

The Waltzing Matilda Players



PRESENT

GET THEE TO A NUNNERY

(not what Shakespeare actually wrote but what she meant)

Actresses and Actors

The Seven Ages of Man – (Steve Buckledee)
The Seven Ages of Woman – (Giovanna Zappu)
Hamlet- (Steve Buckledee)
The Telephone Call – (Giovanna Zappu)
To Call or not to Call – (Giovanna Zappu)
Oneliners (Camilla Turnu /John Sommers)
Tom and Gail – (Cristina Caboni /John Sommers)
Macbeth – (Giovanna Zappu)
Get Thee Emancipated – (Camilla Turnu /Matteo Agus)
The Taming of the Shrew – (SteveBuckledee /Giovanna Zappu)
21st century Intimacy – Michela Grondona / Matteo Agus)
Come and Go – (Cristina Caboni /Michela Grondona /Camilla Turnu)
Othello – Steve Buckledee
Maids– Cristina Caboni Michela Grondona

Directed by Giovanna Zappu

Choreography : Manuela Anichini
Costumes - Maria Antonietta Deidda
Stage Manager - Anna Maria Corso

Produced by Liceo Scientifico Pacinotti
Lights: Intrepidi Monelli
Con la collaborazione di L'END & ANILS

Music:

Waltzing Matilda – A.B. Paterson
Bambola – Patty Pravo
What do you get when you fall in love –Nightcore
Hello Goodbye– Beatles
Love and Marriage – Frank Sinatra
Come nelle Favole – Vasco Rossi
I'm a woman – Peggy Lee
Blurred Lines – Robin Thicke
The Good The Bad and the Ugly – Ennio Morricone
Hey Paula – Paul and Paula
Picnic at Hanging Rock (soundtrack) - Gheorghe Zamfir
Each man kills the thing he loves –Jeanne Moreau

THE WALTZING MATILDA PLAYERS: A QUIXOTIC ACT OF DEFIANCE

The original reason for starting this very small theatre company was to take a modest step in filling a gap left by professional theatre companies that no longer tour Sardinia with productions designed to introduce secondary school pupils to classic works for the stage. Today, students in Cagliari have little opportunity or none whatsoever to see a play on stage in English or have a painless – even pleasurable – encounter with the works of a certain Buffalo Bill Shakespeare.

All was not lost, however; cometh the hour, cometh the woman... and man. A couple of stubborn old teachers decided that it was high time something was done to remedy this dramatic injustice and so they decided to step in and show what enthusiastic amateurs could do. It was an act of folly, of course, but they would not listen to reason. Instead they donned their armour, mounted their metaphorical Rocinante and prepared to tilt at the windmills.

We would not be so pretentious as to talk of our “mission”, but we do have a clear aim in mind. It is exactly 200 years since Coleridge wrote of “awakening the mind’s attention from the lethargy of custom” (*Biographia Literaria* 1817), and our intention is to challenge the traditional approach to the great works of the literary canon, which we believe to be responsible for the fact that Italian kids have a hard time with *I Promessi Sposi* and their anglophone counterparts would sooner iron shirts than read or watch Shakespeare. The lethargy of custom is to revere the classics. They are to be lovingly preserved in their original form, shielded from disrespectful comment, never challenged or interfered with. In short, they are like archaeological exhibits in glass display cabinets. Our view is that young people will only understand that a playwright who died four centuries ago still has a lot to say to them if they are free to get their hands on his work, ask impertinent questions and be as playful as Shakespeare himself was. The Bard of Stratford helped himself to other people’s plots, took the most outrageous liberties with language and never hesitated to stretch the rules a little, and it is our contention that he would approve of those acting out his works being similarly willing to experiment.

So why the “Waltzing Matilda” players? *Waltzing Matilda* is the title of the best known bush ballad of Australia, the song generally considered the unofficial national anthem, and one of the founders of our tiny company was brought up in that splendidly classless, pomposity-free country. It is a song about a *swagman*, an itinerant worker travelling around on foot with his *swag* – his entire belongings wrapped in a blanket – strapped to his back. An alternative name for his swag was *matilda*. It is not entirely clear why the swag came to be personified with a female name but one theory is that the wanderer and his matilda were inseparable during his travels and sleeping partners at night. As an amateur theatre company receiving no funds from anybody, we can identify with a swagman, who had minimal possessions, little or no money but, crucially, had no master either, and our *matilda* is that “willing suspension of disbelief” in the magic world of the imagination.

The Seven Ages of Man

(from *As You Like It*, Act II, Scene VII)

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 honour, 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 shrunk shank, and his big manly voice,
Turning again towards 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.

The Seven Ages of Woman

All the world's a soap,
And all the girls and women TV actresses;
They have their long-shots and their close-ups,
And one woman in her time learns many scripts,
The roles she plays being seven. At first the baby,
And "But we were so hoping for a boy this time".
Then the little girl, pretty pink and cute,
Kissing mummy goodbye and skipping merrily off to school
And then she's thirteen,
And "Why have I got all these spots?" and "When are my tits
Going to grow?" Then she's a woman,
Her body transformed, her future a well-lit road,
Young men flock to her, their promises oh so sincere,
Till there's one who makes her feel special,
And she knows he's the one. Then she's a wife,
And soon a mother, her days and nights
Filled with caring for others, no time for herself,
Till one day she looks in the mirror and asks:
"Where did my life go?" The sixth age shifts
Into the weary and much put-upon nurse,
Checking his blood pressure, remembering which pills,
For the young man she loved is now old and frail,
Yet his voice is still strong enough to point out her faults,
Never a thankyou escapes his lips for the life she has spent,
For the life she has lost. Last scene of all,
That ends this sad unfulfilled her-story,
Is second babyhood, and memories all erased,
No past, no present, a life swept away.

Hamlet Act III Scene I

Get thee to a nunn'ry. Why wouldst thou be a breeder of sinners? I am myself indifferent honest, but yet I could accuse me of such things that it were better my mother had not borne me: I am very proud, revengeful, ambitious, with more offenses at my beck than I have thoughts to put them in, imagination to give them shape, or time to act them in. What should such fellows as I do crawling between earth and heaven? We are arrant knaves, believe none of us.
Go thy ways to a nunn'ry. Go thy ways to a nunn'ry.

If thou dost marry, I'll give thee this plague for thy dowry: be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny. Get thee to a nunn'ry, farewell. Or if thou wilt needs marry, marry a fool, for wise men know well enough what monsters you make of them. To a nunn'ry, go, and quickly too. Farewell...

I have heard of your paintings, well enough. God hath given you one face, and you make yourselves another. You jig and amble, and you lisp, you nickname God's creatures and make your wantonness your ignorance. Go to, I'll no more on't, it hath made me mad. I say we will have no more marriage. Those that are married already (all but one) shall live, the rest shall keep as they are. To a nunn'ry, go

The Telephone Call by Dorothy Parker

Please, God, let him telephone me now. Dear God, let him call me now: I won't ask anything else of You, truly I won't. It isn't very much to ask. It would be so little to You, God, such a little, little thing. Only let him telephone now. Please, God. Please, please, please.

If I didn't think about it, maybe the telephone might ring. Sometimes it does that. If I could think of something else. If I could think of something else. Maybe if I counted five hundred by fives, it might ring by that time. I'll count slowly. I won't cheat. And if it rings when I get to three hundred, I won't stop; I won't answer it until I get to five hundred. Five, ten, fifteen, twenty, twenty-five, thirty, thirty-five, forty, forty-five, fifty... Oh, please ring. Please.

This is the last time I'll look at the clock. I will not look at it again. It's ten minutes past seven. He said he would telephone at five o'clock. "I'll call you at five darling." I think that's where he said "darling". I'm almost sure he said it there. I know he called me "darling" twice, and the other time was when he said goodbye. "Goodbye, darling". He was busy, and he can't say much in his office, but he called me "darling" twice.

He couldn't have minded my calling him up. I know you shouldn't keep telephoning them – I know they don't like that. When you do that, they know you are thinking about them and wanting them, and that makes them hate you. But I hadn't talked to him in three days – not in three days. And all I did was ask him how he was; it was just the way anybody might have called him up. He couldn't have minded that. He couldn't have thought I was bothering him. "No, of course you're not," he said. And he said he'd telephone me. He didn't have to say that. I didn't ask him to, truly I didn't. I'm sure I didn't. I don't think he would say he'd telephone me, and then just never do it. Please don't let him do that, God. Please don't.

"I'll call you at five, darling. Good-bye, darling." He was busy, and he was in a hurry, and there were people around him, but he called me "darling" twice. That's mine, that's mine. I have that, even if I never see him again. Oh, but that's so little. That isn't enough. Nothing's enough, if I never see him again. Please let me see him again, God. Please, I want him so much. I'll be good, God. I will try to be better, I will, if You will let me see him again. If You let him telephone me. Oh, let him telephone me now.

Ah, don't let my prayer seem to little to You, God. You sit up there, so white and old, with all the angels about You and the stars slipping by. And I come to you with a prayer about a telephone call. Ah, don't laugh, God. You see, You don't know how it feels. You're so safe, there on your throne, with the blue swirling under you. Nothing can touch You; no one can twist Your heart in his hands. This is suffering, God, this is bad, bad suffering. Won't You help me? For Your Son's sake, help me. You said You would do whatever was asked of You in His name. Oh, God, in the name of Thine only beloved Son, Jesus Christ, Our Lord, let him telephone me now.

I must stop this. I mustn't be this way. Look, suppose a young man says he'll call a girl up, and then something happens, and he doesn't. That isn't so terrible, is it? Why, it's going on all over the world, right this minute. Oh, what do I care what's going on all over the world? Why can't that telephone ring? Why can't it? Why can't it? Couldn't you ring? Ah please, couldn't you? You damned ugly, shiny thing. It would hurt you to ring, wouldn't it? Oh, that would hurt you. Damn you, I'll pull your filthy roots out of the wall. I'll smash your smug black face in little bits. Damn you to hell.

No, no, no. I must stop. I must think about something else. This is what I'll do. I'll put the clock in the other room. Then I can't look at it. If I do have to look at it, then I'll have to walk into the bedroom, and that will be something to do. Maybe before I look at it again, he will call me. I'll be so sweet to him, if he calls me. If he says he can't see me tonight, I'll say, "Why that's all right, dear. Why, of course it's all right." I'll be the way I was when I first met him. Then maybe he'll like me again. I was always sweet, at first. Oh, it's so easy to be sweet to people before you love them.

I think he must still like me a little. He couldn't have called me "darling" twice today, if he didn't still like me a little. It isn't all gone, if he still likes me a little; even if it's only a little. I wouldn't have to ask You anything more. I would be sweet to him, I would be gay, I would be just the way I used to be, and then he would love me again. And then I would never have to ask You for anything more. Don't you see, God? So won't You please let him telephone me? Won't You please, please, please?

Are You punishing me, God, because I've been bad? Are You angry with me because I did that? Oh, but, God, there are so many bad people – You could not be hard only to me. And it wasn't very bad; it couldn't have been bad. We didn't hurt anybody, God. Things are only bad when they hurt people. We didn't hurt one single soul; You know that. You know it wasn't very bad, don't You, God? So won't You let him telephone me now?

If he doesn't telephone me, I'll know God is angry with me. I'll count five hundred by fives, and if he hasn't called me by then, I will know God isn't going to help me, ever again. That will be the sign. Five, ten, fifteen, twenty, twenty-five, thirty, thirty-five, forty, forty-five, fifty, fifty-five... It was bad. I knew it was bad. All right, God, send me to hell. You think You're frightening me with your hell, don't You? You think Your hell is worse than mine.

I mustn't. I mustn't do this. Suppose he's a little late calling me up; that's nothing to get hysterical about. Maybe he isn't going to call; maybe he's coming straight up here without telephoning. He'll be cross if he sees I have been crying. They don't like you to cry. He doesn't cry. I wish to God I could make him cry and tread the floor and feel his heart heavy and big and festering in him. I wish I could hurt him like hell.

He doesn't wish that about me. I don't think he even knows how he makes me feel. I wish he could know, without my telling him. They don't like you to tell them they've made you cry. They don't like you to tell them you're unhappy because of them. If you do, they think you're possessive and exacting. And then they hate you. They hate you whenever you say anything you really think.

You always have to keep playing little games. Oh, I thought we didn't have to; I thought this was so big I could say whatever I meant. I guess you can't, ever. I guess there isn't ever anything big enough for that. Oh, if he would just telephone, I wouldn't tell him I had been sad about him. They hate sad people. I would be so sweet and so gay, he couldn't help but like me. If he would only telephone. If he would only telephone.

Maybe that's what he is doing. Maybe he is coming on here without calling me up. Maybe he's on his way now. Something might have happened to him. No, nothing could ever happen to him. I can't picture anything happening to him. I never picture him run over. I never see him lying still and long and dead. I wish he were dead. That's a terrible wish. That's a lovely wish. If he were dead, he would be mine. If he were dead, I would never think of now and the last few weeks. I would remember only the lovely times. It would all be beautiful. I wish he were dead. I wish he were dead, dead, dead.

This is silly. It's silly to go wishing people were dead just because they don't call you up the very minute they said they would. Maybe the clock's fast; I don't know whether it's right. Maybe he's

hardly late at all. Anything could have made him a little late. Maybe he had to stay at his office. Maybe he went home, to call me up from there, and somebody came in. He doesn't like to telephone me in front of people. Maybe he's worried, just a little little bit, about keeping me waiting. He might even hope that I would call him up. I could do that. I could telephone him. I mustn't, I mustn't, I mustn't. Oh, God, please don't let me telephone him. Please keep me from doing that. I know, God, just as well as You do that if he were worried about me, he'd telephone no matter where he was or how many people there were around him. Please make me know that God. I don't ask You to make it easy for me – You can't do that, for all You could make a world. Only let me know it, God. Don't let me go on hoping. Don't let me say comforting things to myself. Please don't let me hope, dear God. Please don't. I won't telephone him. I'll never telephone him again as long as I live. He'll rot in hell, before I'll call him up. You don't have to give me strength, God; I have it myself. If he wanted me, he could get me. He knows where I am. He knows I'm waiting here. He's so sure of me, so sure. I wonder why they hate you as soon as they are sure of you. I should think it would be so sweet to be sure.

It would be so easy to telephone him. Then I'd know. Maybe it wouldn't be a foolish thing to do. Maybe he wouldn't mind. Maybe he'd like it. Maybe he has been trying to get me. Sometimes people try and try to get you on the telephone and they say the number doesn't answer. I'm not just saying that to help myself; that really happens. You know that really happens, God. Oh, God, keep me away from that telephone. Keep me away. Let me still have just a little bit of pride. I think I'm going to need it, God. I think it will be all I'll have. Oh, what does pride matter, when I can't stand it if I don't talk to him? Pride like that is such a silly, shabby little thing. The real pride, the big pride, is in having no pride. I'm not saying that just because I want to call him. I am not. That's true, I know that's true. I will be big. I will be beyond little prides.

Please, God, keep me from telephoning him. Please, God. I don't see what pride has to do with it. This is such a little thing for me to be bringing in pride, for me to be making such a fuss about. I may have misunderstood him. Maybe he said for me to call him up, at five. "Call me at five, darling." He could have said that, perfectly well. It's so possible that I didn't hear him right. "Call me at five, darling." I'm almost sure that's what he said. God don't let me talk this way to myself. Make me know, please make me know.

I'll think about something else. I'll just sit quietly. If I could sit still. Maybe I could read. Oh, all the books are about people who love each other, truly and sweetly. What do they want to write about that for? Don't they know it isn't true? Don't they know it's a lie, it's a God damned lie? What do they have to tell about that for when they know how it hurts? Damn them, damn them, damn them. I won't. I'll be quiet. This is nothing to get excited about. Look. Suppose he were someone I didn't know very well. Suppose he were another girl. Then I'd just telephone and say, "Well, for goodness' sake, what happened to you?" That's what I'd do, and I'd never think about it. Why can't I be casual and natural, just because I love him? I can be. Honestly, I can be. I'll call him up, and be so easy and pleasant. You see if I won't, God. Oh, don't let me call him. Don't, don't, don't.

God, aren't You really going to let him call me? Are you sure, God? Couldn't You please relent? Couldn't You? I don't even ask You to let him telephone this minute, God: only let him do it in a little while. I'll count five hundreds by five. I'll do it so slowly and so fairly. If he hasn't telephoned then, I'll call him. I will. Oh, please, dear God, dear kind God, my blessed Father in Heaven, let him call me before then. Please, God, please. Five, ten, fifteen, twenty, twenty-five, thirty, thirty-five...

To call or not to call

To call, or not to call, that is the question:
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of unrequited love
Or to take up the receiver against a sea of doubts,
And by calling, end them? To phone: to call;
No more; and by a phone call to say we end
The heart-ache and the thousand natural desires
That flesh is heir to, 'tis something
Devoutly to be wish'd. To call, to phone;
To phone: perchance to speak. Ay, there's the rub;
For in that phone call what words may come
whilst we listen to that long awaited answer
Must give us pause: there's the respect
That makes calamity of so long a wait;
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
The boyfriend's wrong, the proud man's derision,
The pangs of despised love, the call's delay,
The insolence of husbands and the spite
That patient merit of the unworthy lover takes,
When I myself might my quietus make
with a simple phone call? Who would make-up wear,
To sigh and sweat under a weary lover,
But the dread of nothing after that
That tantalising country from whose bourn
No lover returns satiated, puzzles the will
And makes us rather bear those doubts 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 sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought,
And enterprises of great pith and moment such as dialling a number
With this regard their currents turn awry,
And lose the name of action.

Oneliners: A GUIDE TO MALE-FEMALE COMMUNICATION

Girl comes on and sits on sofa waiting for the phone to ring

Girl: Why doesn't it ring? Dammit, he's late again.

Boy (*comes on stage with a bunch of flowers*): Hello, sweetheart.

Girl: Don't sweetheart me! It's no use, I won't forgive you this time. You're half an hour late and I don't want your stupid plastic flowers. Men give presents only when they want to cover up they've been fooling around with someone else. So own up: where were you?

Boy: You've been watching too many soap operas, my dear. And anyway, if you don't want them I'll give them to...

Girl: Who? See, I was right. There **is** someone else. Who is she?

Boy: Look, you should calm down and not jump to conclusions. It's the same thing over and over again: a guy says one thing or does something and the girl thinks it means something else.

Girl: Precisely. Look, I'll prove it to you. When a man says "I'm hungry" he really means...

Boy: I'm hungry.

Girl: When he says "I'm tired" he means...

Boy: I'm tired.

Girl: When he says "Can I take you out to dinner?" he's really saying...

Boy: I want to have sex with you.

Girl: When he says "May I have this dance?" he means...

Boy: I want to have sex with you.

Girl: When he says "That's a nice dress you're wearing" his real message is...

Boy: Take off that stupid dress and let's have sex.

Girl: When he says "I love you" he's really saying...

Boy: I want to have sex right now.

Girl: And when he says "Let's live for today; we don't know what tomorrow will bring." He means...

Boy: OK, I'm married, but I still want to have sex with you.

OK, you've made your point but I don't know what you women are complaining about. It's so easy to understand what we men are really saying. We're transparent. Now when women speak, it's another matter. For instance, when a woman says "Yes" she really means...

Girl: No.

Boy: When she says "No" she means...

Girl: Yes.

Boy: When she says "Maybe" she's really saying...

Girl: No.

Boy: When she says "We need" her real message is...

Girl: I want.

Boy: If she says "I'm sorry", she's telling you...

Girl: You are going to be sorry.

Boy: When she says "Let's just forget about it" she means...

Girl: I won't let you forget this for the rest of your life

Boy: When she says "We need to talk" she's really saying...

Girl: You are in big trouble.

Boy: If she says "I'm not upset" she means...

Girl: Of course I'm upset, you cretin!

Boy: And she might say, "Do you really think I've lost weight? You're not just saying that?" Which, of course, means...

Girl: Is sex all you ever think about?

Boy: And when he says "I'm fed up with you. Goodbye, sweetheart". (*He walks out*)

Girl: He means... Hey, where are you going? Come back. He can't mean it. Or can he? (*She walks off after him*) Come back!

Gail and Tom

Gail: Jesus Christ, Tom! You're so bloody boring!

Tom: But sweetheart...

G: Don't sweetheart me, you useless great windbag! Can't you talk about anything except boring bloody football? You're an embarrassment to be with!

T: Oh, so I'm the embarrassment, am I? You can get pissed, stuff your face silly and fill the house with fag smoke but it's me who's embarrassing! Marvellous, that is!

G: Mother Bloody Teresa would hit the bottle if she had to live with you!

T: She might be more fun to live with. At least she's not fat!

G: You bastard! D'you know why I eat? Eh? It's cos I'm bored! Bored and frustrated!

T: You could work a double shift in a warehouse and still be bored and frustrated!

G: Pig!

P: Cow!

BRIEF PAUSE, THEN THEY ADDRESS THE AUDIENCE.

G: How I envy, Lorraine,

T: How I envy, Jonathan,

G: with those lovely kids of hers.

T: him being a family man.

G: D'you know why I never wanted kids?

T: D'you know why she never wanted kids?

G: I was afraid they might take after him.

T: She thought it'd ruin her figure.

G: One boring fart in the house is bad enough.

T: I ask you, is that figure worth saving?

G: But imagine, kids who were just the same!

T: Fifty pregnancies couldn't make it worse!

THEY STAND UP AND FACE EACH OTHER.

G: I'll tell what you can do. You can [MOUTHES THE WORDS ".....K OFF"] Vaffa... soh lah te doh...

T: And I'll tell what you can do: Get the to a nunnery!

THEY STOMP OFF IN OPPOSITE DIRECTIONS.

Macbeth, Act I, Scene V

(Reading) "They met me in the day of success, and I have learned by the perfectest report they have more in them than mortal knowledge. When I burned in desire to question them further, they made themselves air, into which they vanished. Whiles I stood rapt in the wonder of it, came missives from the king, who all-hailed me 'Thane of Cawdor', by which title, before, these weird sisters saluted me, and referred me to the coming on of time with 'Hail, king that shalt be!' This have I thought good to deliver thee, my dearest partner of greatness, that thou might'st not lose the dues of rejoicing, by being ignorant of what greatness is promised thee. Lay it to thy heart, and farewell."

Glamis thou art, and Cawdor; and shalt be
What thou art promis'd. Yet do I fear thy nature;
It is too full o' th' milk of human kindness
To catch the nearest way.

[...]

Hie thee hither,
That I may pour my spirits in thine ear,
And chastise with the valour of my tongue
All that impedes thee from the golden round.

[...]

Come, you spirits
That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here,
And fill me, from the crown to the toe, top full
Of direst cruelty! Make thick my blood,

[...]

Come to my woman's breasts,
And take my milk for gall, you murdering ministers...

Macbeth, Act I, Scene VII

I have given suck, and know
How tender 'tis to love the babe that milks me:
I would, while it was smiling in my face,
Have pluck'd my nipple from his boneless gums,
And dash'd the brains out...

Macbeth, Act I, Scene V

Come, thick night,
And pall thee in the dunnest smoke of hell,
That my keen knife see not the wound it makes,
Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the dark,
To cry "Hold, Hold!"

The Taming of the Shrew, Act II, Scene I

PETRUCHIO

I will attend her here,
And woo her with some spirit when she comes.
Say that she rail, why then I'll tell her plain
She sings as sweetly as a nightingale;
Say that she frown, I'll say she looks as clear
As morning roses newly wash'd with dew.

[...]

But here she comes...

Enter Katherina.

Good morrow, Kate, for that's your name, I hear.

KATHERINA

Well have you heard, but something hard of hearing:
They call me Katherine that do talk of me.

PET.

You lie, in faith, for you are call'd plain Kate,
And bonny Kate, and sometimes Kate the curst;
But Kate, the prettiest Kate in Christendom,
Kate of Kate-Hall, my super-dainty Kate,
For dainties are all cates: and therefore, Kate,
Take this of me, Kate of my consolation –
Hearing thy mildness prais'd in every town,
Thy virtues spoke of, and thy beauty sounded,
Yet not so deeply as to thee belongs,
Myself am mov'd to woo thee for my wife.

KATH

Mov'd! in good time! Let him that mov'd you hither
Remove you hence. I knew you at the first
You were a moveable.

PET.

Why, what's a moveable?

KATH.

A join'd-stool..

PET.

Thou hast hit it; come sit on me.

KATH.

Asses are made to bear, and so are you.

PET.

Women are made to bear, and so are you.

[...]

PET.

Come, come, you wasp, i' faith you are too angry.

KATH.

If I be waspish, best beware my sting.

PET.

My remedy is then to pluck it out.

KATH.

Ay, if the fool could find it where it lies.

PET.

Who knows not where a wasp does wear his sting?
In his tail.

KATH.

In his tongue.

PET.

Whose tongue?

KATH.

Yours, if you talk of tales, and so farewell.

PET.

What, with my tongue in your tail? Nay, come again,
Good Kate; I am a gentleman.

KATH.

That I'll try. (*Striking him*)
[...]

PET.

Nay, come, Kate, come; you must not look so sour.

KATH.

It is my fashion when I see a crab.

PET.

A crab? Why here's no crab, and therefore look not sour.

KATH.

There is, there is.

PET.

Then show it me.

KATH.

Had I a glass, I would.

PET.

What you mean my face?

KATH.

Well aim'd of such a young one

PET.

Now, by Saint George, I am too young for you.

[...]

KATH.

I chafe you if I tarry. Let me go.

PET.

No, not a whit: I find you passing gentle.

'Twas told me you were rough and coy and sullen,

And now I find report a very liar;

For thou art pleasant, gamesome, passing courteous,

But slow in speech, yet sweet as spring-time flowers.

[...]

And therefore setting all this chat aside,

Thus in plain terms: your father hath consented

That you shall be my wife; your dowry 'greed on;

And will you, nill you, I will marry you.

Now, Kate, I am a husband for your turn,

For by this light whereby I see thy beauty,

Thy beauty that doth make me like thee well,

Thou must be married to no man but me;

For I am he am born to tame you, Kate,

And bring you from a wild Kate to a Kate

Conformable as other household Kates.

Here comes your father; never make denial;

I must and will have Katherine to my wife.

Come and Go by Samuel Beckett

CHARACTERS: FLO, VI, RU.

Sitting centre side by side stage right to left FLO, VI and RU. Very erect, facing front, hands clasped in laps. Silence.

VI: When did we three last meet?

RU: Let us not speak.

[Silence. Exit VI right. Silence.]

FLO: Ru.

RU: Yes.

FLO: What do you think of Vi?

RU: I see little change.

[FLO moves to centre seat, whispers in RU's ear. Appalled.]

Oh!

[They look at each other. FLO puts her finger to her lips.]

Does she not realize?

FLO: God grant not.

[Enter VI. FLO and RU turn back front, resume pose. VI sits right. Silence.]

Just sit together as we used to, in the playground at Miss Wade's.

RU: On the log.

[Silence. Exit FLO left. Silence.]

Vi.

VI: Yes.

RU: How do you find FLO?

VI: She seems much the same.

[RU moves to centre seat, whispers in VI's ear. Appalled.]

Oh!

[They look at each other. RU puts her finger to her lips.]

Has she not been told?

RU: God forbid.

[Enter FLO. RU and VI turn back front, resume pose. FLO sits left.]

Holding hands... that way.

FLO: Dreaming of... love.

[Silence. Exit RU right. Silence.]

VI: Flo.

FLO: Yes.

VI: How do you think Ru is looking?

FLO: One sees little in this light.

[VI moves centre seat, whispers in FLO's ear. Appalled.]

Oh!

[They look at each other. VI puts her finger to her lips.]

Does she not know?

VI: Please God not.

[Enter RU. VI and FLO turn back front, resume pose. RU sits right. Silence.]

May we not speak of the old days? *[Silence.]*

Of what came after? *[Silence.]* Shall we hold hands in the old way?

[After a moment they join hands as follows: VI's right hand with RU's right hand. VI's left hand with FLO's left hand, FLO's right hand with RU's left hand, VI's arms being above RU's left arm and FLO's right arm. The three pairs of clasped hands rest on the three laps. Silence.]

FLO: I can feel the rings.

[Silence.] CURTAIN

Othello, Act V, Scene II

It is the cause, it is the cause, my soul;
Let me not name it to you, you chaste stars,
It is the cause. Yet I'll not shed her blood,
Nor scar that whiter skin of hers than snow,
And smooth as monumental alabaster.
Yet she must die, else she'll betray more men.

[...]

O balmy breath, that dost almost persuade
Justice to break her sword! One more, one more.
Be thus when thou art dead, and I will kill thee
And love thee after. One more, and that's the last.
So sweet was ne'er so fatal. I must weep,
But they are cruel tears. This sorrow's heavenly;
It strikes where it doth love. She wakes.

[...]

Have you pray'd tonight, Desdemona?

[...]

If you bethink yourself of any crime
Unreconcil'd as yet to heaven and grace,
Solicit for it straight.

[...]

I would not kill thy unprepared spirit,
No, heaven forefend! I would not kill thy soul.

[...]

Think on thy sins.

[...]

When you shall these unlucky deeds relate,
Speak of me as I am; nothing extenuate,
Nor set down aught in malice. Then must you speak
Of one that lov'd not wisely but too well;
Of one not easily jealous, but being wrought,
Perplexed in the extreme...

[...]

Set you down this;
And say besides, that in Aleppo once,
Where a malignant and a turban'd Turk
Beat a Venetian and traduc'd the state,
I took by th' throat the circumcised dog,
And smote him—thus.

(Stabs himself)

***Waltzing Matilda* by A.B. Paterson**

Once a jolly swagman camped by a billabong,
Under the shade of a Coolibah tree,
And he sang as he watched and waited till his billy boiled,
You'll come a Waltzing Matilda with me.

*Waltzing Matilda, Waltzing Matilda,
You'll come a Waltzing Matilda with me,
And he sang as he watched and waited till his billy boiled,
You'll come a Waltzing Matilda with me.*

Down came a jumbuck to drink at that billabong,
Up jumped the swagman and grabbed him with glee,
And he sang as he shoved that jumbuck in his tucker bag,
You'll come a Waltzing Matilda with me.

*Waltzing Matilda, Waltzing Matilda,
You'll come a Waltzing Matilda with me,
And he sang as he shoved that jumbuck in his tucker bag,
You'll come a Waltzing Matilda with me.*

Up rode the squatter mounted on his thorough-bred,
Down came the troopers One Two Three,
Whose that jolly jumbuck you've got in your tucker bag?
You'll come a Waltzing Matilda with me.

*Waltzing Matilda, Waltzing Matilda,
You'll come a Waltzing Matilda with me,
Whose that jolly jumbuck you've got in your tucker-bag?
You'll come a Waltzing Matilda with me.*

Up jumped the swagman and sprang into the billabong,
You'll never catch me alive said he,
And his ghost may be heard as you pass by that billabong
You'll come a Waltzing Matilda with me.

*Waltzing Matilda, Waltzing Matilda,
You'll come a Waltzing Matilda with me,
And his ghost may be heard as you pass by that billabong,
You'll come a Waltzing Matilda with me.*

I'm A Woman

I can wash out forty-four pairs of socks and have 'em hangin' out on the line
I can starch and iron two dozens shirts 'fore you can count from one to nine
I can scoop up a great big dipper full of lard from the drippins can
Throw it in the skillet, go out and do my shopping, be back before it melts in the pan
'Cause I'm a woman! W-O-M-A-N, I'll say it again

I can rub and scrub till this old house is shinin' like a dime
Feed the baby, grease the car, and powder my face at the same time
Get all dressed up, go out and swing till four a.m. and then
Lay down at five, jump up at six, and start all over again
'Cause I'm a woman! W-O-M-A-N, I'll say it again

If you come to me sickly you know I'm gonna make you well
If you come to me all hexed up you know I'm gonna break the spell
If you come to me hungry you know I'm gonna fill you full of grits
If it's lovin' you're likin, I'll kiss you and give you the shiverin' fits
'Cause I'm a woman! W-O-M-A-N, I'll say it again

I got a twenty dollar gold piece says there ain't nothing I can't do
I can make a dress out of a feed bag and I can make a man out of you
'Cause I'm a woman! A W-O-M-A-N, I'll say it again
'Cause I'm a woman! W-O-M-A-N, and that's all

Each Man Kills The Thing He Loves

Each man kills the thing he loves, by each let this be heard.
Some do it with bitter look,
some with a flattering word.
The coward does it with a kiss,
the brave man with a sword.
Some kill their love when they are young,
some when they are old.
Some strangle with the hands of lust, some with the hands of gold.
The kindest use a knife because,
the dead so soon grow cold.
Some love too little, some too long,
some sell and others buy.
Some do the deed with many tears,
and some without a sigh.
For each man kills the thing he loves,
Yet each man does not die.

from ***The Ballad Of Reading Gaol*** by **Oscar Wilde**

THE EMPTY SPACE
InterACT
(write and/or perform your own script)

COME AND GO

WHAT DO YOU THINK EACH WOMAN WHISPERED?

RU: _____

VI: _____

FLO: _____

HAMLET

If Ophelia were one of your best friends, what do you think she should reply to Hamlet's insults?

OTHELLO

Othello claims he truly loves Desdemona but decides to murder her because he thinks she has betrayed him.

If you could step inside the play before the murder scene, how could you persuade him not to do it?

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW

Question for male students: Do you prefer a "tame" girlfriend or one who is a bit wild?

Question for female students: Imagine that a 16-year-old girl told you, "My father has found a husband for me." What would you advise her to do?

MACBETH

Where could you find Lady Macbeth in our society? What does she do? What would she look like?

THE TELEPHONE CALL

Does the lady in *The Telephone Call* have an identity of her own or does she try to fit the image that will please her man?

Close your eyes and visualize a girl/woman who you think creates her look/image to please the opposite sex. Can you give an example?

Which of these female characters can you imagine as a doll? Why?

- Desdemona
- Ophelia
- Lady Macbeth
- The lady waiting for a phone call
- Kate

Which of the above women would you like to invite out? What would you say to her?

The Backstage to male-female relationships

The Seven Ages of Man - Shakespeare

The Seven Ages of Woman - Buckledee

Hamlet- Shakespeare

The Telephone Call - Parker

To Call or not to Call - Zappu/Shakespeare

Oneliners

Tom and Gail - Buckledee

Macbeth - Shakespeare

Get Thee Emancipated - Zappu

The Taming of the Shrew - Shakespeare

21st century Intimacy

Come and Go - Beckett

Othello - Shakespeare