



SHAKESPEARE  
*Carnival*  
A NSW STATEWIDE COMPETITION



# 2021

# PRIMARY SHAKESPEARE CARNIVAL

## DUOLOGUES



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# A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM

## ACT 2, SC 1 – HELENA & DEMETRIUS

### COMEDY

Helena is in love with Demetrius, but he only has eyes for her friend Hermia – who is eloping with her boyfriend Lysander. Demetrius chases Hermia into the forest and Helena chases him. What extremes of language and body can you explore in taking the commitment of these characters to their objectives as far as you can?

*Enter DEMETRIUS, HELENA following him.*

#### DEMETRIUS

I love thee not, therefore pursue me not.  
Where is Lysander and fair Hermia?  
The one I'll slay, the other slayeth me.  
Thou told'st me they were stolen unto this wood;  
And here am I, and wode within this wood  
Because I cannot meet my Hermia.  
Hence, get thee gone, and follow me no more.

#### HELENA

You draw me, you hard-hearted adamant –  
But yet you draw not iron, for my heart  
Is true as steel. Leave you your power to draw,  
And I shall have no power to follow you.

#### DEMETRIUS

Do I entice you? Do I speak you fair?  
Or rather do I not in plainest truth  
Tell you I do not, nor I cannot love you?

#### HELENA

And even for that do I love you the more.  
I am your spaniel; and, Demetrius,  
The more you beat me, I will fawn on you.  
Use me but as your spaniel, spurn me, strike me,  
Neglect me, lose me; only give me leave,  
Unworthy as I am, to follow you.  
What worser place can I beg in your love –  
And yet a place of high respect with me –  
Than to be used as you use your dog?

#### DEMETRIUS

Tempt not too much the hatred of my spirit;  
For I am sick when I do look on thee.



**HELENA**

And I am sick when I look not on you.

**DEMETRIUS**

You do impeach your modesty too much  
To leave the city and commit yourself  
Into the hands of one that loves you not,  
To trust the opportunity of night  
And the ill counsel of a desert place  
With the rich worth of your virginity.

**HELENA**

Your virtue is my privilege: for that  
It is not night when I do see your face,  
Therefore I think I am not in the night;  
Nor doth this wood lack worlds of company,  
For you, in my respect are all the world;  
Then how can it be said I am alone,  
When all the world is here to look on me?

**DEMETRIUS**

I'll run from thee and hide me in the brakes,  
And leave thee to the mercy of wild beasts.

**HELENA**

The wildest hath not such a heart as you.  
Run when you will; the story shall be changed:  
Apollo flies, and Daphne holds the chase;  
The dove pursues the griffin, the mild hind  
Makes speed to catch the tiger; bootless speed,  
When cowardice pursues and valour flies!

**DEMETRIUS**

I will not stay thy questions; let me go,  
Or if thou follow me, do not believe  
But I shall do thee mischief in the wood.

**HELENA**

Ay, in the temple, in the town, the field,  
You do me mischief. Fie, Demetrius!  
Your wrongs do set a scandal on my sex.  
We cannot fight for love, as men may do;  
We should be woo'd and were not made to woo.

*Exit DEMETRIUS*

I'll follow thee, and make a heaven of hell,  
To die upon the hand I love so well.

*Exit*



# ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

## ACT 2, SC 5

Alexandria. CLEOPATRA's palace.

*This scene is greatly enhanced by clever use of timing. Note the use of shared lines – and when they are not used, for some hints by Shakespeare on how the scene could be played.*

*Enter CLEOPATRA*

**CLEOPATRA**

Give me some music; music, moody food  
Of us that trade in love. I'll none now:  
Give me mine angle; we'll to the river: there,  
My music playing far off, I will betray  
Tawny-finn'd fishes; my bended hook shall pierce  
Their slimy jaws; and, as I draw them up,  
I'll think them every one an Antony,  
And say 'Ah, ha! you're caught.' O, from Italy  
Ram thou thy fruitful tidings in mine ears,  
That long time have been barren.

*Enter a Messenger*

**Messenger**

Madam, madam -

**CLEOPATRA**

Antonius dead!--If thou say so, villain,  
Thou kill'st thy mistress: but well and free,  
If thou so yield him, there is gold, and here  
My bluest veins to kiss; a hand that kings  
Have lipp'd, and trembled kissing.

**Messenger**

First, madam, he is well.

**CLEOPATRA**

Why, there's more gold.  
But, sirrah, mark, we use  
To say the dead are well: bring it to that,  
The gold I give thee will I melt and pour  
Down thy ill-uttering throat.

**Messenger**

Good madam, hear me.



**CLEOPATRA**

Well, go to, I will;  
But there's no goodness in thy face: if Antony  
Be free and healthful - so tart a favour  
To trumpet such good tidings! If not well,  
Thou shouldst come like a Fury crown'd with snakes,  
Not like a formal man.

**Messenger**

Will't please you hear me?

**CLEOPATRA**

I have a mind to strike thee ere thou speak'st:  
Yet if thou say Antony lives, is well,  
Or friends with Caesar, or not captive to him,  
I'll set thee in a shower of gold, and hail  
Rich pearls upon thee.

**Messenger**

Madam, he's well.

**CLEOPATRA**

Well said.

**Messenger**

And friends with Caesar.

**CLEOPATRA**

Thou'rt an honest man.

**Messenger**

Caesar and he are greater friends than ever.

**CLEOPATRA**

Make thee a fortune from me.

**Messenger**

But yet, madam,-

**CLEOPATRA**

I do not like 'But yet,' it does allay  
The good precedence; fie upon 'But yet'!  
'But yet' is as a gaoler to bring forth  
Some monstrous malefactor. Prithee, friend,  
Pour out the pack of matter to mine ear,  
The good and bad together: he's friends with Caesar:  
In state of health thou say'st; and thou say'st free.



**Messenger**

Free, madam! No; I made no such report:  
He's bound unto Octavia.

**CLEOPATRA**

For what good turn?

**Messenger**

For the best turn i' the bed.

**CLEOPATRA**

I am pale. Charmian!

**Messenger**

Madam, he's married to Octavia.

**CLEOPATRA**

The most infectious pestilence upon thee!

*Strikes him down*

**Messenger**

Good madam, patience.

**CLEOPATRA**

What say you? Hence, *She strikes him again*  
Horrible villain or I'll spurn thine eyes  
Like balls before me; I'll unhair thy head:

*She hales him up and down*

Thou shalt be whipp'd with wire, and stew'd in brine,  
Smarting in lingering pickle.

**Messenger**

Gracious madam,  
I that do bring the news made not the match.

**CLEOPATRA**

Say 'tis not so, a province I will give thee,  
And make thy fortunes proud: the blow thou hadst  
Shall make thy peace for moving me to rage;  
And I will boot thee with what gift beside  
Thy modesty can beg.

**Messenger**

He's married, madam.

**CLEOPATRA**

Rogue, thou hast lived too long.

*Draws a knife*

**Messenger**

Nay, then I'll run.

What mean you, madam? I have made no fault.

**CLEOPATRA**

Some innocents 'scape not the thunderbolt.

Melt Egypt into Nile! And kindly creatures

Turn all to serpents! Speak slave again:

Though I am mad, I will not bite you. Speak!

I will not hurt you.

These hands do lack nobility, that they strike

A meaner than myself; since I myself

Have given myself the cause. Come hither, sir.

Though it be honest, it is never good

To bring bad news. Give to a gracious message

An host of tongues; but let ill tidings tell

Themselves when they be felt.

**Messenger**

I have done my duty.

**CLEOPATRA**

Is he married?

I cannot hate thee worser than I do,

If thou again say 'Yes.'

**Messenger**

He's married, madam.

**CLEOPATRA**

The gods confound thee! Dost thou hold there still?

**Messenger**

Should I lie, madam?

**CLEOPATRA**

O, I would thou didst,

So half my Egypt were submerged and made

A cistern for scaled snakes! Go, get thee hence:

Hadst thou Narcissus in thy face, to me

Thou wouldst appear most ugly. He is married?

**Messenger**

I crave your highness' pardon.



**CLEOPATRA**

He is married?

**Messenger**

Take no offence that I would not offend you:  
To punish me for what you make me do  
Seems much unequal: he's married to Octavia.

**CLEOPATRA**

O, that his fault should make a knave of thee,  
That art not what thou'rt sure of! Get thee hence:  
The merchandise which thou hast brought from Rome  
Are all too dear for me:  
Lie they upon thy hand, and be undone by 'em!

**Messenger**

Good your highness, patience.

**CLEOPATRA**

In praising Antony, I have dispraised Caesar.  
I am paid for't now. Lead me from hence; I faint!  
O good fellow, 'tis no matter.  
Report the feature of Octavia, her years,  
Her inclination, let you not leave out  
The colour of her hair: give me word quickly.

*They Exit*



# ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

## ACT 4, SC 15 – THE DEATH OF ANTHONY

*This scene is written with many servants who help Cleopatra lift Antony up to her place of hiding – where she is safe from Caesar. But for a duologue we can't have them, so you have to reconceive how the scene is staged – perhaps with Cleopatra and Antony already together? Perhaps her discovering him as she enters? Your creativity can solve this, perhaps you may wish to edit a line or two...be judicious.*

### CLEOPATRA

No, I will not be comforted.  
All strange and terrible events are welcome,  
But comforts we despise. Our size of sorrow,  
Proportion'd to our cause, must be as great  
As that which makes it. O sun,  
Burn the great sphere thou movest in! Darkling stand  
The varying shore o' the world. O Antony,  
Antony, Antony!

### MARK ANTONY

Peace!

Not Caesar's valour hath o'erthrown Antony,  
But Antony's hath triumph'd on itself.

### CLEOPATRA

So it should be, that none but Antony  
Should conquer Antony; but woe 'tis so!

### MARK ANTONY

I am dying, Egypt, dying; only  
I here importune death awhile, until  
Of many thousand kisses the poor last  
I lay up thy lips.

### CLEOPATRA

I dare not, dear,--  
Dear my lord, pardon,--I dare not,  
Lest I be taken: not the imperious show  
Of the full-fortuned Caesar ever shall  
Be brooch'd with me; if knife, drugs, serpents, have  
Edge, sting, or operation, I am safe:  
Your wife Octavia, with her modest eyes  
And still conclusion, shall acquire no honour  
Demuring upon me. But come, come, Antony,--

### MARK ANTONY

O, quick, or I am gone.

**CLEOPATRA**

Here's sport indeed! How heavy weighs my lord!  
Our strength is all gone into heaviness,  
That makes the weight: had I great Juno's power,  
The strong-wing'd Mercury should fetch thee up,  
And set thee by Jove's side. Yet come a little,--  
Wishes were ever fools,--O, come, come, come;  
And welcome, welcome! die where thou hast lived:  
Quicken with kissing: had my lips that power,  
Thus would I wear them out.

**MARK ANTONY**

I am dying, Egypt, dying:  
Give me some wine, and let me speak a little.

**CLEOPATRA**

No, let me speak; and let me rail so high,  
That the false housewife Fortune break her wheel,  
Provoked by my offence.

**MARK ANTONY**

One word, sweet queen:  
Of Caesar seek your honour, with your safety. O!

**CLEOPATRA**

They do not go together.

**MARK ANTONY**

Gentle, hear me:  
None about Caesar trust but Proculeius.

**CLEOPATRA**

My resolution and my hands I'll trust;  
None about Caesar.

**MARK ANTONY**

The miserable change now at my end  
Lament nor sorrow at; but please your thoughts  
In feeding them with those my former fortunes  
Wherein I lived, the greatest prince o' the world,  
The noblest; and do now not basely die,  
Not cowardly put off my helmet to  
My countryman, a Roman by a Roman  
Valiantly vanquish'd. Now my spirit is going;  
I can no more.

**CLEOPATRA**

Noblest of men, woo't die?  
Hast thou no care of me? Shall I abide  
In this dull world, which in thy absence is  
No better than a sty? O, see, my women,

*MARK ANTONY dies*



The crown o' the earth doth melt. My lord!  
O, wither'd is the garland of the war,  
The soldier's pole is fall'n: young boys and girls  
Are level now with men; the odds is gone,  
And there is nothing left remarkable  
Beneath the visiting moon.

*Faints*



# AS YOU LIKE IT

## ACT 2, SC 3

Synopsis: Adam, a faithful servant, warns Orlando that his brother Oliver plans to kill him. They resolve to flee together into the forest of Arden.

**Before OLIVER'S house.** *Enter ORLANDO and ADAM, meeting*

**ORLANDO**

Who's there?

**ADAM**

What, my young master? O, my gentle master!  
O my sweet master! O you memory  
Of old Sir Rowland! Why, what make you here?  
Why are you virtuous? Why do people love you?  
And wherefore are you gentle, strong and valiant?  
Why would you be so fond to overcome  
The bonny priser of the humorous duke?  
Your praise is come too swiftly home before you.  
Know you not, master, to some kind of men  
Their graces serve them but as enemies?  
No more do yours: your virtues, gentle master,  
Are sanctified and holy traitors to you.  
O, what a world is this, when what is comely  
Envenoms him that bears it!

**ORLANDO**

Why, what's the matter?

**ADAM**

O unhappy youth!  
Come not within these doors; within this roof  
The enemy of all your graces lives:  
Your brother--no, no brother; yet the son--  
Yet not the son, I will not call him son  
Of him I was about to call his father--  
Hath heard your praises, and this night he means  
To burn the lodging where you use to lie  
And you within it. If he fail of that,  
He will have other means to cut you off.  
I overheard him and his practises.  
This is no place, this house is but a butchery.  
Abhor it, fear it, do not enter it!



**ORLANDO**

Why, whither, Adam, wouldst thou have me go?

**ADAM**

No matter whither, so you come not here.

**ORLANDO**

What, wouldst thou have me go and beg my food?  
Or with a base and boisterous sword enforce  
A thievish living on the common road?  
This I must do, or know not what to do:  
Yet this I will not do, do how I can;  
I rather will subject me to the malice  
Of a diverted blood and bloody brother.

**ADAM**

But do not so. I have five hundred crowns,  
The thrifty hire I saved under your father,  
Which I did store to be my foster-nurse  
When service should in my old limbs lie lame  
And unregarded age in corners thrown:  
Take that, and He that doth the ravens feed,  
Yea, providently caters for the sparrow,  
Be comfort to my age! Here is the gold;  
And all this I give you. Let me be your servant:  
Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty;  
For in my youth I never did apply  
Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood,  
Nor did not with unbashful forehead woo  
The means of weakness and debility;  
Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,  
Frosty, but kindly: let me go with you;  
I'll do the service of a younger man  
In all your business and necessities.



## **ORLANDO**

O good old man, how well in thee appears  
The constant service of the antique world,  
When service sweat for duty, not for meed!  
Thou art not for the fashion of these times,  
Where none will sweat but for promotion,  
And having that, do choke their service up  
Even with the having: it is not so with thee.  
But, poor old man, thou prunest a rotten tree,  
That cannot so much as a blossom yield  
In lieu of all thy pains and husbandry  
But come thy ways; well go along together,  
And ere we have thy youthful wages spent,  
We'll light upon some settled low content.

## **ADAM**

Master, go on, and I will follow thee,  
To the last gasp, with truth and loyalty.  
From seventeen years till now almost fourscore  
Here lived I, but now live here no more.  
At seventeen years many their fortunes seek;  
But at fourscore it is too late a week:  
Yet fortune cannot recompense me better  
Than to die well and not my master's debtor.

*Exeunt*



# AS YOU LIKE IT

ACT 3, SC 2 – ROSALIND & ORLANDO

COMEDY

**ROSALIND**

Do you hear, forester?

**ORLANDO**

Very well. What would you?

**ROSALIND**

I pray you, what is't o'clock?

**ORLANDO**

You should ask me what time o' day; there's no clock in the forest.

**ROSALIND**

Then there is no true lover in the forest, else sighing every minute and groaning every hour would detect the lazy foot of Time, as well as a clock.

**ORLANDO**

And why not the swift foot of Time? Had not that been as proper?

**ROSALIND**

By no means sir. Time travels in divers paces with divers persons. I'll tell you who Time ambles withal, who Time trots withal, and who Time gallops withal.

**ORLANDO**

I prithee, who doth he trot withal?

**ROSALIND**

Marry he trots hard with a young maid, between the contract of her marriage and the day it is solemnized. If the interim be but a se'nnight, Time's pace is so hard that it seems the length of seven year.

**ORLANDO**

Who ambles Time withal?



**ROSALIND**

With a priest that lacks Latin, and a rich man that hath not the gout, for the one sleeps easily because he cannot study, and the other lives merrily because he feels no pain. These Time ambles withal.

**ORLANDO**

Who doth he gallop withal?

**ROSALIND**

With a thief to the gallows; for though he go as softly as foot can fall, he thinks himself too soon there.

**ORLANDO**

Where dwell you pretty youth?

**ROSALIND**

Here in the skirts of the forest, like fringe upon a petticoat.

**ORLANDO**

Are you native of this place?

**ROSALIND**

As the cony that you see dwell where she is kindled.

**ORLANDO**

Your accent is something finer than you could purchase in so removed a dwelling.

**ROSALIND**

I have been told so of many. But indeed, an old religious uncle of mine taught me to speak, who was in his youth an inland man, one that knew courtship too well, for there he fell in love. I have heard him read many lectures against it, and I thank God I am not a woman, to be touched with so many giddy offences as he hath generally taxed their whole sex withal.

**ORLANDO**

I prithee recount some of them.

**ROSALIND**

No; I will not cast away my physic but on those that are sick. There is a man haunts the forest that abuses our young plants with carving 'Rosalind' on their barks; hangs odes upon hawthorns and elegies on brambles; all, forsooth, deifying the name of Rosalind. If I could meet that fancy-monger, I would give him some good counsel, for he seems to have the quotidian of love upon him.



**ORLANDO**

I am he that is so love-shaked. I pray you tell me your remedy.

**ROSALIND**

There is none of my uncle's marks upon you. He taught me how to know a man in love; in which cage of rushes I am sure you are not prisoner.

**ORLANDO**

What were his marks?

**ROSALIND**

A lean cheek, which you have not; a blue eye and sunken, which you have not; an unquestionable spirit, which you have not; a beard neglected, which you have not – but I pardon you for that. Then your hose should be ungartered, your bonnet unbanded, your sleeve unbuttoned, your shoe untied, and everything about you demonstrating a careless desolation. But you are no such man: you are rather point-device in your accoutrements as loving yourself than seeming the lover of any other.

**ORLANDO**

Fair youth, I would I could make thee believe I love.

**ROSALIND**

Me believe it! You may as soon make her that you love believe it. But in good sooth, are you he that hangs the verses on the trees, wherein Rosalind is so admired?

**ORLANDO**

I swear to thee youth, by the white hand of Rosalind, I am that he, that unfortunate he.

**ROSALIND**

But are you so much in love as your rhymes speak?

**ORLANDO**

Neither rhyme nor reason can express how much.

**ROSALIND**

Love is merely a madness. Yet I profess curing it by counsel.

**ORLANDO**

Did you ever cure any so?

**ROSALIND**

Yes, one, and in this manner. He was to imagine me his love, his mistress, and I set him every day to woo me. At which time would I, now like him, now



loathe him; then entertain him, then forswear him; now weep for him, then spit at him; that I drave my suitor from his mad humour of love to a living humour of madness, which was, to forswear the full stream of the world, and to live in a nook merely monastic. And thus I cured him, and this way will I take upon me to wash your liver as clean, that there shall not be one spot of love in't.

**ORLANDO**

I would not be cured, youth.

**ROSALIND**

I would cure you, if you would but call me Rosalind and come every day to my cote and woo me.

**ORLANDO**

Now, by the faith of my love, I will. Tell me where it is.

**ROSALIND**

Go with me to it, and I'll show it you; and by the way, you shall tell me where in the forest you live. Will you go?

**ORLANDO**

With all my heart, good youth.

**ROSALIND**

Nay, you must call me Rosalind. Come.

*Exeunt*



# HENRY IV

## ACT 2, SC 4 – FALSTAFF & PRINCE HAL

Duologue – This scene has been edited to be a duologue. Make sure you read the full play to understand it fully.

Falstaff has robbed some helpless travellers, but Prince Henry [in disguise] in turn robbed him. Falstaff turned tail and fled at the first sight of trouble – but he is now returning to the King’s Head Tavern to berate Prince Hal, who had agreed to help him with the robbery, for being a coward who wouldn’t join in the robbery.

*Enter FALSTAFF*

**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.  
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.

*He drinks*

**FALSTAFF**

A plague of all cowards, still say I.

**PRINCE HENRY**

What's the matter?

**FALSTAFF**

What's the matter! I've ta'en a thousand pound this day morning.



**PRINCE HENRY**

Where is it, Jack? Where is it?

**FALSTAFF**

Where is it! Taken from me it is: a hundred upon poor Jack.

**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!

**PRINCE HENRY**

Speak, sir; how was it?

**FALSTAFF**

I set upon some dozen - Sixteen at least, my lord - And bound them. As I was leaving, some six or seven fresh men set upon me - 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. Thou knowest my old ward; here I lay and thus I bore my point. 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.

**PRINCE HENRY**

Ay, ay, you 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?

**PRINCE HENRY**

Ay, four, in buckram suits.

**FALSTAFF**

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

**PRINCE HENRY**

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?

**FALSTAFF**

What, upon compulsion? 'Zounds, I would not tell you 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.

**PRINCE HENRY**

I saw you set on four and bound them, and were masters of their wealth. Mark now, how a plain tale shall put you down. Then did I set on you; 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?

**FALSTAFF**

By the Lord, I knew ye as well as he that made ye. Why, hear you: 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, lad, I am glad you have the money. Clap to the doors: watch to-night, pray to-morrow. Gallant lad, heart of gold, all the titles of good fellowship come to you! What, shall we be merry?



# HENRY IV | P1

## ACT 2, SC 4 – FALSTAFF & HAL PLAY THE KING

*Hal is summoned to court by his father. Falstaff teases the young prince that he is in trouble, and offers to role-play the encounter with Hal's father.*

### **FALSTAFF**

Well, thou wert be horribly chid tomorrow when thou comest to thy father. If thou love me, practise an answer.

### **PRINCE HENRY**

Do thou stand for my father, and examine me upon the particulars of my life.

### **FALSTAFF**

Shall I? Content: this chair shall be my state, this dagger my sceptre, and this cushion my crown.

### **PRINCE HENRY**

Thy state is taken for a joined-stool, thy golden sceptre for a leaden dagger, and thy precious rich crown for a pitiful bald crown!

### **FALSTAFF**

Well, and the fire of grace be not quite out of thee, now shalt thou be moved. Give me a cup of sack to make my eyes look red, that it may be thought I have wept; for I must speak in passion.

### **PRINCE HENRY**

Well, here is my leg.

### **FALSTAFF**

And here is my speech. Harry, I do not only marvel where thou spendest thy time, but also how thou art accompanied: for though the camomile, the more it is trodden on the faster it grows, yet youth, the more it is wasted the sooner it wears. That thou art my son, I have partly thy mother's word, partly my own opinion, but chiefly a villanous trick of thine eye and a foolish-hanging of thy nether lip, that doth warrant me. If then thou be son to me, here lies the point; why, being son to me, art thou so pointed at? Shall the blessed sun of heaven prove a micher and eat blackberries? A question not to be asked. Shall the sun of England prove a thief and take purses? A question to be asked. For, Harry, now I do not speak to thee in drink but in tears, not in pleasure but in passion, not in words only, but in woes also: and yet there is a virtuous man whom I have often noted in thy company, but I know not his name.

### **PRINCE HENRY**

What manner of man, an' it like your majesty?

### **FALSTAFF**



A goodly portly man, i' faith. And a corpulent. Of a cheerful look, a pleasing eye and a most noble carriage; and, as I think, his age some fifty, or, by'r lady, inclining to three score. And now I remember me, his name is Falstaff. If that man should be lewdly given, he deceiveth me; for, Harry, I see virtue in his looks. Him keep with, the rest banish. And tell me now, thou naughty varlet, tell me, where hast thou been this month?

**PRINCE HENRY**

Dost thou speak like a king? Do thou stand for me, and I'll play my father.

**FALSTAFF**

Depose me? If thou dost it half so gravely, so majestically, both in word and matter, hang me up by the heels for a rabbit-sucker or a poulter's hare.

**PRINCE HENRY**

Well, here I am set.

**FALSTAFF**

And here I stand: judge, my masters.

**PRINCE HENRY**

Now, Harry, whence come you?

**FALSTAFF**

My noble lord, from Eastcheap.

**PRINCE HENRY**

The complaints I hear of thee are grievous.

**FALSTAFF**

'Sblood, my lord, they are false: nay, I'll tickle ye for a young prince, i' faith.

**PRINCE HENRY**

Swarest thou, ungracious boy? Henceforth ne'er look on me. Thou art violently carried away from grace: there is a devil haunts thee in the likeness of an old fat man; a tun of man is thy companion. Why dost thou converse with that trunk of humours, that bolting-hutch of beastliness, that swollen parcel of dropsies, that huge bombard of sack, that stuffed cloak-bag of guts, that roasted Manningtree ox with the pudding in his belly, that reverend vice, that grey iniquity, that father ruffian, that vanity in years? Wherein is he good, but to taste sack and drink it? wherein neat and cleanly, but to carve a capon and eat it? Wherein cunning, but in craft? Wherein crafty, but in villany? Wherein villanous, but in all things? Wherein worthy, but in nothing?

**FALSTAFF**

I would your grace would take me with you: whom means your grace?

**PRINCE HENRY**

That villainous, abominable, misleader of youth, Falstaff. That old white-bearded Satan.

**FALSTAFF**

My lord, the man I know.



**PRINCE HENRY**

I know thou dost.

**FALSTAFF**

But to say I know more harm in him than in myself, were to say more than I know. That he is old, the more the pity, his white hairs do witness it; but that he is, saving your reverence, a whoremaster, that I utterly deny. If sack and sugar be a fault, God help the wicked! If to be old and merry be a sin, then many an old host that I know is damned. If to be fat be to be hated, then Pharaoh's lean kine are to be loved. No, my good lord; banish Peto, banish Bardolph, banish Poins: but for sweet Jack Falstaff, kind Jack Falstaff, true Jack Falstaff, valiant Jack Falstaff, and therefore more valiant, being, as he is, old Jack Falstaff, banish not him thy Harry's company, banish not him thy Harry's company: banish plump Jack, and banish all the world.

**PRINCE HENRY**

I do, I will.



# 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*



# MACBETH

## ACT 1, SC 7 – MACBETH & LADY MACBETH

Macbeth, having agreed to murder King Duncan, has a moment of conscience and changes his mind. His wife enters and persuades him to commit to the deed. How much variety and contrast can you bring to the physical and emotional actions in this scene to bring out all the nuances in the text?

*Location: Macbeth's castle.*

### MACBETH

If it were done, when 'tis done, then 'twere well  
It were done quickly: if the assassination  
Could trammel up the consequence, and catch  
With his surcease success; that but this blow  
Might be the be-all and the end-all here,  
But here, upon this bank and shoal of time,  
We'd jump the life to come. But in these cases  
We still have judgment here; that we but teach  
Bloody instructions, which, being taught, return  
To plague the inventor: this even-handed justice  
Commends the ingredients of our poison'd chalice  
To our own lips. He's here in double trust:  
First, as I am his kinsman and his subject,  
Strong both against the deed; then, as his host,  
Who should against his murderer shut the door,  
Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this Duncan  
Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been  
So clear in his great office, that his virtues  
Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against  
The deep damnation of his taking-off;  
And pity, like a naked new-born babe,  
Striding the blast, or heaven's Cherubins, horsed  
Upon the sightless couriers of the air,  
Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,  
That tears shall drown the wind. I have no spur  
To prick the sides of my intent, but only  
Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself  
And falls on the other.

*Enter LADY MACBETH*

How now! What news?



**LADY MACBETH**

He has almost supp'd. Why have you left the chamber?

**MACBETH**

Hath he ask'd for me?

**LADY MACBETH**

Know you not, he has?

**MACBETH**

We will proceed no further in this business:  
He hath honour'd me of late; and I have bought  
Golden opinions from all sorts of people,  
Which would be worn now in their newest gloss,  
Not cast aside so soon.

**LADY MACBETH**

Was the hope drunk  
Wherein you dress'd yourself? Hath it slept since?  
And wakes it now, to look so green and pale  
At what it did so freely? From this time  
Such I account thy love. Art thou afeard  
To be the same in thine own act and valour  
As thou art in desire? Wouldst thou have that  
Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life,  
And live a coward in thine own esteem,  
Letting 'I dare not' wait upon 'I would,'  
Like the poor cat i' the adage?

**MACBETH**

Pr'ythee, peace.  
I dare do all that may become a man;  
Who dares do more is none.

**LADY MACBETH**

What beast was't then,  
That made you break this enterprise to me?  
When you durst do it, then you were a man;  
And, to be more than what you were, you would  
Be so much more the man. Nor time, nor place,  
Did then adhere, and yet you would make both:  
They have made themselves, and that their fitness now  
Does unmake you. I have given suck, and know  
How tender 'tis to love the babe that milks me:  
I would, while it was smiling in my face,



Have pluck'd my nipple from his boneless gums,  
And dash'd the brains out, had I so sworn as you  
Have done to this.

**MACBETH**

If we should fail?

**LADY MACBETH**

We fail?

But screw your courage to the sticking-place,  
And we'll not fail. When Duncan is asleep  
(Whereto the rather shall his day's hard journey  
Soundly invite him) his two chamberlains  
Will I with wine and wassail so convince  
That memory, the warder of the brain,  
Shall be a fume, and the receipt of reason  
A limbeck only: when in swinish sleep  
Their drenched natures lie, as in a death,  
What cannot you and I perform upon  
The unguarded Duncan? What not put upon  
His spongy officers, who shall bear the guilt  
Of our great quell?

**MACBETH**

Bring forth men-children only!  
For thy undaunted mettle should compose  
Nothing but males. Will it not be received,  
When we have mark'd with blood those sleepy two  
Of his own chamber and used their very daggers,  
That they have done't?

**LADY MACBETH**

Who dares receive it other,  
As we shall make our griefs and clamour roar  
Upon his death?

**MACBETH**

I am settled, and bend up  
Each corporal agent to this terrible feat.  
Away, and mock the time with fairest show:  
False face must hide what the false heart doth know.

*Exeunt*



# MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING

## ACT 4, SC 1 – BEATRICE & BENEDICK (THE CHAPEL SCENE)

### DRAMATIC SCENE IN A COMEDY

Enraged by the false accusations against her cousin, named Hero, by Hero's fiancé, Claudio, Beatrice persuades a reluctant Benedick of the justice of her cause and he vows to challenge his best friend to a duel.

*Exeunt all but BENEDICK and BEATRICE*

**BENEDICK**

Lady Beatrice, have you wept all this while?

**BEATRICE**

Yea, and I will weep a while longer.

**BENEDICK**

I will not desire that.

**BEATRICE**

You have no reason, I do it freely.

**BENEDICK**

Surely I do believe your fair cousin is wronged.

**BEATRICE**

Ah, how much might the man deserve of me that would right her!

**BENEDICK**

Is there any way to show such friendship?

**BEATRICE**

A very even way, but no such friend.

**BENEDICK**

May a man do it?

**BEATRICE**

It is a man's office, but not yours.

**BENEDICK**

I do love nothing in the world so well as you – is not that strange?

**BEATRICE**

As strange as the thing I know not. It were as possible for me to say I loved nothing



so well as  
you, but believe me not; and yet I lie not; I confess nothing, nor I deny nothing. I am  
sorry for my cousin.

**BENEDICK**

By my sword, Beatrice, thou lovest me.

**BEATRICE**

Do not swear, and eat it.

**BENEDICK**

I will swear by it that you love me, and I will make him eat it that says I love not you.

**BEATRICE**

Will you not eat your word?

**BENEDICK**

With no sauce that can be devised to it. I protest I love thee.

**BEATRICE**

Why, then, God forgive me!

**BENEDICK**

What offence, sweet Beatrice?

**BEATRICE**

You have stayed me in a happy hour: I was about to protest I loved you.

**BENEDICK**

And do it with all thy heart.

**BEATRICE**

I love you with so much of my heart that none is left to protest.

**BENEDICK**

Come, bid me do anything for thee.

**BEATRICE**

Kill Claudio.

**BENEDICK**

Ha! not for the wide world!

**BEATRICE**

You kill me to deny it. Farewell.

**BENEDICK**

Tarry, sweet Beatrice.



**BEATRICE**

I am gone, though I am here; there is no love in you; nay I pray you let me go.

**BENEDICK**

Beatrice –

**BEATRICE**

In faith, I will go.

**BENEDICK**

We'll be friends first.

**BEATRICE**

You dare easier be friends with me than fight with mine enemy.

**BENEDICK**

Is Claudio thine enemy?

**BEATRICE**

Is he not approved in the height a villain, that hath slandered, scorned, dishonoured my kinswoman? O that I were a man! What, bear her in hand until they come to take hands, and then with public accusation, uncovered slander, unmitigated rancour – O God, that I were a man! I would eat his heart in the market-place.

**BENEDICK**

Hear me, Beatrice –

**BEATRICE**

Talk with a man out at a window! A proper saying!

**BENEDICK**

Nay, but Beatrice –

**BEATRICE**

Sweet Hero! She is wronged, she is slandered, she is undone.

**BENEDICK**

Beat–

**BEATRICE**

Princes and counties! Surely, a princely testimony, a goodly count, Count Comfect; a sweet gallant surely! O that I were a man for his sake, or that I had any friend would be a man for my sake! But manhood is melted into curtsies, valour into compliment, and men are only turned into tongue, and trim ones too: he is now as valiant as Hercules that only tells a lie and swears it. I cannot be a man with wishing, therefore I will die a woman with grieving.

**BENEDICK**

Tarry, good Beatrice. By this hand, I love thee.



**BEATRICE**

Use it for my love some other way than swearing by it.

**BENEDICK**

Think you in your soul the Count Claudio hath wronged Hero?

**BEATRICE**

Yea, as sure as I have a thought, or a soul.

**BENEDICK**

Enough! I am engaged, I will challenge him. I will kiss your hand, and so I leave you. By this hand, Claudio shall render me a dear account. As you hear of me, so think of me. Go, comfort your cousin; I must say she is dead: and so farewell.

*Exeunt*