

S H A K E S P E A R E

H A K E S P E A R E

A K E S P E A R E

K E S P E A R E

E S P E A R E

S P E A R E

P E A R E

E A R E

A R E

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E

in the

21st CENTURY

by
the **SUPER SECRET SPELLING BEE** GROUP



Универзитет „Св. Кирил и Методиј“ – Скопје
Филолошки факултет „Блаже Конески“ – Скопје

SHAKESPEARE IN THE 21ST CENTURY

by the Super Secret Spelling Bee group

Skopje
2024

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ВОВЕД

Почетокот на секој семестар е најава за авантура. Не постојат гаранции дека некој специфичен пристап во наставата, некоја кажана реченица, некоја книга или дискусија ќе предизвика секогаш исти ефекти. Дека нешто што во некој контекст или за некои студенти предизвикало позитивна промена, и друг пат ќе го има истиот ефект. Ефектот е секогаш различен, и тоа е дел од авантурата. Искуството, сепак, покажува дека кога има атмосфера во која можеме меѓусебно да се слушнеме, да се разбереме, да си помогнеме да размислуваме и да го разбереме она што го читаме и дискутираме, тогаш изгледите за позитивна промена сигурно се поголеми.

Ја посакувам таа атмосфера на сите нивоа на образование, за сите помали и поголеми деца. И не поминува ниту еден наставен час а да не помислам барем на секунда дека делче од таквата атмосфера и авантура ќе се пренесе понатаму.

Ова е приказна за една таква авантура.

Во октомври 2022 година, две колешки и јас решивме да одиме на часовите по Англиска книжевност 7 а во следниот семестар и на Англиска книжевност 8, предмети фокусирани на неколку драми од Шекспир, кај професорката Рајна Кошка за да ги слушаме нејзините предавањата, за кои генерации студенти имаат споделено прекрасни впечатоци, пред да замине во пензија.

Во декември разговаравме со студентите за идејата да направиме претстава-изненадување за професорката Кошка на крајот од академската година, со оглед на тоа дека Рајна работеше со многу генерации студенти на подготвување сцени и претстави поврзани со драмите на Шекспир што се одигруваа во различни контексти. Тоа беше почетниот импулс. Понатаму, сè е концепт и идеја на студентките и студентите од генерацијата што во 2022-23 беше четврта година на Катедрата за англиски јазик и книжевност. Тие со голем ентузијазам го остварија овој проект, што покажува колку длабока трага оставила Рајна со својот пристап на часовите во изминати години, па студентите почувствуваа потреба да покажат – преку создавање на претставата *Шекспир во 21 век* – барем дел од она што таа им го пренела.

Подготовката на драмата беше бескрајно убава и забавна авантура. Тајните средби ги држевме во англиската библиотека, во бифето на Правниот факултет, во различни училници, во Вајбер групата што ја направија студентите. Нивните креативни потенцијали дојдоа до израз уште веднаш. Се мислевме како да ја држиме претставата во тајност до самиот ден на изведување, па една од идеите беше да најавиме дека ќе има Spelling Bee, а потоа во закажаниот термин всушност да се изведе драмата. Така го смислија името за Вајбер групата – *Super Secret Spelling Bee*, на која разменувавме идеи за претставата.

Студент(к)ите се поделија во групи и одбраа сцени од драмите на Шекспир врз основа на кои напишаа свои текстови, еден вид пародии на избраните сцени, сместени во денешно време, како и завршна песна. Текстот за претставата природно си го доби името *Shakespeare in the 21st Century*. Пародијата ми е еден од омилените жанрови, а успешна, суптилна, духовита, интелегентна пародија е една од најтешките работи за пишување. Подразбира одлично познавање и разбирање на примарниот текст, детектирање во

него на оние елементи што и денес се релевантни и поткопување на она што би го виделе како проблематични општествени норми и стереотипи. Сето ова без сомнеж го има и е видливо во сцените што ги напишаа студентите и кои имав чест да ги читам додека беа во изработка.

Кратка анегдота поврзана со претставата: една од идеите на студентите беше и да му пишеме на Ијан Мекелен, еден од актерите кои имаат одиграно повеќе улоги во театарски и филмски верзии на Шекспировите драми, и кого професорката Кошка го спомнуваше на часовите, за да го замолиме да каже нешто кратко за своето актерско искуство во некоја од Шекспировите драми, притоа да го снимиме и снимката да ја пуштиме на претставата. На нивна иницијатива, му напишав порака на Инстаграм, кусо објаснување за претставата. Не можам ни да замислам колку пораки дневно добива Мекелен, па се разбира, не ни очекувавме одговор. Но пораката од *Super Secret Spelling Bee* е таму. Во инбоксот на Инстаграм-страницата на Мекелен.

Пробите беа особено забавни, како што веројатно може да се види и од фотографиите од кои неколку избравме за оваа книга. Сцените се испробуваа во разни варијанти. Во еден момент дојде и студент од Факултетот за драмски уметности, кој исто така слушал предавања кај професорката Кошка, и тој помогна во режисерското осмислување.

Неможејќи да го организираме настанот без барем неколку дена порано да информираме за него, главно за да можеме да ѝ го соопштиме на потенцијалната публика, на една од пробите се јавивме и ја информиравме Рајна за претставата. И таа случка е одбележана со фотографија.

Претставата *Shakespeare in the 21st Century* во чест на професорката Рајна Кошка се одржа на 29 мај 2023 година попладне во Аулата на Филолошкиот факултет „Блаже Конески“

во Скопје. И имаше бројна публика. И не вврнеше, иако имаше таква прогноза, што нè загрижуваше поради можноста дождот да го задуши звукот. Но сè беше фантастично.

Тешко е да се опише радоста, гордоста и благодарноста од целиот процес на соработка со мотивирани и ентузијастични студенти и студентки на еден толку убав настан, како и од неговиот краен резултат. Мене лично ми е значаен и од уште една причина. Ми потврди нешто што сум го имам забележано и досега: дека позитивната атмосфера, соработката, меѓусебното разбирање се најважни и ја поттикнуваат и мотивацијата за учење. Планирам секаде и секогаш да го тврдам ова, со целиот ризик да станам здодевна во повторување на таквото тврдење.

Калина Малеска

ПРЕДГОВОР

“Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind...”

(A Midsummer Night's Dream, 1.1. 245)

Годината е 1993. Јас сум асистент по англиска книжевност и по предметот што тогаш беше насловен Специјален курс за Шекспир. Зад фонтаните во аулата на Филолошкиот факултет, невидливи за публиката, студентите. Со нив сум и јас. Сите сме возбудени. И тогаш настапуваат. Потоа радост и, претпоставувам, чувства за кои тешко може да се најдат зборови. Ова е обид за кус опис на првиот студентски сценски проект којшто произлезе од предметот што студентите од таа генерација го слушаа и од она што претходно го споделија со колегите и колешките во предавалната, а сега склопено во една целина. Она што веднаш можеше да се забележи е нивната креативност, компетентност и најразлични дарби.

Годината е 2023, триесет години и триесетина студентски сценски проекти подоцна. И како во сон, одеднаш пред мене во аулата на нашиот факултет повторно се отвора светот на Шекспир. Но овој пат зад фонтаните не сум јас. Вие сте тие што ги создадовте, напишавте, пре-напишавте и пре-создадовте

драмите и ликовите на Шекспир. Пред публиката им дават живот на ликовите од *Макбет*, *Хенри IV* (прв дел), *Ричард III*, *Ромео и Јулија*, *Хамлет*, *Како што ви е арно*. Прозборува и самиот Шекспир. За предметите Англиска книжевност 7 и Англиска книжевност 8 се предвидени седум драми. За своето сценарио одбравте дури шест, но и една драма што не е вклучена во предметните програми. Ова само го потврдува она што уште од самиот почеток можеше да се забележи, а тоа е вашата љубов кон книжевноста, интелектуалната љубопитност и желбата да се излезе и нурне и надвор од, условно кажано, зададената рамка.

Овие млади личности кои го создадоа сценариото за *Шекспир во 21-от век*, а тоа е многу повеќе од сценарио и многу поблиску до драмски текст, ги краси неисцрпна потреба за дискусија, истражување, аргументирање и искажување сопствено мислење и сигурна сум дека тоа продолжува и откако ги напуштија студентските клупи и предавалните. Притоа со својот настап прикажаа исклучително продлабочено познавање на секој лик, чин и стих, а со тоа и го пре-напишаа Шекспир и го оживеаја на свој начин во 21-от век, оставајќи силен впечаток со нивното владеење со раниот модерен англиски јазик којшто се зборуваше во Англија пред четиристотини години, владеење со јазикот на Шекспир и неговиот поетски израз.

Многу е тешко да се напише нешто за драмски текст во кој ликовите со своите реплики лично ви се обраќаат.

Стихот од *Сон во ноќта спроти Иванден* од почетокот на овој текст (којшто е, секако, надвор од контекстот на драмата, но многу блиску до она што се обидувам да го кажам) ме поттикна подетално да проверам кои се обичаите поврзани со Иванден кај нас и во Англија. И ете, многу се слични. Меѓу другото, се бара митскиот цвет на папратот, митски затоа што папратот не цути и затоа што се верува дека има магиска моќ. Некаде на интернетот пишува и што друго се прави на тој ден. Ќе си дадам слобода

да пренесам дел од тие обичаи и да им дадам метафоричко значење, не-академски и без наведување на изворот. Впрочем, тие народни обичаи се и универзални.

Драги колешки и колеги, патот до убавото е речиси секогаш и трнлив, но се осмелувам да кажам дека со вас пеевме и танцувавме до зајдисонце, си кажувавме приказни, на полноќ го баравме магичниот цвет на папратот, прескокнувавме огнови, го миевме лицето со утринската роса и фрлавме венци од цвеќиња во реки и езера.

Ја споделувавме магијата на микрокосмосот на предавалната, а од вас ја добив и доживеав најголемата привилегија што еден наставник може да ја доживее. За тоа сум ви засекогаш благодарна – за мене останувате инспирација, но сигурно и за сите што ќе бидат дел од вашата иднина.

Рајна Кошка-Хот

T H E **T** H R E E W I T C H E S

H E T **H** R E E W I T C H E S

E T H **R** E E W I T C H E S

T H R **E** W I T C H E S

H R E **E** W I T C H E S

R E E W I T C H E S

E E W I T C H E S

E W I T C H E S

W I T C H E S

I T C H E S

T C H E S

C H E S

H E S

E S

S

Marija Cvetkovska	as	WITCH	#1
Ardita Bislimi	as	WITCH	#2
Viktorija Postoloska	as	WITCH	#3

[Thunder and lighting – Enter Three Witches]

ALL:

Fair is foul and foul is fair

Hover through the fog and filthy air

[salutations]

“Be not confused, nor be afraid of us,

For in good humor, do we make our fuss.

We sisters, beings of eternal grace,

Have seen all trials that time can ever trace.

The world’s a stage for us, and we stand by,

To watch as acts unfold, and worlds do die.

Yet in our mischief, we do intervene,

To prophesy, and keep the balance keen.

The bard made use of our own incantations,

So we cursed his play in vengeance and damnation.

We’ve fooled around, even in this academy,

And you called us the ghost of “П четири”.

On this fine evening, we have come to play

In this strange academy, and here we’ll stay.

Our attention’s caught by a raven-haired dame,

Who teaches here, and carries quite a name.

From the shadows we watched her oftentime,
And thought 'Oh what a lady fair and fine!'
For giving voices to the silenced ones,
We admire her, and all her noble runs.
We would have asked her
To join our coven, weave magic in the night,
But humans do need her wisdom and her might,
So instead, a gift we offer to this erudite fine,
By bringing forth her muses from their time.

R O M E O A N D J U L I E T
O M E O A N D J U L I E T
M E O A N D J U L I E T
E O A N D J U L I E T
O A N D J U L I E T
A N D J U L I E T
N D J U L I E T
D J U L I E T
J U L I E T
U L I E T
L I E T
I E T
E T
T

Blagoja Jovanovski as ROMEO
Tea Dojčinovska as JULIET

INTRODUCTION

WITCH #1

In fair Verona's streets, where passions bloom,
A lover's heart beats with ardor and gloom.
Meet Romeo, Montague's fervent heir,
Whose heart, aflame, seeks love's tender lair.
Within fair Juliet, a spirit so bright,
Resides a soul with love's gentle might.
From Capulet blood, her grace does emerge,
A jewel of beauty, like a song to surge.
In starlit realms, where lovers intertwine,
Romeo yearns for love's sweet, golden shrine.
With sonnets whispered, soft melodies play,
To rekindle passion and entice Juliet's way.
Shakespeare introduction

SCENE

THE MOST EXCELLENT AND LAMENTABLE FARCE OF ROMEO AND JULIET

The Balcony Scene

KIND OF A PROLOGUE BY ROMEO: It's been 400 years since we've last heard of the children that murdered six people. These meddling witches have brought us back to life once again and with that, have incurred our wrath. But forget that, Juliet says that she wants to marry at 13. Will she, or will she not? That is the question.

[Romeo jumps from below to the main stage and falls accidentally]

[Juliet hears something and is wondering what's happening]

ROMEO: *[aside but not really]* What is this darkness coming from
yonder stairs?

It is an Eclipse, and Juliet is the Sun.

Oh, it is my teenage love interest! Like in the Marvel movies!

Ugh...I wish I was her glove so I can lay upon her cheek.

[brief pause, Romeo looks at his watch]

[yells] Hellooooo... Girl, I know we've only seen each other once
but can you please say something.

JULIET: Ay me.

ROMEO: Ooooh, what heavenly voice? She speaks, yet she says
nothing.

JULIET: O Romeo, Romeo, wherefore art thou Romeo?

Swear to me that you'll give your name to your father
and I'll be no longer a Capulet myself.

ROMEO: I'm right below you my little teddy bear. I know thy father speaks for you but he can never have that gaze. *[pronounces it in Macedonian but corrects himself]*

Why should we renounce our names, can't we just like each other sub rosa?

JULIET: But that name is my enemy, oh why cannot be another one? What is a name? That which we call a rose by any other name that would smell as sweet. So, Romeo cast off your name which is not a part of you and take all of me.

ROMEO: Hmm. *[brief pause]* Considered it done. I am now Romeo Hemsworth. *[aside]* I hope I'm good enough for her dad now...

JULIET: *[realizes Romeo's standing below]* What Man are you? That hides in the shadows of night to spy on me.

ROMEO: Man? Girl, I'm 16. And if it wasn't for Dvojka I would be losing my heart to you way before the hours of darkness.

JULIET: I am blushing of what you have me hear say tonight. In truth fair Montague I am too fond, but if you think you can win me over ohhh boy you better try you damn hardest because I am not like all the other girls that you young men fantasize about.

ROMEO: *[scared]* But, but I swear my love to you. Pleeaaaaaaseee. *[sobs]*

Here, the Moon is my witness.

JULIET: Do not swear by the Moon. Because she is Rosaline.

ROMEO: Then what should I swear by, my life? It's now or never but I ain't gonna live forever.

JULIET: Do not swear at all and listen hard. Are we too rash, unadvised, too quick?

[brief pause, Juliet wonders]

Good night, bye.

ROMEO: What, are you leaving me before we can canoodle?

JULIET: What more do you want tonight?

ROMEO: To make a promise. I'll wait for you if you wait for me.

JULIET: I would've given you mine before you could say it.

ROMEO: Perfect.

JULIET: Let's just get married.

ROMEO: Oh my god, I know you're a Leo but don't be such a harum-scarum. We promised to wait, be patient my honeybun. All in due time.

JULIET: I can not help it...

My bounty is as boundless as the sea,
My love as deep. The more I give to thee,
The more I have, for both are infinite.

ROMEO: But to cross the stars would be as impossible as going to heaven without dying. So, let's get to know each other a bit better. What's your favourite constellation?

JULIET: Gemini, because it reminds me of you, my love.

ROMEO: Oh, how did you know I'm a Gemini?

JULIET: A nightingale whispered it in my dreams.

ROMEO: I know they have a bad rep, but I'm not your typical Gemini.

JULIET: Yes, I know. You're so much better and prettier.

ROMEO: Oh Juliet.

JULIET: Oh Romeo.

ROMEO: It's getting early, how about another rendezvous tomorrow?

JULIET: Just tell me at what time do I send the nurse.

ROMEO: 4:20 at daddy Lawrence's dungeon.

JULIET: I will not fail. Oh, it's almost dawn, I need to get my beauty

sleep.

Good night, good night. Parting is such sweet sorrow
That I shall say "Good night" till it be morrow.

(Juliet exits.)

ROMEO: Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in thy breast.
Wish I were sleep and peace, to with you rest.

(Romeo exits.)

H A M L E T R I C H A R D I I I
A M L E T I C H A R D I I I
M L E T C H A R D I I I
L E T H A R D I I I
E T A R D I I I
T R D I I I
D I I I
I I I F

Aleksandra Atanasova

as

FALSTAFF

F A

Nela Georgievska

as

RICHARD III

F A L

Savče Gjoševa

as

HAMLET

F A L S

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INTRODUCTION

WITCH #2

O that this too horrid scene would end

Begone! We shall bring forth kings and scholars

Alas, poor Hamlet, I knew him, lady

Such a melancholy youth was never seen

In Denmark, his self-proclaimed prison

But who shall keep him company in this age?

Now is this play made glorious

By the ruthless cunning Machiavel

Former Duke of Gloucester

Now King Richard III

Come forth present thyself to this dame

Let us raise Falstaff the Elizabethan skeptic

Sweet Jack Falstaff, Sir John Sack-and-sugar

His presence adds a jovial, roguish light

Amongst Hamlet and Richard, a contrasting sight!

SCENE

ACT III, Scene I

(Falstaff and Richard the Third are standing in front of a map of England, engrossed in a heated discussion. Hamlet is sitting on a chair in the corner, lost in his own thoughts.)

FALSTAFF: (bowing) My Lord, England's dominion and impact will always remain unmatched. With you on the throne, our adversaries quiver at the mere mention of our name.

RICHARD III: (smiling) Your loyalty is truly commendable, Falstaff. But let us not forget that it is my strength and cunning that have brought us this far.

FALSTAFF: (smiling back) Of course, my Lord. But it is your loyal subjects who do your bidding and make your dreams a reality.

RICHARD III: (nodding) True. Without your unwavering support and dedication, my country would crumble.

HAMLET: (muttering to himself) To be or not to be... that is the question.

FALSTAFF: (turning to Hamlet, raising his eyebrows) What say you, young Hamlet? Do you not agree with us?

HAMLET: (sighing) To be or not to be... that is the question.

RICHARD III: (impatiently) Come now, Hamlet. Speak your mind.

HAMLET: (standing up) My Lords, forgive my melancholic demeanor. But as I contemplate the state of our great nation, I cannot help but ponder on the morality of our actions.

FALSTAFF: (chuckling) Morality? My dear Hamlet, it is a thing of fools.

HAMLET: (ignoring Falstaff) We strive for power and influence, but at what cost? Have we become so blinded by our ambition that

we have forgotten our humanity?

RICHARD III: (rolling his eyes) Spare us your philosophy, Hamlet. We live in a world where might makes right.

HAMLET: (passionately) But at what cost? Our actions have consequences, and they will be judged by future generations. Is it worth sacrificing our morality for temporary gains?

FALSTAFF: (sarcastically) Oh, please. Spare us your moralizing, Hamlet. We have worlds to conquer, and we cannot afford to get dewy – eyed.

HAMLET: (resolutely) But it is precisely because we have a country to run that we must be mindful of our actions. Let us not forget that power corrupts, and absolute power corrupts absolutely.

RICHARD III: (nodding) Wise words, Hamlet. But sometimes, one must do what is necessary to ensure the survival of the fittest.

HAMLET: (sighing) To be or not to be... that is the question. But in the end, it is our actions that will define us. Let us hope that history will judge us kindly.

(Falstaff and Richard the Third exchange a knowing look.)

(Richard III is getting increasingly annoyed with Hamlet's melancholic musings. He looks at the audience knowingly and powerful.)

RICHARD III: (aside) Ah, this melancholic fool bores me to death. It's time to end this.

(He signals his servants to take Hamlet away, off-scene. The sound of a struggle is heard.)

FALSTAFF: (drunkenly, oblivious) Oh, poor Hamlet! Sad Hamlet! Too bad he's dead Hamlet!

(Richard III looks at Falstaff, irritated.)

RICHARD III: (sighing) Must you always make a fool of yourself, Falstaff?

FALSTAFF: (smiling) But my lord, I'm only trying to lighten the mood.
(He takes a swig of wine from the bottle.)

RICHARD III: (shaking his head) You really are incorrigible.

FALSTAFF: (grinning) And you love me for it.

RICHARD III: (rolling his eyes) You flatter yourself, Falstaff.

FALSTAFF: (laughing) And you love me for that too.

(Richard III can't help but chuckle at Falstaff's antics.)

RICHARD III: (smiling) I suppose you're right. You do have a certain charm, even when you're being a drunken fool.

FALSTAFF: (beaming) That's why you keep me around, my lord.

(Richard III nods, amused, as the scene fades to black.)

M A C B E T H S
A C B E T H S
C B E T H S
B E T H S
E T H S
T H S
H S
S

Ivana Rakidžiev

as

MACBETH

M

Biljana Filipović

as

LADY MACBETH

M A

M A C

M A C B

M A C B E

M A C B E T

M A C B E T H

M A C B E T H S

INTRODUCTION

WITCH #3

*in Scottish

The raven himself is hoarse,
That croaks the fatal entrance of the Macbeths
Under her battlements [points at Koshka].
Come, you dim bride of a fair husband,
with a gown soaked in blood that is not his.
Come, you oblivious orphan with a
Heavy conscience hidden under a heavier breast
Where heaven suffers to peep and cry:
(all three witches scream together): Hold, hold!

SCENE

Setting: Getting resurrected from the Three Weird Sisters at the faculty.

MACBETH (loudly) Where am I? What is happening?

LADY MACBETH (in disbelief) Macbeth? Is that you?

MACBETH (surprised) Lady Macbeth? I thought I would never see you again! Shouldn't you have died hereafter?

MACBETH (looking around) This does not look like Scotland.

LADY MACBETH (nodding) I do not think we are in our time anymore.

MACBETH (confused) What do you mean?

LADY MACBETH (explaining) I mean that we have been resurrected in a different time, my love. Look at all these strange contraptions around us.

MACBETH (looking at the lights/projector up) Ah, yes. I see what you mean... God, we are alive in the 21st century?? Well, so foul and fair a day I have NOT seen.

LADY MACBETH (realizing that she is alive again) WAIT A MINUTE. I FOUND OUT FROM THOSE THREE WEIRD BITCHES THAT YOU DID NOT BECOME THE GREATEST KING OF THEM ALL, IS THAT TRUE?????

MACBETH (defensive) I did my best, my lady.

LADY MACBETH (yelling and choking Macbeth) THOU COWARDLY DONKEY, your best? Your best was never good enough! You should have killed more kings, seized more power, and ruled with an iron fist!!!!

MACBETH (aghast) That was not the kind of king I wanted to be. I wanted to rule with pride and bravery.

LADY MACBETH (disgusted) Pride and bravery? Those are the words of a weakling, too full of the milk of human kindness. You should have been topfull of the direst cruelty, like me.

MACBETH (rolling his eyes) Oh, please. You were the one who drove me to madness and death.

LADY MACBETH (smiling) Yes, I was. And I would do it all over again if it meant you would be the greatest king of them all.

MACBETH: (resigned) Oh, great. Just what I needed. Another round of murder and mayhem.

LADY MACBETH: (shocked) What are you talking about? You wanted to be king! I DID EVERYTHING FOR YOU AND YOUR LITTLE REPUTATION!

MACBETH: (irritated) Yeah, and you were the one who pushed me to kill Duncan! Do you remember that?

LADY MACBETH: (smiling sweetly) Of course I do, my love. We have a new chance now, a new world to conquer.

MACBETH: (skeptical) And how do you plan to do that? By murdering more people? (looking towards the audience) I have no spur To prick the sides of my intent, but only Vaulting ambition which overleaps itself And falls on the other.

LADY MACBETH: (slyly) Oh, Macbeth. You know me so well. But this time, we'll use our brains, not just our swords.

MACBETH: (unconvinced) I don't know, Lady Macbeth. I'm not sure I want to go down that road again.

LADY MACBETH: (pouting) Oh, come on, Macbeth. Don't be such a wimp. You used to be so brave.

MACBETH: (irritated) And you used to be so... so... pushy!

LADY MACBETH: (smiling wickedly) That's why you loved me, remember?

MACBETH: (sighing) Yeah, I guess you're right.

LADY MACBETH: (patting his hand) Of course, I am. Now, let's start planning our new empire. Who do you want to eliminate first?

MACBETH: (rubbing his forehead) I don't know, Lady Macbeth. Can't we just live a peaceful life for once?

LADY MACBETH: (disgusted) Peaceful? That's not the Macbeth I remember. (angrily) What beast was't then That made you break this enterprise to me? When you durst do it, then you were a man! You used to be ruthless and unstoppable!

MACBETH: (sighing) Yeah, I know. But that was then, and this is now.

LADY MACBETH (thoughtful) You know, I found out from the underworld that our story became very famous... as you can see... (pointing towards the crowd) AND THEY DO NOT KNOW that our story may have been exaggerated and misinterpreted over the years. IT IS FINALLY TIME FOR THEM TO LEARN THE TRUTH!

MACBETH (interested) How so?

LADY MACBETH (explaining) Well, for one thing, Shakespeare "the greatest playwright of all time" (doing it literally) got it all wrong.

MACBETH (shocked) What? How dare you say that?

LADY MACBETH (amused) Oh, come on, my love. You know it's true. We were not the evil villains he made us out to be.

MACBETH (defensive) But he was a great playwright! He captured the essence of our story perfectly!

LADY MACBETH (rolling her eyes) Please, spare me. He had no idea what he was talking about.

MACBETH (angry) How can you say that? Our story is a masterpiece!

LADY MACBETH (teasing) Oh, yes. The tale of a man who talks to

trees and a woman who sleepwalks.

MACBETH (embarrassed) Okay, I see your point.

LADY MACBETH (excitedly) NOW, we have resolved our drama and it is time to celebrate that we have been given a second chance, my love! We must take advantage of it.

MACBETH (worriedly) What do you mean?

LADY MACBETH (smiling) We shall take over this new world and rule as we did before. Only this time, we shall be unstoppable.

MACBETH (doubtful) But how can we do that? This is a different world, a different time.

LADY MACBETH (agreeing) Yes, you are right, for once. Look at this attire, it is soooo 16th century! Let's get changed into something more...modern.

MACBETH AND LADY MACBETH UNDRRESS THEMSELVES INTO A
21ST CENTURY COUPLE (The Boss and THE REAL BOSS)

LADY MACBETH (scheming) That's better. Now onto our master plan. We shall use our knowledge and our wits, my dear. We shall manipulate and scheme our way to the top. Aaah, Is this a book which I see before me, the pages toward my eyes?

MACBETH: Come, let me clutch thee... Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible To feeling as to sight? Or art thou but a book of the mind, a false creation, Proceeding from the knowledge-oppressed brain?

MACBETH (Smirking) Very well. Let us do this.

LADY MACBETH (smiling) First, we must find a new throne to sit on.

MACBETH (agreed) Yes, but where do we start?

LADY MACBETH (pointing) That way. I sense power in that direction. I think the kingdom is called Fakultetsko studentsko sobranie.

MACBETH: (rubbing his chin) Hmm... Maybe you're right. FSS does look like a juicy apple that I want to bite into.

LADY MACBETH: (grinning) That's the spirit! Now, let's get to work.

MACBETH and LADY MACBETH walk away, hand in hand while singing:

*Tomorrow, tomorrow, and tomorrow
Creeps in THIS petty pace from day to day.*

R O

Antoaneta Doneva as THE THERAPIST

O R Nadica Čadoska as ORLANDO

S O R Zehra Akbiyik as ROSALIND

A S O R O R L A

L A S O R O R L A N

I L A S O R O R L A N D

N I L A S O R L A N D O

D N I L A S L A N D O

D N I L A **A N D** O

D N I L N D O

D N I D O

D N O

D

INTRODUCTION

WITCH #2

While love merely a madness was deemed
To be cured of it Orlando would not hear
The forest of Arden filled with his love decrees
Our wise and witty Rosalind would undertake
A mission to see how Orlando's love would fare
We bring forth this passionate lover and his
paramour
Fair Rosalind who the play's virtuoso did prove
Bringing wit and mirth to Arden sooner
For what's a play without a woman

SCENE

THERAPIST: Hello, I am Doc. Jonson.

ORLANDO: I am Orlando this is my beautiful wife Rosalind

ROSALIND: How do you do

THERAPIST: What inspired you to come in today?

ORLANDO: Dear physician

THERAPIST: I prefer counselor--

ORLANDO: Dear physician...We are here only to strengthen our bond
My Rosalind, my only love, my dearest friend

ROSALIND: Our bond is strong, our love will never end
For you are my sun, my moon, and all my stars

ORLANDO: Uncles, brothers, that one hermit looking fellow
--That was all just the first week
Our love has endured all
Yoko to my John, Courtney to my Kurt, Mulan to my Shang.
Though this session is only a check-up, and we must soon go
our way
Know that our love's here to stay.

ROSALIND: ...Can we please stop talking in blank verse my head is
about to explode

ORLANDO: Yes, dear [adjusts clothing/looks awkward, he knows she's
the boss]

ROSALIND: A few moons ago my husband's mood changed suddenly, he was always writing and didn't return home until late. A wife can only think of one explanation, a mistress, some hot young thing that still fits in her shepherd's clothes from 20 years ago. I was devastated.

ORLANDO: I can't believe she didn't trust me physician.

ROSALIND: But....truth be told, there was no other woman. It was WORSE than I imagined... he was in a poetry workshop

ORLANDO: My teacher says I have potential-

ROSALIND: What potential ???!! Read some of it.

ORLANDO: [taking it out from his jacket/pocket]

Oh brother of mine
why did you never come to my jousting recital
oh brother divine
Let the angels not hear I felt suicidal-siddal
I watch you with a heavy heart,
Though I yearn for us to never part.
It's clear that this love I cannot win,
But I'll keep on dreaming for the win.

ROSALIND: Oh heavens-

ORLANDO: It's supposed to heal my inner child!!!

ROSALIND: Well it's only giving me a headache. You have gotten more and more ridiculous as the years have gone on.

ORLANDO: You looked pretty ridiculous in the forest yourself
GANYMEDE

ROSALIND: If you can't love me at my forest of Arden then you don't deserve me at my fancy court clothes.

ORLANDO: What fancy court clothes? Those old rags? I wish you were more in touch with your femininity.

ROSALIND: What the hell are you talking about?

THERAPIST: Orlando, can you tell us more about this?

ORLANDO: Yes, I just feel like Rosalind isn't as feminine as I'd like her to be. She's always dressing in men's clothing and acting more like a man than a woman. For God's sake, I once thought she was my brother Oliver.

ROSALIND: How dare you say that? You compare me with that brother of yours who doesn't have any taste in fashion? There is nothing wrong with the way I dress or act. I'm comfortable being myself. You should be lucky I don't dress like that country bumpkin Audrey!

ORLANDO: Chill, Rosalind! The way you're acting proves my point. Is it that hard to be more feminine? Like don't make a fuss about small things, and you know, be less aggressive, put on some makeup, that kind of thing...

ROSALIND: Oh, I see. So, you want me to be like a delicate flower from the Forest of Arden, with no personality or opinions of my own? Well, I'm sorry to disappoint you gentleman, but I'll never be that woman. I am who I am, and you loved me for the person that I am. Hell, you had no troubles being intrigued by Ganymede, but here you are questioning MY femininity.

ORLANDO: No, that's not what I'm saying at all, don't twist my words. I just...

THERAPIST: Orlando, have you ever considered that femininity isn't just about wearing dresses and putting on makeup? There are many different ways to express femininity.

ROSALIND: Exactly! I feel like I express my femininity in my own way. I don't need to conform to society's narrow definition of what it

means to be feminine.

ORLANDO: I guess I never thought about it that way love...

ROSALIND: You do know that I grew up around a lot of men and I always felt more comfortable in their clothes. Plus, I just like the way they look.

ORLANDO: Yes, Rosalind. I see what you mean, but I'm not sure how well you understood my point. Anyway, maybe it's not that big of a deal after all... It wouldn't be a bad idea to wear a mini skirt for our next therapy session though 😊 (wink)

ROSALIND: Not here, not here...

THERAPIST: Do you have any children?

ROSALIND: Oh, don't get him started.

ORLANDO: * looks back at her* So you're gonna act like this again. Well, we do not, my wife is too selfish to give us any

ROSALIND: Me? Selfish? I already have an attention-seeking, whining, slimy thing at home. Why add on to the issue. More people, more problems.

ORLANDO: Just because your family is a mess doesn't mean ours will be.

ROSALIND: Pray tell what came out of your lying lips?

ORLANDO: Your father forgot about you, there was this strange thing between you and your cousin, oh and remind me where is your mother?

ROSALIND: Where is YOUR mother, died from embarrassment because of her son?

ORLANDO: Your mom probably ran off to get some milk of the poppy after you hit puberty, having a witch for a daughter, I do not blame her.

ROSALIND: Why do you think we would fare any better as parents?

ORLANDO: We will cross that bridge when we get there. Oh just think about how amazing our child would be they can have my stunning good looks, creativity, courage and your.....dominating presence

ROSALIND: Charming as always dear husband.

ORLANDO: That's why you fell in love with me, remember.

ROSALIND: Tell me how long are you going to act like this?

ORLANDO: Forever and a day sweetheart.

THERAPIST:...Back to the main topic - Rosalind is there a chance of you chaining your mind ?

ROSALIND: Oh please, Orlando, you don't give ME the time and attention that I deserve, let alone a new born baby. I seriously don't think having kids is a good idea. I seriously don't think having kids is a good idea. Orlando is too busy taking poetry classes. He always comes home late. Orlando is nowhere to be found when I need him the most. 2 weeks ago, I twisted my ankle and Orlando wouldn't pick up his phone. So, I had to call out our neighbor Jaques. If it wasn't for him, I'd have to wait for Orlando a couple of hours.

ORLANDO: Sure everything is always my fault. God forbid the former princess compromises

ROSALIND: I hate it when you call me that

ORLANDO: And I hate that I have to be married to an entitled control freak.

ROSALIND: You're pushing my buttons today Orlando.

ORLANDO: Great, which one is the off switch?

ROSALIND: You don't have the slightest clue how to make a relationship work, you don't live in reality! You don't know how real humans function.

ORLANDO: Might come as a shock to you princess but I know damn well how the real world works.

ROSALIND: Could've fooled me.

ORLANDO: I'm familiar with the seven stages of man but you've been stuck being the same bitch all your life. I don't want to spend another second with you.

ROSALIND: Then get out of my sight!

THERAPIST: I don't get paid enough for this.

Kristina Kotevska

as

QUEEN ANNE

Ivana Cvetanova

as

QUEEN MARGARET

Atmana Mandak

as

THE HAIRDRESSER

A

AN

ANN

ANNE

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ANNEAN

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ANNEAND**M**

ANNEAND**MA**

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ANNEAND**MARG**

ANNEAND**MARGA**

ANNE**AND**MARG**AR**

ANNEANDMARGARE**E**

ANNEANDMARGARE**T**

INTRODUCTION

WITCH #3

Two pebbles on the way to decorate
their heads,

Ignorant of the ancient rock they be
part of.

This Laboratory of Locks does not bear
half their burdened yoke

Nor passage of time can their hearts
unbroke

SCENE

Hairdresser's parlor

(Enter two young women)

KRISTINA: Did you just hear the hairdresser say that it's the 10th anniversary of her husband's passing?

IVANA: I didn't know she was a widow, she's so cheerful.

K: Well she can't die with him, what did you expect her to be like, Margaret and Anne from that Shakespeare play?

I: Oh my god, Richard III, I remember when we did that in college.

K: Honestly, back then we played the roles of those two perfectly, my Anne and your Margaret.

(Suddenly gets possessed)

(Rips off hairdressing gowns)

(Enter hairdresser)

ANNE: What black magician conjures up this fiend?

HAIRDRESSER: Fiend? I was only five minutes late, I was talking about my husband with my colleague.

MARGARET: Where be thy husband now?

H: Ok Shakespeare (puzzled and offended), he's dead, today's the 10th anniversary of his passing.

M: Where be thy sons?

H: I don't have kids.

M: Wherein dost thou joy? (scoffs) Decline all this, and see now for what thou art- for happy wife: a most distressed widow, for mother: one that wails the name.

H: What are you talking about? I'm happy, I have everything my husband owned, everything that I remember him by.

M: Obtainst thou inheritance?

H: Yeah, when your spouse passes, everything that they owned is rightfully yours.

M: Deck in thy rights as thou art stall'd in min. Long die thy happy days before thy death, and after many lengthen'd hours of grief, die neither mother, wife, nor England's Queen!

H: England's Queen died several months ago.

A: What Queen spake you of? Last we know the King of England was that devilish slave Richard III.

H: Elizabeth II, of course. Richard? That was in the 15th century, and besides why would anyone want to be Queen back then? They barely had rights.

A: How wonderful when devils tell the truth.

H: Why am I a devil? I guarantee you we have it much better today.

A: Dost grant me hedgehog? Then God grant me too, thou mayst be damned in that wicked deed.

H: What goddamned wicked deed? Having rights? And hedgehog? You look like you came out of the 15th century straight out of some grave. And update that vocabulary, Jesus, we're not in a Shakespeare play.

M: The time we live in IS the 15th century.

H: No it's the 21st century, and one of the greatest intellectuals of our century, Rajna Koshka, in her book *Metaphor of the Diamond* once said that *the best, if not the only way, in which women fight back is through their eloquence and rhetoric*. In this century we fight against the patriarchy.

M: Well then (looks at Anne) off we go to fight this patriarchy.

A: There's the patriarchy! (points at Richard/ Nela)

(Both storm towards Richard)

S H A K E S P E A R E

H A K E S P E A R E

A K E S P E A R E

K E S P E A R E

E S P E A R E

S P E A R E

P E A R E

E A R E

A R E

R E

Anastasija Lefkoska

as

SHAKESPEARE

E

INTRODUCTION

WITCH #1

The characters he birthed, a vibrant throng,
Now stand at odds, each claiming to be strong.
But lo! From yonder realm, the bard appears,
To settle their dispute and quell their fears.
With wisdom and with grace, he shall impart,
A touch of magic to each longing heart.
For Shakespeare, resurrected from the deep,
Shall bring his characters solace, and peace they'll keep
Let muses gather, let creativity bright,
As Shakespeare graces us with his poetic might.
For in this grand theater, where legends are bred,
The immortal Bard returns, alive and undead.
For in this fleeting moment, hearts shall sway,
As his words weave magic, a timeless display.
With every line, emotions ignite and ignite,
In this masterpiece, a symphony of light.
And as the final stanza finds its end,
Shakespeare's legacy, forever shall transcend.
A tribute to his genius, forever grand,
A treasure left behind, in his poet's hand

**TO OUR BELOVED LADY DR. RAJNA KOSKA-HOT:
SHAKESPEARE'S GRATITUDE**

(Thunder and lightning. Enter in wonder the Bard of Avon awoken from eternal slumber)

Add something in accordance to other previous characters that were on stage (Scowl, Laugh, Taunt)

The Witches whisper to him and point at Rajna (they tell him that he needs to speak.)

"A Lady? A Lady. A Lorthew?" (*gasps in wonder - end lightning and thunder*)

(*coughs a bit and is helped to the podium, cane firmly in hand*)

(To the witches) But I cannot, Forgive me Sisters I cannot speak,
Let me read, for, for speaking I am too weak

(They let him and he takes his parchment and starts)

Good morrow my Lady – I am Master Shakespeare – I was dead, yet I am here, (bows)

they said – my Sisters – that I must speak to thee – I must write to thee,

excuse my trembling voice, and hands, and feet,

those were somethings I thought on my deathbed I wouldn't again need.

Good Morrow my Lady once more – they tell me thou carriest the name of a Queen?

Well, I've spoken to those before, during the plays – in between.

Allow me Lady, to speak to thou too before the last of the last curtains

drop again

and I descend into a deep slumber without human pain.

Allow me to speak, as a final play on this eternal stage,

I have escaped the grave and the rotten smell of funeral sage to be here; (goes off track)

Oh, how I have missed the Sun, oh how I miss the hunt,

oh how I missed the smell of parchment,

jumping over castle walls while Kyd and Marlowe act as watchmen.

Oh how I missed life, and lines, and ladies and lads kind,

how I missed the smell of sweet, sweet spring,

how I missed speaking before my people and my King.

Oh how fearful I was when that everlasting darkness of a curtain was descending, (sorrowful)

and the fear gripped at my heart as Charon was taking me to my final resting,

oh how I thought I would be forgotten,

just an old man laying in the ground – rotten.

But now I was awoken, another dawn for me has broken,

and Lady! What should I see next in this strange, strange world,

Lo and Behold! (Raises voice)

I find you seated, your eyebrows knitted, your eyes shining

staring in wonder through my lads' and ladies fighting,

through the sisters' clapping thunder and lightning,

what shall I hear Lady, but visions of you speaking my words – teaching,

a thousand eyes through a thousand days seeing,

a thousand ears through a thousand hours hearing,

and methought "Shakespeare thou art not dead,

thou live'st through this woman's voice, through her brilliant mind in her head... (wonder, smile)

Forgive me Lady, for I am never brief,
not even in my fear or my grief,
Forgive me lady, for what I want to speak of,
thankfulness is what I can only think of,
forgive the unshed tears in my eyes
forgive my trembling lips and soft cries of enchantment,
I, is what I want to say while I am here under the Sun's rays golden,
to you am for all eternity now beholden,
for thou spread love about me more than my own kinsmen,
and all my horses, my words, my verses,
all the king's men and their satchels of gold,
could never repay all that thou hast done,
all that I was told. (Quietens a bit)

(Breathes in and out)

My Lady, forgive me once more for I have lost my words in emotion
and the love I hold for thee
for thou hast now, in this strange world given me a return for all paid
fees;
sleepless nights writing and wondering, crying and thundering,
and shaking from fear in my second best bed,
that no one will mention Master Shakespeare when he is dead –
under the sky and eternal trees
now Lady I can go down and lay and sleep for I have all that great
men need –
I have what thou hast given me
and that is peace. (holds hand over heart. Bows once again)

**Audience cameo: (Someone yells/says): But William. But Master Shakespeare, stay and write for us now in this time. England has a new King – you know (side – eye) and a really good dramatic base.*

I am thankful but refuse you kind offer – I cannot in this time in this manner...

(Tearfully) For where is my Annie? My Judith? Oh my darling boy and

Susannah...?

I cannot live without my heart's chambers anymore that I could live without them,

Pray you sisters, I beg

Lay me down sisters, lay me down to rest,

These Bones are not made for walking,

They have not stood Time's test.

I have finished my quest,

now it is yours (points to the audience).

I wish only to be remembered

not to be live no more.

(Turns to Rajna again)

Lady, by the Grace of God and my Susannah,

Blessed be thy tongue that spoke of my verses, of my manner

Blessed be! Blessed be my Lady of the same stage,

Blessed be the ink that for thee writes in my words on this page.

(To the Weird sisters)

I pray thee lay me down to rest,

For I long for glory no more,

Tis' not now mine,

but hers, the applause – the encore.

(Starts applauding. Hopefully everyone else joins in :D)

Featuring:

Elena Kežaroska, makeup artist

Ivana Kostadinska, text assistant

Ivan Vrtev, directing consultant



Link to the performed play:

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=U4rQ8J3WKFs>

THE SUPER SECRET SPELLING BEE GROUP

Aleksandra Atanasova	Александра Атанасова
Anastasija Lefkoska	Анастасија Лефкоска
Antoaneta Doneva	Антоанета Донева
Ardita Bislimi	Ардита Бислими
Atmana Mandak	Атмана Мандак
Biljana Filipović	Биљана Филиповиќ
Blagoja Jovanovski	Благоја Јовановски
Elena Kežaroska	Елена Кежароска
Ivan Vrtev	Иван Вртев
Ivana Cvetanova	Ивана Цветанова
Ivana Kostadinska	Ивана Костадинска
Ivana Rakidžiev	Ивана Ракиџиев
Kristina Kotevska	Кристина Котевска
Marija Cvetkovska	Марија Цветковска
Nadica Čadoska	Надица Чадоска
Nela Georgievska	Нела Георгиевска
Savče Gjoševa	Савче Ѓошева
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