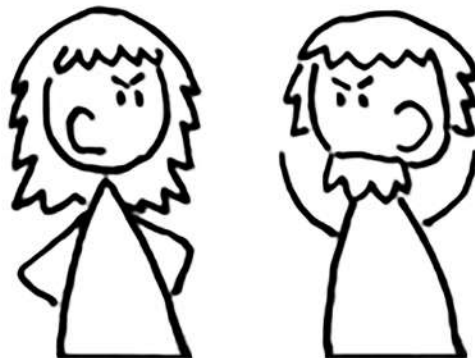


Much Ado About Nothing

Cue Script:

Beatrice and Benedick



Working on a scene with the help of a cue script is not only a great way to understand the historical context of rehearsing and acting in Shakespeare's time, it also forces students and actors alike to listen attentively to what the other characters are saying in order not to miss their cue. In addition, Shakespeare's plays contain very few explicit stage directions, as most of the clues are in the lines they speak. As a consequence, cue scripts are great for a two-stage exercise:



Step one: read the script together and listen out for cues; think about the characters and their relationships to each other, plus their mood (does it change over the course of the scene, or does it stay the same?)



Step two: think about inserting the stage directions – what do the characters do at which point in the scene? Do they enter the stage at some point, or do they go off? Do they need any props at any point?

Much Ado About Nothing

Cue Script Act I, Scene I

BENEDICK

Benedick. What, my dear Lady Disdain! Are you yet living?

in her presence.

Benedick. Then is courtesy a turncoat. But it is certain I am loved of all ladies, only you excepted: and I would I could find in my heart that I had not a hard heart; for, truly, I love none.

he loves me.

Benedick. God keep your ladyship still in that mind! So some gentleman or other shall 'scape a predestinate scratched face.

as yours were.

Benedick. Well, you are a rare parrot-teacher!

beast of yours.

Benedick. I would my horse had the speed of your tongue, and so good a continuer. But keep your way, i' God's name; I have done.

Much Ado About Nothing

Cue Script Act I, Scene I

BEATRICE

Are you yet living?

Beatrice. Is it possible disdain should die, while she hath such meet food to feed it as Signior Benedick? Courtesy itself must convert to disdain, if you come in her presence.

I love none.

Beatrice. A dear happiness to women: they would else have been troubled with a pernicious suitor. I thank God and my cold blood, I am of your humour for that: I had rather hear my dog bark at a crow than a man swear he loves me.

predestinate scratched face.

Beatrice. Scratching could not make it worse, an 'twere such a face as yours were

rare parrot-teacher!

Beatrice. A bird of my tongue is better than a beast of yours.