

The Complete Works of
William Shakespeare (abridged)

Written
By

William Shakespeare

Edited for the stage and directed
by

Elliot Guerra

“to hold as 'twere the mirror up to nature.”

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compiled

All the ACTORS say their opening lines.

JAQUES

All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players:
They have their exits and their entrances;
And one man in his time plays many parts,

JAQUES

His acts being seven ages. At first, the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms.

JAQUES

And then the whining school-boy, with his satchel
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school.

JAQUES

And then the lover,
Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad
Made to his mistress' eyebrow.

JAQUES

Then a soldier,
Full of strange oaths and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth.

JAQUES

And then the justice,
In fair round belly with good capon lined,
With eyes severe and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances;
And so he plays his part.

JAQUES

The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon,
With spectacles on nose and pouch on side,
His youthful hose, well saved, a world too wide
For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice,
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes

And whistles in his sound.

JAQUES

Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness and mere oblivion,
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.

The actors clear as ORSINO enters in the center.

ORSINO

If music be the food of love, play on;
Give me excess of it!

ROMEO is pushed to the crowd. JULIET appears.

ROMEO

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,
That thou her maid art far more fair than she:
Be not her maid, since she is envious;
Her vestal livery is but sick and green
And none but fools do wear it; cast it off.
It is my lady, O, it is my love!
O, that she knew she were!
See, how she leans her cheek upon her hand!
O, that I were a glove upon that hand,
That I might touch that cheek!

JULIET

Ay me!

ROMEO

She speaks:
O, speak again, bright angel!

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

[Aside] 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 baptized;
Henceforth I never will be Romeo.

JULIET

What man art thou that thus bescreen'd in night
So stumblest on my counsel?

ROMEO *retreat, the CHORUS begins.*

CHORUS

O for a Muse of fire, that would ascend
The brightest heaven of invention,
A kingdom for a stage, princes to act
But pardon, and gentles all,
The flat unraised spirits that have dared
On this unworthy scaffold to bring forth
So great an object:
O, pardon! since a crooked figure may
Attest in little place a million;
And let us, ciphers to this great accompt,
On your imaginary forces work.
For 'tis your thoughts that now must deck our kings,
Carry them here and there; jumping o'er times,

Turning the accomplishment of many years
Into an hour-glass: for the which supply,
Admit me Chorus to this history;
Who prologue-like your humble patience pray,
Gently to hear, kindly to judge, our play.

ACTORS begin to push another ACTRESS around when directing them.

HAMLET

Speak the speech I pray you as I pronounced it to you,
trippingly on the tongue;

HAMLET

but if you mouth it as many of your players do, I had as lief the
town-crier spoke my lines.

HAMLET

Nor do not saw the air too much with your hand thus, but use all
gently;

HAMLET

Oh, it offends me to the soul to hear a rumbustious
periwig-pated fellow tear a passion to tatters, to very rags, to split
the ears of the groundlings, who for the most part are capable of
nothing but inexplicable dumb-shows and noise.

HAMLET

Be not too tame neither, but let your own discretion be your
tutor.

HAMLET

Suit the action to the word, the word to the action,
to hold as 'twere, the mirror up
to nature

ALL

Oh reform it altogether!

BENEDICK and BEATRICE argue with ACTORS taking sides of both.

BENEDICK

as like him as she is.

BEATRICE

I wonder that you will still be talking, Signior Benedick: nobody marks you.

BENEDICK

What, my dear Lady Disdain! are you yet living?

BEATRICE

Is it possible disdain should die while she hath such meet food to feed it as Signior Benedick? Courtesy itself must convert to disdain, if you come in her presence.

BENEDICK

Then is courtesy a turncoat. But it is certain I am loved of all ladies, only you excepted: and I would I could find in my heart that I had not a hard heart; for, truly, I love none.

BEATRICE

A dear happiness to women: they would else have been troubled with a pernicious suitor. I thank God and my cold blood, I am of your humour for that: I had rather hear my dog bark at a crow than a man swear he loves me.

BENEDICK

God keep your ladyship still in that mind! so some gentleman or other shall 'scape a predestinate scratched face.

BEATRICE

Scratching could not make it worse, an 'twere such a face as yours were.

BENEDICK

Well, you are a rare parrot-teacher.

BEATRICE

A bird of my tongue is better than a beast of yours.

BENEDICK

I would my horse had the speed of your tongue, and so good a continuer. But keep your way, i' God's name; I have done.

BEATRICE

You always end with a jade's trick: I know you of old.

The actors move as if to charge at each other.

RICHARD III

Remember whom you are to cope withal;
A sort of vagabonds, rascals, and runaways,
A scum of Bretons, and base lackey peasants,
Whom their o'er-cloyed country vomits forth

HENRY V

Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more;
Or close the wall up with our English dead.

The actors amass themselves for battle and charge, they begin to battle. PORTIA enters stopping in front of the raging actors. They stop to listen.

PORTIA

The quality of mercy is not strain'd,
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath: it is twice blest;
It blesseth him that gives and him that takes:
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest: it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown;
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;
But mercy is above this sceptred sway;
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,
It is an attribute to God himself;
And earthly power doth then show likest God's
When mercy seasons justice.

RICHARD II

No matter where; of comfort no man speak:
Let's talk of graves, of worms, and epitaphs;
Make dust our paper and with rainy eyes
Write sorrow on the bosom of the earth,
For God's sake, let us sit upon the ground
And tell sad stories of the death of kings;
How some have been deposed; some slain in war,
Some haunted by the ghosts they have deposed;
Some poison'd by their wives: some sleeping kill'd;
All murder'd: for within the hollow crown
That rounds the mortal temples of a king
Keeps Death his court and there the antic sits,
Scoffing his state and grinning at his pomp,
Allowing him a breath, a little scene,
To monarchize, be fear'd and kill with looks,
Infusing him with self and vain conceit,
As if this flesh which walls about our life,
Were brass impregnable, and humour'd thus
Comes at the last and with a little pin
Bores through his castle wall, and farewell king!
Cover your heads and mock not flesh and blood
With solemn reverence: throw away respect,
Tradition, form and ceremonious duty,
For you have but mistook me all this while:
I live with bread like you, feel want,
Taste grief, need friends: subjected thus,
How can you say to me, I am a king?

ACTORS try to find cover from the "rain."

LEAR

Blow, winds, and crack your cheeks! rage! blow!
You cataracts and hurricanoes, spout
Till you have drench'd our steeples,
Rumble thy bellyful! Spit, fire! spout, rain!

ACTORS *pick up the rain and ignore* TITUS.

TITUS

Hear me, grave fathers! noble tribunes, stay!
For pity of mine age, whose youth was spent
In dangerous wars, whilst you securely slept;

Be pitiful to my condemned sons,
Whose souls are not corrupted as 'tis thought.
For two and twenty sons I never wept,
Because they died in honour's lofty bed.
For these, these, tribunes, in the dust I write
My heart's deep languor and my soul's sad tears:
Let my tears stanch the earth's dry appetite;
My sons' sweet blood will make it shame and blush.
O earth, I will befriend thee more with rain,
That shall distil from these two ancient urns,
Than youthful April shall with all his showers:
In summer's drought I'll drop upon thee still;
In winter with warm tears I'll melt the snow
And keep eternal spring-time on thy face,
So thou refuse to drink my dear sons' blood.

BEDFORD

Hung be the heavens with black, yield day to night!

EXETER

Henry is dead and never shall revive:

ACTORS *sit as if in a theater.*

PISANIO

I have not slept one wink.

KING JOHN

Silence, good mother; hear the embassy.

ACTORS *do the show.*

WALL

In this same interlude it doth befall
That I, one Snout by name, present a wall;

THISBEE

O wall, O sweet, O lovely wall,
That stand'st between her father's ground and mine!

PRINCE HAL

Peace ye fat guts!

SLY

I'll pheeze you, in faith.

HOSTESS

A pair of stocks, you rogue!

FALSTAFF

Scullion! Rampalian! Fustilarian!

SLY

Ye are a baggage: the Slys are no rogues; look in the chronicles; we came in with Richard Conqueror. Therefore paucas pallabris; let the world slide: sessa!

HOSTESS

You will not pay for the glasses you have burst?

SLY

No, not a denier. Go by, Jeronimy: go to thy cold bed, and warm thee.

HOSTESS

I know my remedy; I must go fetch the third--borough.

The ACTORS change positions. Two take their space.

ROBIN

Sir, here's a woman would speak with you.

FALSTAFF 1

Let her approach.

CLEOPATRA and LODOVICO take center stage.

LODOVICO

To you, lord governor,
Remains the censure of this hellish villain;
The time, the place, the torture: O, enforce it!
Myself will straight aboard: and to the state
This heavy act with heavy heart relate.

CLEOPATRA

Sir, I will eat no meat, I'll not drink, sir;
If idle talk will once be necessary,
I'll not sleep neither: this mortal house I'll ruin,
Do Caesar what he can. Know, sir, that I
Will not wait pinion'd at your master's court;
Nor once be chastised with the sober eye

Of dull Octavia. Shall they hoist me up
And show me to the shouting varletry
Of censuring Rome? Rather a ditch in Egypt
Be gentle grave unto me! rather on Nilus' mud
Lay me stark naked, and let the water-flies
Blow me into abhorring! rather make
My country's high pyramides my gibbet,
And hang me up in chains!

KING EDWARD IV

Away with her, and waft her hence to France.
And now what rests but that we spend the time
With stately triumphs, mirthful comic shows,
Such as befits the pleasure of the court?
Sound drums and trumpets! farewell sour annoy!
For here, I hope, begins our lasting joy.

THESEUS

Let us be thankful for that which is!

GOWER

Here our play has ending.

ADRIANO DE ARMADO

The words of Mercury are harsh after the songs of
Apollo. You that way: we this way.

KING

All is well ended,

LEONTES

hastily lead away.

All exit and begin to pack up as PROSPERO alone speaks.

PROSPERO

Our revels now are ended. These our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirits and
Are melted into air, into thin air:
And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Ye all which it inherit, shall dissolve
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff

As dreams are made on, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep.

The End

CAST

| | | |
|--|--|--|
| Alejandro Zayas <i>Aegeon</i> <i>Romeo</i> <i>Benedict</i> <i>JAques</i> <i>Hamlet</i> <i>Falstaff I</i> <i>Leontes</i> | Melissa Rose <i>Duke</i> <i>Vincentio</i> <i>Jaques</i> <i>Hamlet</i> <i>Antony</i> <i>Ricahrd II</i> <i>Thesus</i> | Elizabeth Kim <i>First Citizen</i> <i>Chorus</i> <i>Wall</i> <i>King Edward IV</i> |
| Isabella Alvarez <i>Frist Witch</i> <i>Jaques</i> <i>Prospero</i> <i>Prince Hal</i> | Nicole Ferraro <i>Master</i> <i>Jaques</i> <i>Duke Orsinio</i> <i>Pisano</i> <i>King</i> | Kylee Amato <i>JAques</i> <i>Lear</i> <i>King John</i> <i>Hostess</i> |
| Daniella Hernandez <i>Suffolk</i> <i>Hamlet</i> <i>Bedford</i> <i>Sly</i> <i>Lodovico</i> | Lauren Miglietta <i>Valentine</i> <i>Jaques</i> <i>Hamlet</i> <i>Beatrice</i> <i>Gower</i> | Jennifer Baer <i>Prologue</i> <i>Jaques</i> <i>Hamlet</i> <i>Portia</i> <i>Adriano de Armado</i> |
| Shirley Made <i>Prolouge</i> <i>JAques</i> <i>Hamlet</i> <i>Richard III</i> <i>Robin</i> | Jamile Munoz <i>Poet</i> <i>Juliet</i> <i>Exeter</i> <i>Falstaff</i> | Molly Fitzsimons <i>Flavius</i> <i>Jaques</i> <i>Hamlet</i> <i>Titus</i> <i>Thisbee</i> <i>Cleopatra</i> |