

## **SHAKESPEARIENCE!**

### “Writing for the Queen and King”

*Each team comes forward, while the others remain in the audience as Queens Elizabeth and Kings James.*

### Act 1, Macbeth

#### **ALL MACBETHS:**

Your royal majesties, Queen Elizabeth and King James, would you care to hear a piece from my new play?

#### **Queens & Kings:**

I'd be delighted Master Shakespeare, what is it called?

#### **ALL MACBETHS:**

“Macbeth”!

1. Is this a dagger which I see before me, The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch thee. I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.
2. Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible to feeling as to sight? Or art thou but a dagger of the mind, a false creation, proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain? I see thee yet, in form as palpable as this which now I draw.
3. Thou marshall'st me the way that I was going; and such an instrument I was to use. Mine eyes are made the fools o' the other senses, or else worth all the rest; I see thee still, and on thy blade and dudgeon gouts of blood, which was not so before.
4. There's no such thing: It is the bloody business which informs thus to mine eyes. Now o'er the one halfworld Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse the curtain'd sleep; Witchcraft celebrates pale Hecate's offerings...
5. And wither'd murder, alarum'd by his sentinel the wolf, whose howl's his watch, thus with his stealthy pace with Tarquin's ravishing strides, towards his design moves like a ghost.

6. Thou sure and firm-set earth, Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear thy  
very stones prate of my whereabouts, and take the present horror from the time,  
which now suits with it.
7. Whiles I threat, he lives: Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives.
8. I go, and it is done; the bell invites me. Hear it not, Duncan; for it is a knell That  
summons thee to heaven or to hell.

## Act 2, Hamlet

### **ALL HAMLETS:**

Your royal majesties, Queen Elizabeth and King James, would you care to hear a speech from my masterpiece?

### **Queens & Kings:**

I'd be delighted Master Shakespeare, what is it called?

### **ALL HAMLETS:**

"Hamlet"!

1. 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:
2. To die, to sleep no more; and by a sleep, to say we end the heart-ache, and the thousand natural shocks that flesh is heir to? 'Tis a consummation devoutly to be wished.
3. To die, to sleep, to sleep, perchance to dream; aye, 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.
4. There's the respect that makes calamity of so long life: for who would bear the whips and scorns of time, the oppressor's wrong, the pangs of despised Love, the law's delay...
5. 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...
6. 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,
7. And enterprises of great pitch and moment, with this regard their currents turn awry, and lose the name of action.

## Act 3, Julius Caesar

### **ALL JULIUS CAESARS:**

Your royal majesties, Queen Elizabeth and King James, would you care to hear a piece from history?

### **Queens & Kings:**

I'd be delighted Master Shakespeare, what is it called?

### **ALL JULIUS CAESARS:**

"Julius Caesar"!

1. Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears; I come to bury Caesar, not to praise him. The evil that men do lives after them;
2. The good is oft interred with their bones; So let it be with Caesar.
3. The noble Brutus Hath told you Caesar was ambitious: If it were so, it was a grievous fault, And grievously hath Caesar answer'd it.
4. Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest-- for Brutus is an honourable man; so are they all, all honourable men-- Come I to speak in Caesar's funeral. He was my friend, faithful and just to me:
5. But Brutus says he was ambitious; and Brutus is an honourable man. He hath brought many captives home to Rome whose ransoms did the general coffers fill: Did this in Caesar seem ambitious?
6. When that the poor have cried, Caesar hath wept: Ambition should be made of sterner stuff: Yet Brutus says he was ambitious; And Brutus is an honourable man.
7. You all did see that on the Lupercal I thrice presented him a kingly crown, which he did thrice refuse: was this ambition? Yet Brutus says he was ambitious; and, sure, he is an honourable man.
8. I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke, but here I am to speak what I do know. You all did love him once, not without cause: What cause withholds you then, to mourn for him?
9. O judgment! thou art fled to brutish beasts, and men have lost their reason.
10. Bear with me; my heart is in the coffin there with Caesar, and I must pause till it come back to me.

## Act 4, Romeo & Juliet

### **ALL ROMEOS & JULIETS:**

Your royal majesties, Queen Elizabeth and King James, would you care to hear one more piece, directly from my heart?

### **Queens & Kings:**

Absolutley Master Shakespeare, what is it called?

### **ALL ROMEOS & JULIETS:**

“Romeo & Juliet”!

1. But, soft! what light through yonder window breaks? It is the east, and Juliet is the sun. Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon, Who is already sick and pale with grief,
2. That thou her maid art far more fair than she: Be not her maid, since she is envious;
3. Her vestal livery is but sick and green and none but fools do wear it; cast it off.
4. It is my lady, O, it is my love! O, that she knew she were! She speaks yet she says nothing: what of that? Her eye discourses; I will answer it. I am too bold, 'tis not to me she speaks:
5. Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven, having some business, do entreat her eyes to twinkle in their spheres till they return. What if her eyes were there, they in her head?
6. The brightness of her cheek would shame those stars, as daylight doth a lamp; her eyes in heaven Would through the airy region stream so bright that birds would sing and think it were not night.
7. See, how she leans her cheek upon her hand! O, that I were a glove upon that hand, that I might touch that cheek!

## Act 5, Epilogue

FULL COMPANY:

*Lords and ladies, thank you for joining us on the boards...*

*Shakespeare lives in us all! HUZDAH!*

THE END