



## Quoting Shakespeare

1. If you cannot understand my argument, and declare "It's Greek to me,"

**ALL: You are quoting Shakespeare.**

2. If you claim to be "more sinned against than sinning,"

**ALL: You are quoting Shakespeare.**

3. If you act "more in sorrow than in anger,"
4. if your wish is "father to the thought,"
5. if your property has "vanished into thin air,"

**ALL: You are quoting Shakespeare.**

6. If you have ever refused "to budge an inch,"
7. or suffered from "green-eyed jealousy,"
8. if you have "played fast and loose,"
9. if you have been "tongue tied,"
10. "a tower of strength,"
11. "hoodwinked,"
12. or "in a pickle;"
13. if you have "knitted your brows,"
14. "made a virtue of necessity,"
15. insisted on "fair play,"
16. "slept not one wink,"
17. "stood on ceremony,"
18. "laughed yourself into stitches,"
19. had "short shrift,"
20. "cold comfort,"
21. or "too much of a good thing;"
22. if you have "lived in a fool's paradise,"
23. why, "be that as it may,"
24. "the more fool you,"
25. for "it is a foregone conclusion,"
26. that you are "as luck would have it,"

**ALL: quoting Shakespeare.**

27. If you think "it is high time,"
28. and that "that is the long and short of it,"
29. if you believe that "the game is up,"
30. and that "the truth will out,"



31. even if it involves "your own flesh and blood,"
32. if you "lie low,"
33. "till the crack of doom,"
34. because you "suspect foul play,"
35. if you have "your teeth set on edge,"
36. "at one fell swoop,"
37. "without rhyme or reason,"
38. then "to give the devil his due,"
39. "if the truth were known,"
40. "for surely you have a tongue in your head,"

**ALL: you are quoting Shakespeare.**

41. Even if you "bid me good riddance,"
42. "and send me packing,"
43. if you wish I were "dead as a doornail,"
44. if you think I am "a laughing stock,"
45. "the devil incarnate,"
46. "a stony-hearted villain"
47. "bloody-minded"
48. or "a blinking idiot,"
49. then –"by Jove,"
50. "Oh Lord,"
51. "tut, tut,"
52. "for goodness' sake,"
53. "what the dickens,"
54. "it is all one to me," for...

**ALL: you are quoting Shakespeare**

By Bernard Levin



## FIFTEEN-MINUTE *MACBETH*

By Peggy O'Brien

This activity can be used either as an introduction to a play or a summing-up of it. This particular script was designed to prepare a group to see a production of *Macbeth*. If your class has already studied the play, you can alter it as you see fit. You can also invent a version of your own keyed to a different play. Or you can ask a team of students to write a plot summary for any play they have studied and choose quotations for it. It's important to keep the summary very short and simple—otherwise, there is too much narrative in proportion to performed quotations.

This is much easier to DO or to demonstrate than to explain in writing!

Write out the quotations, numbered, in big letters, on large file cards (5x 8 or larger.) The cards should be large enough for three to five people to look at simultaneously. If you have writing that is hard to read, you can photocopy and magnify the list provided here, then cut out the lines, including numbers, then tape them onto the cards (one quotation per card.)

Divide the class into groups of three to five people.

Distribute several cards to each group. The exact number depends on the number of groups—if you have five groups of four, four of these will get four cards and one will get five, as there are 21 cards in all. (A group should not get several cards in sequence—for example, if there are five groups, Group One would get quotations numbered 1, 6, 11, etc.)

Give the groups five to eight minutes to go off into corners of the room and prepare dramatic renditions of their lines. They should prepare to act out each of their quotations when its number is called out by the leader at the designated moment in the script. They should physicalize the line in some way that does not necessarily have anything to do with the plot, only the sound and/or meaning of the words of the quotation. They can read the line in chorus together, or assign different parts of it to different members of the group to say alone or with one or two others. *However, everyone in the group should say aloud at least part of every line assigned to that group.*

It's fine to use props if any are available, but they are certainly not necessary.

When the rehearsal period is over, ask everyone to stand in a circle. The leader (you or a student) stands in the circle, too, and READS ALOUD the script of the story, calling out the numbers of quotations where indicated and pausing for the group responsible for that quotation to come into the center and perform it.

The leader should keep up the pace—the activity is much more fun when it moves right along.

Numbers in parentheses are keyed to lines from *Macbeth* which are said aloud, in chorus, by the group holding them.



## Fifteen-Minute *Macbeth*

You know that *Macbeth* has begun when you hear these words (#1) — probably the most famous first line in any Shakespearean play. Soon after, we meet King Duncan and the bloody captain, and we hear about Macbeth’s fierceness in battle. (#2)

The witches run into Macbeth himself and Banquo (#3), and they predict the future. (#4) Banquo has the more permanent prediction. Macbeth’s excited about this even so and writes about it to his wife. (#5) Lady Macbeth *likes* this letter—and the idea of being king is *so* good, why not help it along? They talk, Mac has second thoughts. Lady M says (#6). Macbeth says (#7). The deed is done. Duncan is dead.

**Very** early the next morning, there is a noise at the gate. (#8) It’s Macduff arriving early to wake up Duncan. (#9) The palace learns that Duncan has been murdered. Macbeth says (#10). Banquo says (#11). Lady Macbeth says (#12). Malcolm and Donalbain say (#13)—and they go to England.

Things go from bad to worse. Macbeth starts to *murder*—first Banquo (#14), then Macduff’s wife and children (#15), and the witches reappear with more info for Macbeth (#16).

Meanwhile, Malcolm and Donalbain are in England gathering an army. (#17) And things get worse and worse with the Macbeths. (#18) Right about this point, look for an amazing battle in which Macduff says (#19) and Macbeth says (#20). And soon after, look for a brand-new king. (#21)



## LINES FOR “FIFTEEN-MINUTE *MACBETH*”

#1 WHEN SHALL WE THREE MEET AGAIN?

#2 HE UNSEAMED HIM FROM THE NAVE TO THE CHOPS.

#3 HAIL! HAIL! HAIL!

#4 YOU SHALL BE KING!

#5 HE BRINGS GREAT NEWS

#6 SCREW YOUR COURAGE TO THE STICKING PLACE

#7 I GO AND IT IS DONE.

#8 KNOCK, KNOCK, KNOCK!

#9 O HORROR, HORROR, HORROR!

#10 ‘T WAS A ROUGH NIGHT!



#11 SAY IT IS NOT SO!

#12 WHAT, IN OUR HOUSE?

#13 LET US AWAY!

#14 O TREACHERY! FLY . . . FLY, FLY, FLY!

#15 THOU SHAG-EARED VILLAIN!

#16 MACBETH! MACBETH! MACBETH! BEWARE MACDUFF!

#17 OUR POWER IS READY.

#18 THE QUEEN, MY LORD, IS DEAD.

#19 TURN, HELLHOUND, TURN!

#20 LAY ON, MACDUFF!

#21 HAIL, KING OF SCOTLAND!



## *Slugs vs. Clods*

**SLUGS:** Thou damned and luxurious mountain goat.

**CLODS:** Let's meet as little as we can.

**SLUGS:** More of your conversation would infect my brain.

**CLODS:** Away! Thou art poison to my blood.

**SLUGS:** Why, thou clay-brained guts, thou knotty-pated fool, thou whoreson obscene greasy tallow-catch.

**CLODS:** Hang yourself, you muddy conger, hang yourself!

**SLUGS:** Thou sodden-witted lord! Thou hast no more brain than I have in mine elbows.

**CLODS:** Go forward, and be choked with thy ambition!

**SLUGS:** Teeth hadst thou in thy head when thou wast born to signify thou came to bite the world.

**CLODS:** Your heart is crammed with arrogancy, spleen and pride.

**SLUGS:** Thou art a boil, a plague-sore, an embossed carbuncle in my corrupted blood

**CLODS:** There is not yet so ugly a fiend of hell as thou shall be.

**SLUGS:** Ah, you whoreson loggerhead! You were born to do me shame.

**CLODS:** Come, you are a tedious fool.

**SLUGS:** Beg that thou may have leave to hang thyself.

**CLODS:** Tempt not too much the hatred of my spirit; for I am sick when I do look on thee.

**SLUGS:** Vile worm, thou wast o'erlook'd even in thy birth.

**CLODS:** Go thou and fill another room in hell.

**SLUGS:** Heaven truly knows that thou are as false as hell.

**CLODS:** Thou lump of foul deformity.

**SLUGS:** Thou detestable maw, thou womb of death.

**CLODS:** Away, you three-inch fool.

**SLUGS:** Hang cur! hang, you whoreson, insolent noisemaker.

**CLODS:** Would thou wert clean enough to spit upon!

**SLUGS:** Go to, you're a dry fool; I'll no more of you.

**CLODS:** Go rot!

**CAPULET**

When the sun sets, the air doth drizzle dew;  
But for the sunset of my brother's son  
It rains downright.  
How now! a conduit, girl? what, still in tears?  
Evermore showering? In one little body  
Thou counterfeit'st a bark, a sea, a wind;  
For still thy eyes, which I may call the sea,  
Do ebb and flow with tears; the bark thy body is,  
Sailing in this salt flood; the winds, thy sighs;  
Who, raging with thy tears, and they with them,  
Without a sudden calm, will overset  
Thy tempest-tossed body. How now, wife!  
Have you deliver'd to her our decree?

**LADY CAPULET**

Ay, sir; but she will none, she gives you thanks.  
I would the fool were married to her grave!

**CAPULET**

Soft! take me with you, take me with you, wife.  
How! will she none? doth she not give us thanks?  
Is she not proud? doth she not count her blest,  
Unworthy as she is, that we have wrought  
So worthy a gentleman to be her bridegroom?

**JULIET**

Not proud, you have; but thankful, that you have:  
Proud can I never be of what I hate;  
But thankful even for hate, that is meant love.

**CAPULET**

How now, how now, chop-logic! What is this?  
'Proud,' and 'I thank you,' and 'I thank you not;'  
And yet 'not proud,' mistress minion, you,  
Thank me no thankings, nor, proud me no prouds,  
But fettle your fine joints 'gainst Thursday next,  
To go with Paris to Saint Peter's Church,  
Or I will drag thee on a hurdle thither.  
Out, you green-sickness carrion! out, you baggage!  
You tallow-face!

**LADY CAPULET**

Fie, fie! what, are you mad?

**JULIET**

Good father, I beseech you on my knees,  
Hear me with patience but to speak a word.

**CAPULET**

Hang thee, young baggage! disobedient wretch!  
I tell thee what: get thee to church o' Thursday,  
Or never after look me in the face:  
Speak not, reply not, do not answer me;  
My fingers itch. Wife, we scarce thought us blest  
That God had lent us but this only child;  
But now I see this one is one too much,  
And that we have a curse in having her:  
Out on her, hilding!

SAMPLE: HANDOUT 7

PROMPTBOOK PAGE FOR 2.1

Teachers, this is an example of what the first promptbook page for 2.1 might look like after we add notes. Each production is different, of course, so each time you teach this unit you and your class will make different notes. What you need to give students for Handout 7 is a copy of 2.1 that looks just like this only with no notes.

Romeo enters up right,  
moves center, stops,  
exits center right.

Enter Romeo alone.

ROMEO

Can I go forward when my heart is here?  
Turn back, dull earth, and find thy center out.

excited

pause

He withdraws.  
say faster

enter up right,  
move center

Enter Benvolio with Mercutio.

BENVOLIO

Romeo, my cousin Romeo, Romeo!

MERCUTIO

He is wise  
And, on my life, hath stol'n him home to bed.

searches c.l.,  
then d.l.

BENVOLIO

He ran this way and leapt this orchard wall.  
Call, good Mercutio.

MERCUTIO

singsong voice

Nay, I'll conjure too.  
Romeo! Humors! Madman! Passion! Lover!  
Appear thou in the likeness of a sigh.  
Speak but one rhyme and I am satisfied.  
Cry but "Ay me," pronounce but "love" and  
"dove."

sighs -  
making fun

line up arrow in bow,  
aim at B.

Speak to my gossip Venus one fair word,  
One nickname for her purblind son and heir,  
Young Abraham Cupid, he that shot so trim  
When King Cophetua loved the beggar maid.—  
He heareth not, he stirreth not, he moveth not.

B. falls

quiet

M. moves center,  
makes shape of woman,  
B. admires.

The ape is dead, and I must conjure him.—  
I conjure thee by Rosaline's bright eyes,  
By her high forehead, and her scarlet lip,  
By her fine foot, straight leg, and quivering  
thigh,

M. pretends  
to be  
serious



## **Hamlet, I.I**

**SCENE I. Elsinore. A platform before the castle.**

*FRANCISCO at his post. Enter to him BARNARDO*

**BARNARDO**

Who's there?

**FRANCISCO**

Nay, answer me. Stand and unfold yourself.

**BARNARDO**

Long live the king!

**FRANCISCO**

Barnardo.

**BARNARDO**

He.

**FRANCISCO**

You come most carefully upon your hour.

**BARNARDO**

'Tis now struck twelve. Get thee to bed, Francisco.

**FRANCISCO**

For this relief much thanks. 'Tis bitter cold,  
And I am sick at heart.

**BARNARDO**

Have you had quiet guard?

**FRANCISCO**

Not a mouse stirring.

**BARNARDO**

Well, good night.

If you do meet Horatio and Marcellus,  
The rivals of my watch, bid them make haste.

*(Enter Horatio and Marcellus.)*

**FRANCISCO**

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

**HORATIO**

Friends to this ground.

**MARCELLUS**

And liegemen to the Dane.

**FRANCISCO**

Give you good night.

**MARCELLUS**

O farewell, honest (soldier.) Who hath relieved you?



**FRANCISCO**

Barnardo hath my place. Give you good night.

*(Exit)*

**MARCELLUS**

Holla, Barnardo.

**BARNARDO**

Say, what, is Horatio there?

**HORATIO**

A piece of him.

**BARNARDO**

Welcome, Horatio.-Welcome, good Marcellus.

**MARCELLUS**

What, has this thing appeared again tonight?

**BARNARDO**

I have seen nothing.

**MARCELLUS**

Horatio says 'tis but our fantasy

And will not let belief take hold of him

Touching this dreaded sight twice seen of us.

Therefore I have entreated him along

With us to watch the minutes of this night,

That, if again this apparition come,

He may approve our eyes and speak to it.

**HORATIO**

Tush, tush, 'twill not appear.

**BARNARDO**

Sit down awhile;

And let us once again assail your ears,

That are so fortified against our story,

What we have two nights seen.

**HORATIO**

Well, sit we down,

And let us hear Barnardo speak of this.

**BARNARDO**

Last night of all,

When yond same star that's westward from the pole

Had made his course t' illumine that part of heaven

Where now it burns, Marcellus and myself,

The bell then beating one-

*(Enter Ghost)*

**MARCELLUS**



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

**BARNARDO**

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

**MARCELLUS** (*To Horatio*)

Thou art a scholar. Speak to it, Horatio.

**BARNARDO**

Looks he not like the king? Mark it, Horatio.

**HORATIO**

Most like. It (harrows) me with fear and wonder.

**BARNARDO**

It would be spoke to.

**MARCELLUS**

Speak to it, Horatio.

**HORATIO**

What art thou that usurp'st this time of night,  
Together with that fair and warlike form  
In which the majesty of buried Denmark  
Did sometimes march? By heaven, I charge thee, speak.

**MARCELLUS**

It is offended.

**BARNARDO**

See, it stalks away!

**HORATIO**

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

*(Exit Ghost)*

**MARCELLUS**

'Tis gone and will not answer.