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Shakespeare_Today

#Shakespeare_Today (a bold illusion play) – вистава у стилі модерн, розрахована для учнів старшої школи, аби узагальнити та систематизувати отримані у школі знання про генія класичної англійської літератури, Вільяма Шекспіра. Вистава є «сміливою ілюзією», оскільки Шекспір опиняється у сучасній Україні (2024), зокрема у Вінниці. У Вільяма Шекспіра є своя інстаграм сторінка з безліччю його оригінальних сонетів, віршів, фактів з життя, цитат. А також там можна знайти і сучасні інтерпретації його творів.

#Shakespeare_Today

(a bold illusion play)

Characters:

Blogger 1:



Blogger 2:

Author:

Shakespeare:

Shakespeare singer:

Romeo:

Juliet:

Hamlet:

Bard 1:

Bard's 1 Assistant:

Bard 2:

Bob:

Carol:

Singers:

Dancer:

Costumes: white and black style except for William Shakespeare (he is in a costume of his epoch).

Equipment: a quill, a guitar, boards-quotations, a background video



Scene 1

AUTHOR: Tribute to William Shakespeare (with music)

In Stratford-upon-Avon William Shakespeare was born,
On Globe's grand stage, the tales came alive
Where actors thrived, stories revived.
A man of words and wit, he was.
To pen the story of love and strife,
His quill did dance to bring life.
He was a bard of endless grace.
With ink and parchment, his thoughts took flight.
Through tragedies and comedies, his stories alight.
In every line, the world unfolded, so vivid and true,
For the stage was his canvas, where dreams accrued.

BLOGGER 1: Can you imagine? William Shakespeare created his world known masterpieces in the late 16th and early 17th centuries.

BLOGGER 2: Did you know that William Shakespeare was born on the 23rd of April and died on the 23rd of April?

Scene 2

A song: [William Shakespeare and Quills \(lyrics\)](#)

[\(instrumental\)](#)

(from [Horrible Histories](#))

SHAKESPEARE (*comes into the room where there is the audience, not on stage, walks and says his words, pausing and heading for the place where the mobile phone is placed*): Pure as the driven snow! Out of the jaws of death! I am not in London! Moreover, I'm not in England! Oh, crack of doom! For goodness' sake, say where I am!

Brave new world! Am I in Ukraine? I deserve this naked truth! What am I doing here? Something in the wind! It's the 21st century! It smells to heaven!

Obvious as a nose on a man's face. Better three hours too soon than a minute too late! (*he sees a mobile phone, takes it, starts observing*)

Knock, knock! Who's there?

Neither a borrower nor a lender be! (*he switches on the phone and looks at the screen, Shakespeare's Instagram page appears on the screen*)

Scene 3

BLOGGER 1: I wonder whether you know that he couldn't spell. Although William was taught Latin at his local school, spelling was not part of lessons and everyone spelled words how they wanted. Imagine that! Shakespeare spelled his name a number of different ways, including: Willm Shakp, William Shaksper, Wm Shakspe, William Shakspere and Willm Shakspere!

BLOGGER 2: Is it possible?! He was so productive! Shakespeare wrote at least 37 plays in his life, that we know of – this averages out to two per year! He also wrote a lot of poetry, mostly poems called sonnets. In one year alone, 1609, he published 154 of them!

SHAKESPEARE (*pushes a button SONNETS*)

Sonnet 130

BARD 1 and BARD's 1 ASSISTANT:

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 damasked, 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;
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.

Sonnet 90

BARD 2 (*says lines accompanied by the guitar playing*):

Then hate me when thou wilt, if ever, now,
Now, while the world is bent my deeds to cross,
Join with the spite of fortune, make me bow,
And do not drop in for an after-loss.

CAROL (*is on stage, reading. BOB enters.*)

BOB: Okay, Carol, let me have it.

CAROL: What?

BOB: Do it. Do it now.

CAROL: Bob, what are you talking about?

BOB: Don't try to spare me! Believe me, this is the best thing.

CAROL: Bob, you need to calm down.

BOB: No, I do not need to calm down. I need you to tell me what I know you're going to tell me sooner or later. So make it sooner. Make it now.

CAROL: I've already told you I love you.

BOB: That's not it.

CAROL: I've already told you I like the way your nose twitches when you're upset. And how your earlobes get pink when you...

BOB: Carol!

CAROL: What? What do you want me to tell you?

BOB: Carol. Now is the time for you to tell me... you're leaving me.

CAROL: Bob!

BARD: Ah, do not, when my heart hath scap'd this sorrow,

Come in the rearward of a conquer'd woe;

Give not a windy night a rainy morrow,

To linger out a purpos'd overthrow.

BOB: I know you want to be kind. I know you're probably thinking, "He's probably not feeling strong right now. I'll wait." But no, Carol, now is exactly the right time.

CAROL: Bob...

BOB: Yes, my cat of fifteen years died last week, the only animal with whom I have truly felt a bond of affection. Yes, my top college choice sent me a rejection that read, approximately, "In your dreams, Pal." Yes, I was diagnosed with a rare foot fungus that may cause all my toenails to blacken and fall out. Those might seem like perfect reasons not to leave me, Carol. But you have to believe me – they're not.

CAROL: They're not?

BOB: No, my beloved Carol, they are not. In fact, the fact that I have just had the worst several days of my life – did I mention that my mother told me yesterday that she and Dad had hoped that my older sister would be their last child? – that fact is the very reason why you should tell me that you can't stand me and you're going to leave me.

CAROL: Bob, you are really confusing me.

BARD: “If thou wilt leave me, do not leave me last,
When other petty griefs have done their spite,
But in the onset come, so shall I taste
At first the very worst of fortune’s might...”

CAROL: I’m not planning to leave you.

BOB: Of course you are.

CAROL: What makes you say that?

BOB: Remember that time I forgot to pick you up for the dance because I was playing Xbox? That was despicable, wasn’t it?

CAROL: Well, I wasn’t too happy.

BOB: You were furious! Justifiably! Or that time I stared at Sally Jensen the whole time she walked across the gym wearing that...

CAROL: Okay, okay, I remember.

BOB: See? You’re fed up, aren’t you? You can’t take it anymore! You’ve had it up to here with me! Tell me. Go ahead. Let me have it now.

CAROL: Bob, you’ve hurt me at times, yes, but I still love you. I don’t want to leave you. Why are you doing this?

BARD: And other strains of woe, which now seem woe,

Compar’d with loss of thee will not seem so.

BOB: You don’t want to leave me?

CAROL: No.

BOB: Ever?

CAROL: Never.

BOB: If you were going to leave me, you might as well do it now. That way, everything else that seems so big would suddenly be nothing. ‘Cause, Carol...

CAROL: Your lobes are getting pink.

BOB: You’re the only thing that really matters. (*they begin to exit, hand in hand*)

CAROL: Are your toenails really going to fall out?

BOB: Maybe.

CAROL: I’ll live with it.

Scene 4

BLOGGER 1: He tried to be an actor first. William wasn’t around much at home as he went to London to be an actor. His brother Edmund soon followed him to the city to do the same. Will had better luck writing plays than acting, however. He learned fast and produced gory tragedies, rom-coms and comedies. As well as being a creative writer, William was a savvy businessman. He co-owned his theatre company, the Lord Chamberlain’s Men, and the Globe, an outside theatre built in London in 1599. He even opened up a second theatre, a posh indoor one called Blackfriars.

BLOGGER 2: Did you you know that he got married at the tender age of 18 to Anne Hathaway (not the actress from The Witches! ha-ha), Shakespeare had three children in three years! This resembles me the story of Romeo and Juliet.

BLOGGER 1: For never was a story of more woe than this of Juliet and her Romeo

SHAKESPEARE (*pushes a button GLOBE THEATRE*)

Romeo and Juliet (with music)

JULIET: [Ay me!](#)

ROMEO: She speaks.

[O, speak again, bright angel, for thou art
As glorious to this night, being o’er my head,
As is a winged messenger of heaven](#)

JULIET: [O Romeo, Romeo! wherefore art thou Romeo?](#)

Deny thy father and refuse thy name;
Or, if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love,
And I'll no longer be a Capulet.

ROMEO: Shall I hear more, or shall I speak at this?

JULIET: ['Tis but thy name that is my enemy:
Thou art thyself, though not a Montague.](#)

What's Montague? It is nor hand, nor foot,
Nor arm, nor face, nor any other part
Belonging to a man. O, be some other name.
What's in a name? That which we call a rose
By any other name would smell as sweet;
So Romeo would, were he not Romeo call'd,
Retain that dear perfection which he [owes](#)
Without that title. Romeo, [doff thy name](#),
And for that name, which is no part of thee,
Take all myself.

ROMEO: I take thee at thy word.
Call me but love, and I'll be new baptis'd;
Henceforth I never will be Romeo.
My name, [dear saint](#), is hateful to myself,
Because it is an enemy to thee.
Had I it written, I would tear the word.

SHAKESPEARE (*pushes a button MUSIC PLAYLIST*)

A song: [Daylight \(lyrics\)](#) ([instrumental](#)) (by [David Kushner](#))

BLOGGER 1: Have you ever heard that his family were in the middle – meaning not rich, but not poor either. His dad had a number of jobs including selling leather and wool, tasting beer (really) and as a glove maker, and the family – all five of them – lived above a glove shop.

BLOGGER 2: You have more in common with Shakespeare than you think. Shakespeare lived through and survived a pandemic, one of a number of waves of the plague. Very sadly, however, his son Hamnet died

of the plague, aged just 11. This affected William's writing and themes like disease, death and grief ran through many of his plays. Although no one knows for certain, it's likely that Shakespeare named his most tragic character, Hamlet, after his son.

SHAKESPEARE (*pushes a button GLOBE THEATRE*)

Hamlet (with [music](#))

(*Hamlet walks to the edge of the stage with a sculp in his hand saying his lines; a contemporary dance is performed in the background*)

HAMLET

To be, or not to be: that is the question:
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And by opposing end them? To die: to sleep;
No more; and, by a sleep to say we end
The heart-ache and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to, 'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd. 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,
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The pangs of dispriz'd love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of the 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 undiscover'd 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?
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 enterprises of great pith and moment
With this regard their currents turn awry,
And lose the name of action.

Scene 5

BLOGGER 1: In my heart of hearts

BLOGGER 2: In my mind's eye.

BLOGGER 1: Catch a cold.

BLOGGER 2: Cold comfort.

BLOGGER 1: Tis high time.

BLOGGER 2: The game is up.

BLOGGER 1: Are you astonished?! Yes, this is William Shakespeare.
He gave us so many well-known phrases.

BLOGGER 2: William Shakespeare certainly had his lighter side. He liked to put jokes in his plays, even in his tragedies, and he also made up phrases that we still use today.

SHAKESPEARE (*pushes a button QUOTATIONS*)

QUOTATION 1: "We know what we are but know not what we may be."

QUOTATION 2: "Some are born great, some achieve greatness and some have greatness thrust upon them."

QUOTATION 3: "What's done can't be undone."

QUOTATION 4: "God gave you one face, and you make yourself another."

QUOTATION 5: "Love all, trust a few, do wrong to none."

QUOTATION 6: "I must be cruel only to be kind."

QUOTATION 7: "Having nothing, nothing can be lost."

QUOTATION 8: "Give every man thy ear but few thy voice."

QUOTATION 9: "Our peace shall stand as firm as rocky mountains."

QUOTATION 10: "All's well that ends well."

SHAKESPEARE: Forever and a day! I wear my heart upon my sleeve and I am sick at heart about Ukraine! I know why I am in Ukraine. I need to remake my words somehow.

QUOTATION 9: "Peace in Ukraine shall stand as firm as rocky mountains."

QUOTATION 10: "All will end and will end well for you, UKRAINIANS!"

(Shakespeare takes a selfie with QUOTATIONS, sends stories)

A song: [Englishman in Ukraine \(lyrics\)](#) ([instrumental](#))

(Englishman in New York [by Sting](#))

