

AS YOU LIKE IT
by William Shakespeare
Act 2 Scene I

DUKE SENIOR:

Now my co-mates and brothers in exile,
Hath not old custom made this life more sweet
Than that of painted pomp? Are not these woods
More free from peril than the envious court?
Here feel we not the penalty of Adam,
The seasons' difference, as the icy fang,
And churlish chiding of the winter's wind,
Which when it bites and blows upon my body
Even till I shrink with cold, I smile and say
'This is no flattery; these are counsellors
That feelingly persuade me what I am'?
Sweet are the uses of adversity,
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head;
And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything.

HENRY VI - PART 2
by William Shakespeare
Act 5 ScII

YOUNG CLIFFORD:

Shame and confusion! All is on the rout!
Fear frames disorder, and disorder wounds
Where it should guard. O, war, thou son of hell,
Whom angry heavens do make their minister,
Throw in the frozen bosoms of our part
Hot coals of vengeance! Let no soldier fly!
He that is truly dedicate to war
Hath no self-love; nor he that loves himself
Hath not essentially, but by circumstance,
The name of valour.

(He sees his father's body)

O, let the vile world end,
And the promised flames of the last day
Knit earth and heaven together.
Now let the general trumpet blow his blast,
Particularities and petty sounds
To cease! Wast thou ordained, dear father,
To lose thy youth in peace, and to achieve
The silver livery of advised age,
And in thy reverence and thy chair-days, thus
To die in ruffian battle? Even at this sight
My heart is turned to stone, and while 'tis mine
It shall be stony. York not our old men spares;
No more will I their babes. Tears virginal
Shall be to me even as the dew to fire,
And beauty, that the tyrant oft reclaims,
Shall to my flaming wrath be oil and flax.
Henceforth I will not have to do with pity.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

by William Shakespeare

Act 2, Sc II

ENOBARBUS:

The barge she sat in, like a burnish'd throne,
Burn'd on the water: the poop was beaten gold;
Purple the sails, and so perfumed that
The winds were love-sick with them; the oars were silver,
Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke, and made
The water which they beat to follow faster,
As amorous of their strokes. For her own person,
It beggar'd all description: she did lie
In her pavilion - cloth of gold, of tissue -
O'er-picturing that Venus where we see
The fancy outwork nature. On each side her,
Stood pretty dimpled boys, like smiling Cupids,
With divers-colour'd fans, whose wind did seem
To glow the delicate cheeks which they did cool,
And what they undid did.

Her gentlewomen, like the Nereides,
So many mermaids, tended her i' th' eyes,
And made their bends adornings. At the helm
A seeming mermaid steers: the silken tackle
Swell with the touches of those flower-soft hands,
That yarely frame the office. From the barge
A strange invisible perfume hits the sense
Of the adjacent wharfs. The city cast
Her people out upon her; and Antony,
Enthron'd i' the market-place, did sit alone,
Whistling to the air; which, but for vacancy,
Had gone to gaze on Cleopatra too,
And made a gap in nature.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

by William Shakespeare

Act 4, Sc XII

ANTONY:

All is lost:

This foul Egyptian hath betrayed me:
My fleet hath yielded to the foe, and yonder
They cast their caps up, and carouse together
Like friends long lost. Triple-turn'd whore, 'tis thou
Hast sold me to this novice, and my heart
Makes only wars on thee. Bid them all fly:
For when I am reveng'd upon my charm,
I have done all. Bid them all fly, be gone.
O sun, thy uprise shall I see no more,
Fortune and Antony part here, even here
Do we shake hands. All come to this? The hearts
That spaniel'd me at heels, to whom I gave
Their wishes, do discandy, melt their sweets
On blossoming Caesar: and this pine is bark'd,
That overtopp'd them all. Betray'd I am.
O this false soul of Egypt! this grave charm,
Whose eye beck'd forth my wars, and call'd them home;
Whose bosom was my crownet, my chief end,
Like a right gipsy, that at fast and loose
Beguil'd me, to the very heart of loss.
What, Eros, Eros!

THE TEMPEST
by William Shakespeare
Act 1 Sc II

CALIBAN:

This island's mine, by Sycorax my mother,
Which thou tak'st from me. When thou cam'st first,
Thou strok'st me, and made much of me; wouldst give me
Water with berries in't; and teach me how
To name the bigger light, and how the less,
That burn by day and night: and then I lov'd thee,
And show'd thee all the qualities o' th' isle,
The fresh springs, brine-pits, barren place and fertile:
Curs'd be I that did so! All the charms
Of Sycorax, toads, beetles, bats, light on you!
For I am all the subject that you have,
Which first was mine own King: and here you sty me
In this hard rock, whiles you do keep from me
The rest o' th' island.

TWELFTH NIGHT

by William Shakespeare

Act 4, Sc III

SEBASTIAN:

This is the air, that is the glorious sun,
This pearl she gave me, I do feel't, and see't,
And though 'tis wonder that enwraps me thus,
Yet 'tis not madness. Where's Antonio then?
I could not find him at the Elephant,
Yet there he was, and there I found this credit,
That he did range the town to seek me out.
His counsel now might do me golden service:
For though my soul disputes well with my sense
That this may be some error, but no madness,
Yet doth this accident and flood of fortune
So far exceed all instance, all discourse,
That I am ready to distrust mine eyes,
And wrangle with my reason that persuades me
To any other trust but that I am mad,
Or else the lady's mad; yet if 'twere so,
She could not sway her house, command her followers,
Take and give back affairs and their dispatch,
With such a smooth, discreet, and stable bearing
As I perceive she does. There's something in't
That is deceivable. But here the lady comes.

JULIUS CAESAR
by William Shakespeare
Act 1, Sc II

CASSIUS:

Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world
Like a Colossus, and we petty men
Walk under his huge legs, and peep about
To find ourselves dishonourable graves.
Men at some time are masters of their fates:
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings.
Brutus and Caesar: what should be in that "Caesar"?
Why should that name be sounded more than yours?
Write them together, yours is as fair a name;
Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well;
Weigh them, it is as heavy; conjure with 'em,
"Brutus" will start a spirit as soon as "Caesar".
Now in the names of all the gods at once,
Upon what meat doth this our Caesar feed,
That he is grown so great? Age, thou art sham'd!
Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods!
When went there by an age, since the great flood,
But it was fam'd with more than with one man?
When could they say, till now, that talk'd of Rome,
That her wide walks encompass'd but one man?
Now is it Rome indeed, and room enough,
When there is in it but one only man.
O, you and I have heard our fathers say,
There was a Brutus once that would have brook'd
Th' eternal devil to keep his state in Rome
As easily as a king.

SIX DEGREES OF SEPARATION

by John Guare

RICK:

We stopped by the bank. I withdrew the money. He took it. He told me he had some of his own money and he wanted to treat me. We went to a store that rented tuxedos and we dressed to the nines. We went to the Rainbow Room. We danced. High over New York City. I swear. He stood up and held out my chair and we danced and there was a stir. Nothing like this ever happened in Utah. And we danced. And I'll tell you nothing like that must have ever happened at the Rainbow Room because we were asked to leave. I tell you. It was so funny.

And we walked out and walked home and I knew Elizabeth was waiting for me and I would have to explain about the money and calm her down because we'll get it back but I forgot because we took a carriage ride in the park and he asked me if he could fuck me and I had never done anything like that and he did and it was fantastic. It was the greatest night I ever had and before we got home he kissed me on the mouth and he vanished.

Later I realized he had no money of his own. He had spent my money - our money - on that night at the Rainbow Room.

How am I going to face Elizabeth? What have I done? What did I let him do to me? I wanted experience. I came here to have experience. But I didn't come here to do this or lose that or be this or do *this* to Elizabeth. I didn't come here to be this. My father said I was a fool and I can't have him be right. What have I done?

THE CHOCOLATE FROG

by Jim McNeil

SHIRKER:

Know what your trouble is? I'll tell yer. See, with all yer opinions that yer think are right, trouble is yer've only ever experienced *one* side of what *you* think is the world ... the one yer tryin' to sell me 'n Tosser ... as if we hadn't already bought the phoney thing years ago. (*Laughing softly*) Yer tell me, f'rinstance, that I oughter keep me eyes on the Outisde... think about Out, instead of In ... hey?

Yer know how long I've been 'ere? Goin' on seven years ... mostly on me own ... only since Tosser lobbed last year, that I've had anyone in the peter with me. Know what I used ter do for the first few years? I used ter stand on me cupboard, lookin' out of the winder every night ... all night ... me cell was on the top tier over there in Four Wing, 'n out the winders there yer can see fer miles, all the streets, 'n houses, kids playin' and everythin' ... till it gets a bit dark, 'n their old girls call 'em in fer tea.

All over the can ternight, they're standin' up on their cupboards ... like I used ter do. Know how long I spent just lookin' out the winder? Nah, course yer don't ... but it was hundreds, hundreds of nights ... I just used ter hang there starin', like a kid in a lolly-shop winder.

Out there, that's their world ... and my mistake was in fergettin' that little fact. (*Smiling*) Don't yer get it? All them dreams I had, yer know, of wishin' I could be out there ... down one of them streets ... I was just makin' a gig of meself. (*Laughing bitterly*) What if they let me outer here *ternite*, right now this minute? (*Drooping*) I could walk down all of the streets I liked ... wouldn't be one light in one of the windows that was shinin' fer me ... or the likes of me. (*His voice hardening*) *This here is my light! And this is my winder!* (*Softly*) 'N this is my world ... yer see?

IVANOV
by Anton Chekhov
Translated by David Hare

LVOV:

I need to speak out because I cannot endure cruelty. It is the cruelty of things that dismays me. In the next room, a woman is dying. The least she deserves is to see her own parents. They know full well that she loves them, that she needs to see them, but because of their pride - the stubbornness of their religion - they refuse to relent. Still they condemn her! And you are the man for whom she sacrificed everything, even her own family. Yet without apology and with no sense of shame you go tripping over to Lebedev's for purposes which are clear to us all.

People tell me I'm young, but I have learnt one thing in life. One must be straight with people. One must be blunt. I have watched you, Ivanov. I have seen you. And I have seen through you. You are longing for her death. Yes, I know what I'm saying. You will welcome her death because it will give you the chance to move on. But I have come today in the name of humanity to ask you to wait. If nothing else, just wait. Give Anna her time, let her die in the goodness of time. Don't drive this woman to the grave. Is there really such a rush? Would you lose this new girl if you slowed down? You are so accomplished, so proficient, so adept ... surely the seduction of any woman will not detain you for long. Why do you need your present wife to die straight away?

LONG DAY'S JOURNEY INTO NIGHT

by Eugene O'Neill

EDMUND:

To hell with sense! We're all crazy. What do we want with sense? *(He quotes from Dowson sardonically.)*

"They are not long, the weeping and the laughter,
Love and desire and hate:
I think they have no portion in us after
we pass the gate.

They are not long, the days of wine and roses:
Out of a misty dream
Our path emerges for a while, then closes
Within a dream."

(Staring before him.) The fog was where I wanted to be. Halfway down the path you can't see this house. You'd never know it was here. Or any of the other places down the avenue. I couldn't see but a few feet ahead. I didn't meet a soul. Everything looked and sounded unreal. Nothing was what it is. That's what I wanted - to be alone with myself in another world where truth is untrue and life can hide from itself. Out beyond the harbour, where the road runs along the beach, I even lost the feeling of being on land. The fog and the sea seemed part of each other. It was like walking on the bottom of the sea. As if I had drowned long ago. As if I was a ghost belonging to the fog, and the fog was the ghost of the sea. It felt damned peaceful to be nothing more than a ghost within a ghost. *(He sees his father staring at him with mingled worry and irritated disapproval. He grins mockingly.)* Don't look at me as if I'd gone nutty. I'm talking sense. Who wants to see life as it is, if they can help it? It's the three Gorgons in one. You look in their faces and turn to stone. Or it's Pan. You see him and you die - that is, inside you - and have to go on living as a ghost.

TRAITORS

by Stephen Sewell

LEBESHEV:

Where's the coffee? (*Loudly*) You have to threaten to shoot people around here before they'll do what they're told. (*Stands, goes to the door and leaves*) Where's that coffee! (*Re-enters carrying two cups.*) He didn't want to come in because he thought we were "busy". What do you call that? A euphemism. They're a regular bunch of clowns around this joint. "Busy" - like the bees, ay? Like the birds and the bees - that's the sort of "busy" I'd like at the moment. What was it we used to sing? (*Sings.*)

"Where, where, where do we get the clap?

From Serephita, Se-ra-phi-ta!"

Remember that? And the other one, that negro Bill used to sing:

"We're just a bunch of scum

With lice and dirty bums

We'll smash your face

And eat your dog

And fuck your daughter dumb - Oy!"

Those were the days, hey? Three rounds of ammunition and a piece of mouldy bread whenever you were lucky. Where'd the negro get it? Veraslavl wasn't it? (*Pause*)

I can't remember - probably forget the whole thing before I get much older - all except how we stuffed ourselves on those fucking nuts. That's right - Suslov wanted to bury him with his clothes on - he was cracking up - he got it the day after, didn't he? He even wanted to leave the boots. "You're worse than fucking animals. You can't bury a man naked!" And the day after we buried Suslov naked. Suslov, Krylenko and that other American - Smith. All in the same hole, naked as the day they were born, their bellies full of hazelnuts (*Slight pause.*) Yeah, shit - the best died in the Civil War - the only ones left now are the cripples and the cowards and us.

THE PLAYBOY OF THE WESTERN WORLD

by J M Synge

CHRISTY:

(Christy, looking bright and cheerful is cleaning a girl's boots. Speaking to himself, counting jugs on dresser.) Half a hundred beyond. Ten there. A score that's above. Eighty jugs. Six cups and a broken one. Two plates. A power of glasses. Bottles, a school-master'd be hard set to count, and enough in them, I'm thinking, to drunken all the wealth and wisdom of the county Clare. *(He puts down the boot carefully.)* There's her boots now, nice and decent for her evening use, and isn't it grand brushes she has? *(He puts them down and goes by degrees to the looking-glass.)* Well, this'd be a fine place to be my whole life talking out with swearing Christians, in place of my old dogs and cat; and I stalking around, smoking my pipe and drinking my fill, and never a day's work but drawing a cork an odd time, or wiping a glass, or rinsing out a shiny tumbler for a decent man. *(He takes the looking-glass from the wall and puts it on the back of a chair; then sits down in front of it and begins washing his face.)* Didn't I know rightly, I was handsome, though it was the devil's own mirror we had beyond, would twist a squint across an angel's brow; and I'll be growing fine from this day, the way I'll have a soft lovely skin on me and won't be the like of the clumsy young fellows do be ploughing all times in the earth and dung. *(He starts.)* Is she coming again? *(He looks out.)* Stranger girls. God help me, where'll I hide myself away and my long neck naked to the world? *(He looks out.)* I'd best go to the room maybe till I'm dressed again.

THE COUNTRY WIFE

by William Wycherley

PINCHWIFE:

How's this! Nay, you shall not stir, madam. 'Dear, dear, dear, Mr Horner' - very well - I have taught you to write letters to good purpose - but let's see't.

'First, I am to beg your pardon for my boldness in writing to you, which I'd have you to know I would not have done, had not you said first you loved me so extremely, which if you do, you will never suffer me to lie in the arms of another man, whom I loathe, nauseate, and detest.' - Now you can write these filthy words. But what follows? - 'Therefore I hope you will speedily find some way to free me from this unfortunate match, which was never, I assure you, of my choice, but I'm afraid 'tis already too far gone. However, if you love me, as I do you, you will try what you can do, but you must help me away before tomorrow, or else, alas, I shall be forever out of your reach, for I can defer no longer our' - 'our' - *(the letter concludes)* what is to follow 'our'? - Speak, what? Our journey into the country, I suppose? - Oh woman, damned woman, and love, damned love, their old tempter! For this is one of his miracles; in a moment he can make those blind that could see, and those see that were blind. those dumb that could speak, and those prattle who were dumb before. Nay, what is more than all, make these dough-baked, senseless, indocile animals, women, too hard for us, their politic lords and rulers, in a moment. But make an end of your letter, and then I'll make an end of you thus, and all my plagues together *(Draws his sword.)*