

Shakespearean Dialogue omg.

Enter Sir Ian Muslip, persu'd by a bear

Ian. Damn me! The weather's like a horrid child
That hurls a pail of icy water down
From heav'n vpon the innocents below!
But what is this? I see you writing words!

Pete. I do. I write a card of Christmas cheer,
Vnto my friend Claire. She is rather queer.

Ian. By that you mean, I take it, that she oft
Behaves in manner most vnouth? Perhaps
She says not thank you to a bus driuer,
Or sticks her tongue out and says "Shan't"

(when ask'd

To put milk bottles on the step at night?)

Pete. I do not, though she may do all those things.
I talk of how she's fond of pretty girls,
Like Dana Fairbanks-

Ian. - tennis balls, my liege?

Pete. And Alice, Ms Piezecki, know you her?

Ian. I don't believe I do.

Pete. Well here's a tale!

She courted once a gentleman named Lisa,
Who telepathically work'd on her glutes.

Ian. A singular occurrence!

Pete. And her mom
Made vp that she had hooked vp with old Shane.

Ian. Now Shane I know. I met him once, you see.
Performed for me a fauour did that boy.

Pete. Oh dear. I see you've fallen in the trap!

Ian. What trap is this?

Pete. That Shane is... well, a girl.

Ian. A girl? No!

Pete. Verily.

Ian. I've neuer heard
The like. A girl who looks so like a boy!
Surely no story euer told before
Contains such crazy plot twists! Tell me more
About this Claire, before I faint away!

Pete. Well then I shall. She has a liue iournal,
Where oft she tells her secret thoughts, and where
I fometime comment, voicing my diffent.

Ian. What else?

Pete. She has a boy creature.

Ian. A what?

Pete. I'm not quite sure. I think maybe a cat?

Ian. That must be it. Well, as you see, a bear
Pursues me. So anon I bid good night.

Pete. Good night. I must return to writing this,
Because I fear that postage to the state
Of Ireland may be hard to manage.

Ian. Why?

Pete. Well here's the thing. I gather Ireland is
An island.

Ian. No!

Pete. A silly fancy, but
I'm sure that water separates our lands,
And thus the postman, wearing bathing trunks,
The letter in his mouth, must swim the way
From Leeds to Dublin, all for thirty pence.

Ian. That seems unlikely.

Pete. Yes, my very thought.
And so I'm sending this in much aduance.
The date today, the Eighteenth of December.

Ian. And Christmas day the twenty-fifth?

Pete. Quite so.
That's ample time, I'm sure of it.

Ian. My stars!
A busy life you lead, my lord, with all
Your letter writing, and your wearing skirts
And makeup.

Pete. That's a rumour.

Ian. One you started.

Pete. Indeed I did. Philosophies I hold
Include the notion that if you want lies
To all be spread about you, much the best
Approach is then to start some.

Ian. Wife indeed.

Well now I really must depart, this bear
Has eaten vp my pants. For now, goodbye!

Pete. Farewell, and may the bear and you both
thriue.

Exit Ian, persu'd by a bear

Pete. What a strange fellow.