! To thy great comfort in this mystery of ill opinions, here's the twin-brother of thy 65 letter: but let thine inherit first; for, I protest, mine never shall. I warrant he hath a thousand of these letters, writ with blank space for different names--sure, more,--and these are of the second edition: he will print them, out of doubt; for he cares not what he puts into the press, when he would put us two. I had rather be a giantess, and lie under Mount Pelion. Well, I will find you twenty lascivious turtles ere one chaste man.

MISTRESS FORD

Why, this is the very same; the very hand, the very words. What doth he think of us?

MISTRESS PAGE

Nay, I know not: it makes me almost ready to wrangle with mine own honesty. I'll entertain myself like one that I am not acquainted withal; for, sure, unless he know some strain in me, that I know not myself, he would never have boarded me in this fury.

MISTRESS FORD

'Boarding,' call you it? I'll be sure to keep him above deck.

MISTRESS PAGE

So will I if he come under my hatches, I'll never to sea again. Let's be revenged on him: let's appoint him a meeting; give him a show of comfort in his suit and lead him on with a fine-baited delay, till he hath pawned his horses to mine host of the Garter.

MISTRESS FORD

Nay, I will consent to act any villany against him, that may not sully the chariness of our honesty. O, that my husband saw this letter! it would give eternal food to his jealousy.

MISTRESS PAGE

Why, look where he comes; and my good man too: he's as far from jealousy as I am from giving him cause; and that I hope is an unmeasurable distance.

MISTRESS FORD

You are the happier woman.

MISTRESS PAGE

Let's consult together against this greasy knight. Come hither. *(They exit)*

SHAKESPEARE Ending Speech

Keep thy love strong, thy tragedy's few, and thy humor always. As we conclude this days affairs, remember this, love do take course in one's heart and soul, whilst at times may be tragic (*pause*) and funny. I bid you adieu, for love awaits me and home I shall to my own love, my wife. May grace be with you, and God save the Queen. *(Exit)*