WITH SHAKESPEARE AT THE PLAYGROUND

(Hamlet; Macbeth; The Taming of the Shrew, A Midsummer Night's Dream) compiled by Bogumiła Misztal

Scenka 1

(mieszkanie Ofelii i Hamleta)

Narrator: Hamlet i Ofelia. Jakże tragiczny związek, ale dzięki temu nieśmiertelny. Wyobraźmy ich sobie jednak w innej sytuacji. Oto Ofelia jako szczęśliwa żona Hamleta.

Ofelia: There's a rosemary, that's for remembrance; pray, love, remembrance;

(What am I to remember about ?)

And there is a pansy, that's for thoughts. There's fennel for you and columbines. There's rue for you, and here's some for me; we may call it herb-grace o'Sundays. You must wear your rue with a difference. There's a daisy...

Hamlet: Sweetheart, I'm home. What's for dinner tonight?

Ofelia: O all you host of heaven! O earth!

Hamlet: I'm so hungry. What has my sweat Ofelia cooked for her Hamlet?

Ofelia: My Lord, I have remembrances of yours That I have longed long to redeliver.

Do you love me?

Hamlet: Come on, darling. Doubt thou the stars are fire,

Doubt that the sun doth move,

Doubt truth to be a liar

But never doubt that I love.

Ofelia: So, I must confess that I've forgotten about dinner.

Hamlet: Pardon? Forgotten about my dinner? Forgotten about your husband?

Thy husband is thy Lord, thy life, thy keeper,

Thy head, thy sovereign, one that cares for thee. And for thy maintenance

Commits his body to painful labour both by sea and land.

To watch the night in storms, the day in cold

Whilst thou liest warm at home, secure and safe,

And craves no other tribute at thy hands

But love, fair looks, and true obedience.

Too little payment for so great a debt.

Ofelia: Oh, no. I don't like it. I want back, to my Mum.

Scenka 2

(kuchnia)

Narrator: Nikt nie lubi nieproszonych gości, ale przecież nawet z najbardziej zatwardziałymi można sobie poradzić. Wystarczy skorzystać ze sprawdzonych źródeł pomysłów.

Jane: Mum, I hope you remember Aunt Gertrude is coming to dinner tonight.

Mum: Oh, my poor child. I feel it in my bones.

Jane: Don't worry, mum. I'll help you with cooking. I've found an interesting recipe in one of Dad's book. In fact I've already collected the ingredients. I'm sure Auntie will like it.

Mum: Great! Let's do it. Here is the pot. What are we to put into it?

Jane: Let me see. Oh, yes. Here it is.

Fillet of a fenny snake,

In the cauldron boil and bake:

Eye of newt, and toe of frog.

Mum: Mmm. Sounds interesting. Go on.

Jane: Wool of bat, and tongue of dog.

Adder's fork and blind's worm sting.

Lizard's leg, and howlet's wing

Form a charm of powerful trouble.

Like a hell-broth, boil and bubble.

Mum: May I?

Double, double toil and trouble.,

Fire burn, and cauldron bubble. Uhh. Yuk.

Jane: That's not all, Mum. Aunt Gertrude deserves to be treated like this. Have you forgotten

her last year visit?

Mum: Oh.....

Jane: So, scale of dragon...(It was impossible to get it, so I asked the fishmonger to give me one of a fish...)...tooth of wolf,

Witches' mummy, maw and gulf.

Mum: Add there to a tiger's chawdron

For the ingredients of our cauldron.

Jane: Double, double toil and trouble,

Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.

Mum: It may be too hot for dear Gertrude. She's such a delicate creature.

Jane: Don't worry, Mum. Cool it with a baboon's blood,

Then the charm is firm and good.

Mum: Oh, my sweet child. You're cleverer than Harry Porter himself.

Scenka 3:

(mieszkanie + łazienka)

Narrator: O tym, że higiena to podstawa zdrowia wie każdy berbeć. Ale wszyscy wiemy, że to wcale nie jest takie proste, szczególnie po świetnej zabawie w cudownie plastycznym błocku. Ale czyż odpoczynek nie jest najważniejszy?

Mum: Susie! Time for bed. Go to the bathroom. Wash your hands, put on your night-gown, look not so pale.

Susie: Oh, no! I hate it.

Out damned spot.! Out, I say!...

What will these hands never be clean?

Mum: Try again, darling.

Susie: Here's the smell of blood still; all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little

hand.

Mum: Come, come, come, give me your hand.What's done cannot be

undone...We'll work on it tomorrow. To bed, to bed...

Susie: To bed...So, good night.

SCENKA 4

(plac zabaw)

Narrator: Bullying, czyli znęcanie się nad młodszymi, to poważny problem w życiu szkoły. Popatrzcie jak sobie z nim radzi słodka Mary.

Demetrius:

O Mary, goddess, nymph, perfect divine! To what, my love, shall I compare thine eyne! Crystal is muddy. Oh, how ripe in show Thy lips, those kissing cherries, tempting grow!

Mary:

O spite! O hell! I see you all are bent To set against me for your merriment; If you were civil and knew courtesy, You would not do me thus much injury. Can you not hate, as I know you do, But you must join in souls to mock me too? If you were man, as man you are in show, You would not use a gentle lady so.

Demetrius:

Stay, gentle Mary; hear my excuse!

Mary:

Never did mockers waste more idle breath.

Demetrius:

Hang off, thou cat, thou burr! Vile thong, let loose!

Mary:

I will not trust you, I No longer stay in your curst company. Your hands than mine are quicker for a fray, My legs are longer thou, to run away.