

Shakespeare: (1) Who's there? Mmmmm... No one. 'Tis now struck twelve and bitter cold. Wait,

I think I hear them, Alas! I see them now. Welcome fine noblemen, commoners and, of course, her majesty, the Queen Elizabeth of England. I am William Shakespeare, your host for tonight's show. Pardon my blindness for not acquainting thee earlier, as 'tis not a mouse stirring this winter's eve.

But again, welcome to my show at the glorious Globe theatre. It appears the heavens have not acted so kindly on us with this horrid weather. However, let's not have a wonderful evening dampened by coldness. **(2)**

Today I have prepared a marvellous show for you all with two plays of 5 acts long, with a range of conflict and satyr to satisfy everyone's needs. We have the quite inappropriate humour for the commoners in the groundlings and the sophisticated language for our lordships and, of course, our beloved Queen, whom we must all pay much gratitude for her funding of the arts. **(3)** I have acquired the presence of the elegant Baptista from 'The Taming of the Shrew' and the royal Hamlet from 'Hamlet'. Now, fine noblemen and her majesty, sit back and enjoy the production.

Baptista: (1) Good morrow, fine noblemen. God save you. My name is Baptista Minola, a wealthy man from Padua, Italy, and father of the most divine woman in Italy- Bianca. Why, her beauty stretched far beyond anything anyone has ever seen. Countless noble suitors have lined up for her hand in marriage, offering large sums of money. But until I marry off her ghastly older sister, Katharina, Bianca cannot be married.

Ah, Katharina the curst! A title for a maid, of all titles the worst. That girl has insulted me upon my honour. For all the things I have done for her, she has done nothing in return. The education, the clothes, the food and the house. She continues to bring an embarrassment to the family name. For her tyrannical tantrums around fine noble men has caused nearly no man in the land to take her hand in marriage. Oh Bianca, she weeps for the thrill of marriage seems so far away. The money I have put in now seems like a waste. However, Bianca is still the fairest maiden in Italy. Her gorgeous looks and education of Latin and the literary arts makes her the perfect bride. It is after all, the trend of Italy; to be beautiful and educated. But that damn Katarina! All I have is her best interest in mind. I find it most vexing that she does not trust my judgment on marriage. She is too caught up in finding love rather than wealth. I feel I have come too far to let her throw it all away and settle for the life of a commoner. **(4)**

Hamlet: (1) Ah, that is where you are wrong old man. Marriage should be of the purest kind. Look at me and Ophelia. Why the bonds of our very relationship were bound together by love. I am a prince and she was the daughter of a councillor. I lov'd Ophelia. Forty thousand brothers could not, with all their quantity of their love make up my sum. And she loved me. But, oh, how foolish I was to let her slip by me. I ignored her outlandish love for me. **(4)**

Baptista: Young Hamlet, believe me so, love is great but I am only wanting the finest for my two daughters. For after my death one half of my lands, and in possession twenty thousand crowns each, will accompany them along with the wealth of their husbands. What you are doing, Hamlet, is upsetting the Great Chain of Being. A peasant should always remain a peasant and no more. Your love with Ophelia, Hamlet, has upset the chain of being. **(5)**

Hamlet: What should happen when your dearest Katherina reveals herself from that mask to her husband? Oh what a disappointment she will be.

Oh Baptista, how fond my mother would be of you. Oh, why, but only two months dead, she married with my uncle, my father's brother – but no more like my father than I to Hercules. Within a month. Ere yet the salt of most unrighteous tears had left the flushing in her galled eyes. She married – o most wicked speed! To post with such dexterity to incestuous sheets! It is not, nor it cannot come to good. But break my heart for I must hold my tongue as like you, she is also being plagued by superstitions. Ah forgive me! Where are my manners? I am Hamlet, Prince of Denmark. I seek revenge against my uncle, Claudius who now holds the throne. He murdered my father and blamed it upon a serpent. Oh they are right however,

what kind of serpent he is? Deceiving my father like that of the one in the bible. However, I will be avenged. That man is no 'chosen of God'. He is a sinner. I have the divine right of a King. My uncle has not. He has committed treason against not only my father but also God. For my uncle has murdered one of Gods anointed. (5)

But before plotting against my uncle, I must mourn for Ophelia. However, not so much as I would have thought due to the circumstances of how she lost her life. Why her death was doubtful. She drowned herself in her own defence. Frailty, thy name is woman! How can one care so much for someone that they would take their own life for...? Though I loved her very much, I cannot anymore. It would be against my will to love her. To love a sinner. God has frowned upon our .love .That is why I could not marry her. God has recognised the threat that our love posed. She a counsellor's daughter and me, a prince, a chosen man of God. The wheel of fortune has acted against our love. For its arrow is now pointing downwards towards the depths of hell. However, I will mourn no longer. I must be focused on achieving my revenge, if I am to restore order. I have directed a play, like that in the taming of the shrew when they deceived a drunk into believing he was a noble. O how joyous that was. Quite the opposite to my play however. Why, in mine I will re-enact my father's murder, for the plays the thing that will catch the conscience of the king. (5) I will catch his wrong doings out and then everyone will know the story. For after this I will strike him down with my blade of glory. Revenge will be gained and a King I will be named.

Shakespeare: Huzzah! There you have it! We have reached the conclusion of our production and what an event it has been. Baptista and Hamlet, both nobles in their own right, have given us an insight into the troubles that surround their lives. And on that note I say God give you goodnight.