

ROMEO'S NARCISISM AND IMPETUOUSNESS IS A FORM OF RELATIONAL ABUSE THAT LEADS TO THE DEATH OF JULIET.

THE CASE FOR THE ACCUSED.

TEXTUAL EVIDENCE

STRATEGY: The argument builders and the Evidence Searchers need to quickly work through the text to discover what points can be drawn from the text – OR – what sections of the text can be used to support or example a point in the developing argument.

Any need for contextual or contemporary or historical information needs to be immediately referred to the Support Evidence Searchers.

VIDEO EXCERPTS

Students should watch the following scenes from the WWS Romeo and Juliet Scenes list prior to beginning this Game.

Act 1 S 1 - just the section between Romeo & Benvolio

Act 1 S 2 between Romeo, Benvolio and Messenger;

Act 1 S 4 Romeo, Benvolio & Mercutio

Act 1 S 5 - Romeo & Juliet

Act 2 S 2 - The Balcony scene

Act 2 S 3 Romeo & Laurence

Act 2 S 6 Romeo & Laurence

Act 3 S 1 just to Romeo's departure

Act 3 S 3 Romeo, Laurence and Nurse

Act 3 S 5 Just to Romeo's departure

Act 5 S 1 - Romeo and Balthasar.**TEXT EXCERPTS****ACT 1 SCENE 1****BENVOLIO**

Madam, an hour before the worshipp'd sun
Peer'd forth the golden window of the east,
A troubled mind drove me to walk abroad;
Where, underneath the grove of sycamore
That westward rooteth from the city's side,
So early walking did I see your son:
Towards him I made, but he was ware of me
And stole into the covert of the wood:
I, measuring his affections by my own,
That most are busied when they're most alone,
Pursued my humour not pursuing his,
And gladly shunn'd who gladly fled from me.

MONTAGUE

Many a morning hath he there been seen,
With tears augmenting the fresh morning dew.
Adding to clouds more clouds with his deep sighs;
But all so soon as the all-cheering sun
Should in the furthest east begin to draw
The shady curtains from Aurora's bed,
Away from the light steals home my heavy son,
And private in his chamber pens himself,
Shuts up his windows, locks far daylight out
And makes himself an artificial night:
Black and portentous must this humour prove,
Unless good counsel may the cause remove.

ACT 1 SCENE 1

BENVOLIO

Good-morrow, cousin.

ROMEO

Is the day so young?

BENVOLIO

But new struck nine.

ROMEO

Ay me! sad hours seem long.

Was that my father that went hence so fast?

BENVOLIO

It was. What sadness lengthens Romeo's hours?

ROMEO

Not having that, which, having, makes them short.

BENVOLIO

In love?

ROMEO

Out--

BENVOLIO

Of love?

ROMEO

Out of her favour, where I am in love.

BENVOLIO

Alas, that love, so gentle in his view,
Should be so tyrannous and rough in proof!

ROMEO

Alas, that love, whose view is muffled still,

Should, without eyes, see pathways to his will!

Where shall we dine? O me! What fray was here?

Yet tell me not, for I have heard it all.

Here's much to do with hate, but more with love.

Why, then, O brawling love! O loving hate!

O any thing, of nothing first create!

O heavy lightness! serious vanity!

Mis-shapen chaos of well-seeming forms!

Feather of lead, bright smoke, cold fire,
sick health!

Still-waking sleep, that is not what it is!

This love feel I, that feel no love in this.

Later in the same scene....

BENVOLIO

Be ruled by me, forget to think of her.

ROMEO

O, teach me how I should forget to think.

BENVOLIO

By giving liberty unto thine eyes;
Examine other beauties.

ROMEO

'Tis the way

To call hers exquisite, in question more:
These happy masks that kiss fair ladies' brows
Being black put us in mind they hide the fair;
He that is stricken blind cannot forget
The precious treasure of his eyesight lost:
Show me a mistress that is passing fair,
What doth her beauty serve, but as a note
Where I may read who pass'd that passing fair?
Farewell: thou canst not teach me to forget.

Act 1 Scene 2

BENVOLIO

Why, Romeo, art thou mad?

ROMEO

Not mad, but bound more than a mad-man is;
Shut up in prison, kept without my food,
Whipp'd and tormented and--God-den, good fellow.

Later in the same scene...

BENVOLIO

At this same ancient feast of Capulet's
Supps the fair Rosaline whom thou so lovest,
With all the admired beauties of Verona:
Go thither; and, with unattainted eye,
Compare her face with some that I shall show,
And I will make thee think thy swan a crow.

ROMEO

When the devout religion of mine eye
Maintains such falsehood, then turn tears to fires;
And these, who often drown'd could never die,
Transparent heretics, be burnt for liars!
One fairer than my love! the all-seeing sun
Ne'er saw her match since first the world begun.

Act 1 Scene 4

ROMEO

Give me a torch: I am not for this ambling;
Being but heavy, I will bear the light.

MERCUTIO

Nay, gentle Romeo, we must have you dance.

ROMEO

Not I, believe me: you have dancing shoes
With nimble soles: I have a soul of lead
So stakes me to the ground I cannot move.

MERCUTIO

You are a lover; borrow Cupid's wings,
And soar with them above a common bound.

ROMEO

I am too sore enpierced with his shaft
To soar with his light feathers, and so bound,
I cannot bound a pitch above dull woe:
Under love's heavy burden do I sink.

MERCUTIO

And, to sink in it, should you burden love;
Too great oppression for a tender thing.

ROMEO

Is love a tender thing? it is too rough,
Too rude, too boisterous, and it pricks like thorn.

MERCUTIO

If love be rough with you, be rough with love;
Prick love for pricking, and you beat love down.

Act 1 Scene 5

ROMEO

[To a Servingman] What lady is that, which doth
enrich the hand
Of yonder knight?

Servant

I know not, sir.

ROMEO

O, she doth teach the torches to burn bright!
It seems she hangs upon the cheek of night
Like a rich jewel in an Ethiope's ear;
Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear!
So shows a snowy dove trooping with crows,
As yonder lady o'er her fellows shows.
The measure done, I'll watch her place of stand,
And, touching hers, make blessed my rude hand.
Did my heart love till now? forswear it, sight!
For I ne'er saw true beauty till this night.

Later in the same scene....

ROMEO

[To JULIET] If I profane with my unworhiest hand
This holy shrine, the gentle fine is this:

My lips, two blushing pilgrims, ready stand
To smooth that rough touch with a tender kiss.

JULIET

Good pilgrim, you do wrong your hand too much,
Which mannerly devotion shows in this;
For saints have hands that pilgrims' hands do touch,
And palm to palm is holy palmers' kiss.

ROMEO

Have not saints lips, and holy palmers too?

JULIET

Ay, pilgrim, lips that they must use in prayer.

ROMEO

O, then, dear saint, let lips do what hands do;
They pray, grant thou, lest faith turn to despair.

JULIET

Saints do not move, though grant for prayers' sake.

ROMEO

Then move not, while my prayer's effect I take.
Thus from my lips, by yours, my sin is purged.

JULIET

Then have my lips the sin that they have took.

ROMEO

Sin from thy lips? O trespass sweetly urged!
Give me my sin again.

JULIET

You kiss by the book.

Nurse

Madam, your mother craves a word with you.

ROMEO

What is her mother?

Nurse

Marry, bachelor,
Her mother is the lady of the house,
And a good lady, and a wise and virtuous
I nursed her daughter, that you talk'd withal;
I tell you, he that can lay hold of her
Shall have the chinks.

ROMEO

Is she a Capulet?

O dear account! my life is my foe's debt.

Act 2 Scene 1

BENVOLIO

He ran this way, and leap'd this orchard wall:
Call, good Mercutio.

Act 2 Scene 2

ROMEO

He jests at scars that never felt a wound.

JULIET appears above at a window

But, soft! what light through yonder window breaks?

It is the east, and Juliet is the sun.

Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,

Who is already sick and pale with grief,

That thou her maid art far more fair than she:

Be not her maid, since she is envious;

Her vestal livery is but sick and green

And none but fools do wear it; cast it off.

It is my lady, O, it is my love!

O, that she knew she were!

She speaks yet she says nothing: what of that?

Her eye discourses; I will answer it.

I am too bold, 'tis not to me she speaks:

Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven,

Having some business, do entreat her eyes

To twinkle in their spheres till they return.

What if her eyes were there, they in her head?

The brightness of her cheek would shame those stars,

As daylight doth a lamp; her eyes in heaven

Would through the airy region stream so bright

That birds would sing and think it were not night.

See, how she leans her cheek upon her hand!

O, that I were a glove upon that hand,

That I might touch that cheek!

JULIET

Ay me!

ROMEO

She speaks:

O, speak again, bright angel! for thou art

As glorious to this night, being o'er my head

As is a winged messenger of heaven

Unto the white-upturned wondering eyes

Of mortals that fall back to gaze on him

When he bestrides the lazy-pacing clouds

And sails upon the bosom of the air.

Later in the same scene...

JULIET

What man art thou that thus bescreen'd in night

So stumblest on my counsel?

ROMEO

By a name
 I know not how to tell thee who I am:
 My name, dear saint, is hateful to myself,
 Because it is an enemy to thee;
 Had I it written, I would tear the word.

Later in the same scene...

JULIET

How camest thou hither, tell me, and wherefore?
 The orchard walls are high and hard to climb,
 And the place death, considering who thou art,
 If any of my kinsmen find thee here.

ROMEO

With love's light wings did I o'er-perch these walls;
 For stony limits cannot hold love out,
 And what love can do that dares love attempt;
 Therefore thy kinsmen are no let to me.

JULIET

If they do see thee, they will murder thee.

ROMEO

Alack, there lies more peril in thine eye
 Than twenty of their swords: look thou but sweet,
 And I am proof against their enmity.

JULIET

I would not for the world they saw thee here.

ROMEO

I have night's cloak to hide me from their sight;
 And but thou love me, let them find me here:
 My life were better ended by their hate,
 Than death prorogued, wanting of thy love.

Later in the same scene...

JULIET

'Tis almost morning; I would have thee gone:
 And yet no further than a wanton's bird;
 Who lets it hop a little from her hand,
 Like a poor prisoner in his twisted gyves,
 And with a silk thread plucks it back again,
 So loving-jealous of his liberty.

ROMEO

I would I were thy bird.

Act 2 Scene 3

ROMEO

I pray thee, chide not; she whom I love now
Doth grace for grace and love for love allow;
The other did not so.

FRIAR LAURENCE

O, she knew well
Thy love did read by rote and could not spell.
But come, young waverer, come, go with me,
In one respect I'll thy assistant be;
For this alliance may so happy prove,
To turn your households' rancour to pure love.

ROMEO

O, let us hence; I stand on sudden haste.

FRIAR LAURENCE

Wisely and slow; they stumble that run fast.

Act 2 Scene 4

ROMEO

Good morrow to you both. What counterfeit did I give you?

MERCUTIO

The ship, sir, the slip; can you not conceive?

ROMEO

Pardon, good Mercutio, my business was great; and in
such a case as mine a man may strain courtesy.

MERCUTIO

That's as much as to say, such a case as yours
constrains a man to bow in the hams.

ROMEO

Meaning, to court'sy.

MERCUTIO

Thou hast most kindly hit it.

ROMEO

A most courteous exposition.

MERCUTIO

Nay, I am the very pink of courtesy.

ROMEO

Pink for flower.

MERCUTIO

Right.

ROMEO

Why, then is my pump well flowered.

Later in the same scene...

Nurse

Now, afore God, I am so vexed, that every part about
me quivers. Scurvy knave! Pray you, sir, a word:
and as I told you, my young lady bade me inquire you

out; what she bade me say, I will keep to myself:
 but first let me tell ye, if ye should lead her into
 a fool's paradise, as they say, it were a very gross
 kind of behavior, as they say: for the gentlewoman
 is young; and, therefore, if you should deal double
 with her, truly it were an ill thing to be offered
 to any gentlewoman, and very weak dealing.

Act 2 Scene 6

Enter FRIAR LAURENCE and ROMEO

FRIAR LAURENCE

So smile the heavens upon this holy act,
 That after hours with sorrow chide us not!

ROMEO

Amen, amen! but come what sorrow can,
 It cannot countervail the exchange of joy
 That one short minute gives me in her sight:
 Do thou but close our hands with holy words,
 Then love-devouring death do what he dare;
 It is enough I may but call her mine.

FRIAR LAURENCE

These violent delights have violent ends
 And in their triumph die, like fire and powder,
 Which as they kiss consume: the sweetest honey
 Is loathsome in his own deliciousness
 And in the taste confounds the appetite:
 Therefore love moderately; long love doth so;
 Too swift arrives as tardy as too slow.

Enter JULIET

Here comes the lady: O, so light a foot
 Will ne'er wear out the everlasting flint:
 A lover may bestride the gossamer
 That idles in the wanton summer air,
 And yet not fall; so light is vanity.

Act 3 Scene 1

TYBALT

Well, peace be with you, sir: here comes my man.

MERCUTIO

But I'll be hanged, sir, if he wear your livery:
 Marry, go before to field, he'll be your follower;
 Your worship in that sense may call him 'man.'

TYBALT

Romeo, the hate I bear thee can afford
 No better term than this,--thou art a villain.

ROMEO

Tybalt, the reason that I have to love thee
 Doth much excuse the appertaining rage
 To such a greeting: villain am I none;
 Therefore farewell; I see thou know'st me not.

TYBALT

Boy, this shall not excuse the injuries
 That thou hast done me; therefore turn and draw.

ROMEO

I do protest, I never injured thee,
 But love thee better than thou canst devise,
 Till thou shalt know the reason of my love:
 And so, good Capulet,--which name I tender
 As dearly as my own,--be satisfied.

MERCUTIO

O calm, dishonourable, vile submission!
 Alla stoccata carries it away.

Draws

Tybalt, you rat-catcher, will you walk?

TYBALT

What wouldst thou have with me?

MERCUTIO

Good king of cats, nothing but one of your nine
 lives; that I mean to make bold withal, and as you
 shall use me hereafter, drybeat the rest of the
 eight. Will you pluck your sword out of his pitcher
 by the ears? make haste, lest mine be about your
 ears ere it be out.

TYBALT

I am for you.

*Drawing***ROMEO**

Gentle Mercutio, put thy rapier up.

MERCUTIO

Come, sir, your passado.

*They fight***ROMEO**

Draw, Benvolio; beat down their weapons.
 Gentlemen, for shame, forbear this outrage!
 Tybalt, Mercutio, the prince expressly hath
 Forbidden bandying in Verona streets:
 Hold, Tybalt! good Mercutio!

TYBALT under ROMEO's arm stabs MERCUTIO, and flies with his followers

MERCUTIO

I am hurt.

A plague o' both your houses! I am sped.

Is he gone, and hath nothing?

BENVOLIO

What, art thou hurt?

MERCUTIO

Ay, ay, a scratch, a scratch; marry, 'tis enough.

Where is my page? Go, villain, fetch a surgeon.

Exit Page

ROMEO

Courage, man; the hurt cannot be much.

MERCUTIO

No, 'tis not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a church-door; but 'tis enough, 'twill serve: ask for me to-morrow, and you shall find me a grave man. I am peppered, I warrant, for this world. A plague o' both your houses! 'Zounds, a dog, a rat, a mouse, a cat, to scratch a man to death! a braggart, a rogue, a villain, that fights by the book of arithmetic! Why the devil came you between us? I was hurt under your arm.

ROMEO

I thought all for the best.

MERCUTIO

Help me into some house, Benvolio,

Or I shall faint. A plague o' both your houses!

They have made worms' meat of me: I have it,

And soundly too: your houses!

Exeunt MERCUTIO and BENVOLIO

ROMEO

This gentleman, the prince's near ally,
My very friend, hath got his mortal hurt
In my behalf; my reputation stain'd
With Tybalt's slander,--Tybalt, that an hour
Hath been my kinsman! O sweet Juliet,
Thy beauty hath made me effeminate
And in my temper soften'd valour's steel!

Re-enter BENVOLIO

BENVOLIO

O Romeo, Romeo, brave Mercutio's dead!

That gallant spirit hath aspired the clouds,

Which too untimely here did scorn the earth.

ROMEO

This day's black fate on more days doth depend;
This but begins the woe, others must end.

BENVOLIO

Here comes the furious Tybalt back again.

ROMEO

Alive, in triumph! and Mercutio slain!
Away to heaven, respective lenity,
And fire-eyed fury be my conduct now!

Re-enter TYBALT

Now, Tybalt, take the villain back again,
That late thou gavest me; for Mercutio's soul
Is but a little way above our heads,
Staying for thine to keep him company:
Either thou, or I, or both, must go with him.

TYBALT

Thou, wretched boy, that didst consort him here,
Shalt with him hence.

ROMEO

This shall determine that.

They fight; TYBALT falls

Act 3 Scene 3

ROMEO

What less than dooms-day is the prince's doom?

FRIAR LAURENCE

A gentler judgment vanish'd from his lips,
Not body's death, but body's banishment.

ROMEO

Ha, banishment! be merciful, say 'death;'
For exile hath more terror in his look,
Much more than death: do not say 'banishment.'

FRIAR LAURENCE

Hence from Verona art thou banished:
Be patient, for the world is broad and wide.

ROMEO

There is no world without Verona walls,
But purgatory, torture, hell itself.
Hence-banished is banish'd from the world,
And world's exile is death: then banished,
Is death mis-term'd: calling death banishment,
Thou cutt'st my head off with a golden axe,
And smilest upon the stroke that murders me.

FRIAR LAURENCE

O deadly sin! O rude unthankfulness!
Thy fault our law calls death; but the kind prince,

Taking thy part, hath rush'd aside the law,
 And turn'd that black word death to banishment:
 This is dear mercy, and thou seest it not.

ROMEO

'Tis torture, and not mercy: heaven is here,
 Where Juliet lives; and every cat and dog
 And little mouse, every unworthy thing,
 Live here in heaven and may look on her;
 But Romeo may not: more validity,
 More honourable state, more courtship lives
 In carrion-flies than Romeo: they my seize
 On the white wonder of dear Juliet's hand
 And steal immortal blessing from her lips,
 Who even in pure and vestal modesty,
 Still blush, as thinking their own kisses sin;
 But Romeo may not; he is banished:
 Flies may do this, but I from this must fly:
 They are free men, but I am banished.
 And say'st thou yet that exile is not death?
 Hadst thou no poison mix'd, no sharp-ground knife,
 No sudden mean of death, though ne'er so mean,
 But 'banished' to kill me?--'banished'?
 O friar, the damned use that word in hell;
 Howlings attend it: how hast thou the heart,
 Being a divine, a ghostly confessor,
 A sin-absolver, and my friend profess'd,
 To mangle me with that word 'banished'?

FRIAR LAURENCE

Thou fond mad man, hear me but speak a word.

ROMEO

O, thou wilt speak again of banishment.

Later in the same scene...

Nurse...

Stand up, stand up; stand, and you be a man:
 For Juliet's sake, for her sake, rise and stand;
 Why should you fall into so deep an O?

ROMEO

Nurse!

Nurse

Ah sir! ah sir! Well, death's the end of all.

ROMEO

Spakest thou of Juliet? how is it with her?
 Doth she not think me an old murderer,
 Now I have stain'd the childhood of our joy
 With blood removed but little from her own?
 Where is she? and how doth she? and what says
 My conceal'd lady to our cancell'd love?

Nurse

O, she says nothing, sir, but weeps and weeps;
 And now falls on her bed; and then starts up,
 And Tybalt calls; and then on Romeo cries,
 And then down falls again.

ROMEO

As if that name,
 Shot from the deadly level of a gun,
 Did murder her; as that name's cursed hand
 Murder'd her kinsman. O, tell me, friar, tell me,
 In what vile part of this anatomy
 Doth my name lodge? tell me, that I may sack
 The hateful mansion.

Drawing his sword

FRIAR LAURENCE

Hold thy desperate hand:
 Art thou a man?

Act 3 Scene 5

JULIET

Yon light is not day-light, I know it, I:
 It is some meteor that the sun exhales,
 To be to thee this night a torch-bearer,
 And light thee on thy way to Mantua:
 Therefore stay yet; thou need'st not to be gone.

ROMEO

Let me be ta'en, let me be put to death;
 I am content, so thou wilt have it so.
 I'll say yon grey is not the morning's eye,
 'Tis but the pale reflex of Cynthia's brow;
 Nor that is not the lark, whose notes do beat
 The vaulty heaven so high above our heads:
 I have more care to stay than will to go:
 Come, death, and welcome! Juliet wills it so.
 How is't, my soul? let's talk; it is not day.

JULIET

It is, it is: hie hence, be gone, away!

Act 5 Scene 1

Enter ROMEO

ROMEO

If I may trust the flattering truth of sleep,
 My dreams presage some joyful news at hand:
 My bosom's lord sits lightly in his throne;

And all this day an unaccustom'd spirit
 Lifts me above the ground with cheerful thoughts.
 I dreamt my lady came and found me dead--
 Strange dream, that gives a dead man leave
 to think!--
 And breathed such life with kisses in my lips,
 That I revived, and was an emperor.
 Ah me! how sweet is love itself possess'd,
 When but love's shadows are so rich in joy!

Enter BALTHASAR, booted

News from Verona!--How now, Balthasar!
 Dost thou not bring me letters from the friar?
 How doth my lady? Is my father well?
 How fares my Juliet? that I ask again;
 For nothing can be ill, if she be well.

BALTHASAR

Then she is well, and nothing can be ill:
 Her body sleeps in Capel's monument,
 And her immortal part with angels lives.
 I saw her laid low in her kindred's vault,
 And presently took post to tell it you:
 O, pardon me for bringing these ill news,
 Since you did leave it for my office, sir.

ROMEO

Is it even so? then I defy you, stars!
 Thou know'st my lodging: get me ink and paper,
 And hire post-horses; I will hence to-night.

BALTHASAR

I do beseech you, sir, have patience:
 Your looks are pale and wild, and do import
 Some misadventure.

ROMEO

Tush, thou art deceived:
 Leave me, and do the thing I bid thee do.
 Hast thou no letters to me from the friar?

BALTHASAR

No, my good lord.

ROMEO

No matter: get thee gone,
 And hire those horses; I'll be with thee straight.

Exit BALTHASAR

Well, Juliet, I will lie with thee to-night.
 Let's see for means: O mischief, thou art swift
 To enter in the thoughts of desperate men!

Later in the scene...

What, ho! apothecary!

Enter Apothecary

Apothecary

Who calls so loud?

ROMEO

Come hither, man. I see that thou art poor:
 Hold, there is forty ducats: let me have
 A dram of poison, such soon-speeding gear
 As will disperse itself through all the veins
 That the life-weary taker may fall dead
 And that the trunk may be discharged of breath
 As violently as hasty powder fired
 Doth hurry from the fatal cannon's womb.

Apothecary

Such mortal drugs I have; but Mantua's law
 Is death to any he that utters them.

ROMEO

Art thou so bare and full of wretchedness,
 And fear'st to die? famine is in thy cheeks,
 Need and oppression starveth in thine eyes,
 Contempt and beggary hangs upon thy back;
 The world is not thy friend nor the world's law;
 The world affords no law to make thee rich;
 Then be not poor, but break it, and take this.

Apothecary

My poverty, but not my will, consents.

ROMEO

I pay thy poverty, and not thy will.

WEBSITES TO EXPLORE

BEHAVIOURAL STUFF

<https://www.helpguide.org/articles/mental-disorders/narcissistic-personality-disorder.htm>

https://headspace.org.au/?gclid=EAIaIQobChMI-5m-w4OB2QIVjgcqCh0v9gM1EAAYBCAAEgIhm_D_BwE

<https://www.beyondblue.org.au/the-facts/suicide-prevention/worried-about-suicide/what-are-the-warning-signs/common-warning-signs>

<http://www.sciencemag.org/news/2013/11/why-teenagers-are-so-impulsive>

<https://www.cbsnews.com/news/whats-wrong-with-the-teen-brain/>

<http://www.nytimes.com/2008/02/24/weekinreview/24parker.html>

ELIZABETHAN STUFF

<https://corsetsandcutlasses.wordpress.com/2013/02/13/love-in-elizabethan-times-its-not-for-sissies/>

<http://www.elizabethan.org/compendium/10.html>

<http://www.elizabethan.org/compendium/9.html>

<http://www.elizabethan-era.org.uk/elizabethan-family-life.htm>

TEAM STRUCTURE

Team participants may take on the following roles:

ARGUMENT BUILDERS: These people identify key points or premises upon which to base the logical reasoning to be presented. These people are the pilots or coordinators of the overall team. They provide direction for the others to respond to and to contribute to the overall team effort.

TEXT EVIDENCE SEARCHERS: These are the forensic searchers for clues within the text to support the arguments being developed.

CONTEXT AND SUPPORT EVIDENCE SEARCHERS: These people search the web and other sources for contextual evidence to support the argument and links being made between the argument and the text. They also look up definitions, meanings and references. They are also responsible for validating their sources. This may mean checking the credentials of the source, or cross-referencing the information from the source with other independent sources.

DEVIL'S ADVOCATES: These are the test pilots for the argument – they see whether it will fly. These people test the links being made, the evidence presented and the coherence of the argument being presented. These people are charged with thinking of different points of view or challenges to the argument being developed **IN ORDER TO MAKE THE ARGUMENT STRONGER.**

BASIC ARGUMENT PLAN:

The basic structure of your argument should typically follow this pattern:

OPENING STATEMENT – outlining your stance and the major point that you seek to prove.

BROAD STATEMENT OF APPROACH: How are you going to go about proving this argument? Are you working chronologically through the play? Are you examining certain behaviours? Are you looking at certain statements? Give us a picture of how you are going to navigate through the landscape of your presentation.

THE SEQUENCE OF YOUR POINTS OF ARGUMENT.

Point one – plus evidence – plus explanation – ie: what does this evidence prove?

Point Two - -----

Point three -

And so on.

Take time to explain how each point links to each other so that you cumulatively build an argument that has its own impact and energy.

Counter-points: These will be raised by the Devil's Advocates. Acknowledge where there might be strong differing points of view or possibility. And then disprove or place doubt upon those arguments or reposition them to be not contextually valid for your argument.

SUMMATION AND FINAL STATEMENT. Finish up by reminding us of what you set out to prove. By giving us a precise of how you have proven that. And culminate in a resounding conviction of why we should agree!