

# SHAKESPEARE RETURNS



**Script**

  
**recursos**  


HAZ THINK FAIS  
**TEATRING**  
FES FAI EGIN

## CHARACTERS

Shakespeare, a famous *playwright*.

Richard, a friend of Shakespeare and an actor at the Globe Theatre Company.

Anne Hathaway, a young woman aspiring to be an actress at John's Theatre Company.

John P, a Spanish **actor** who with his own Theatre Company.

## CHARACTERS FROM PLAYS

- *Hamlet*: Hamlet, 1<sup>ST</sup> Gravedigger, Horatio and Laertes
- *Macbeth*: 1<sup>ST</sup>, 2<sup>ND</sup> and 3<sup>RD</sup> Witch, 1<sup>ST</sup>, 2<sup>ND</sup> and 3<sup>RD</sup> Apparition, Macbeth and Lady Macbeth
- *The Merchant of Venice*: Shylock
- *Romeo and Juliet*: Romeo, Juliet, Tybalt, Mercutio, Friar Laurence, Officer

# ACT I

*(SHAKESPEARE enters. He is desolate, his face and hands are dirty. We can see a glow of **fire** in the distance. There is a table to one side of the stage. On it there are scrolls, a pen and a paperweight shaped like a skull. There is a big box and some foils next to it.)*

**SHAKESPEARE:** I could not save the theatre. The theatre is on **fire**... I am useless... They think I'm a **hero** but I'm really a nobody... *(Picking up the pen.)* To write or not to write? That is the question... *(He approaches the trunk. He hesitates, and then puts the pen inside it. Then he locks the trunk and throws away the key.)* *(RICHARD enters, dressed as a woman.)*

**RICHARD:** Shakespeare!?! *(In a woman's voice.)*

**SHAKESPEARE:** Who's that you're naming?

**RICHARD:** We saved some **manuscripts**! *(He shows him some burnt papers.)*

**SHAKESPEARE:** What do we need the scripts for? Shakespeare is dead, and everything with him. And why do you keep talking in a woman's voice?

**RICHARD:** Sorry... *(Hoarse.)* The **fire** is not your fault.

**SHAKESPEARE:** You're right, my friend. The **fire** is the fault of that damned writer named William Shakespeare, the one who gave life to Romeo the Lover, the **indecisive** Hamlet, the usurer Shylock and the ambitious Macbeth! *(Taking off his wig.)*

**RICHARD:** But... what are you saying, my friend? You are Shakespeare! Why do I say Shakespeare? I mean the great William Shakespeare! You are our **hero**!

**SHAKESPEARE:** Richard! No...

**RICHARD:** But...

**SHAKESPEARE:** NO! The Globe Theatre is dead and... Shakespeare is dead with it. And now I ask you to please leave me alone.

**RICHARD:** Well... No!

**SHAKESPEARE:** Richard?

**RICHARD:** I won't move from here. *(RICHARD stands still and SHAKESPEARE becomes desperate SHAKESPEARE...)* I'll tell you what we're going to do... I know a theatre **company** where they're looking for **actors** very close to here. We can join them and start from zero, what do you think?

**SHAKESPEARE:** For me the Theatre disappeared with that **fire**. *(He glances at the burnt papers.)* The Cardenio comedy?

**RICHARD:** It didn't survive. *(SHAKESPEARE throws the papers away.)* No! Will! No! *(Trying to stop him.)*

**SHAKESPEARE:** *(Crying.)* To be or not to be... I don't want to be, Richard, I don't want to be.

**RICHARD:** Okay... Forget the **fire**. Do it for your dear Juliet.

**SHAKESPEARE:** Don't name the characters in my plays! What did I say about my plays? They are no longer my works! I renounce myself; I renounce everything. *(Taking the papers from the table to destroy them. RICHARD tries to stop him.)*

**RICHARD:** All right, you're not Shakespeare anymore... So.... What do I call you?

**SHAKESPEARE:** What?

- RICHARD:** Your name, your new damn name... Hello my name is Richard, What's your name? (*Extending his hand.*)
- SHAKESPEARE:** I don't know...
- RICHARD:** You want not to be "that writer" but you don't even have a name? Bad start!
- SHAKESPEARE:** (*About to cry.*) I don't even know who I am!
- RICHARD:** Shake... (*Interrupting himself.*) All right, well, a nobody. From now on, you will be Mr. Nobody. Come on, get your ruff, let's go out to look for that theatre **company**.
- SHAKESPEARE:** I don't want my ruff.
- RICHARD:** Great, I'll have it. (*Returning to the first position.*)
- SHAKESPEARE:** I'm not gonna move from here, Richard.
- RICHARD:** What can I do to convince you? Passion awaits us, theatre is our life, let's **act** together again!

(*SHAKESPEARE turns and bows his head. Then RICHARD takes the **skull** from the table and comes to the front of the stage. He starts to recite the famous monologue from Hamlet.*)

- RICHARD:** To be or not to be... (*SHAKESPEARE stops him.*)
- SHAKESPEARE:** No, Richard...
- RICHARD:** Oh, damn! Shakespeare, you're the most **stubborn** man I've ever met in my life!
- SHAKESPEARE:** No, you're getting it wrong... (*SHAKESPEARE takes the **skull** off him.*) The **skull** isn't from that monologue. (*Then he begins the famous scene with Yorick...*)

 TRACK 2

- HAMLET (SHAKESPEARE):** Whose was it?
- 1<sup>ST</sup> GRAVEDIGGER (RICHARD):** It was a crazy person. Who do you think it is?
- HAMLET (SHAKESPEARE):** I really don't know.
- 1<sup>ST</sup> GRAVEDIGGER (RICHARD):** He poured a pitcher of white wine on my head once. This is the **skull** of Yorick- the king's **jester**!
- HAMLET (SHAKESPEARE):** This one?
- 1<sup>ST</sup> GRAVEDIGGER (RICHARD):** Yes, that one.
- HAMLET (SHAKESPEARE):** Let me see. Oh poor Yorick! I used to know him, Horatio. A very funny guy. [...] Where are your jokes now? Your **pranks**? Your songs? Your flashes of **wit** that used to set the whole table laughing? You don't make anybody smile now. [...] Horatio: tell me something.
- HORATIO (RICHARD):** (*Changing his tone of voice.*) What is that, my Lord?
- HAMLET (SHAKESPEARE):** Do you think Alexander the Great looked like this when he was buried? **HORATIO (RICHARD):** Exactly like that.
- HAMLET (SHAKESPEARE):** And smelled like that, too? Whew!
- HORATIO (RICHARD):** Just as bad, my lord.
- HAMLET (SHAKESPEARE):** How low we can fall, Horatio. Isn't it possible to imagine that the **noble ashes** of Alexander the Great could end up **plugging** a hole in a **barrel**?
- HORATIO (RICHARD):** If you thought that you'd be thinking too much.

**HAMLET (SHAKESPEARE):** No, not at all. Just follow the logic: Alexander died, Alexander was buried, Alexander returned to **dust**, the **dust** is dirt, and dirt makes mud we use to stop up holes. So why can't someone **plug** a beer barrel with the dirt that used to be Alexander? The great emperor Caesar, dead and turned to clay, might plug up a hole to keep the **wind** away. Oh, to think that the same body that once ruled the world could now patch up a wall! But quiet, be quiet a minute. Here comes the king, the queen, and the **noblemen** of court. Who are they following? And with such a plain and **scrawny** ceremony? It means the **corpse** they're following took its own life. Must have been from a **wealthy** family. Let's stay and watch a while.

🔊) TRACK 3

**RICHARD:** *(Throwing the **skull** at SHAKESPEARE)* I **challenge you to a fight**, if I win, we'll go and join the theatre. *(Going over to the foils.)*

**SHAKESPEARE:** And if I win?...

**RICHARD:** You'll never call yourself William Shakespeare again.

**SHAKESPEARE:** It's a **deal!**

*(SHAKESPEARE as Hamlet, and RICHARD as Laertes and Orsic.)*

**HAMLET (SHAKESPEARE):** I welcome it. I challenge you. Bring us the foils.

**LAERTES (RICHARD):** Yes, hand me one too.

**HAMLET (SHAKESPEARE):** I'm going to make you look sharp, Laertes. I'm so bad at the game that your **skill** will **shine like the brightest star** in the darkest night.

**LAERTES (RICHARD):** You're making fun of me.

**HAMLET (SHAKESPEARE):** No, I **swear** I'm not.

**LAERTES (RICHARD):** This **sword**'s too heavy. Show me another one.

**HAMLET (SHAKESPEARE):** I like this one. Are they all the same length?

**LAERTES (RICHARD):** Yes, my Lord.

**HAMLET (SHAKESPEARE):** Come on, sir.

**LAERTES (RICHARD):** Come on, my lord...

**HAMLET (SHAKESPEARE):** That was one **hit**.

**LAERTES (RICHARD):** No, it wasn't.

**HAMLET (SHAKESPEARE):** Referee!

**ORSIC (RICHARD) :** It was obviously a **hit**.

**LAERTES (RICHARD):** Well, let's go on.

**HAMLET (SHAKESPEARE):** Let me just finish this round. **Set it down** awhile. Let's play. Another **hit**. What do you say?

**LAERTES (RICHARD):** You got me; I admit it.

 TRACK 4

- RICHARD:** That's not **fair!** (*He throws down the foil.*) Laertes loses to Hamlet...
- SHAKESPEARE:** It would be more accurate to say... They're both going to die.
- RICHARD:** Aha! So I win!
- SHAKESPEARE:** No, you don't. It's a **tie.** I accept the proposal to do theatre, but don't call me by my name. (**Shaking their hands.**)
- RICHARD:** Wonderful dear Shakes...! I mean, Mr. Nobody. (*Picking up the foils.*) Quick, my friend, a thousand **adventures** await us! (*They exit.*)

 TRACK 5

## ACT II

(*A small Theatre. JOHN Phillips is sitting on a little stool.*)

- JOHN:** Ladies and gentlemen! Come here, I won't bite! Welcome to my **humble** world, a **foer** from the Iberian Peninsula to delight you with the best pieces of the Master Shakespeare! Yes, as you have heard, at the end of this week, we shall have the greatest premiere ever seen in London. We all have seen the **fire** at the Globe Theatre... (*He takes off his hat and presses it to his chest*) A great **tragedy** for all the **actors** that dream and live here... but, it's time to get up, and move on, and what better way than with the best **characters** created by William Shakespeare. Buy your **tickets** and enjoy this great show! (*A young woman enters and approaches him.*)
- ANNE:** Excuse me.
- JOHN:** Kind lady, would you like a **ticket?** (*With big smile.*)
- ANNE:** I'm here about the **audition.**

(*JOHN's smile fades and he withdraws the tickets.*)

- JOHN:** Hey! Are you kidding me?
- ANNE:** No, I'm an **actress** and I wish...
- JOHN:** We don't admit women in London's theatre companies... it would be... a... **scandal!** Please, Miss, if you're not going to buy **tickets**, don't hinder my performance. Gentlemen and ladies! Gentlemen and ladies! The audience asks for art, asks for life, asks for emotion...
- ANNE:** Excuse me. (*JOHN shuts up suddenly.*)
- JOHN:** Are you still here? (*Not looking at her.*)
- ANNE:** I would like to work in the theatre because I am not accepted in any university...
- JOHN:** Of course they don't accept you at university. Haven't you thought about...? I don't know... looking for a husband, having children, maintaining a home... Or maybe you have a husband and you are here without his **consent!** Have you thought about the consequences?
- ANNE:** I'm not married.



**JOHN:** *(Jumping off the table and pushing her aside.)* Miss, I appreciate your efforts in persuading me, but I am not looking for a girlfriend. And... if you are not looking for a husband, but you in fact are looking for a role in my theatre **company**, I would advise you: Don't bring the subject up again, because it is totally forbidden to accept women into the world of artists! Now if you'll excuse me... *(Pointing to the exit.)* If you keep going down that street, you'll find the Royal Exchange, there are men and true love, if you understand.

 TRACK 6

*(ANNE doesn't exit. She stands by, thinking. JOHN returns to the table. He is singing about the true love. RICHARD and SHAKESPEARE enter.)*

**RICHARD:** And... Did you meet Cervantes? Great personality, I suppose, as great as his works... *(He stops when ANNE begins to protest to JOHN.)* Something's wrong with the world if this poor girl is this bad. Excuse me? Can we help you with something?

**ANNE:** No, excuse me, for showing myself up like this.

**RICHARD:** What's wrong?

**ANNE:** The treatment I've received from the director of that **company** and not being able to play a role in the theatre.

**RICHARD:** Have you tried to join the **company**?

**ANNE:** Yes, I have.

**RICHARD:** Oh! I'm sorry to tell you that Elizabethan theatre doesn't admit damsels. Decree from the queen and other **laws**...

**ANNE:** I know, but please understand that I come from a working family, and I don't give up on great injustices.

**SHAKESPEARE:** Well said, lady.

**ANNE:** Excuse me, you remind me of someone...

**RICHARD:** Of course! He is the great Will...

**SHAKESPEARE:** *(Giving RICHARD a kick.)* Wilbur Nobody, you can call me Mr. Nobody.

**ANNE:** And you are?

**RICHARD:** Richard Kane. I could add: Richard Kane, the cripple but... *(Trying to dissimulate the pain.)*

**ANNE:** Anne Hathaway. Nice to meet you. Were you going to the Royal Exchange?

**RICHARD:** Not at all, we are **humble** people who want to do what we like. We're going to work in the theatre!

**ANNE:** Are you from the theatre **company**?

**RICHARD:** We're one **audition** away!

**ANNE:** Good luck. "**Break a leg**".

**RICHARD:** Thank you, lady. Now if you'll excuse us. *(RICHARD pushes SHAKESPEARE aside.)*

**SHAKESPEARE:** Richard, we can't leave her like this.

**RICHARD:** Will, you see, she wants the impossible!

**SHAKESPEARE:** Wow, optimistic Richard being a negative.

**RICHARD:** What do you want? Put a flute "down there" and give her a moustache? *(Changing his expression as he realises that this is exactly what SHAKESPEARE is planning to do. SHAKESPEARE approaches ANNE.)* No! Will!

- SHAKESPEARE:** Excuse me, Anne. I think there's a way to get into the **company**.
- ANNE:** Are you sure?
- SHAKESPEARE:** Well, you would need to make a change in your clothes and maybe add some hair to your face, but...
- RICHARD:** Don't listen to this Mr. Nobody, what he's saying is impossible. (*RICHARD pulls at the writer's arm.*)
- ANNE:** I would do anything to perform Shakespeare's plays.
- SHAKESPEARE:** Sorry?
- ANNE:** It is incredible how William Shakespeare writes: to live his characters, to feel the passion of any **passage** of his works...!
- SHAKESPEARE:** Don't **make a fuss**.
- ANNE:** He's my **hero**.
- SHAKESPEARE:** He's a person like any other.
- ANNE:** Do you know him?
- SHAKESPEARE:** Yeah... well, no, I've actually read some of his works. They are... interesting, that's all. You know what? Forget **pretending** to be a man, it was a bad idea.

(*SHAKESPEARE goes to leave and RICHARD follows him. ANNE comes to the front of the **stage** and begins the famous Lady Macbeth soliloquy. When SHAKESPEARE hears her, he stops.*)

 TRACK 7

- LADY MACBETH (ANNE):** Come, you spirits that **assist** murderous thoughts, make me less like a woman and more like a man, and fill me from head to toe with deadly cruelty! Thicken my blood and **clog up** my **veins** so I won't feel remorse, so that no human compassion can stop my evil plan or prevent me from accomplishing it! Come to my female breast and turn my mother's milk into poisonous acid, you murdering demons, wherever you hide, invisible and waiting to do evil! Come, thick night, and cover the world in the darkest **smoke** of hell, so that my sharp knife can't see the **wound** it cuts open, and so heaven can't peep through the darkness and cry, "No! Stop!"

 TRACK 8

- RICHARD:** Macbeth!
- SHAKESPEARE:** To be exact, Lady Macbeth after receiving the missive. It is not **fair** that such a **talented** person should be kept out of the theatre. Richard, give me your hat.

(*SHAKESPEARE takes RICHARD's hat and puts it on ANNE's head.*)

- ANNE:** What are you doing?
- SHAKESPEARE:** Making you the best actress in the world. (*He offers her his jacket.*)



**ANNE:** You are asking a lot.  
**SHAKESPEARE:** That's where you start to get a **reward**.  
**ANNE:** You got comfortable quickly!  
**SHAKESPEARE:** **Forgive** me, I didn't mean to...  
**ANNE:** Don't **shrink**, now as a man everything must be well saved. Can I help you with something?  
**BOTH:** Nothing, nothing... (*Trying to dissimulate.*)  
**ANNE:** I need a **fake** moustache.  
**SHAKESPEARE:** Richard?  
**RICHARD:** Will, you're gonna get us in trouble. (*He gives her a fake moustache from his pocket.*) Here, miss...  
**ANNE:** Sir!

(*JOHN enters, carrying some costumes.*)

**JOHN:** Gentlemen! I see you're coming to the **audition**. Your names, please?  
**RICHARD:** Why this accent? Your English is awful...  
**JOHN:** I come from Castilla...  
**RICHARD:** (*To SHAKESPEARE.*) Is that how Cervantes spoke? How horrible!  
**JOHN:** Put on those **costumes**, Mr...  
**RICHARD:** Richard Kane.  
**SHAKESPEARE:** Wilbur Nobody.  
**ANNE:** Erm...  
**JOHN:** The Nobody is him; you'll have something more decent as a name, won't you?  
**ANNE:** Well, yes... I...  
**JOHN:** All right, calm down and leave your **stage fright** aside. You'll play Macbeth, and we'll play the **witches**. Okay, Mr. "Mac"?  
**ANNE:** That's correct.  
**JOHN:** When you remember your name, tell me. I'm John. Nerves **play tricks**, I know. Let's get started:

(*JOHN gives them some pointers, some of them are ridiculous.*)

**JOHN:** Ready, set, go!

 TRACK 9

**2<sup>ND</sup>. WITCH (JOHN):** By the pricking of my thumbs, something wicked this way comes.  
**MACBETH (ANNE):** What's going on here, you secret, evil, midnight hags?  
**ALL:** Something there isn't a word for.  
**MACBETH (ANNE):** I don't know how you know the things you do, but I insist that you answer my questions. I command you in the name of whatever dark powers you serve.. Even if the Devil himself gives you your powers, answer my questions.  
**1<sup>ST</sup> WITCH (RICHARD):** Speak.

2<sup>ND</sup> SECOND WITCH (JOHN): Demand.  
 3<sup>RD</sup> WITCH (SHAKESPEARE): We'll answer.  
 1<sup>ST</sup> WITCH (RICHARD): Would you rather hear these things from our mouths or from our master's  
 MACBETH (ANNE): Call them. Let me see them.  
 ALL: Come, high or low spirits. Show yourself and what you do.

*(1<sup>ST</sup> APPARITION: a head with an armoured helmet.)*

*(SHAKESPEARE puts on the helmet.)*

MACBETH (ANNE): Tell me, you unknown power—  
 1<sup>ST</sup> WITCH (RICHARD): He can read your thoughts. Listen, but don't speak.  
 1<sup>ST</sup> APPARITION (SHAKESP.): Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth! Beware Macduff. Beware the thane of Fife. Let me go.  
 Enough. *(1<sup>ST</sup> APPARITION descends.)*

*(SHAKESPEARE goes back to being a witch.)*

MACBETH (ANNE): Whatever you are, thanks for your advice. You have guessed exactly what I feared.  
 But one word more.  
 1<sup>ST</sup> WITCH (RICHARD): He will not be commanded by you. Here's another, stronger than the first.

*(2<sup>ND</sup> APPARITION: A bloody child.)*

2<sup>ND</sup> APPARITION (JOHN): Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth!  
 MACBETH (ANNE): I am listening.  
 2<sup>ND</sup> APPARITION (JOHN): Be violent, bold, and firm. Laugh at the power of other men, because nobody born  
 from a woman will ever harm Macbeth... *(2<sup>ND</sup> APPARITION descends.)*

*(JOHN becomes a witch again.)*

MACBETH (ANNE): Then I don't need to kill Macduff. I have no reason to fear him. But even so, I'll make  
 doubly sure. *(3<sup>RD</sup> APPARITION: a child with a crown on his head and a tree in his  
 hand.)* What is this spirit that looks like the son of a king and wears a crown on his  
**young** head?

*(RICHARD swaps his witch's hat for a crown.)*

ALL: Listen but don't speak to it.  
 3<sup>RD</sup> APPARITION (RICHARD): Be brave like the lion and proud. Don't even worry about who hates you, who resents  
 you, and who **conspires against you**. Macbeth will never be **defeated** until Birnam  
 Wood marches to fight you at Dunsinane Hill...

*(3<sup>RD</sup> APPARITION descends.)*

(RICHARD becomes a **witch** again.)

- MACBETH (ANNE):** That will never happen. Who can command the forest and make the trees pull their roots out of the earth? These were sweet omens! Good! My murders will never come back to threaten me until the forest of Birnam gets up and moves, and I will be king for my entire natural life. But my heart is still throbbing to know one thing. Tell me, if your dark powers can see this far: will Banquo's sons ever in this kingdom?
- ALL:** Don't try to find out more.
- MACBETH (ANNE):** I demand to be satisfied. If you refuse, let an eternal curse fall on you. Let me know.
- 1<sup>ST</sup> WITCH (RICHARD):** Show!
- 2<sup>ND</sup> WITCH (JOHN):** Show!
- 3<sup>RD</sup> WITCH (SHAKESP.):** Show!

🔊) TRACK 10

- JOHN:** Bravo! Bravissimo! Splendid! What art! My dear **actors**, I have to say that you have done a good job. Although after what I've seen, I am sorry to inform you that I'm keeping only this great **actor**... (Pointing to ANNE.) Have you recalled your name?
- ANNE:** Andy.
- JOHN:** Just like that?
- ANNE:** Just like that.
- JOHN:** Welcome, Mr. Andy! (Approaching to SHAKESPEARE and RICHARD.) Gentlemen, it's been a pleasure, but you must go.
- ANNE:** Did you like my performance?
- JOHN:** It was magnificent!
- ANNE:** If you want me in the **company**, you'll have to accept my friends... I couldn't have done it without them.
- JOHN:** Oh! (Smiling nervous.) A "Tiquisquisquis" **actor**.... Hee, hee, hee...! Well... after all, we don't have time, the Romeo play must be ready by the end of the week, we only have a few days left. Welcome to the three of you! Ha, ha, ha! I am very happy that you are part of this **company**. (Embracing and leading them to the background of the **stage**.) Now get ready to do some **actor's** exercises. How about the merchant of Venice for practice?

(Scene change. We can see a bridge from "The Merchant of Venice".)

🔊) TRACK 11

## ACT III

(ANNE and SHAKESPEARE are doing voice exercises on the **stage**. They are laughing. JOHN enters suddenly. He is very happy as he has great news.)

**JOHN:** Missive from Queen Elizabeth II! The queen wanted to give me her words! Well, she wanted to give us her words! We could be “The Queen’s Men”! Let’s read! (*Opening the letter.*) We must all listen to the letter. Where’s Richard?

**SHAKESPEARE:** Em... let’s say he’s indisposed.

**JOHN:** Indisposed to **act**? (*Annoyed.*)

**SHAKESPEARE:** It’s simpler than that... Or tighter, I’d say. It is: (*He makes some gestures about it.*) Only he takes his time...

**JOHN:** Ah! I understand. When the four of us are here, we’ll read the good news, I hope he’s not late! I can’t wait...

**SHAKESPEARE:** Richard confessed to me that while he’s doing his business, he studies theatre scripts. At least he doesn’t waste any time! (*ANNE smiles.*)

**ANNE:** “¡Mucha mierda!” (*With British accent.*)

**JOHN:** What did you say, dear Andy?

**ANNE:** That’s why in Spanish theatre they use the expression, “¿¡Mucha mierda!”

**JOHN:** No my friend... let me explain the etymology. If we have a large audience at our show this Friday, there will be a lot of horses at the doors and then, the theatre entrance will be full of shit, fertilizer... I hope that this Friday there will be: ¡Mucha mierda! (*JOHN exits, very happy.*)

**SHAKESPEARE:** Shall we continue practicing?

**ANNE:** Mr Nobody... I’m afraid.

**SHAKESPEARE:** Why, Anne?

**ANNE:** It’s true that theatre is my life, but I’m not a liar, I don’t like lying to John and I don’t like breaking the **law**.

**SHAKESPEARE:** **Law**? Oh, come on Anne, when it comes to injustice you cannot call it **law**... John is right...

**ANNE:** But I like to be honest, I don’t like to lie. I don’t like losing my identity. If you knew the virtues of this name, or the value of who gave it to me, or how much I care about keeping it, you would never have agreed with John. Why should there be such a crazy man, who, defending him with some insistence, would insist on snatching such a precious gift from you?

**SHAKESPEARE:** Are these lines from “The Merchant of Venice”? (*ANNE is set aside.*)

**ANNE:** Shakespeare is authentic! He would never lie... Don’t you think?

**SHAKESPEARE:** Well....

**ANNE:** His soul is reflected in his words. His characters say what they are, and “are” pure essence.

**SHAKESPEARE:** Ann, it’s not good to idealise people. You don’t know William Shakespeare at all.

**ANNE:** I don’t think you understand me. Shakespeare would stand up for my cause!

**SHAKESPEARE:** Anne... I...

**ANNE:** Do you still call me Anne? Do you believe in me?

**SHAKESPEARE:** (*Approaching her.*) Don’t lose your identity, Anne...

**ANNE:** Who’s Anne?

**SHAKESPEARE:** You remind me of a very **stubborn** writer...

**ANNE:** You know perfectly who you are, stay away from me. My falsehood might infect you.

**SHAKESPEARE:** Anne, I’m already infected, let me confess something...

**ANNE:** Wilbur, leave it. (*She walks away from him.*) I’m not going through with this lie!

**SHAKESPEARE:** Anne, I am Wil...

**JOHN:** Juliet! You’ll be Juliet! (*JOHN comes on scene. He is carrying the costumes for Juliet, Romeo and Mercutio. He is dressed as Shylock.*)

**SHAKESPEARE:** What?

**JOHN:** You'll play Juliet and our friend Andy will be Romeo! Andy, dress up as Romeo.

**ANNE:** *(Taking the Romeo costume.)* I'll be back!

**JOHN:** Why don't you change here?

**ANNE:** *(Before she leaves.)* Remember, John, I'm a "Tiquisquisquis" **actor**. Where are the dressing rooms?

**JOHN:** In the background, on the left, like all dressing rooms. *(ANNE goes.)* I love this man's confidence!

**RICHARD:** *(Carrying the script for The Merchant of Venice.)* I've had time to read it a couple of times... I'm sorry I'm late. What did I miss?

**SHAKESPEARE:** We have received a letter from Queen Elizabeth.

**RICHARD:** I feel like going to the bathroom again. Give me that. *(Takes the script out his hands.)*

**JOHN:** *(Picking up the script.)* No more "Water Closet"! Grab your costumes. *(Handing them the clothes.)*

**RICHARD:** Excuse me, Your Honour! The toilet is the greatest English invention, it's brilliant!

**JOHN:** The toilet was invented by the Arabs twenty-seven centuries ago, and now the English people think they're very clever. Let's get to work! *(JOHN exits.)*

**SHAKESPEARE:** Richard, I have to tell Anne I'm Shakespeare.

**RICHARD:** You're unbelievable! You fool! But incredible.

**SHAKESPEARE:** She's even more incredible... Richard, I'm suffering. I suffer from not revealing that I am William Shakespeare, and she suffers from not telling the world that she is Anne Hathaway.

**RICHARD:** Okay, I trade the incredible for "you are both fools."

**SHAKESPEARE:** We have to reveal to John who we are.

**RICHARD:** No, Will, if John finds out, it'll be the end for. Tell Anne the truth, but she must keep **pretending** to be a man.

**SHAKESPEARE:** Richard, Anne is... is... is ineffable!

**RICHARD:** My friend! Have you fallen in love?

*(JOHN and ANNE enter from opposite side of the stage.)*

**JOHN:** We're all here! *(Opening the setter again.)* This is a unique event! I read: "To the attention of the **company** JOHN and JOHNNIES..." Well... I registered with this name because I consider you my little "Juanes"... OK, I continue: "Next Friday, day of the premiere of your play Romeo and Juliet, I will visit the theatre and I will see the show..."

 TRACK 12

*(JOHN starts breathing heavily. He is about to faint and fall to the ground.)*

**JOHN:** This can't be... I'm dreaming. The queen, here with us? I'm really sorry my King Philip II, but in matters of art, kings, politics and religion, nothing matters... The queen will be welcomed, and she will see our magnificent work. I keep reading: "I hope to find the balcony appropriate for a queen like me..."

**JOHN:** We'll take 20 seats off the balcony and put on a huge throne... Continue: "I hope that the **company** will follow all the rules for these events, as for example the **company** should be made up of only men." *(ANNE looks at SHAKESPEARE, worried.)*

- JOHN:** This reminds me of a poor girl I had to refuse... I'm still reading: "*and it is very important that the **company** must be formed only by English **actors**, to that effect any **foer** may be expelled or **arrested** if he is in the show...*" (*JOHN drops the letter and moves to the front of the **stage**.)*
- JOHN:** Look what you've done, Philip II, you could be at peace with her.
- RICHARD:** John... (*JOHN makes a gesture for him to shut up.*)
- JOHN:** Let's talk about the difference... about hatred, about why it's very difficult to make politics and morals compatible.

 TRACK 13

- SHYLOCK (JOHN):** He's insulted me and cost me half a million ducats. He's laughed at my losses, made fun of my earnings, humiliated my race, thwarted my **deals**, turned my friends against me, riled up my enemies—and why? Because I'm a Jew. Doesn't a Jew have eyes? Doesn't a Jew have hands, bodily organs, a human shape, five senses, feelings, and passions? Doesn't a Jew eat the same food, get hurt with the same weapons, get sick with the same diseases, get **healed** by the same medicine, and **warm up** in summer and cool off in winter just like a Christian? If you prick us, do we not bleed? If you tickle us, do we not laugh? If you poison us, do we not die? And if you wrong us, shall we not try to get **revenge**? If we're like you in everything else, we'll resemble you in that respect. If a Jew offends a Christian, what's the Christian's kind and gentle reaction? **Revenge**. If a Christian offends a Jew, what punishment will he come up with if he follows the Christian example? Of course, the same thing—**revenge**! I'll treat you as badly as you Christians taught me to—and you'll be lucky if I don't outdo my teachers.

 TRACK 14

- JOHN:** The occasion must be created, we cannot wait for it to arrive. I will **act** with you! I will **practice** my lines until my eyes bleed, I will do the best accen... accen... (*Unsure about the pronunciation.*)
- RICHARD:** Accent.
- JOHN:** That's it, "acentúo". Let's get back to work! (*They turn to the Romeo Juliet scene and exit.*)

 TRACK 15

## ACT IV

(*SHAKESPEARE enters dressed like a woman. ANNE does the same in the **opposite** side dressed like a man. They meet centre **stage**. We can see a balcony in the background.*)

- SHAKESPEARE:** We break with all pre-established clichés...
- ANNE:** To imagine a better world without labels. (*SHAKESPEARE is on the balcony.*)



 TRACK 16

- JULIET (SHAKESPEARE):** Ay me!
- ROMEO (ANNE):** She speaks. O, speak again, bright angel!
- JULIET (SHAKESPEARE):** O Romeo, Romeo! Where for art thou, Romeo? Deny thy father and refuse thy name! Or, if thou wilt not, but be sworn my love, And I'll no longer be a Capulet.
- ROMEO (ANNE):** (Aside.) Shall I hear more, or shall I speak at this?
- JULIET (SHAKESPEARE):** 'Tis but thy name that is my enemy. You'd be yourself if you were not called Montague. What's in a name? That which we call a rose by any other name would smell as sweet. So Romeo would. Romeo cast off thy name, and for that name, which is no part of you, and takes all of me.
- ROMEO (ANNE):** I **trust** your words. Just call me your love, and I will take a new name. From now on I will never be Romeo again.
- JULIET (SHAKESPEARE):** What man are you, that hides within the shadows of the night to spy on me?
- ROMEO (ANNE):** I know not how to tell who I am. My name, dear saint, is hateful to myself, Because it is an enemy to you.
- JULIET (SHAKESPEARE):** I have not heard you speak a hundred words, yet I do know the sound of that sweet voice. Are you not Romeo and a Montague?
- ROMEO (ANNE):** I am neither of those things if you dislike them... (Romeo climbs up to the balcony.)
- JULIET (SHAKESPEARE):** Tell me, how did you get in here? And why did you come? If any of my relatives find you here they'll kill you because of who you are.
- ROMEO (ANNE):** I flew over these walls with the light wings of love. Stone walls can't keep love out. Whatever a man in love can possibly do, his love will make him try to do it. Therefore your relatives are no obstacle.
- JULIET (SHAKESPEARE):** If they see you, they'll murder you.
- ROMEO (ANNE):** But I would not have missed the words you spoke.
- JULIET (SHAKESPEARE):** [...] you'd see me **blushing** about the things you've heard me say tonight. [...] Do you love me? I know you'll say "yes," and I'll believe you. But if you **swear** you love me, you might turn out to be lying. They say Jove laughs when lovers lie to each other... And will you now call me too fast? When had you not heard me, I should be slow as ice. (Romeo approaches Juliet.) Romeo, **trust** me, and I will prove more true than those who play the game with far more **cunning** wit.

 TRACK 17

(JOHN stops the scene.)

- JOHN:** No, no, no! (*Pointing to Romeo.*) Your voice is higher than Juliet's!
- ANNE AND SHAKESPEARE:** And?
- JOHN:** And?
- ANNE AND SHAKESPEARE:** Yes, and?
- JOHN:** Well, Romeo looks like the woman and Juliet looks like the man.

**ANNE:** And you look Spanish.  
**JOHN:** What?  
**ANNE:** You look Spanish, but you are a Capulet.  
**JOHN:** (*Angry.*) Why are you insulting me? Do I have to put up with this? The show will begin in a few minutes and perhaps... Will I have to tolerate your **foolishness**?  
**ANNE:** John...  
**JOHN:** Yes?  
**ANNE:** Why, hiding who we are? If you want to be someone else, let's play in theatre, but in real life, we have to be ourselves. Take the example of Richard and Wilbur, authentic in real life and great workers on **stage**. (*SHAKESPEARE turns himself. He is thinking.*)  
**JOHN:** (*Screaming.*) Don't give me that Andy, you don't know what I've been through to give you what you have right now! (*RICHARD enters into scene. When he hears the screams, he turns himself and goes. JOHN saw him...*) Richard, don't go. I want you all here. This representation must be perfect, I don't want any incidents, I don't want any mistakes, I don't want...  
**ANNE:** (*ANNE lets her hair down.*) Well, accept that I'm a woman, **foer!**

(*There is an uncomfortable silence between them.*)

**JOHN:** Are you a woman? You're the girl who wanted to join my **company!**  
**RICHARD:** Oh! I've arrived at the perfect moment; I could have taken "El Quixote" to the bathroom.  
**JOHN:** (*On his knees.*) We are finished, we are all finished...  
**RICHARD:** Nothing's changed, John. Let's stay with the characters and no one will notice.  
**JOHN:** Did you know she was a woman?  
**RICHARD:** Well...  
**JOHN:** You lied to me!  
**RICHARD:** Who cares! John! She's fantastic! She's your best **actress!**  
**JOHN:** The only... **actress.**  
**RICHARD:** The best of all of us.  
**ANNE:** We're all so good.

 TRACK 18

**TYBALT (JOHN):** Boy, your words can't excuse the harm you've done to me. So now turn and draw your **sword**...

**ROMEO (ANNE):** I disagree. I've never done you harm. I love you more than you can understand until you know the reason why I love you. And so, good Capulet—which is a name I love like my own name—you should be satisfied with what I say.

**MERCUTIO (RICHARD):** This calm submission is dishonourable and vile. Tybalt, you rat-catcher, will you go fight me?

**TYBALT (JOHN):** What do you want from me?

**MERCUTIO (RICHARD):** Good King of Cats, I want to take one of your nine lives. I'll take one, and, depending on how you treat me after that, I might beat the other eight out of you too. Will you pull your **sword** out of its sheath? Hurry up, or I'll smack you on the ears with my **sword** before you have yours drawn.

TYBALT (JOHN): I'll fight you.  
 ROMEO (ANNE): **Noble** Mercutio, put your **sword** away.  
 MERCUTIO (RICHARD): Come, sir, Are you ready? Let's begin.  
 ROMEO (ANNE): Draw your **sword**, Benvolio. Let's beat down their weapons. Gentlemen, stop this disgraceful fight. Tybalt, Mercutio, the Prince has bANNED fighting in the streets of Verona. Stop, Tybalt. Stop, good Mercutio.

*(Mercutio is mortally **wounded** and Tybalt is going to leave when...)*

MERCUTIO (RICHARD): I'm finished. Did he get away clean?  
 ROMEO (ANNE): Tybalt!  
 TYBALT (JOHN): Romeo! Villain Dog! If you are brave, come settle with me, boy.  
 ROMEO (ANNE): Have courage, man. The **wound** can't be that bad.  
 MERCUTIO (RICHARD): No, 'tis not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a church door; but 'tis enough, 'twill serve. Ask for me to-morrow, and you shall find me a grave man. I am peppered, I warrant, for this world. Why the devil came you between us? I was hurt under your arm.  
 ROMEO (ANNE): I thought all for the best.  
 MERCUTIO (RICHARD): Our best intentions pave the way to hell. To hell with the Montagues and Capulets whose angry war has stolen all my days. A plague on both your houses.  
 ROMEO (ANNE): This gentleman, the Prince's near ally, My very friend, hath got this mortal hurt In my behalf — my reputation **stained** With Tybalt's slander — Tybalt, that an hour Hath been my kinsman.

 TRACK 19

*(The sound of trumpets breaks the scene. The Queen is coming. Everybody put on their knees.)*

ANNOUNCEMENT (OFF): Queen Elizabeth I of England, queen of England and Ireland, daughter of Henry VIII, fifth monarch of the Tudor dynasty, must be heard.

*(Deathly silence.)*

ELIZABETH I (OFF): I've been watching your rehearsals for some time now.  
 RICHARD: I should have stayed...  
 ELIZABETH I (OFF): Don't talk. I know Shakespeare well enough to understand that you are doing a good job. You are moved by passion as great artists and you live intensely the souls that the writer captured in the works. However, breaches of the **law** in this **company** must be punished. Romeo of the Montesque family, stand up and step forward.  
 ANNE: My Queen. *(Bowing.)*  
 ELIZABETH I (OFF): Tell me your name.  
 ANNE: Anne Hathaway. To serve you, my majesty.  
 ELIZABETH I (OFF): You'll be punished for breaking the **law**.

**ANNE:** Your Majesty, I... I... I just wanted...

*(ANNE faints and SHAKESPEARE embraces her, and lifts her up on to the altar.)*

**JOHN:** Majesty! May I have the word?

**ELIZABETH I (OFF):** What's your name and where's that accent coming from? *(JOHN seems desperate.)*

**JOHN:** Juan P., I am the director of the **company** and I am Spanish, your majesty.

**ELIZABETH I (OFF):** I see you haven't wasted your time breaking **laws**. You'll **be imprisoned!**

**RICHARD:** What if the theatre were freedom?

**ELIZABETH I (OFF):** Explain yourself!

**RICHARD:** These tables try to defend freedom, value... Would borders matter? Gender? Skin colour? Customs? Political reasons...? Theatre is a magical place where all that can be overcome by friendship, courage and love. Here we also represent death, my majesty. *(Pointing at ANNE.)* But it is nothing more than a fainting that makes the sad reality not so hard. We feed art!

**ELIZABETH I (OFF):** Show me that art! Try everything you say!

**RICHARD:** *(To SHAKESPEARE.)* It's your moment, brother. Our destiny depends on the deaths of Romeo and Juliet... It's funny. Don't die in vain! Die very well... Ironic, isn't it?

 TRACK 20

*(SHAKESPEARE looks at the Queen and ANNE. He takes off the Juliet costume.)*

**ROMEO (SHAKESPEARE):** O my love! my wife! It is time to join you in all eternity. Juliet, Why are you still so **fair**? Death that hath sucked the honey of your breath has had no power yet spoil your beauty. Shall I believe he has a plan in this? That insubstantial Death is amorous, keeping you perfect for his paramour? For fear of that I still will stay with thee. And never from this palace of dim night depart again. Eyes, look your last! Arms, take your last embrace! and lips...

The doors of breath, be forever sealed with a righteous kiss. *(Taking a bottle with poison.)* Come, bitter conduct; come, unsavoury guide! Here's to my love! *(Drinking the poison.)* O true apothecary! Your drugs are quick. *(Juliet wake up slowly.)* Juliet! Juliet! *(Romeo and Juliet kiss... then, he collapses because of the poison and Juliet realises what is happening. The friar approaches Juliet.)*

**JULIET (ANNE):**

**JULIET (ANNE):** No! O comfortable friar! Where is my lord? Where is my Romeo?

**FRIAR LAURENCE (RICHARD):** Oh no, Romeo... My boy... I hear some noise. Lady, come, come away. Your husband **lies** dead; and Paris too. Come, I'll find you refuge among a sisterhood of holy nuns. Come, go, good Juliet. I dare no longer stay. *(The friar moves away little by little.)*

**JULIET (ANNE):** Go, get hence, for I will not away. *(Exit Friar.)* *(Taking the small bottle.)* O churl! You drunk all, and left no friendly drop to help me after? I will kiss your lips. Haply some poison yet doth hang on them to make me die. Your lips are warm!

**OFFICER (JOHN):** Lead, boy. Which way?

**JULIET:** Noise? Then I'll be brief. O happy dagger! *(Taking Romeo's small knife.)* This is your sheath; there rest and let me die. *(She stabs herself and died.)*

 TRACK 21

*(Deathly silence again.)*

ELIZABETH I (OFF): It's was really... touching. But I can't ignore the **law**. John and Anne Hathaway, you are going to **be imprisoned** for breaking the **law**, leave the theatre immediately.

JOHN: *(To ANNE.)* Come on, the **guards** are waiting for us.

*(JOHN and ANNE are going to leave but SHAKESPEARE intervenes just in time.)*

SHAKESPEARE: Your Majesty! You know the writer Shakespeare, don't you?

ELIZABETH I (OFF): I had the honour of meeting him at a royal party.

SHAKESPEARE: What if I told you that you had him in front of you? *(He tips his hat.)*

ANNE: Shakespeare!!!!????

ELIZABETH I (OFF): More surprises!

RICHARD: I should have stayed at the Globe Theatre, inside, while it burned...

SHAKESPEARE: Your Majesty, in my opinion, there is no better **company** to perform my plays. I have come this far by **losing hope** in myself. I feel ashamed not to fight for the person I see every day at **sunrise** in front of the mirror. *(To the public.)* What do you see when you wake up in the morning? Who accompanies you to eat, to laugh, to walk when the sun goes down and you lie down in Morpheus' sleep? You! Are we not able to feel, to love, to enjoy? And we still want to be another person and not fight for life! Wish we were someone else? Better to **envy** oneself, to love oneself! *(To front.)* Look for the inspiration that will make you breathe and move on! *(Looking at the Queen's box.)* Anne just wants to **act**, John wants **to direct a play**, Richard... well I still don't know exactly what Richard wants, but we all want something. Right now I've just discovered that I love words, writing and bringing them to life. If my **heart races** when I write a **passage** in my own handwriting, it's nothing compared to seeing and feeling an **act** surrounded by all my **peers**. And all of it... everything I have, what I feel, what I write... is because I love... *(Approaching ANNE and taking her hands.)* I truly love!

*(SHAKESPEARE to front stage again.)*

 TRACK 22

HAMLET (SHAKESPEARE): 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 **heartache** and the thousand natural shocks that flesh is **heir** to. 'Tis a consummation devoutly to be wished. 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 despised 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 undiscovered 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 sickled 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.

 TRACK 23

ELIZABETH I (OFF): Sir William Shakespeare... You follow some **laws** to write.

SHAKESPEARE: And they change as my heart dictates.

ELIZABETH I (OFF): Can you imagine what would happen if in a I changed the **laws** as my heart dictated? It would be a disaster, **chaos!**

SHAKESPEARE: Your Majesty, not as long as that heart is carried by **kindness**.

*(An uncomfortable silence.)*

ELIZABETH I (OFF): I must admit I enjoyed your rehearsals. I will **forgive** your wrongs.

*(Everybody is cheering and throwing their arms around each other.)*

ELIZABETH I (OFF): I'm not finished! *(They all become scared.)* I'll **turn a blind eye** just this once. From now on you will not be able to perform here in England again. *(RICHARD says "good" by mistake...)* Goodbye, my dear Queen's **actors**.

*(The trumpet sounds for the Queen's exit and the four actors get down on their knees again. When the Queen has gone, they get up and ANNE speaks to SHAKESPEARE.)*

ANNE: Shakespeare, all this time!

SHAKESPEARE: I'm sorry... I was lost and... *(ANNE holds him.)*

ANNE: Do you truly love? *(SHAKESPEARE kisses her.)*

RICHARD: I should have stayed home, watching memes all the time.

SHAKESPEARE: Anne, I...

ANNE: Don't speak! *(She kisses him now.)*

JOHN: I'm going to talk; you've ruined my job here in London.

RICHARD: You alone, and your accent, my friend.

JOHN: That hurts a lot, you have no idea how bad it is.

RICHARD: What if we **turn the tables?**

JOHN: What do you mean?



**RICHARD:** Well, in Spain women can **act**, and Shakespeare knows some important **poets**.  
**SHAKESPEARE:** It may be true what you say. And add the magnificent **landscapes** over there.  
**JOHN:** Going back to Spain with these **unhappy** people?  
**ANNE:** “¿Por qué no? Mi acento español es muy bueno” (*With British accent.*)  
**JOHN:** Horrible, that’s scary.  
**RICHARD:** Will you accept us, Mr. Director? We want to go and eat puchero.  
**JOHN:** It can be interesting, and having a celebrity like Shakespeare...  
**SHAKESPEARE:** Who is this Shakespeare?  
**RICHARD:** Ah! Don’t start again.  
**ANNE:** And your best “boy” **actor**.  
**RICHARD:** Divine **comedy**...  
**JOHN:** It’s all right! I accept.  
**SHAKESPEARE,**  
**RICHARD**  
**AND ANNE:** ¡Olé!  
**JOHN:** After all... (*To the public.*) I miss that energetic Spanish **applause**.

(*Expecting applause.*)

**JOHN:** I don’t know if this is gonna work.  
**RICHARD:** You should have stayed in class doing a test!

**THE END**

## GLOSSARY TO HELP YOU...

- to act: to perform on stage or on screen
- actor / actress: a person who performs
- adventure: an event or trip which leads to new opportunities and interesting things
- to applaud: to clap or cheer at the end of a performance
- to be arrested: to be stopped and taken into custody on suspicion of breaking the law
- ashes: dust, often created when a body is burnt
- to assist: to help
- audition: a trial performance carried out by an aspiring actor for a role in a play etc.
- a barrel: a wooden container with one round edge and two flat edges, often contains beer and can be rolled.
- to blush: to flush red in the cheeks
- to take a bow: to bend at the waist for the audience as they applaud at the end of a performance
- break a leg: the expression you say to actors and actresses to wish them luck before a performance
- to challenge someone to a fight: to suggest a fight or combat with another person
- chaos: a disorganized mess
- to clog up: to become blocked so that little or nothing can pass through
- a comedy: a funny performance
- company of players: a group of actors/actresses, often as part of a theatre
- consent: permission
- to conspire against someone: to join together in force or to combine in such a way as to foil or defeat someone or something
- corpse: a dead body
- costume: an outfit worn by someone in a play or other performance
- coward: someone who is not brave, lacking in courage to endure dangerous or unpleasant things
- cunning: clever, can be in a sinister way
- to be defeated: to be beaten (not physically) by something or someone
- a deal: an agreement
- to direct a play: to instruct actors in a play
- to dread something: to fear and seek to avoid something
- to get the/someone's drift - "If you get my drift"... : to get the meaning of something
- dust: powder which settles on the surface of things and needs to be cleaned off
- to envy: to feel discontent and resentment for something or someone
- to expect: to anticipate with confidence
- fake: not real, pretend
- to be fair: to be just in something
- fire: something burning, flames
- foolish: stupid
- foer: someone from another land/country
- to forgive: to pardon
- to make a fuss of something/someone: to give something/someone a lot of attention

- grateful: thankful
- guards: people keeping watch
- happy ever after: said at the end of a story when everyone and everything ends well
- to heal: to repair (body or soul)
- heartache: when a heart which is emotionally hurt or damaged
- heart racing: a heart beating fast
- an heir: a person legally entitled to property or rank after another person's death. Often the next in line (genealogy)
- hero/heroine: a person with good moral ethics, who puts others before themselves and demonstrates superior qualities as a person
- a hit: a success
- humble: modest, living or behaving as a person with little means but happy
- to imply: to insinuate
- to be imprisoned: to be trapped, as a prisoner
- indecisive: a state of indecision, difficulty coming to a conclusion
- to insult someone: to offend someone
- investigate: to look into something, look for clues and further information
- jester: someone who makes others laugh, often a role in a Tudor court
- kindness: to be friendly, warm and generous in nature
- landscape: the area/terrain around somewhere
- law: system of rules
- to let your hair down: to relax, have a good time with no stress or worries
- length: the long measurement of something
- to lie / to tell a lie: to be dishonest about something
- to lose hope: to become despondent or disillusioned
- manuscripts: a book or document written by hand
- noble: belonging by rank, title or birth to the aristocracy
- nobleman: a person belonging by rank, title or birth to the aristocracy
- to oppose: to disagree with and attempt to prevent something
- passage: an extract in a piece of writing
- peers: people of the same age, class, rank as you
- playwright: a person who writes plays
- to play a trick on someone: to behave in a deceptive or teasing way to someone
- to plug: to fill a hole
- pocket: a small bag sewn into clothing so as to form part of it
- poet: a person who creates poetry
- pranks: jokes
- to pretend: to behave so as to make it appear that something is the case when in fact it is not
- punishment: a penalty for doing something wrong
- a query: a question
- quintessential: representing the most perfect or typical example of something
- to : to hold power as royalty
- revenge: to hurt or harm someone in return for a wrongdoing

- reward: a prize or gain
- scandal: an action or event regarded as morally wrong
- scrawny: small and thin, malnourished
- to set something down: to put something down on the floor
- to shake hands: to greet someone or negotiate something by holding out your hand to grasp someone else's, often accompanied by a brief up and down motion.
- to shine like a star: to perform very well and be successful
- to shrink: to make smaller
- skill: a talent or ability
- skull: the bones of a head
- smoke: a cloud of carbon particles in the air, often accompanies a fire
- stage: the platform used for performers
- stage fright: fear experienced by people (actors) before going on stage
- a stain: a mark which is difficult to remove
- to steel: to take
- stubborn: having or showing dogged determination not to change
- sunrise and sunset: the sun coming up in the morning and going down in the evening
- to swear: to curse
- sword: a weapon with a long metal blade used to hit someone
- talented: having natural aptitude or skill for something
- a ticket: piece of paper used to allow you entry to a performance
- a tie: term used in sport when two teams or players score evenly and therefore there is not one single winner.
- a tragedy: a terribly sad event
- to trust / to put your trust in someone: to have confidence in another person
- to turn the tables on something: to reverse one's position relative to someone or something else
- to turn a blind eye to something: to ignore or pretend/deny you have not seen something happen
- unexpected: not expected, regarded as unlikely to happen
- unhappy: sad
- unruly: disorderly and disruptive
- upside down: the wrong way up
- veins: carry blood around your body
- to warm up: to become hotter
- wealthy: to have lots of money
- weary: tired, lacking energy
- a wig: false hair
- wind: a form of weather, fast movement of airstreams
- wit: quick, clever humour
- a witch: a person (often woman) who can do magic
- a wound: an injury
- young: opposite of old

# HAZ TEATRING 2019-2020

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## **SHAKESPEARE RETURNS** *(In English)*

E.S.O., Bachillerato y Ciclos Formativos de Grado Medio

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## **DON JUAN TENORIO**

E.S.O., Bachillerato y Ciclos Formativos de Grado Medio

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## **LA CASA DE BERNARDA ALBA**

E.S.O., Bachillerato y Ciclos Formativos de Grado Medio

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## **LE COEUR DE L'AVIATEUR** *(En Français)*

Tercero y Cuarto de E.S.O. y Bachillerato y Ciclos Formativos de Grado Medio

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## **LE PETIT PRINCE** *(En Français)*

Tercer a Sexto de Primaria y Primer y Segundo Curso de E.S.O.

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**recursos**

