

Scenka 2 (kuchnia)

Narrator: Nikt nie lubi nieproszonych gości, ale przecież nawet z najbardziej zatwardziałymi można sobie poradzić. Wystarczy skorzystać ze sprawdzonych źródeł pomysłów.

Jane: Mum, I hope you remember Aunt Gertrude is coming to dinner tonight.

Mum: Oh, my poor child. I feel it in my bones.

Jane: Don't worry, mum. I'll help you with cooking. I've found an interesting recipe in one of Dad's book. In fact I've already collected the ingredients. I'm sure Auntie will like it.

Mum: Great! Let's do it. Here is the pot. What are we to put into it?

Jane: Let me see. Oh, yes. Here it is.

Fillet of a fenny snake,
In the cauldron boil and bake:
Eye of newt, and toe of frog.

Mum: Mmm. Sounds interesting. Go on.

Jane: Wool of bat, and tongue of dog.
Adder's fork and blind's worm sting.
Lizard's leg, and howlet's wing
Form a charm of powerful trouble.
Like a hell-broth, boil and bubble.

Mum: May I?

Double, double toil and trouble.,
Fire burn, and cauldron bubble. Uhh. Yuk.

Jane: That's not all, Mum. Aunt Gertrude deserves to be treated like this. Have you forgotten her last year visit?

Mum: Oh.....

Jane: So, scale of dragon...(It was impossible to get it, so I asked the fishmonger to give me one of a fish...)....tooth of wolf,

Witches' mummy, maw and gulf.

Mum: Add there to a tiger's chawdron
For the ingredients of our cauldron.

Jane: Double, double toil and trouble,
Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.

Mum: It may be too hot for dear Gertrude. She's such a delicate creature.

Jane: Don't worry, Mum. Cool it with a baboon's blood,
Then the charm is firm and good.

Mum: Oh, my sweet child. You're cleverer than Harry Porter himself.

Scenka 3:
(mieszkanie + łazienka)

Narrator: O tym, że higiena to podstawa zdrowia wie każdy berbeć. Ale wszyscy wiemy, że to wcale nie jest takie proste, szczególnie po świetnej zabawie w cudownie plastycznym bloku. Ale czyż odpoczynek nie jest najważniejszy?

Mum: Susie! Time for bed. Go to the bathroom. Wash your hands, put on your night-gown, look not so pale.

Susie: Oh, no! I hate it.
Out damned spot! Out, I say!...
What will these hands never be clean?

Mum: Try again, darling.

Susie: Here's the smell of blood still; all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand.

Mum: Come, come, come, come, give me your hand.What's done cannot be undone...We'll work on it tomorrow. To bed, to bed...

Susie: To bed...So, good night.

SCENKA 4
(plac zabaw)

Narrator: Bullying, czyli znęcanie się nad młodszymi, to poważny problem w życiu szkoły. Popatrzcie jak sobie z nim radzi słodka Mary.

Demetrius:
O Mary, goddess, nymph, perfect divine!
To what, my love, shall I compare thine eyne!
Crystal is muddy. Oh, how ripe in show
Thy lips, those kissing cherries, tempting grow!

Mary:
O spite! O hell! I see you all are bent
To set against me for your merriment;
If you were civil and knew courtesy,
You would not do me thus much injury.
Can you not hate, as I know you do,
But you must join in souls to mock me too?
If you were man, as man you are in show,
You would not use a gentle lady so.

Demetrius:

Stay, gentle Mary; hear my excuse!

Mary:

Never did mockers waste more idle breath.

Demetrius:

Hang off, thou cat, thou burr! Vile thong, let loose!

Mary:

I will not trust you, I

No longer stay in your curst company.

Your hands than mine are quicker for a fray,

My legs are longer thou, to run away.