

Муниципальная общеобразовательная средняя школа № 43

**Сценарий внеклассного мероприятия
театральной студии “SunRise”**

“All the world’s a stage...”



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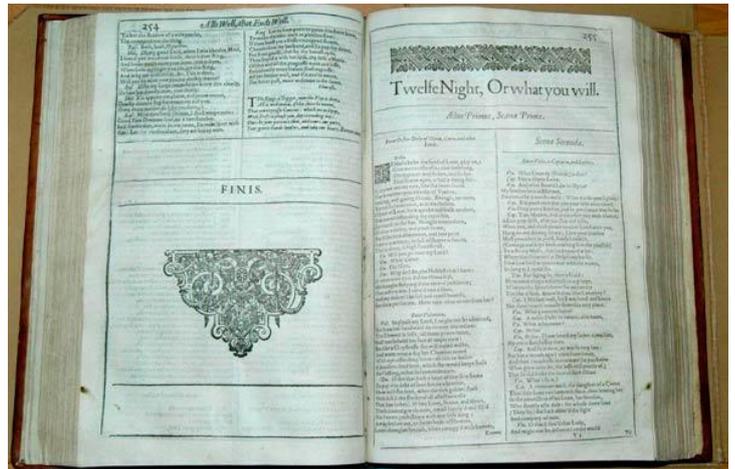
Сценарий

“All the world’s a stage...”

Pupil 1- Pupil 2 (ведущие):

“AS YOU LIKE IT’ Act 2,
Scene 7.

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,
His acts being seven ages. At first the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurse’s arms.
And then the whining school-boy, with his satchel,
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school. And then the lover,
Sighing like furnace, with a woful ballad
Made to his mistress’ eyebrow. Then a soldier,
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honor, sudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon’s mouth. And then the justice,
In fair round belly with good capon lin’d,
With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances;
And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slipper’d pantaloon
With spectacles on nose and pouch on side,
His youthful hose well sav’d a world too wide
For his shunk shank; and his big manly voice,
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,
That ends his strange eventful history,
Is second childishness and mere oblivion
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.





Dear students,

Today our English Theatre's show is devoted to the greatest English playwright, dramatist and poet William Shakespeare. This year it is 444 years since his birth.

Pupil 2. (ведущий):

William Shakespeare was born at Stratford upon Avon in April, 1564. He was the third child, and the eldest. His father was one of the prosperous men of Stratford. His mother was of gentle birth. William Shakespeare attended grammar school.

Pupil 1.

In 1582 he married Anne Hathaway, and his first child, a daughter, was born within six months. Two years later they had twins. Little is known before 1592, when he appeared in London as an actor and playwright with a growing reputation. In 1599 he bought the Globe Theatre. He retired to Stratford in 1613.

Pupil 2.

William Shakespeare wrote at least thirty – seven plays: history plays, comedies, tragedies. Their appeal lies in his human vision, which recognizes the complexity of moral questions, and in the richness of his language.

Pupil 2.

“And if you wrong us, shall we not revenge?”

Though categorized as a comedy, “The Merchant of Venice” is a moving exploration of the themes of justice, mercy and revenge.

The main characters are:

- Antonio, the merchant of Venice;
- Shylock- a rich Jew, the money –lender;
- Portia-a heiress; Nerissa- her maiden.
- Bassanio—a suitor to Portia, Antonio's friend
- Duke of Venice.

Pupil 1.

Antonio, the merchant of Venice, and Shylock the money-lender have struck a bargain whereby Shylock will lend Antonio some money provided that if Antonio cannot repay him, Shylock can claim a pound of Antonio's flesh. Antonio is a rich merchant. He's got some ship carrying cargo home. He is not afraid of borrowing money to help his friend Bassanio on such a claim.

Unfortunately Antonio's ships are lost and Shylock seeks to enforce the contract. As Jew conflicts with Christian, the ancient argument for justice tempered by mercy is pleaded by Potia.

Act one, Scene One.**Antonio:**

Well: tell me now, what Lady is the same
To whom you swore a secret pilgrimage
That you today promis'd to tell me of?

Bassanio:

In Belmont is a lady richly left,
And she is fair, and fairer than that word,
Of wondrous virtues.

Her name is Potia.

And many Jasons come in quest of her.

Oh, my Antonio, had I but the means
To hold a rival place with one of them,
I have a mind

That I should question less be fortunate.

Antonio:

Thou know'st that all my fortunes are at sea,
Neither have I money, nor commodity
To raise a present sum, therefore go forth
Try what my credit can in Venice do,
That shall be rack'd even to the uttermost,

To furnish thee to Belmont to fair Potia.
Go presently inquire, and so will I
Where money is, and I no question make
To have it in my trust or in my sake.

Act one, Scene Two.



Potia:

By my troth Nerissa, my little body is aweary of this great world.

Nerissa:

You would be sweet Madam, if your miseries were in the same abundance as your good fortunes are: and yet for aught I see, they are as sick that surfeit with too much, as they that starve with nothing; it is no small happiness therefore to be seated in the mean, superfluity comes sooner by white hairs, but competency lives longer.

Potia:

Good sentences, and well pronounc'd.

Nerissa:

They would be better if well followed.

Potia:

If to do were as easy as to know what were good to do, chapels had been churches, and poor men's cottages princes' palaces: it is a good divine that follows his own instructions; I can easier teach twenty what were good to be done, than be one of twenty to follow mine teaching.

Oh me, I may neither choose a husband whom I would love, nor refuse whom I dislike, so is the will of a living daughter curbed by the will of a dead father: is it not hard Nerissa, that I cannot choose one, nor refuse none?

Nerissa:

Your father was ever virtuous, and holy men at their death have good inspirations, therefore the lottery that he hath devised in these chests of gold, silver, and lead, whereof who chooses his meaning, chooses you, will no doubt never be chosen by

any rightly, but one who you shall rightly love:
what warmth is there in your affection to any of
the suitors that are already come,
first the Neapolitan Prince.

Potia:

Ay that's a colt indeed, for he doth nothing but
talk of his horses. I am much afraid my Lady his
mother played false with a smith.

Nerissa:

Then there is the County Palentine.

Potia:

He doth nothing but frown: he hears merry tales
and smiles not. God defend me from these two.

Nerissa:

Do you remember Lady in your father's time, a Venitian, a scholar and a soldier
that came hither in company of the Marquise of Mountferrat?

Potia:

Yes, yes, it was Bassanio, as I think, so was he called.

Nerissa:

True madam, he of all the men that ever my foolish eyes looked upon, was the best
deserving a fair lady.

Potia:

I remember him well, and I remember him worthy of thy praise. How now, what
the news?

Act One, Scene Three

Shylock:

Three thousand ducats, well.

Bassanio:

Ay, sir, for three months.

Shylock:

For three months, well.

Bassanio:

For the which, as I told you, Antonio shall be bound.

Shylock:

Antonio shall be bound, well.

Bassanio:

May you stead me? Will you pleasure me? Shall I know the answer?

Shylock:

Three thousand ducats for three months, and Antonio bound.

Bassanio:

Your answer to that.

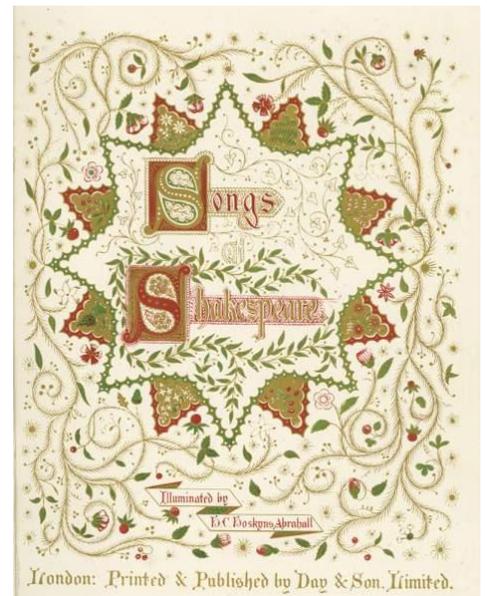
Shylock:

Antonio is a good man.

Bassanio:

Have you heard any imputation?

Shylock:





No, no, no: my meaning in saying he is a good man, is to have you understand me that he is sufficient, yet his means are in supposition: he has many ships, but ships are but boards, sailors but men, there be land rats, and water rats, water thieves, and land thieves, I mean pirates, and there may be winds and rocks: the man is notwithstanding sufficient, three thousand ducats, I think I may take his bond.

Bassanio:

Be assured you may.

Shylock:

I will be assured I may: and that I may be assured, I will bethink me, may I speak with Antonio?

Bassanio:

If it pleases you to dine with us.

Shylock:

I will buy with you, sell with you, talk with you, drink with you, walk with you, and the following: but I will not eat with you, drink with you, nor pray with you....
Who is he comes here?

Bassanio:

This is Signior Antonio.

Antonio:

Shylock, albeit I neither lend nor borrow
By taking, nor by giving of excess, yet to supply the ripe wants of my friend,
I'll break a custom: is he yet possessed
How much ye would?

Shylock:

Ay, ay, three thousand ducats.

Antonio:

And for three months.

Shylock:

I forgot, three months, you told me so. Well then, your bond: and let me see, but hear you,
Me thoughts you said, you neither lend nor borrow upon advantage.

Antonio:

I do never use it.

Shylock:

Three thousand ducats, 'tis a good round sums. Three months from twelve, then let me see the rate.

Signor Antonio, many a time you call me misbeliever, cut-throat dog, and spit upon my Jewish gabardine,

And all for use of that which is mine own. Well then, it now appears you need my help:

Go to then, you come to me, and you say, Shylock, we would have money, you say so.

What should I say to you? Should I not say:

Hath dog money?

Say this: Fair sir, you spit on me on Wednesday last; you spurned me such a day; another time you call'd me dog: and for these courtesies I'll lend you thus much moneys.



Antonio:

I am as like to call thee so again,
To spit on thee again, to spurn thee too.

If thou wilt lend this money, lend it not as to thy friends, for when did friendship take a breed of barren metal of his friend?

But lend it rather to thine enemy, who if he break, thou mayest with better face exact the penalties.

Shylock:

Why look you how you storm, I would be friends with you, and have your love,
Forget the shames that you have stain'd me with,

Supply your present wants, and take no doit of usance for my moneys, and you'll not hear me,

this is kind I offer.

Bassanio:

This were kindness.

Shylock:

This kindness will I show, if you repay me not on such a day, in such a place, such sum or sums as are expressed in the condition, let the forfeit be nominated for an equal pound of your fair flesh, to be cut off and taken in what part of your body pleaseth me.

Antonio:

Content in faith, I'll seal to such a bond, and say there is much kindness in the Jew.

Bassanio:

You shall not seal to such a bond for me, I'll rather dwell in my necessity.

Antonio:

Why fear not man, I will not forfeit it, within these two months, that's a month before this bond expires, I do expect return of three times the value of this bond.

Shylock:

Oh, father Abram, what these Christians are,
Whose own hard dealings teach them suspect the thoughts of others:
Pray you tell me this; if he should break his day, what should I gain
by the exaction of the forfeiture?
A pound of man's flesh taken from a man.
To buy his favour, I extend this friendship,
If he will take it, so: if not adieu,
And for my love I pray you wrong me not.

Antonio:

Hie thee gentle Jew. This Hebrew will turn Christian, he grows kind. My ships come home a month before the day.

Act 4, scene 1.

Enter the Duke, Antonio, Bassanio ...

Duke: What is Antonio here?

Antonio: Ready, so please your Grace.

Duke: I'm sorry for thee, thou art come to answer a stony adversary, an inhuman wretch, incapable of pity, void, and empty from any dram of mercy.

Antonio: But since he stands obdurate, and that no lawful means can carry me out of his envy's reach, I do oppose my patience to his fury, and am armed to suffer with a quietness of spirit, the very tyranny and rage of his.

Duke: Go one and call the Jew into the Court.

Salerio: He is ready at the door, he comes my Lord.

Enter Shylock

Duke: Make room and let him stand before our face. Shylock the world thinks, and I think so too, forgive a moiety of the principal, we all expect a gentle answer Jew.

Shylock: I have possess'd your Grace of what I purpose, and by our holy Sabbath have I sworn to have the due and forfeit of my bond. If you deny it, let the danger light upon your Charter, and your city freedom. You ask me why I rather choose to have a weight of carrion flesh, than to receive three thousand ducats. I'll not answer that: but say it is my humour; Is it answered?

Bassanio: This is no answer thou unfeeling man, to excuse the current of thy cruelty.

Shylock: I'm not bound to please thee with my answer.

Bassanio: Do all men kill the things they do not love?

Shylock: Hates any man the thing he would not kill?

Bassanio: Every offence is not a hate at first.

Antonio: I pray you think you question with the Jew: You may as well use question with the wolf, why he hath made the ewe bleat for the lamb, I do beseech you make no more offers, use no farther means; let me have judgment, and the Jew his will.

Bassanio: For thy three thousand ducats here is six.

Shylock: If every ducat in six thousand ducats were in six parts, and every part a ducat, I would not draw them, I would have my bond.

Duke: How shalt thou hope for mercy, rendering none?



Shylock: What judgment shall I dread doing no wrong? You have among you many a purchased slave, which like your asses, and your dogs and mules, you use in abject and in slavish parts, because you bought them. Shall I say to you, let them be free, marry them to your heirs? You will answer the slaves are ours. So do I answer you? The pound of flesh I demand of him is dearly bought, 'tis mine, and I will have it. If you deny me: fie upon your Law, there is no force in the decrees of Venice; I stand for judgement, answer. Shall I have it?

Duke: Upon my power I may dismiss this Court, unless Bellario a learned Doctor, whom I have sent to determine this, come here today.

Salerio: My Lord, here stays without a messenger with letters from the Doctor, ner come from Padua.

Duke: Bring us the letters, call the messenger.

Bassanio: Good cheer Antonio. The Jew will have my flesh, blood, bones, and all.
Enter Nerissa, dressed like a lawyer's clerk.

Duke: Came you from Padua from Bellario?

Nerissia: From both. My Lord Bellario greets your Grace.

Bassanio: Why dost thou whet thy knife so earnestly?

Shylock: To cut the forfeiture from that bankrout there.

Duke: This letter from Bellario doth commend a young and learned Doctor to our Court; Where is he?

Nerissia: He attendeth here hard by to know your answer, whether you will admit him.

Duke: With all my heart. Some of you go give him conduct to this place. Meantime the Court shall hear Bellario's letter.



Your Grace shall understand, that at the receipt of your letter I am very sick: but in the instant that your messenger came, in loving visitation, was with me a young Doctor of Rome, his name is Balthasar: I acquainted him with the cause between the Jew and Antonio the Merchant: we turn'd over many books together: he is furnished with my opinion, which better'd with his own learning. I beseech you, let his lack of years be no impediment to let him lack a reverend estimation: for I never knew so young a body, with so old a head.

Enter Portia as Balthasar.

Duke: You are welcome: take your place.

Portia: I'm informed thoroughly of the cause. Which is the Merchant here? And which is the Jew?

Portia: Is your name Shylock?

Shylock: Shylock is my name.

Portia: Do you confess the bond, Antonio?

Antonio: I do.

Portia: Then must the Jew be merciful.

Shylock: On what compulsion must I? Tell me that.

Portia: The quality of mercy is not strained; 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.

Shylock: I crave the Law, the penalty and forfeit of my bond.

Portia: Is not able to discharge the money?

Bassanio: Yes, here I tender it for him in the Court, twice the sum, if that will not suffice, I will be bound to pay it ten times.

Portia: I pray you let me look upon the bond. Shylock, there's thrice thy money offerd thee.

Shylock: An oath is an oath, I have an oath in heaven: shall I lay the perjury upon my soul? No not for the Venice.

Portia: Why this bond is forfeit, and lawfully by this the Jew may claim a pound of flesh, to be by him cut off nearest the Merchant's heart. Be merciful, take thrice thy money, bid me tear the bond.

Shylock: By my soul I swear, there is no power in the tongue of man to alter me: I stay here on the bond.

Antonio: Most heartily I do beseech the Court to give the judgement.

Portia: Why then, thus it is: you must prepare your bosom for the knife.

Shylock: Oh, noble Judge, nearest the heart, those are the very words.

Portia: It is so: are there balance here to weigh the flesh?

Shylock: I have them ready.

Portia: Have some surgeon Shylock on your charge to stop his wounds, lest he should bleed to death.

Shylock: Is it so nominated in the bond?

Portia: It is not so expressed: but what of that? 'twere good you do so much for charity.

Shylock: I cannot find it in the bond.

Portia: You Merchant, have you anything to say?

Antonio: But little: I am armed and well prepared. Give me your hand Bassanio, fare you well, grieve not that I am fallen this for you.

Bassanio: My life, my wife and all the world, I would lose all, sacrifice them all here to this devil, to deliver you.

Portia: A pound of that same Merchant's flesh is thine, the Court awards it, and the law doth give it.

Shylock: My rightful Judge.

Portia: And you must cut this flesh from off his breast, the Law allows it, and the Court awards it.

Shylock: Most learned judge, a sentence, come prepare.

Portia: Tarry a little, there is something else, this bond doth give thee here no jot of blood, the words expressly are a pound of flesh: then take thy bond, take thou thy pound of flesh, but in the cutting it, if thou dost shed one drop of Christian blood, thy lands and goods are by the Laws of Venice confiscate unto the state of Venice.



Shylock: Is that the Law? Thyself shalt see the Act: For as thou urgest justice, be assu'd thou shalt have justice more than thou desirest.

Shylock: I take the offer then, pay the bond thrice, and let the Christian go.

Bassanio: Here is the money.

Portia: Soft, the Jew shall have all justice, soft, no haste, he shall have nothing but the penalty.

Prepare thee to cut off the flesh, shed thou no blood, nor cut thou less nor more but just a pound of flesh, or all thy goods are confiscate. Why doth the Jew pause?

Shylock: Give me my principal and let me go.

Bassanio: I have it ready for thee, here it is.

Portia: He hath refus'd it in the open Court, he shall have merely justice and his bond.

Shylock: Shall I not have barely my principle?

Portia: Thou shalt have nothing but the forfeiture.

Shylock: Why then the devil give him good of it: I'll stay no question.

Portia: tarry Shylock, The Law hath yet another hold on you.

It is enacted in the Law of Venice, if it be proved against an alien, that by direct or indirect attempts he seek the life of any Citizen, the party against the which he doth contrive. Shall seize one half his goods, the other half comes to the State, and the offender's life lies in the mercy of the Duke only.

Duke: That thou shalt see the difference of our spirit, I pardon thee the life before you ask it, for half thy wealth comes to the State, the other half it is Antonio's.

Portia: What mercy can you render him Antonio?

Antonio: So please Lord the Duke, and all the Court to quit the fine for one half of his goods, I'm content: so he will let me have the other half in use, to render it upon his death unto the Gentleman that lately stole his daughter, the other part to his son Lorenzo and his daughter.

Portia: Are you content, Shylock?

Shylock: I pray you give me leave to go from here, I'm not well. I'll sign the deed.

Exit Shylock.

Pupil 1.

"And if you wrong us, shall we not revenge?" William Shakespeare.

Pupil 2.

Sonnets by William Shakespeare are admired by everyone. Here is my favourite.

90

Уж если ты разлюбишь - так теперь,
Теперь, когда весь мир со мной в раздоре.
Будь самой горькой из моих потерь,
Но только не последней каплей горя!

И если скорбь дано мне превозмочь,
Не наноси удара из засады.
Пусть бурная не разрешится ночь
Дождливым утром - утром без отрады.

Оставь меня, но не в последний миг,
Когда от мелких бед я ослабею.
Оставь сейчас, чтоб сразу я постиг,
Что это горе всех невзгод больнее,

Что нет невзгод, а есть одна беда -
Твоей любви лишиться навсегда.

ХС. Pupil 1.

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:
Ah, do not, when my heart hath 'scoped this sorrow,
Come in the rearward of a conquer'd woe;
Give not a windy night a rainy morrow,
To linger out a purposed overthrow.
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,
And other strains of woe, which now seem woe,
Compared with loss of thee will not seem so.

Pupil 2.

We hope you enjoyed our performance.



*W. Bellamy
Engraver*

“I wish you all the joy that you can have”

The Merchant of Venice