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*Dramatic Publishing*

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# *All the World's a Stage*

A Sampler Of  
Shakespearean Scenes

Arranged By  
**MARY W. SCHALLER**



THE DRAMATIC PUBLISHING COMPANY

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MARY W. SCHALLER  
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(ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE)

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ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE  
*A One-Act Play*  
*Forty-Two People. Min. Twelve with doubling.*

CHARACTERS

<i>QUINCE</i>	<i>BOTTOM</i>
<i>FLUTE</i>	<i>MODERN THEATRE STUDENT</i>
<i>JACQUES</i>	<i>PROLOGUE</i>
<i>MACBETH</i>	<i>CORIOLANUS</i>
<i>NURSE</i>	<i>SCHOOLBOY</i>
<i>MOTHER</i>	<i>BOY</i>
<i>GIRL</i>	<i>SOLDIER</i>
<i>JUSTICE</i>	<i>TWO PLAINTIFFS</i>
<i>GUARD</i>	<i>SENILE GRANDFATHER</i>
<i>OLD MAN</i>	<i>DRUNKEN PORTER</i>
<i>McDUFF</i>	<i>LENNOX</i>
<i>BRUTUS</i>	<i>CASSIUS</i>
<i>MARK ANTONY</i>	<i>JULIUS CAESAR/POLONIUS</i>
<i>FIRST CITIZEN</i>	<i>SECOND CITIZEN</i>
<i>THIRD CITIZEN</i>	<i>FOURTH CITIZEN</i>
<i>FIFTH CITIZEN</i>	<i>SIXTH CITIZEN</i>
<i>PORTIA</i>	<i>NERISSA</i>
<i>STARVLING</i>	<i>SNUG</i>
<i>SNOUT</i>	<i>PUCK</i>
<i>HAMLET</i>	<i>ROSENCRANTZ</i>
<i>GUILDENSTERN</i>	<i>PROSPERO</i>

TIME: The Present.  
PLACE: A Bare Stage.

## PREMIERE PERFORMANCE

ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE was first performed by the Fairfax County Recreation Department's Summer Shakespeare Class on July 18, 1982 at Lake Braddock High School Little Theatre, Burke, Virginia with the following cast:

Modern Theatre Student . . . . .	ANNE JOSEPH
Jaques . . . . .	MARY STINE
Quince . . . . .	KATHRYN BARNHARDT
Flute . . . . .	LISA SAMUELS
Bottom . . . . .	JESSIE KNIGHT
Prologue . . . . .	CINDY SCHEIDER
Macbeth . . . . .	MICHELLE STOLARZ
Drunken Porter . . . . .	ALEXANDRA REIDY
Caesar . . . . .	KIM FENDER
Cassius . . . . .	MICHAEL SMYTHERS
Mark Antony . . . . .	KAT DARKE
Portia . . . . .	CHANIN CAMERON
Nerissa . . . . .	JULIE HARMAN
Rosencrantz . . . . .	KIM SAMUELS
Guildenstern . . . . .	MICHELLE SPEIR
Hamlet . . . . .	JONATHON QUINDRY
Prospero . . . . .	MICHELLE SAARI

The Seven Ages of Man, Roman Citizens & Groundlings:

HEATHER BIDLAKE  
LISA JONES

ALISON MANEY  
SUZIE SMITH

JEFF LASH

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## *All the World's a Stage*

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SCENE: The bare stage of a theater, perhaps the old Globe.

AT RISE OF CURTAIN: The members of the COMPANY are seated among the audience, dressed in identifying clothes. As the house lights dim and the stage lights come up, QUINCE, BOTTOM and FLUTE enter down the center aisle carrying “Ye Olde Prop Box” up to the stage.

QUINCE (calling out loudly). Are we all met?

COMPANY (jumping up from wherever they are seated). Yes! (The COMPANY run down the aisles and into the pit area of the stage in great excitement.)

QUINCE (now at C). Exactly, and here’s a marvelous convenient place for our rehearsal. This green plot shall be our stage, this hawthorne brake . . . (He indicates offstage R.) . . . our tiring house, and we will do it in action as we will do it before the Duke. (To the audience as BOTTOM and FLUTE set up the box UC.) Gentles, perchance you wonder at this show, but wonder on, till truth make all things plain.

BOTTOM (to the COMPANY, who now come up on stage and start taking their props out of the prop box). Get your apparel together, good strings to your beards . . . (FLUTE rubs his

face doubtfully.) . . . new ribbons to your pumps, and every man look o'er his part. And, most dear actors . . . (BOTTOM grabs the SMALLEST MEMBER of the Company and shakes him sternly.) . . . eat *no* onions nor garlic, for we are to utter sweet breath. No more words. Away! (The COMPANY ignores BOTTOM.) *Go away!* (ALL return to their seats among the audience.)

(The MODERN STUDENT enters on one side of the stage.)

MODERN STUDENT (to the audience). William Shakespeare, the greatest English poet, was born in the tiny market town of Stratford-on-Avon in fifteen sixty-four. We traditionally celebrate his birthday on April twenty-third . . .

COMPANY (singing). Happy Birthday, dear Shakespeare, Happy Birthday to you!

MODERN STUDENT . . . although there is no written record of this fact. We *do* know that Shakespeare was christened at Holy Trinity Church, Stratford, on April twenty-sixth and it was a custom of the time to baptize babies three days after birth.

(JACQUES enters quietly and stands impatiently on the other side of the stage.)

MODERN STUDENT. Interestingly enough, it is also a fact that fifty-two years later, exactly, Shakespeare died at Stratford on April twenty-third, sixteen sixteen, and he is buried under the floor of the same Holy Trinity Church where he was christened.

JACQUES (loudly). Get on with it, will you?

MODERN STUDENT. Don't interrupt, if you please. Your turn will come. (To the audience.) We are here today, not to celebrate Shakespeare the immortal poet, nor Shakespeare the playwright, nor Shakespeare the theatre manager, nor even Shakespeare the husband and father, though he was all these things. Rather, we are here to present to you, in his own words, Shakespeare's first love – the theatre.

JACQUES (striding towards C). All the world's a stage –

MODERN STUDENT. Not yet!

JACQUES (to the audience). Methinks the lady doth protest too much. (He withdraws to the side of the stage and glares at the MODERN STUDENT.)

MODERN STUDENT. Tradition has it that at the age of nineteen, Shakespeare left his wife, Anne Hathaway, and his three small children in the care of his parents at Stratford, and he journeyed on foot ninety miles to Londontown, center of the English Renaissance and home of her first theatres –

JACQUES (striding across the stage with dramatic flair). All the world's a stage –

MODERN STUDENT. Not yet, Jacques! You must wait until your cue!

JACQUES (to the audience). I would that I could bind up my love's tongue and bring her silently. (He returns to the side of the stage and sulks.)

MODERN STUDENT (to the audience). Tradition also tells us that Will Shakespeare's very first job in the theatre was to hold the horses of the wealthy playgoers. Very soon, however, he advanced into the juvenile then character roles. Scholars, like myself . . .

JACQUES (from the side of the stage). Ha!

MODERN STUDENT . . . suggest that Shakespeare actually



wrote certain characters into his plays specifically for himself to act. Two examples are the ghost of Hamlet's father and Old John in *As You Like It*.

JACQUES (from the side of the stage). Hast thou done yet?

MODERN STUDENT. Almost . . . Shakespeare studied the Greek and Roman playwrights in his Grammar School at Stratford and he based his five-act format on the Roman Plautus, who, in turn, had borrowed from the Greeks, especially Sophocles. In all classical plays and in most of the Elizabethan plays, a prologue was introduced before the action to acquaint the audience with both characters and plot —

(The PROLOGUE enters from UC.)

PROLOGUE. Aha! I *knew* she'd get to me!

JACQUES (walking to C). 'Tis unfair! I was here first!

PROLOGUE. True, but the prologue always goes first.

MODERN STUDENT. *That* is true, except in Shakespeare's case. He only wrote prologues for less than one-third of his plays. He preferred to let the actors tell the story for themselves.

JACQUES (retreating to the side of the stage and imploring heaven). Give me strength!

PROLOGUE (to the audience). And the University Wits like Robert Greene called Shakespeare an "upstart crow" and said he was unschooled. Of course, not too many people have heard of Robert Greene's plays these days.

MODERN STUDENT. *However* . . . Shakespeare *did* write some beautiful prologues and now, patient audience —

JACQUES. And *impatient* actors!

MODERN STUDENT. We will begin our action with excerpts

from several ~~prologues of the~~ plays *Pericles*, *Henry V* and *Henry VIII*. (She sits on the side as the PROLOGUE goes to C and bows deeply to the audience.)

PROLOGUE. I shower a welcome on you – welcome all!

Your presence glads our days: honor we love,  
For who hates honor, hates the gods above . . . (He becomes passionate.)

O! For a muse of fire, that would ascend  
The brightest heaven of invention!

A kingdom for a stage! Princes to act . . . (He falls on his knees.)

And monarchs to behold the swelling scene! (He pauses, then rises and looks a little embarrassed.)

Pardon, gentles all, the flat unraised spirits that hath dared  
On this unworthy scaffold to bring forth so great  
An object. Can this cockpit hold  
The vasty fields of Rome? Or may we cram  
Within this wooden O the very tumult  
That did fill the air of Glamis? (He continues in a story-telling voice.)

Let us on your imaginary forces work;  
Piece out our imperfections with your thoughts:  
Think, when we talk of horses, that you see them,  
Printing their proud hoofs in the receiving earth,  
For 'tis your thoughts that must now deck our kings,  
Carry them here and there; jumping o'er times,  
Turning the accomplishment of many years  
Into an hour glass!

Prepare for mirth, for mirth becomes a feast;  
You are princes and my guests.

Good gentles, your humble patience we pray