“Speak The Speech, Trippingly On The Tongue”

Lesson 1 At Peace With Your Piece
How do I select/develop my presentation material?

Lesson 2 Trippingly on the Tongue…
How do I use my voice?

Lesson 3 Preparing to Perform with Perfect Poise
How do I carry myself?

Lesson 4 Window to the Soul
How do I connect to the audience?

Lesson 1 No matter the quality of your speech’s content, presentation can improve or detract from the success. Begin by selecting two pieces remembering that one is to be memorized and one will be read. Prepare both by practicing, practicing and practicing some more as you do Lessons 2, 3 and 4. Step one is to memorize one piece and present it for a grade before moving on to Lesson 2.

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The following INCLUDE evaluator suggestions & presenters detailed plans for improvement.

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TOTAL /42 TOTAL /42
Lesson 2  Trippingly on the Tongue…
How do I use my voice?

With help from your instructor, work to relax your vocal instrument and breathing pathways before practicing as many of the following vocal warm-ups and articulation exercisers as possible. Work especially hard at those you find most difficult. After you’ve exercised your voice, return to your speeches and see if you have improved results. Have three people observe your performance, evaluating your elocution. In order to receive points, your evaluator must include their suggestions AND you need to include a detailed plan for improving your performance.

Unintentional Tongue-twisters
from ads and elsewhere

• A twenty-two point two cubic foot frost free refrigerator-freezer.
• X-dot-Desktop. (The pronunciation of X.Desktop, a real-life Unix-based software product from SCO.)
• A central ice crystal’s six similar sides determine a snowflake’s six-way similarity.
• Withdraw five milliliters from the top of the platelet-poor plasma.
• A lower-cost alternative to traditional plans.
• A one half-inch insulin syringe.
• [Brand X gum gives you] that just brushed freshness.

Intentional Tongue-twisters
Exercises for Consonants

• High roller, low roller, lower roller.
• I need a box of biscuits, a box of mixed biscuits, and a biscuit mixer.
• Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers.
• A peck of pickled peppers Peter Piper picked.
• If Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers,
• Where's the peck of pickled peppers Peter Piper picked?
• He thrusts his fists against the posts and still insists he sees the ghosts.
• The jolly collie swallowed a lollipop.
• The sick sister's zither ceaseth; therefore she sufficeth us.
• Friday's Five Fresh Fish Specials.
• Imagine an imaginary menagerie manager imagining managing an imaginary menagerie.
• The Leith police dismisseth us.
• Twixt this and six thick thistle sticks.
• Red leather, yellow leather.
• She sells sea shells by the seashore,
• and the shells she sells are sea shells.
• The sixth Sikh Sheik's sixth sheep's sick. (Try this both possible ways by rhyming 'sheik' with 'sheep' and like the English word 'shake')
• Three free thugs set three thugs free.
• Charles deftly switched straight flange strips.
• Gwen gawered and grimaced at Glen's gleaming greens.

Exercises for Vowels

• Fancy! That fascinating character Harry McCann married Anne Hammond. (This may look easy, but if you are not pronouncing all the 'short a' sounds identically, you have work to do.)
• Lot lost his hot chocolate at the loft.
• Snoring Norris was marring the aria.

Exercises for Everything

• Eleven benevolent elephants.
• Girl gargoyles, guy gargoyles.
• Rubber baby buggy bumpers.
• She stood on the balcony inexplicably mimicking him hiccupsing and amicably welcoming him in.
• Six sick slick slim sycamore saplings.

Repeaters
These become more challenging as you say them over and over. Try saying them quickly (and without pausing) several times in a row.

• Unique New York.
• Toy boat.
• Lemon liniment.
• Three free throws.
• Blue black bugs blood.
• Red lorry, yellow lorry.
• Giggle gaggle gurgle.
### Public Speaking

**Speak The Speech, Trippingly On The Tongue**

*How do I effectively deliver my speech?*

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In detail, here’s what and how I plan to improve my next performance:

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Lesson 3  Preparing to Perform with Perfect Poise

How do I carry myself?

Your body language communicates volumes to your audience whether you realize it or not. By handling yourself with relaxed control and poise, you’re half way to a successful presentation. Consider and succeed at improving your performance in the areas listed on the student evaluations as you practice your presentations three more times.

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(3)
Lesson 4  Window To The Soul

**How do I connect to the audience?**

Look at them. That’s the secret when it comes to performance. To be heard, be seen. Look around the room from person to person, from side to side and from front to back and all along the way pause from time to time on the eyes of different individuals and speak directly to them. This is the final vital step to succeeding in your presentation. Practice this with these evaluations.

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**FEMALE: Romeo & Juliet** by William Shakespeare

**Act 2, Scene 2**

**Original Text**

**JULIET**

O Romeo, Romeo! Wherefore art thou Romeo?
Deny thy father and refuse thy name.
Or, if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love, And I'll no longer be a Capulet.

**ROMEO**

(aside) Shall I hear more, or shall I speak at this?

**JULIET**

'Tis but thy name that is my enemy. Thou art thyself, though not a Montague. What's Montague? It is nor hand, nor foot, nor arm, nor face, nor any other part Belonging to a man. O, be some other name! What's in a name? That which we call a rose By any other word would smell as sweet.

So Romeo would, were he not Romeo called, Retain that dear perfection which he owes Without that title. Romeo, doff thy name, And for that name, which is no part of thee Take all myself.

**Modern Text**

**JULIET**

(not knowing ROMEO hears her) Oh, Romeo, Romeo, why do you have to be Romeo? Forget about your father and change your name. Or else, if you won’t change your name, just swear you love me and I’ll stop being a Capulet.

**ROMEO**

(to himself) Should I listen for more, or should I speak now?

**JULIET**

(still not knowing ROMEO hears her) It’s only your name that’s my enemy. You’d still be yourself even if you stopped being a Montague. What’s a Montague anyway? It isn’t a hand, a foot, an arm, a face, or any other part of a man. Oh, be some other name! What does a name mean? The thing we call a rose would smell just as sweet if we called it by any other name. Romeo would be just as perfect even if he wasn’t called Romeo. Romeo, lose your name. Trade in your name—which really has nothing to do with you—and take all of me in exchange.

**MALE/(FEMALE): As You Like It** by William Shakespeare

**Act 2, Scene 7**

**Original Text**

**JAQUES**

All the world’s a stage,
And all the men and women merely players. They have their exits and their entrances, And one man in his time plays many parts, His acts being seven ages. At first the infant, Mewling and puking in the nurse’s arms. Then the whining schoolboy with his satchel And shining morning face, creeping like snail Unwillingly to school. And then the lover, Sighing like furnace, with a woeful 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 lined, 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 slippered pantaloons With spectacles on nose and pouch on side, His youthful hose, well saved, a world too wide For his shrunk shank, and his big manly voice, Turning again toward childish treble, pipes And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all, That ends this strange eventful history, Is second childishness and mere oblivion, Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.

**Modern Text**

**JAQUES**

The whole world is a stage, and all the men and women merely actors. They have their exits and their entrances, and in his lifetime a man will play many parts, his life separated into seven acts. In the first act he is an infant, whimpering and puking in his nurse’s arms. Then he’s the whining schoolboy, with a book bag and a bright, young face, creeping like a snail unwillingly to school. Then he becomes a lover, huffing and puffing like a furnace as he writes sad poems about his mistress’s eyebrows. In the fourth act, he’s a soldier, full of foreign curses, with a beard like a panther, eager to defend his honor and quick to fight. On the battlefield, he puts himself in front of the cannon’s mouth, risking his life to seek fame that is as fleeting as a soap bubble. In the fifth act, he is a judge, with a nice fat belly from all the bribes he’s taken. His eyes are stern, and he’s given his beard a respectable cut. He’s full of wise sayings and up-to-the-minute anecdotes: that’s the way he plays his part. In the sixth act, the curtain rises on a skinny old man in slippers, glasses on his nose and a money bag at his side. The stockings he wore in his youth hang loosely on his shrunken legs now, and his bellowing voice has shrunk back down to a childish squeak. In the last scene of our play—the end of this strange, eventful history—our hero, full of forgetfulness, enters his second childhood: without teeth, without eyes, without taste, without everything.
**Public Speaking**

**Speak The Speech, Trippingly On The Tongue**

*How do I effectively deliver my speech?*

**Name _________________________________**

**Date __________________________________**

---

**MALE/(FEMALE): Sonnet 18** by William Shakespeare

**Original Text**

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?
Thou art more lovely and more temperate.
Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,
And summer's lease hath all too short a date.
Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,
And often is his gold complexion dimmed;
And every fair from fair sometime declines,
By chance or nature's changing course untrimmed.
But thy eternal summer shall not fade,
Nor lose possession of that fair thou ow'st,
Nor shall death brag thou wand'rest in his shade,
When in eternal lines to time thou grow'st.
So long as men can breathe or eyes can see,
So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

**Modern Text**

Shall I compare you to a summer day?
You're lovelier and milder.
Rough winds shake the pretty buds of May,
and summer doesn't last nearly long enough.
Sometimes the sun shines too hot,
and often its golden face is darkened by clouds.
And everything beautiful stops being beautiful,
by accident or simply in the course of nature.
But your eternal summer will never fade,
nor will you lose possession of your beauty,
nor shall death brag that you are wandering in the underworld,
once you're captured in my eternal verses.
As long as men are alive and have eyes with which to see,
this poem will live and keep you alive.

---

**FEMALE: Twelfth Night** by William Shakespeare

*Act 2, Scene 4*

**Original Text**

VIOLA
Ay, but I know—

ORSINO
What dost thou know?

VIOLA
Too well what love women to men may owe.
In faith, they are as true of heart as we. My father
had a daughter loved a man
As it might be, perhaps, were I a woman, I should
your lordship.

ORSINO
And what's her history?

VIOLA
A blank, my lord. She never told her love, But let
concealment, like a worm i' the bud,
Feed on her damask cheek. She pined in thought,
And with a green and yellow melancholy
She sat like patience on a monument, Smiling at
grief. Was not this love indeed?

ORSINO
But died thy sister of her love, my boy?

VIOLA
I am all the daughters of my father's house, And all
the brothers too—and yet I know not.
Sir, shall I to this lady?

**Modern Text**

VIOLA
Yes, but I know—

ORSINO
What do you know?

VIOLA
I know a lot about the love women can feel for men.
Actually, their hearts are as sensitive and loyal as ours
are. My father had a daughter who loved a man in the
same way that I might love you, if I were a woman.

ORSINO
And what's her story?

VIOLA
There was no story, my lord. She never told him she
loved him. She kept her love bottled up inside her until it
destroyed her, ruining her beauty. She pined away. She
just sat waiting patiently, sadly, smiling
despite her sadness. Her complexion turned greenish
from depression. Doesn't that sound like true love? We
men might talk more and promise more, but in fact we talk
more than we really feel. We might be great at making
vows, but our love isn't sincere.

ORSINO
But did your sister die of love?

VIOLA
I am the only daughter in my father's family, and all the brothers
too—but I'm not completely sure about that. Anyway, sir, should I
go see the lady?
MALE: Twelfth Night by William Shakespeare

Act 1, Scene 1

Original Text

Enter ORSINO, CURIO, and other lords; Musicians playing

ORSINO

If music be the food of love, play on. Give me excess of it that, surfeiting, The appetite may sicken, and so die. That strain again, it had a dying fall. Oh, it came o'er my ear like the sweet sound, That breathes upon a bank of violets, Stealing and giving odor. Enough, no more. 'Tis not so sweet now as it was before. O spirit of love, how quick and fresh art thou, That, notwithstanding thy capacity Receiveth as the sea, nought enters there, Of what validity and pitch soever, ut falls into abatement and low price Even in a minute. So full of shapes is fancy That it alone is high fantastical.

Modern Text

ORSINO, CURIO, and other lords enter with musicians playing for them.

ORSINO

If it's true that music makes people more in love, keep playing. Give me too much of it, so I'll get sick of it and stop loving. Play that part again! It sounded sad. Oh, it sounded like a sweet breeze blowing gently over a bank of violets, taking their scent with it. That's enough. Stop. It doesn't sound as sweet as it did before. Oh, love is so restless! It makes you want everything, but it makes you sick of things a minute later, no matter how good they are. Love is so vivid and fantastical that nothing compares to it.

MALE/(FEMALE): Hamlet by William Shakespeare

Act 3, Scene 1

Original Text

HAMLET

Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you, trippingly on the tongue. But if you mouth it, as many of your players do, I had as lief the town crier spoke my lines. Nor do not saw the air too much with your hand thus, but use all gently, for in the very torrent, tempest, and (as I may say) whirlwind of passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance that may give it smoothness. Oh, it offends me to the soul to hear a robustious periwig-pated fellow tear a passion to tatters, to very rags, to split the ears of the groundlings, who for the most part are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb-shows and noise. I would have such a fellow whipped for o'erdoing Termagant. It out-Herods Herod. Pray you, avoid it.

FIRST PLAYER

I warrant your honor.

HAMLET

Be not too tame neither, but let your own discretion be your tutor. Suit the action to the word, the word to the action, with this special observance that you o'erstep not the modesty of nature. For anything so overdone is from the purpose of playing, whose end, both at the first and now, was and is to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature, to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time his form and pressure. Now this overdone or come tardy off, though it make the unskillful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve, the censure of the which one must in your allowance o'erweigh a whole theatre of others

Modern Text

Perform the speech just as I taught you, musically and smoothly. If you exaggerate the words the way some actors do, I might as well have some newscaster read the lines. Don’t use too many hand gestures; just do a few, gently, like this. When you get into a whirlwind of passion on stage, remember to keep the emotion moderate and smooth. I hate it when I hear a blustery actor in a wig tear a passion to shreds, bursting everyone’s eardrums so as to impress the audience on the lower levels of the playhouse, who for the most part can only appreciate loud noises and pantomime shows. I would whip a guy for making a tyrant sound too tyrannical. That’s as bad as those old plays in which King Herod ranted. Please avoid doing that.

FIRST PLAYER

I will, sir.

HAMLET

But don’t be too tame, either—let your good sense guide you. Fit the action to the word and the word to the action. Act natural at all costs. Exaggeration has no place in the theater, where the purpose is to represent reality, holding a mirror up to virtue, to vice, and to the spirit of the times. If you handle this badly, it just makes ignorant people laugh while regular theater-goers are miserable—and they’re the ones you should be keeping happy.
MALE/(FEMALE): Sonnet 17 by William Shakespeare

Original Text
Who will believe my verse in time to come
If it were filled with your most high deserts?
Though yet heav’n knows it is but as a tomb
Which hides your life and shows not half your parts.
If I could write the beauty of your eyes
And in fresh numbers number all your graces,
The age to come would say, “This poet lies—
Such heavenly touches ne’er touched earthly faces.”
So should my papers, yellowed with their age,
Be scorned, like old men of less truth than tongue,
And your true rights be termed a poet’s rage
And stretchèd meter of an antique song;
But were some child of yours alive that time,
You should live twice: in it and in my rhyme.

Modern Text
Who in the future will ever believe my poetry if I praise you as you deserve?
Though, I have to admit, my poetry is like a tomb that actually hides what you are really like and doesn’t manage to show even half of your true qualities. If I could capture in my writing how beautiful your eyes are and create new verses to list all of your wonderful attributes, decades from now people would say, “This poet lies. No human face was ever so divine.”
In this way, my poems (yellowed with age), would be scorned, like old men who talk too much without saying anything true, and what is really your due would be dismissed as a poet’s madness, the false verses of an old song. But if some child of yours were still alive then, you would live twice: in the child, and in my poetry.

FEMALE: A Midsummer Night’s Dream by William Shakespeare

Act 3, Scene 2

Original Text
HELENA
O spite! O hell! I see you all are bent
To set against me for your merriment.
If you were civil and knew courtesy,
You would not do me thus much injury.
Can you not hate me, as I know you do,
But you must join in souls to mock me too?
If you were men, as men you are in show,
You would not use a gentle lady so
To vow, and swear, and superpraise my parts,
When I am sure you hate me with your hearts.
You both are rivals, and love Hermia,
And now both rivals to mock Helena—
A trim exploit, a manly enterprise,
To conjure tears up in a poor maid’s eyes
With your derision! None of noble sort
Would so offend a virgin, and extort
A poor soul’s patience, all to make you sport.

Modern Text
HELENA
Damn it! I see you’re all determined to gang up on me for a few laughs. If you had any manners at all, you wouldn’t treat me like this. Can’t you just hate me, as I know you do? Do you have to get together to humiliate me too?
If you were real men, as you pretend to be, you wouldn’t treat a lady this way, making vows and promises and praising my beauty when I know you’re really both disgusted by me. You’re competing for Hermia’s love, and now you’re competing to see which one of you can make fun of me the most. That’s a great idea, a really manly thing to do—making a poor girl cry! No respectable person would offend an innocent girl just to have some fun.
**FEMALE: Sonnet 33 by William Shakespeare**

**Original Text**

Full many a glorious morning have I seen
Flatter the mountain tops with sovereign eye,
Kissing with golden face the meadows green,
Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchemy,
Anon permit the basest clouds to ride
With ugly rack on his celestial face,
And from the forlorn world his visage hide,
Stealing unseen to west with this disgrace.

Ev'n so my sun one early morn did shine
With all triumphant splendor on my brow;
But out alack, he was but one hour mine;
The region cloud hath masked him from me now.

Yet him for this my love no whit disdaineth.
Suns of the world may stain when heav'n's sun staineth.

**Modern Text**

I've seen many beautiful mornings in which the sun
beautifies the mountaintops, kissing the green meadows with its
golden face and making streams sparkle as if by magic. But
then it suddenly permits the nastiest clouds clouds to ride
across its heavenly face, and it hides from the forlorn world, sneaking
off to the west in disgrace. In exactly this way, early one morning
my sun shone on my face with triumphant splendor, but alas he
was only mine for one hour. The clouds have hidden him from
me now. But I don't fault him for this at all. Golden men like him
can disgrace themselves as much as the real sun does.

In Sonnets 33–34, the speaker uses the image of the sun
being covered by clouds as a metaphor for his being betrayed by
the young man he loves.

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**MALE/(FEMALE): Hamlet by William Shakespeare**

**Act 3, Scene 1**

**Original Text**

CLAUDIUS

Oh, my offence is rank. It smells to heaven.
It hath the primal eldest curse upon 't,
A brother's murder. Pray can I not.
Though inclination be as sharp as will,
My stronger guilt defeats my strong intent,
And, like a man to double business bound,
I stand in pause where I shall first begin,
And both neglect. What if this cursèd hand
Were thicker than itself with brother's blood?
Is there not rain enough in the sweet heavens
To wash it white as snow? Whereto serves mercy
But to confront the visage of offence?
And what's in prayer but this twofold force,
To be forestallèd ere we come to fall
Or pardoned being down? Then I'll look up.
My fault is past. But oh, what form of prayer
Can serve my turn, “Forgive me my foul murder”?
That cannot be, since I am still possessed
Of those effects for which I did the murder:
My crown, mine own ambition, and my queen.
May one be pardoned and retain th' offense?
In the corrupted currents of this world
Offense's gilded hand may shove by justice,
And oft 'tis seen the wicked prize itself
Buys out the law. But 'tis not so above.
O wretched state! O bosom black as death!
O limèd soul that, struggling to be free,
Art more engaged! Help, angels. Make assay.
Bow, stubborn knees, and, heart with strings of steel,
Be soft as sinews of the newborn babe.
All may be well. (kneels)

**Modern Text**

CLAUDIUS

Oh, my crime is so rotten it stinks all the way to heaven.
It has the mark of Cain on it, a brother's murder. I can't
pray, though I want to desperately. My guilt is stronger
even than my intentions. And like a person with two
opposite things to do at once, I stand paralyzed and
neglect them both. So what if this cursed hand of mine
is coated with my brother's blood? Isn't there enough
rain in heaven to wash it clean as snow? Isn't that what
God's mercy is for? And doesn't prayer serve these two
purposes—to keep us from sinning and to bring us
forgiveness when we have sinned? So I'll pray. I've
already committed my sin. But, oh, what kind of prayer
is there for me? "Dear Lord, forgive me for my horrible
murder"? That won't work, since I'm still reaping the
rewards of that murder: my crown and my queen. Can a
person be forgiven and still keep the fruits of his crime?
In this wicked world, criminals often take the money
they stole and use it to buy off the law, shoving justice
aside. But not in heaven. Up there, every action is
judged for exactly what it's worth, and we're forced to
confront our crimes. So what can I do? What is there
left to do? Offer whatever repentance I can—that
couldn't hurt. But it can't help either! Oh, what a lousy
situation I'm in. My heart's as black as death. My soul is
stuck to sin, and the more it struggles to break free, the
more it sticks. Help me, angels! C'mon, make an effort.
Bend, stubborn knees. Steely heart, be soft as a
newborn babe, so I can pray. Perhaps everything will
turn out okay after all. (he kneels)
MALE/(FEMALE): Sonnet 43 by William Shakespeare

Original Text
When most I wink, then do mine eyes best see,
For all the day they view things unrespected;
But when I sleep, in dreams they look on thee,
And, darkly bright, are bright in dark directed.
Then thou, whose shadow shadows doth make bright—
How would thy shadow’s form form happy show
To the clear day with thy much clearer light,
When to unseeing eyes thy shade shines so?
How would, I say, mine eyes be blessèd made
By looking on thee in the living day,
When in dead night thy fair imperfect shade
Through heavy sleep on sightless eyes doth stay?
All days are nights to see till I see thee,
And nights bright days when dreams do show thee me.

Modern Text
My eyes work best when I’m asleep, because all day they look at things I don’t care about. When I sleep, my dreaming eyes alight on you and glitter brightly in the dark, having found your bright image there. Given that your shadowy dream-image brightens even the dark, how bright might you appear in daylight, when your own light is so much clearer? How bright, when your shadow shines so brightly to my eyes blinded by darkness? What good would it do my eyes to see you in the daytime when they already look at your beautiful image in the dead of night, as I sleep? Every day is as dark as night until I get to see you again, and every night is as bright as day when I see you in my dreams.

FEMALE: A Midsummer Night’s Dream by William Shakespeare

Act 3, Scene 2

Original Text
HELENA
Lo, she is one of this confederacy!
Now I perceive they have conjoined all three
To fashion this false sport, in spite of me.—
Injurious Hermia! Most ungrateful maid!
Have you conspired, have you with these contrived
To bait me with this foul derision?
Is all the counsel that we two have shared,
The sisters’ vows, the hours that we have spent
When we have chid the hasty-footed time
For parting us—oh, is it all forgot?
All schooldays’ friendship, childhood innocence?
We, Hermia, like two artificial gods,
Have with our needles created both one flower,
Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion,
Both warbling of one song, both in one key,
As if our hands, our sides, voices, and minds,
Had been incorporate. So we grew together,
Like to a double cherry—seeming parted
But yet an union in partition—
Two lovely berries molded on one stem;
So, with two seeming bodies but one heart,
Two of the first, like coats in heraldry,
Due but to one and crowned with one crest.
And will you rent our ancient love asunder
To join with men in scorning your poor friend?
It is not friendly, ’tis not maidenly.
Our sex, as well as I, may chide you for it,
Though I alone do feel the injury.

Modern Text
HELENA
So, she’s in on this too! Now I see that all three of them have gotten together to play this cruel trick on me. Hurtful Hermia, you ungrateful girl, have you conspired with these two to provoke me with this horrible teasing? Have you forgotten all the talks we’ve had together, the vows we made to be like sisters to one another, all the hours we spent together, wishing that we never had to say goodbye—have you forgotten? Our friendship in our schooldays, our childhood innocence? We used to sit together and sew one flower with our two needles, sewing it on one piece of cloth, sitting on the same cushion, singing one song in the same key, as if our hands, our sides, our voices and our minds were stuck together. We grew together like twin cherries—which seemed to be separate but were also together—two lovely cherries on one stem. We seemed to have two separate bodies, but we had one heart. Do you want to destroy our old friendship by joining these men to insult your poor friend? It’s not friendly, and it’s not ladylike. All women would be angry with you for doing it, even though I’m the only one who’s hurt by it.
### MALE/(FEMALE): Sonnet 43 by William Shakespeare

**Original Text**

When most I wink, then do mine eyes best see,  
For all the day they view things unrespected;  
But when I sleep, in dreams they look on thee,  
And, darkly bright, are bright in dark directed.  
Then thou, whose shadow shadows doth make bright—  
How would thy shadow’s form form happy show  
To the clear day with thy much clearer light,  
When to unseeing eyes thy shade shines so?  
How would, I say, mine eyes be blessèd made  
By looking on thee in the living day,  
When in dead night thy fair imperfect shade  
Through heavy sleep on sightless eyes doth stay?  
All days are nights to see till I see thee,  
And nights bright days when dreams do show thee me.

**Modern Text**

My eyes work best when I'm asleep, because all day  
they look at things I don't care about. When I sleep, my  
dreaming eyes alight on you and glitter brightly in the  
dark, having found your bright image there. Given that  
your shadowy dream-image brightens even the dark,  
how bright might you appear in daylight, when your own  
light is so much clearer? How bright, when your shadow  
shines so brightly to my eyes blinded by darkness?  
What good would it do my eyes to see you in the  
daylight when they already look at your beautiful image  
in the dead of night, as I sleep? Every day is as dark as  
night until I get to see you again, and every night is as  
bright as day when I see you in my dreams.

### MALE/(FEMALE): Hamlet by William Shakespeare

**Act 5, Scene 1**

**Original Text**

This one?  

**GRAVEDIGGER**

E’en  

**HAMLET**

Let me see. (takes the skull) Alas, poor Yorick! I knew him, Horatio, a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy. He hath borne me on his back a thousand times, and now, how abhorred in my imagination it is! My gorge rises at it. Here hung those lips that I have kissed I know not how oft. —Where be your gibes now? Your gambols? Your songs? Your flashes of merriment that were wont to set the table on a roar? Not one now to mock your own grinning? Quite chapfallen? Now get you to my lady’s chamber and tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this favor she must come. Make her laugh at that.

**Modern Text**

This one?  

**GRAVEDIGGER**

Yes, that one.  

**HAMLET**

Let me see. (he takes the skull) Oh, poor Yorick! I used to know him, Horatio—a very funny guy, and with an excellent imagination. He carried me on his back a thousand times, and now—how terrible—this is him. It makes my stomach turn. I don’t know how many times I kissed the lips that used to be right here. 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. Are you sad about that? You need to go to my lady’s room and tell her that no matter how much makeup she slathers on, she’ll end up just like you some day. That'll make her laugh.
MALE/(FEMALE): Sonnet 116 by William Shakespeare

Original Text
Let me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments. Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove.
O no, it is an ever-fixèd mark
That looks on tempests and is never shaken;
It is the star to every wand'ring bark,
Whose worth’s unknown, although his height be taken.
Love’s not time’s fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
Within his bending sickle’s compass come:
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out even to the edge of doom.
If this be error and upon me proved,
I never writ, nor no man ever loved.

Modern Text
I hope I may never acknowledge any reason why minds that truly love each other shouldn’t be joined together. Love isn’t really love if it changes when it sees the beloved change or if it disappears when the beloved leaves. Oh no, love is a constant and unchanging light that shines on storms without being shaken; it is the star that guides every wandering boat. And like a star, its value is beyond measure, though its height can be measured. Love is not under time’s power, though time has the power to destroy rosy lips and cheeks. Love does not alter with the passage of brief hours and weeks, but lasts until Doomsday. If I’m wrong about this and can be proven wrong, I never wrote, and no man ever loved.

MALE/(FEMALE): Henry V by William Shakespeare

Act 4, Scene 3

Original Text
KING HENRY
This day is called the feast of Crispian.
He that outlives this day, and comes safe home
Will stand a-tiptoe when the day is named
And rouse him at the name of Crispian.
He that shall live this day, and see old age
Will yearly on the vigil feast his neighbours,
And say ‘Tomorrow is Saint Crispian.’
Then will he strip his sleeve and show his scars,
And say ‘These wounds I had on Crispin’s day.’
Old men forget; yet all shall be forgot
But he’ll remember with advantages,
What feats he did that day. Then shall our names.
Familiar in his mouth as household words,
Harry the king, Bedford and Exeter,
Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloucester,
Be in their flowing cups freshly remembered.
This story shall the good man teach his son,
And Crispin Crispian shall ne’er go by
From this day to the ending of the world,
But we in it shall be remembered,
We few, we happy few, we band of brothers.
For he to-day that sheds his blood with me
Shall be my brother; be he ne’er so vile,
This day shall gentle his condition.
And gentlemen in England now abed
Shall think themselves accursed they were not here,
And hold their manhoods cheap whiles any speaks
That fought with us upon Saint Crispin’s day.

Modern Text
KING HENRY
This day is called the Feast of Saint Crispian: he who lives to see this day out and comes home safe will stand tall when this day is named and raise himself up at the mention of Crispian. He who survives this day and lives to see old age shall yearly entertain his neighbors on the eve, saying, “Tomorrow is Saint Crispin’s Day.” He’ll roll up his sleeve and show his scars, saying, “I got these wounds on St. Crispin’s Day.” Old men forget. But these men will remember every detail of what they did today long after they’ve forgotten everything else. And as the wine flows, our names, familiar as household words, will be invoked again: Harry the King, Bedford and Exeter, Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloucester. Good men will tell their sons this story and the Feast of St. Crispin will never go by, from this day to the end of time, without our being remembered: we few, we happy few, we band of brothers—for whoever sheds his blood with me today shall be my brother. However humble his birth, this day shall grant him nobility. And men back in English now safe in their beds will curse themselves for not having been here, and think less of their own manhood when they listen to the stories of those who fought with us here on St. Crispin’s Day.
MALE/(FEMALE): Sonnet 116 by William Shakespeare

Original Text
Let me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments. Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove.
O no, it is an ever-fixèd mark
That looks on tempests and is never shaken;
It is the star to every wand'ring bark,
Whose worth’s unknown, although his height be taken.
Love’s not time’s fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
Within his bending sickle’s compass come:
But bears it out even to the edge of doom.
If this be error and upon me proved,
I never writ, nor no man ever loved.

Modern Text
I hope I may never acknowledge any reason why minds that truly love each other shouldn’t be joined together. Love isn’t really love if it changes when it sees the beloved change or if it disappears when the beloved leaves. Oh no, love is a constant and unchanging light that shines on storms without being shaken; it is the star that guides every wandering boat. And like a star, its value is beyond measure, though its height can be measured. Love is not under time’s power, though time has the power to destroy rosy lips and cheeks. Love does not alter with the passage of brief hours and weeks, but lasts until Doomsday. If I’m wrong about this and can be proven wrong, I never wrote, and no man ever loved.

MALE/(FEMALE): Merchant of Venise by William Shakespeare

Act 3, Scene 1

Original Text
SHYLOCK
To bait fish withal. If it will feed nothing else, it will feed my revenge. He hath disgraced me and hindered me half a million, laughed at my losses, mocked at my gains, scorned my nation, thwarted my bargains, cooled my friends, heated mine enemies—and what’s his reason? I am a Jew. Hath not a Jew eyes? Hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? Fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer as a Christian is? 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 revenge? If we are like you in the rest, we will resemble you in that. If a Jew wrong a Christian, what is his humility? Revenge. If a Christian wrong a Jew, what should his sufferance be by Christian example? Why, revenge. The villainy you teach me I will execute—and it shall go hard but I will better the instruction.

Modern Text
SHYLOCK
I’ll use it for fish bait. You can’t eat human flesh, but if it feeds nothing else, it’ll feed my revenge. 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 with a pin, don’t we bleed? If you tickle us, don’t we laugh? If you poison us, don’t we die? And if you treat us badly, won’t we 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.