

Доловова Наталья Николаевна

к.п.н., учитель английского языка

Николишина Ирина Анатольевна

учитель английского языка

Государственное бюджетное образовательное учреждение города Москвы

гимназия № 1562 имени Артема Боровика

г. Москва

**СЦЕНАРИЙ СПЕКТАКЛЯ «FRAGILE LOVE»  
ПО МОТИВАМ ПЬЕСЫ У.ШЕКСПИРА «ОТЕЛЛО»  
ДЛЯ ВНЕКЛАССНОГО МЕРОПРИЯТИЯ**

***Characters:***

- **Othello**, the Moor: A general in the Venetian military.
- **Desdemona**, Othello's wife and daughter of Brabantio
- **Iago**, Othello's ensign and Emilia's husband. Antagonist.
- **Brabantio**, a Venetian senator, Gratiano's brother, and Desdemona's father

*(Звучит музыка Стинга “Fragile”. Музыка смолкает, на сцену выходит ведущий)*

***Ведущий:***

What can be more beautiful than love? More beautiful and more fragile? Happiness and tragedy. How thin the verge is between them. But when two loving hearts trust each other their love is invincible. But what if it is not??? Let's see.

***Scene 1*** *(Отелло один на сцене, размышляет о любви к Дездемоне)*

## OTHELLO

Oh, Desdemona!

Her father loved me; oft invited me;

Still question'd me the story of my life,

From year to year, the battles, sieges, fortunes,

That I have passed.

I ran it through, even from my boyish days,

To the very moment that he bade me tell it;

Wherein I spake of most disastrous chances,

Of moving accidents by flood and field

Of being taken by the insolent foe

And sold to slavery, of my redemption thence

And portance in my travels' history:

When I did speak of some distressful stroke

That my youth suffer'd. My story being done,

She gave me for my pains a world of sighs:

She swore, in faith, twas strange, 'twas passing strange,

'Twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful:

She loved me for the dangers I had pass'd,

And I loved her that she did pity them.

This only is the witchcraft I have used:

Here comes the lady; let her witness it.

**BRABANTIO** (*услышав слова Отелло, появляется на сцене и обращается к нему*)

I pray you, hear her speak:  
If she confess that she was half the wooer,  
Destruction on my head, if my bad blame  
Light on the man! Come hither, gentle mistress:  
Do you perceive in all this noble company  
Where most you owe obedience?

**DESDEMONA** *(появляется на сцене, убеждает отца в искренности сказанных слов)*

My noble father,  
I do perceive here a divided duty:  
To you I am bound for life and education;  
My life and education both do learn me  
How to respect you; you are the lord of duty;  
I am hitherto your daughter: but here's my husband,  
And so much duty as my mother show'd  
To you, preferring you before her father,  
So much I challenge that I may profess  
Due to the Moor my lord.

**BRABANTIO**

God be wi' you! I have done.  
Come hither, Moor:  
I here do give thee that with all my heart  
Which, but thou hast already, with all my heart  
I would keep from thee. For your sake, jewel,  
I am glad at soul I have no other child:  
For thy escape would teach me tyranny,  
To hang clogs on them. I have done, my lord.

*(Звучит лирическая мелодия М.Л. Таривердиева «Мешать соединенью двух сердец...». Брабантио уходит со сцены. Отелло и Дездемона кружат в танце. Вокруг них танцуют девушки в легких воздушных платьях, олицетворяя ангелов. В конце танца слышится звон разбитого хрусталя. Все замирают, испугавшись убегают со сцены. Остаются Отелло и Дездемона)*

*Scene2 (Отелло и Дездемона прогуливаются в саду)*

**OTHELLO**

I have a cold.

Lend me thy handkerchief.

**DESDEMONA**

Here, my lord.

**OTHELLO**

That which I gave you.

**DESDEMONA**

I have it not about me.

**OTHELLO**

Not?

**DESDEMONA**

No, indeed, my lord.

**OTHELLO**

That is a fault.

That handkerchief

Did an Egyptian to my mother give;

She was a charmer, and could almost read

The thoughts of people: she told her, while  
she kept it,

'Twould make her amiable and subdue my father

Entirely to her love, but if she lost it

Or made gift of it, my father's eye

Should hold her loathed and his spirits should hunt

After new fancies: she, dying, gave it me;

And bid me, when my fate would have me wive,

To give it her. I did so: and take heed on't;

Make it a darling like your precious eye;

To lose't or give't away were such perdition

As nothing else could match.

## **DESDEMONA**

Is't possible?

## **OTHELLO**

'Tis true: there's magic in the web of it:

A sibyl, that had number'd in the world

The sun to course two hundred compasses,

In her prophetic fury sew'd the work;

The worms that made the silk were sacred

## **DESDEMONA**

Indeed! is't true?

**OTHELLO**

Most veritable;

Is't lost? is't gone? speak, is it out

o' the way?

**DESDEMONA**

It is not lost; but what an if it were?

**OTHELLO**

How!

**DESDEMONA**

I say, it is not lost.

**OTHELLO**

Go and fetch't, let me see't.

*(Отелло уходит, рассердившись на Дездемону. Вслед за ним уходит расстроенная Дездемона)*

*Scene 3 (Звучит тревожная мелодия (Rob Dougan "Clubbed to Death"). Девушки в черных накидках с капюшонами танцуют, предвещая беду. Появляется Яго, снует среди танцующих. На нем тоже черная накидка с капюшоном. Музыка смолкает. Девушки, надев капюшоны, остаются на сцене, повернувшись спиной к зрителям. Яго выходит в центр сцены и ядовито, с ненавистью, произносит слова)*

**IAGO**

I **hate** the Moor because he chose Cassio to be his officer, not me. But I know my price – I'm worth no worth a place. So, I deserve it!!!

This handkerchief (*shows the handkerchief, taking it out of his pocket*) – the weapon of revenge – I took from Desdemona. Tonight I'll put it secretly to Cassio. And then I'll tell Othello that Cassio is **too** familiar with Desdemona. And, knowing that, Othello'll kill his officer, and **I** will take his place. **This** is my plan!!!

*(Яго надевает капюшон и, озираясь кругом, уходит со сцены. Девушки следуют за ним)*

**Scene 4** (*На сцене Дездемона, одна, в своей спальне в красивом белом платье. Она тревожится по какой-то причине, и напевает песенку "Willow"*)

## **DESDEMONA**

*(Singing)* Sing willow, willow, willow...;

Where did I lose that handkerchief??? (*пытается искать платок*)

*(Singing)* The poor soul sat sighing by a sycamore tree,  
Sing all a green willow:

I can't find it anywhere....

*(Singing)* Her hand on her bosom, her head on her knee,  
Sing willow, willow, willow:

I had rather had lost my purse

Full of crusadoes

*(Singing)* The fresh streams ran by her, and murmur'd her moans;  
Sing willow, willow, willow;

Why am I singing this willow-song?

My mother had a maid call'd Barbara:

She was in love, and he she loved proved mad

And did forsake her: she had a song of 'willow';  
An old thing 'twas, but it express'd her fortune,  
And she died singing it: that song to-night  
Will not go from my mind; I have much to do,  
But to go hang my head all at one side,  
And sing it like poor Barbara. Prithee, dispatch.

*(Singing)* Sing willow, willow, willow;

*(Не обнаружив платок, Дездемона, утомившись, прилегла на постели и заснула. В это время звучит песня (Meredith Hall, soprano, Jacob Heringman, lute "The Willow Song", Othello) которая до этого не выходила из головы Дездемоны. Рассвирепевший Отелло громко стучит в дверь и пробуждает Дездемону ото сна. Дездемона, тревожная, бежит к двери. Но в это время между возлюбленными оказывается ведущий. Ведущий говорит о том, что мы не хотим, чтобы трагедия свершилась. Говорит о доверии друг к другу).*

***Ведущий:***

Wait a minute! Let's don't let that tragedy happen here on this stage.

Oh, yes, the verge between good fortune and tragedy is thin, indeed. And even a handkerchief can ruin pure LOVE if there is no TRUST but JEALOSY between.

*(Отелло и Дездемона, соглашаясь со словами ведущего, читают строки из сонета Шекспира №112)*

**OTHELLO**

Let me not to the marriage of true minds

Admit impediments; love is not love

Which alters when it alteration finds....,



**DESDEMONA**

Or bends with the remover to remove.

O no, it is an ever-fixed mark

That looks on tempests and is never shaken;...

*(На сцену выходят все участники пьесы и по очереди читают строки сонета)*

**IAGO**

It is the star to every wand'ring bark,

Whose worth's unknown, although his highth be taken.

**BRABANTIO**

Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks

Within his bending sickle's compass come,

Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,

But bears it out even to the edge of doom.

***Ведущий***

If this be error and upon me proved,

I never writ, nor no man ever loved.