Mapping Shakespeare

*Midsummer Nights Dream*

**Helena**
How happy some o’er other some can be!
Through Athens I am thought as fair as she.
But what of that? Demetrius thinks not so;
He will not know what all but he do know;

**Hamlet** Act 3, Scene 1

**Hamlet**
To be, or not to be, that is the question:
Whether ‘tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles
And by opposing end them. To die—to sleep,
No more;

*As You Like It* Act 2, Scene 7

**Jacques**
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;
And then the whining school-boy, with his satchel
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school….

**Romeo** 2.2
But, soft! what light through yonder window breaks?
It is the east, and Juliet is the sun.
Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,
Who is already sick and pale with grief,
That thou her maid art far more fair than she:

Be not her maid, since she is envious;
Her vestal livery is but sick and green
And none but fools do wear it; cast it off.

It is my lady, O, it is my love!
O, that she knew she were!
She speaks yet she says nothing: what of that?
Her eye discourses; I will answer it.
I am too bold, ’tis not to me she speaks:

Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven,
Having some business, do entreat her eyes
To twinkle in their spheres till they return.

What if her eyes were there, they in her head?
The brightness of her cheek would shame those stars,
As daylight doth a lamp; her eyes in heaven
Would through the airy region stream so bright
That birds would sing and think it were not night.

See, how she leans her cheek upon her hand!
O, that I were a glove upon that hand,
That I might touch that cheek!

Kate and Petruchio

KATHERINA
Asses are made to bear, and so are you.

PETRUCHIO
Women are made to bear, and so are you.

KATHERINA
No such jade as you, if me you mean.

PETRUCHIO
Alas, good Kate, I will not burden thee,
For knowing thee to be but young and light.

KATHERINA
Too light for such a swain as you to catch,
And yet as heavy as my weight should be.

PETRUCHIO
Should be! Should—buzz!

KATHERINA
Well ta’en, and like a buzzard.

PETRUCHIO
O slow-wing’d turtle, shall a buzzard take thee?

KATHERINA
Ay, for a turtle, as he takes a buzzard.

PETRUCHIO
Come, come, you wasp, i’ faith you are too angry.

KATHERINA
If I be waspish, best beware my sting.

PETRUCHIO
My remedy is then to pluck it out.

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

PETRUCHIO
Who knows not where a wasp does wear his sting?
In his tail.
KATHERINA
In his tongue.
PETRUCHIO
Whose tongue?
KATHERINA
Yours, if you talk of tales, and so farewell.

OPEN SCENE

A: Think this will last long?
B: What?
A: This. It has to end sometime.
B: This?
A: It can’t go on forever, right?
B: It can’t go on forever.
A: You’re right. It isn’t so bad.
B: If you say so.
A: I feel better. Thanks.
B: If you say so