



BATTLE OF THE BARDS 2024

SHAKESPEARE4ALL

AUDITION SCRIPTS: DUOLOGUES

Audition Video Guidelines 試鏡視頻指引

1. Please submit a short video in English of between 5-10 minutes, including a short introduction of yourself in English, the character you are playing, the piece you have chosen, why you would like to join the Battle of the Bards, and then the audition piece.
請準備一段長約5-10分鐘的英文短片，短片需包括簡短的自我介紹，所揀選的選段，角色，為什麼參加詩人遊戰，以及選段的試鏡演出。
2. The selections offer a variety of pieces and students may select any monologue regardless of gender. Choose a script that will best showcase your abilities, and adapt your script according to your abilities. Please inform Shakespeare4All through email battleofthebards.s4a@gmail.com if you need help with adaptation.
香港小莎翁提供多項作品選段以供選擇，學生可不分性別自由選擇適合他們的選段進行試鏡演出。參賽者可以根據程度對劇本稍作修改。如需協助，請通過電郵 battleofthebards.s4a@gmail.com 聯絡香港小莎翁。
3. Please send your video to battleofthebards.s4a@gmail.com in either .MP4 or .MOV format on or before 5th April 2024.
請在 2024 年 4 月 5 日或之前以 MP4 或 .MOV 格式將視頻發送至 battleofthebards.s4a@gmail.com
4. Please indicate the contestant's name, age and competition applying in your email.
請您在電子郵件中顯示參賽者的姓名，歲數及參賽項目。
5. Announcement of Finalists 8th April 2024. If selected to compete in the finals, there will be feedback given from the judges.
決賽名單將於 2024 年 4 月 8 日公佈。如成功被挑選躋身決賽，將得到評判提供表演建議。

Duologues Battle Script for Group D1 (8-10 years old)

1 THEATRE PIECE: A Midsummer Night's Dream (Act 2 Scene 1)

Character: HELENA and DEMETRIUS

DEMETRIUS

I love thee not, therefore pursue me not.
Where is Lysander and fair Hermia?
The one I'll slay, the other slayeth me.
Thou told'st me they were stolen unto this wood;
And here am I, and wode within this wood,
Because I cannot meet my Hermia.
Hence, get thee gone, and follow me no more.

HELENA

You draw me, you hard-hearted adamant;
But yet you draw not iron, for my heart
Is true as steel: leave you your power to draw,
And I shall have no power to follow you.

DEMETRIUS

Do I entice you? do I speak you fair?
Or, rather, do I not in plainest truth
Tell you, I do not, nor I cannot love you?

HELENA

And even for that do I love you the more.
I am your spaniel; and, Demetrius,
The more you beat me, I will fawn on you:
Use me but as your spaniel, spurn me, strike me,
Neglect me, lose me; only give me leave,
Unworthy as I am, to follow you.
What worser place can I beg in your love,--
And yet a place of high respect with me,--
Than to be used as you use your dog?

DEMETRIUS

Tempt not too much the hatred of my spirit;
For I am sick when I do look on thee.

HELENA

And I am sick when I look not on you.

DEMETRIUS

You do impeach your modesty too much,
To leave the city and commit yourself
Into the hands of one that loves you not;
To trust the opportunity of night
And the ill counsel of a desert place
With the rich worth of your virginity.

HELENA

Your virtue is my privilege: for that
It is not night when I do see your face,
Therefore I think I am not in the night;
Nor doth this wood lack worlds of company,
For you in my respect are all the world:
Then how can it be said I am alone,
When all the world is here to look on me?

DEMETRIUS

I'll run from thee and hide me in the brakes,
And leave thee to the mercy of wild beasts.

HELENA

The wildest hath not such a heart as you.
Run when you will, the story shall be changed:
Apollo flies, and Daphne holds the chase;
The dove pursues the griffin; the mild hind
Makes speed to catch the tiger; bootless speed,
When cowardice pursues and valour flies.

DEMETRIUS

I will not stay thy questions; let me go:
Or, if thou follow me, do not believe
But I shall do thee mischief in the wood.

HELEN

Ay, in the temple, in the town, the field,
You do me mischief. Fie, Demetrius!
Your wrongs do set a scandal on my sex:
We cannot fight for love, as men may do;
We should be wood and were not made to woo.
I'll follow thee and make a heaven of hell,
To die upon the hand I love so well

2 THEATRE PIECE: Hamlet (Act 1 Scene 5)

Character: HAMLET and THE GHOST OF KING HAMLET

HAMLET

Where wilt thou lead me? speak; I'll go no further.

Ghost

Mark me.

HAMLET

I will.

Ghost

My hour is almost come,
When I to sulphurous and tormenting flames
Must render up myself.

HAMLET

Alas, poor ghost!

Ghost

Pity me not, but lend thy serious hearing
To what I shall unfold.

HAMLET

Speak; I am bound to hear.

Ghost

So art thou to revenge, when thou shalt hear.

HAMLET

What?

Ghost

I am thy father's spirit,
Doom'd for a certain term to walk the night,
And for the day confined to fast in fires,
Till the foul crimes done in my days of nature
Are burnt and purged away. But that I am forbid
To tell the secrets of my prison-house,
I could a tale unfold whose lightest word
Would harrow up thy soul, freeze thy young blood,
Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres,

Thy knotted and combined locks to part
And each particular hair to stand on end,
Like quills upon the fretful porpentine:
But this eternal blazon must not be
To ears of flesh and blood. List, list, O, list!
If thou didst ever thy dear father love—

HAMLET
O God!

Ghost
Revenge his foul and most unnatural murder.

HAMLET
Murder!

Ghost
Murder most foul, as in the best it is;
But this most foul, strange and unnatural.

HAMLET
Haste me to know't, that I, with wings as swift
As meditation or the thoughts of love,
May sweep to my revenge.

Ghost
I find thee apt;
And duller shouldst thou be than the fat weed
That roots itself in ease on Lethe wharf,
Wouldst thou not stir in this. Now, Hamlet, hear:
'Tis given out that, sleeping in my orchard,
A serpent stung me; so the whole ear of Denmark
Is by a forged process of my death
Rankly abused: but know, thou noble youth,
The serpent that did sting thy father's life
Now wears his crown.

HAMLET
O my prophetic soul! My uncle!

3 THEATRE PIECE: Romeo & Juliet (Act 2, Scene 5)

Character: JULIET and NURSE

JUL.

The clock strook nine when I did send the nurse;
In half an hour she promised to return.
Perchance she cannot meet him—that's not so.
O, she is lame! Love's heralds should be thoughts,
Which ten times faster glides than the sun's beams,
Driving back shadows over low'ring hills;
Therefore do nimble-pinion'd doves draw Love,
And therefore hath the wind-swift Cupid wings.
Now is the sun upon the highmost hill
Of this day's journey, and from nine till twelve
Is three long hours, yet she is not come.
Had she affections and warm youthful blood,
She would be as swift in motion as a ball;
My words would bandy her to my sweet love,
And his to me.
But old folks—many feign as they were dead,
Unwieldy, slow, heavy, and pale as lead.

[Enter Nurse].

O God, she comes! O honey nurse, what news?
Hast thou met with him? Send thy man away.

NURSE.

Peter, stay at the gate.

JUL.

Now, good sweet nurse—O Lord, why lookest thou sad?
Though news be sad, yet tell them merrily;
If good, thou shamest the music of sweet news
By playing it to me with so sour a face.

NURSE.

I am a-weary, give me leave a while.
Fie, how my bones ache! What a jaunce have I!

JUL.

I would thou hadst my bones, and I thy news.
Nay, come, I pray thee speak, good, good nurse, speak.

NURSE.

Jesu, what haste! Can you not stay a while?
Do you not see that I am out of breath?

JUL.

How art thou out of breath, when thou hast breath
To say to me that thou art out of breath?
The excuse that thou dost make in this delay
Is longer than the tale thou dost excuse.
Is thy news good or bad? Answer to that.
Say either, and I'll stay the circumstance.
Let me be satisfied, is't good or bad?

NURSE.

Well, you have made a simple choice, you know not how to choose a man. Romeo! no, not he. Though his face be better than any man's, yet his leg excels all men's, and for a hand and a foot and a body, though they be not to be talk'd on, yet they are past compare. He is not the flower of courtesy, but I'll warrant him, as gentle as a lamb. Go thy ways, wench, serve God. What, have you din'd at home?

JUL.

No, no! But all this did I know before.
What says he of our marriage? what of that?

NURSE.

Lord, how my head aches! What a head have I!
It beats as it would fall in twenty pieces.
My back a' t' other side—ah, my back, my back!
Beshrew your heart for sending me about
To catch my death with jauncing up and down!

JUL.

I' faith, I am sorry that thou art not well.
Sweet, sweet, sweet nurse, tell me, what says my love?

NURSE.

Your love says, like an honest gentleman,
An' a courteous, and a kind, and a handsome,
And, I warrant, a virtuous—Where is your mother?

JUL.

Where is my mother! why, she is within,
Where should she be? How oddly thou repliest!
"Your love says, like an honest gentleman,
'Where is your mother?'"

NURSE.

O God's lady dear!
Are you so hot? Marry, come up, I trow;
Is this the poultice for my aching bones?
Henceforward do your messages yourself.

JUL.

Here's such a coil! Come, what says Romeo?

NURSE.

Have you got leave to go to shrift today?

JUL.

I have.

NURSE.

Then hie you hence to Friar Lawrence' cell,
There stays a husband to make you a wife.
Now comes the wanton blood up in your cheeks,
They'll be in scarlet straight at any news.
Hie you to church, I must another way,
To fetch a ladder, by the which your love
Must climb a bird's nest soon when it is dark.
I am the drudge, and toil in your delight;
But you shall bear the burden soon at night.
Go, I'll to dinner, hie you to the cell.

JUL.

Hie to high fortune! Honest nurse, farewell.

4 THEATRE PIECE: TWELFTH NIGHT (Act 1, Scene 5)

Character: OLIVIA and VIOLA

VIO.

The honourable lady of the house, which is she?

OLI.

Speak to me, I shall answer for her. Your will?

VIO.

Most radiant, exquisite, and unmatchable beauty—I pray you tell me if this be the lady of the house, for I never saw her. I would be loath to cast away my speech; for besides that it is excellently well penn'd, I have taken great pains to con it.

OLI.

Are you a comedian?

VIO.

No, my profound heart; and yet (by the very fangs of malice I swear) I am not that I play. Are you the lady of the house?

OLI.

If I do not usurp myself, I am.

VIO.

Most certain, if you are she, you do usurp yourself; for what is yours to bestow is not yours to reserve. But this is from my commission; I will on with my speech in your praise, and then show you the heart of my message.

OLI.

Come to what is important in't. I forgive you the praise.

VIO.

Alas, I took great pains to study it, and 'tis poetical.

OLI.

It is the more like to be feign'd, I pray you keep it in. I heard you were saucy at my gates, and allow'd your approach rather to wonder at you than to hear you. If you be not mad, be gone. If you have reason,

be brief. 'Tis not that time of moon with me to make one in so skipping a dialogue.

VIO.

I bring no overture of war, no taxation of homage; I hold the olive in my hand; my words are as full of peace as matter.

OLI.

Yet you began rudely. What are you? What would you?

VIO.

The rudeness that hath appear'd in me have I learn'd from my entertainment. What I am, and what I would, are as secret as maidenhead: to your ears, divinity; to any other's, profanation.

OLI.

Now, sir, what is your text?

VIO.

Good madam, let me see your face.

OLI.

Have you any commission from your lord to negotiate with my face? You are now out of your text; but we will draw the curtain, and show you the picture. Look you, sir, such a one I was this present.

[Unveiling.]

Is't not well done?

VIO.

Excellently done, if God did all.

OLI.

'Tis in grain, sir, 'twill endure wind and weather.

VIO.

'Tis beauty truly blent, whose red and white
Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on.
Lady, you are the cruell'st she alive
If you will lead these graces to the grave,
And leave the world no copy.

OLI.

O, sir, I will not be so hard-hearted; I will give out divers schedules of my beauty. It shall be inventoried, and every particle and utensil labell'd to my will: as, item, two lips, indifferent red; item, two grey eyes, with lids to them; item, one neck, one chin, and so forth. Were you sent hither to praise me?

VIO.

I see you what you are, you are too proud;
But if you were the devil, you are fair.
My lord and master loves you. O, such love
Could be but recompens'd, though you were crown'd
The nonpareil of beauty.

OLI.

How does he love me?

VIO.

With adorations, fertile tears,
With groans that thunder love, with sighs of fire.

OLI.

Your lord does know my mind, I cannot love him,
Yet I suppose him virtuous, know him noble,
Of great estate, of fresh and stainless youth;
In voices well divulg'd, free, learn'd, and valiant,
And in dimension, and the shape of nature,
A gracious person. But yet I cannot love him.
He might have took his answer long ago.

VIO.

If I did love you in my master's flame,
With such a suffring, such a deadly life,
In your denial I would find no sense,
I would not understand it.

OLI.

Why, what would you?

VIO.

Make me a willow cabin at your gate,
And call upon my soul within the house;
Write loyal cantons of contemned love,
And sing them loud even in the dead of night;

Hallow your name to the reverberate hills,
And make the babbling gossip of the air
Cry out "Olivia!" O, you should not rest
Between the elements of air and earth
But you should pity me!

OLI.

You might do much.
What is your parentage?

VIO.

Above my fortunes, yet my state is well:
I am a gentleman.

OLI.

Get you to your lord.
I cannot love him; let him send no more—
Unless (perchance) you come to me again
To tell me how he takes it. Fare you well.
I thank you for your pains. Spend this for me.

VIO.

I am no fee'd post, lady; keep your purse;
My master, not myself, lacks recompense.
Love make his heart of flint that you shall love,
And let your fervor like my master's be
Plac'd in contempt! Farewell, fair cruelty.

OLI.

"What is your parentage?"
"Above my fortunes, yet my state is well:
I am a gentleman." I'll be sworn thou art;
Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbs, actions, and spirit
Do give thee fivefold blazon. Not too fast! soft, soft!
Unless the master were the man. How now?
Even so quickly may one catch the plague?
Methinks I feel this youth's perfections
With an invisible and subtle stealth
To creep in at mine eyes. Well, let it be.
s the cony that you see
dwell where she is kindled.