



Tungsgate Quarter (Ciara Morris/Chenise Lynette [Portia], Emily Juler [Nerissa])

The Merchant of Venice

PORTIA

By my troth, Nerissa, my little body is aweary of this great world.

NERISSA

You would be, sweet madam, if your miseries were in the same abundance as your good fortunes are.

PORTIA

Good sentences and well pronounced.

NERISSA

They would be better, if well followed.

PORTIA

It is a good divine that follows his own instructions. But this reasoning is not in the fashion to choose me a husband. O me, the word 'choose!' I may neither choose whom I would nor refuse whom I dislike. Is it not hard, Nerissa, that I cannot choose one nor refuse none?

NERISSA

Your father was ever virtuous. But what warmth is there in your affection towards any of these princely suitors that are already come?

PORTIA

I pray thee, over-name them; and as thou namest them, I will describe them; and, according to my description, level at my affection.

NERISSA

First, there is the Neapolitan prince.

PORTIA

Ay, that's a colt indeed, for he doth nothing but talk of his horse.

NERISSA

Then there is the County Palatine.

PORTIA

He doth nothing but frown. God defend me from these two!

NERISSA

How say you by the French lord, Monsieur Le Bon?

PORTIA

God made him, and therefore let him pass for a man. In truth, I know it is a sin to be a mocker: but, he?!

NERISSA

What say you, then, to Falconbridge, the young baron of England?

PORTIA

You know I say nothing to him, for he understands not me, nor I him.

NERISSA

How like you the young German, the Duke of Saxony's nephew?

PORTIA

Very vilely in the morning, when he is sober, and most vilely in the afternoon, when he is



drunk: when he is best, he is a little worse than a man, and when he is worst, he is little better than a beast. I will do anything, Nerissa, ere I'll be married to a sponge.

Portia takes the photo

NERISSA

You need not fear, lady, the having any of these lords. They have acquainted me with their determinations; which are indeed to return to their home and to trouble you with no more suit.

PORTIA

I am glad this parcel of wooers are so reasonable, for there is not one among them but I dote on his very absence.

NERISSA

Do you not remember, lady, in your father's time, a Venetian, a scholar and a soldier, that came hither in company of the Marquis of Montferrat?

PORTIA

Yes, yes..

NERISSA

He, of all the men that ever my foolish eyes looked upon, was the best deserving a fair lady.

PORTIA

I remember him well, and I remember him worthy of thy praise! Oh Nerissa, go before to seek him out.

Exit Nerissa

Whiles we shut the gates upon one wooer,
Another knocks at the door!

Exit Portia

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**Si Cool Café (Emily Juler & Tom Capper)**

**The Merry Wives of Windsor**

**MISTRESS QUICKLY (Nerissa)**

Give your worship good morrow.

**FALSTAFF**

Good morrow. What with me?

**MISTRESS QUICKLY (Nerissa)**

Shall I vouchsafe your worship a word or two?



**FALSTAFF**

Two thousand, fair woman; and I'll vouchsafe thee the hearing.

**MISTRESS QUICKLY (Nerissa)**

I have a Mistress, sir. I pray, come alittle nearer this ways...

**FALSTAFF**

Well, on; thy Mistress, you say...

**MISTRESS QUICKLY (Nerissa)**

Your worship says very true - I pray your worship, come a little nearer this ways.

**FALSTAFF**

I warrant thee, nobody hears. Mine own people, mine own people.

**MISTRESS QUICKLY (Nerissa)**

Are they so?

**FALSTAFF**

Well, thy Mistress. What of her?

**MISTRESS QUICKLY (Nerissa)**

Why, sir, she's a good creature. Lord, Lord, your worship's a wanton!

**FALSTAFF**

Thy mistress... come thy mistress!

**MISTRESS QUICKLY (Nerissa)**

Marry, this is the short and the long of it: you have brought her into such a canaries as 'tis wonderful. The best courtier of them all, when the court lay at Windsor, could never have brought her to such a canary. Yet there has been knights, and lords, and gentlemen, with their coaches, I warrant you, coach after coach, letter after letter, gift after gift, smelling so sweetly, all musk, and so rushling, I warrant you, in silk and gold; and in such alligant terms, and in such wine and sugar of the best and the fairest, that would have won any woman's heart; and yet there has been earls, nay, which is more, pensioners...

**FALSTAFF**

But what says she to me? Be brief, my good she-Mercury.

**MISTRESS QUICKLY (Nerissa)**

Marry, she hath received your [photo], for the which she thanks you a thousand times; and she gives you to [notify to visit her house] between ten and eleven.



**FALSTAFF**

Ten and eleven?

**MISTRESS QUICKLY (Nerissa)**

Ay, forsooth.

**FALSTAFF**

Ten and eleven. Woman, commend me to her. I will not fail her.

**MISTRESS QUICKLY (Nerissa)**

Why, you say well. I never knew a woman so dote upon a man - surely I think you have charms, la; yes, in truth.

**FALSTAFF**

Not I, I assure thee. Setting the attractions of my good parts aside, I have no other charms. Fare thee well: commend me to thy mistress.

*Nerissa exits*

This news distracts me! Sayest thou so, old Jack? Go thy ways; I'll make more of thy old body than I have done!

*Exits to hatch a plan*

*Nerissa has lingered at the end of the street, and stops the walkers*

**MISTRESS QUICKLY (Nerissa)**

My friends. I have bated the trout – but you must catch him by tickling.

*Handing over a letter to a walker*

Carry these obscure epistles of love and when you see him next thrust them into his hand, and he shall think, by this letter that they come from my lady, and that she's in love with him! Observe him, for the love of mockery; for I know this letter will make a contemplative idiot of him. Close, in the name of jesting!

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Waterstones (Luca Murton)

Sonnet 17

Who will believe my verse in time to come,
If it were fill'd with your most high deserts?
Though yet, heaven 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 touch'd 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 stretched metre of an antique song;
But were some child of yours alive that time,
You should live twice: in it and in my rhyme.

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### **Riverbank (Rosalind Lailey)**

#### **GERTRUDE (Hamlet)**

There is a willow grows askant the brook  
That shows his hoary leaves in the glassy stream.  
Therewith fantastic garlands did she make  
Of crow-flowers, nettles, daisies, and long purples  
That liberal shepherds give a grosser name,  
But our cold maids do dead men's fingers call them.  
There on the pendent boughs her coronet weeds  
Clamb'ring to hang, an envious sliver broke,  
When down her weedy trophies and herself  
Fell in the weeping brook. Her clothes spread wide,  
And mermaid-like awhile they bore her up,  
Which time she chanted snatches of old tunes,  
As one incapable of her own distress,  
Or like a creature native and indued  
Unto that element. But long it could not be  
Till that her garments, heavy with their drink,  
Pull'd the poor wretch from her melodious lay  
To muddy death.

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Lock Gates (Ciara Morris/Chenise Lynette as the Portia character from before)

The Two Gentlemen of Verona (Sylvia)

O Eglamour, thou art a gentleman
(Think not I flatter, for I swear I do not)
Valiant, wise, remorseful, well accomplish'd.



Thou art not ignorant what dear good will
I bear unto [my dear'st] valentine;
Nor how my father would enforce me marry
[This gen'leman] whom my very soul abhors.
Thyself hast lov'd, and I have heard thee say
No grief did ever come so near thy heart
As when thy lady and thy true love died,
Upon whose grave thou vow'dst pure chastity.
Sir Eglamour, I would to Valentine,
To Mantua, where I hear he makes abode;
And for the ways are dangerous to pass,
I do desire thy worthy company,
Upon whose faith and honour I repose.
Urge not my father's anger, Eglamour,
But think upon my grief, a lady's grief,
And on the justice of my flying hence,
To keep me from a most unholy match,
Which heaven and fortune still rewards with plagues.
I do desire thee, even from a heart
As full of sorrows as the sea of sands,
To bear me company and go with me;
If not, to hide what I have said to thee,
That I may venture to depart alone.

St Mary's Chruchyard (Emma Manton)

BURGUNDY (Henry V)

[This] vine, the merry cheerer of the heart,
Unpruned dies; [these] hedges even-pleached,
Like prisoners wildly overgrown with hair,
Put forth disordered twigs; [these] fallow leas
The darnel, hemlock and rank fumitory
Doth root upon, while that the coulter rusts
That should deracinate such savagery.
The even mead, that erst brought sweetly forth
The freckled cowslip, burnet and green clover,
Wanting the scythe, all uncorrected, rank,
Conceives by idleness and nothing teems
But hateful docks, rough thistles, kecksies, burs,
Losing both beauty and utility.
And as our vineyards, fallows, meads and hedges,
Defective in their natures, grow to wildness,



Even so our houses and our selves and children
Have lost, or do not learn for want of time,
The sciences that should become our country,
But grow like beasts, as soldiers will
That nothing do but meditate on blood,
To swearing and stern looks, diffused attire,
And everything that seems unnatural.
Which to reduce into our former favour
You are assembled; and my speech entreats
That I may know the let, why gentle peace
Should not expel these inconveniences
And bless us with her former qualities.

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### **Alice statue, Castle Gardens (Ricky Oakley)**

#### **Sonnet 105 & 106**

Let not my love be called idolatry,  
Nor my beloved as an idol show,  
Since all alike my songs and praises be,  
To one, of one, still such, and ever so.  
Kind is my love today, tomorrow kind,  
Still constant in a wondrous excellence;  
Therefore my verse to constancy confined,  
One thing expressing, leaves out difference.  
Fair, kind and true is all my argument,  
Fair, kind, and true, varying to other words,  
And in this change is my invention spent,  
Three themes in one, which wondrous scope affords.  
Fair, kind, and true have often lived alone,  
Which three, till now, never kept seat in one.

When in the chronicle of wasted time  
I see descriptions of the fairest wights,  
And beauty making beautiful old rhyme,  
In praise of ladies dead, and lovely knights;  
Then in the blazon of sweet beauties best,  
Of hand, of foot, of lip, of eye, of brow,  
I see their antique pen would have expressed  
Even such a beauty as you master now:  
So all their praises are but prophecies  
Of this our time, all you prefiguring;



And, for they looked but with divining eyes  
They had not skill enough your worth to sing;  
For we, which now behold these present days,  
Had eyes to wonder, but lack tongues to praise.

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War Memorial - Castle Gardens (Hayden Mampasi)

Sonnet 12 & 15

When I do count the clock that tells the time,
And see the brave day sunk in hideous night;
When I behold the violet past prime,
And sable curls all silvered o'er with white:
When lofty trees I see barren of leaves,
Which erst from heat did canopy the herd,
And summer's green all girded up in sheaves
Borne on the bier with white and bristly beard:
Then of thy beauty do I question make,
That thou among the wastes of time must go,
Since sweets and beauties do themselves forsake,
And die as fast as they see others grow,
And nothing 'gainst Time's scythe can make defence
Save breed to brave him when he takes thee hence.

When I consider everything that grows
Holds in perfection but a little moment;
That this huge stage presenteth nought but shows
Whereon the stars in secret influence comment;
When I perceive that men as plants increase,
Cheered and cheque'd even by the self-same sky,
Vaunt in their youthful sap, at height decrease,
And wear their brave state out of memory:
Then the conceit of this inconstant stay
Sets you, most rich in youth, before my sight,
Where wasteful Time debateth with decay
To change your day of youth to sullied night:
And all in war with Time for love of you
As he takes from you, I engraft you new.

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## Royal Oak Pub (Jack Whitam)

### Twelfth Night (Malvolio)

'Tis but fortune; all is fortune. [My lady] once told me she did affect me: and I have heard herself come thus near, that, should she fancy, it should be one of my complexion. Having been three months married to her, sitting in my state. Calling my officers about me, in my branched velvet gown; having come from a day-bed, where I have left [my lady] sleeping. And then to have the humour of state; and after a demure travel of regard, telling them I know my place as I would they should do theirs... “[Miss Nerissa], if you prized my lady's favour at anything more than contempt, you would not give means for this uncivil rule!”

*Noticing a letter in a walker's hand*

What employment have we here? By my life, this is my lady's hand. To whom should this be?

*Reads*

'I may command where I adore: M, O, A, I, doth sway my life.' Let me see, let me see. 'I may command where I adore.' Why, she may command me: I serve her; she is my lady. And the end,--what should that alphabetical position portend? If I could make that resemble something in me. Softly! M, O, A, I...M, M, why, that begins my name! Soft! Here follows prose.

*Reads*

'If this fall into thy hand, revolve. In my stars I am above thee; but be not afraid of greatness: some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon 'em. Go to, thou art made, if thou desirest to be so; if not, let me see thee a steward still, the fellow of servants, and not worthy to touch Fortune's fingers. Farewell. She that would alter services with thee, THE FORTUNATE-UNHAPPY!' Daylight and champaign discovers not more! I thank my stars I am happy! Here is yet a postscript.

*Reads*

'Thou canst not choose but know who I am. If thou entertainest my love, let it appear in thy smiling; thy smiles become thee well; therefore in my presence still smile, dear my sweet, I prithee.' I will smile; I will do everything that thou wilt have me.

*Ends*