

Opening Song: *Our Tribute to the Bard* (to *Basket Case* by Green Day)

Centuries ago,  
and far across the sea,  
a man named Shakespeare wrote some fabulous plays.  
Classic tragedies,  
You've seen them all before.  
Tonight you'll see Shakespeare like you've never seen.

We'll entertain you with our songs,  
Exasperate you with our puns.  
So give your best regard,  
Our tribute to the Bard.  
Let's raise the curtain now  
And start the show!

Sit back and relax,  
Prepare to have some fun.  
It's far too late for you to get a refund.  
Turn your cellphones off,  
And noisy pagers, too.  
It's time to laugh as hilarity ensues.

We'll entertain you with our songs,  
Exasperate you with our puns.  
So give your best regard,  
Our tribute to the Bard.  
Let's raise the curtain now  
And start the show!

Thanks for coming out.  
Hope you have a good time.

We'll entertain you with our songs,  
Exasperate you with our puns.  
So give your best regard,  
Our tribute to the Bard.  
Let's raise the curtain now  
And start the show!

## Act 1, Scene 1

### Characters:

Lita F. de Troupe, the director.....Lita  
 Pat Butzinzeetz, the producer.....Pat  
 Reginald Q. Humperdink, an actor (future director).....Reginald  
 Alice Makadeposteros, an actress (future producer).....Alice  
 Bill Dinsetz, a techie (future tech director).....Bill  
 Carl Owdakyues, an actor (future stage manager).....Carl  
 Roman Tique, an actor.....Roman  
 Linda Rose, Roman's girlfriend.....Linda  
 Kurt Lee Fries, a techie.....Kurt  
 Ivana B. Astar, an actress.....Ivana  
 Background actors.....(non-speaking)

*<Exit all characters except for those involved in the scene. If not already onstage from the opening, **Lita, Pat, Reginald, Alice, Bill, Carl, Roman, Kurt** and **Ivana** should come onstage and mill about in the background until needed. People who play actors and techies in other scenes can remain onstage as extras in the background. This should generally happen whenever appropriate throughout this play. When not actively involved in dialogue, the various characters in this scene are miming rehearsal upstage.>*

1 - **Lita:** Great work, everyone! We're sure to be a hit at the festival in two weeks.

2 - **Pat:** Things are coming together nicely, Sir. I wouldn't be surprised if we were judged as the best company there!

*<Lita and Pat mill about in the background with other people. **Reginald** grabs **Ivana** from the crowd.>*

3 - **Reginald:** Get over here you hack; make yourself useful and listen to me rehearse.

4 - **Ivana:** The term is "lead actress," not "hack."

5 - **Reginald:** Whatever. I need to make sure my performance is up to snuff. Otherwise, there really isn't much point in performing the rest of the play, is there?

6 - **Ivana:** You know what, Reg? A thousand monkeys on a thousand typewriters may, in

a thousand years, recreate *Love's Labours Lost*. But just one monkey with a set of Scrabble tiles, pulling an all-nighter, can write a more significant role than yours.

7 - **Reginald:** Nonsense! Lita wouldn't have cast an actor of my caliber in this role unless it was vital to the success of our play.

8 - **Ivana:** Where are your three flunkies? Don't you keep them around to tell you how great you are?

9 - **Reginald:** Just listen.

10 - **Ivana:** Fine. I suppose you won't take too long anyway.

<*Reginald clears his throat and obviously over-acts the following.*>

11 - **Reginald:**

Hereby, upon the edge of yonder coppice;  
A stand where you may make the fairest shoot.

12 - **Ivana:** I guess that was okay. I'm sure your other three lines are just as good.

13 - **Reginald:** Good? Is that all? GOOD!?

14 - **Ivana:** Can I go now? Hey, look, it's your cheering squad!

<*Ivana moves to the background. Enter Alice, Carl and Bill.*>

15 - **Alice:** <*clapping*> Great acting, Reg!

16 - **Carl:** You make Lawrence Olivier look like a sock puppet!

17 - **Bill:** And you make the sock puppet look like Keanu Reeves!

18 - **Reginald:** Thanks! It's a shame my talent is wasted on such a trivial role.

19 - **Alice:** Oh, it's not that small.

20 - **Reginald:** My understudy has more lines than I do.

21 - **Carl:** At least you have lines. I play a tree.

22 - **Bill:** We should start our own theatre company. Then we'd be in charge! And you could be the star!

23 - **Reginald:** But what would we perform? The festival won't allow two groups to put on the same play, and all of Shakespeare's plays have been taken!

24 - **Alice:** That's just what we've come to talk to you about. You might be interested in something we found....

*<Alice, Carl and Bill escort Reginald offstage. Roman approaches Kurt, who is busy working on some prop or set piece.>*

25 - **Roman:** Oh Kurt, have you ever been truly in love?

26 - **Kurt:** No Roman. But I'm sure you're going to tell me all about it.

27 - **Roman:** You cannot know how I feel. My dearest Linda... my undying love for her is deeper than... than the deep end of the pool in the PAC.

28 - **Kurt:** Oh Roman, have you ever been truly nauseated?

*<Enter Linda.>*

29 - **Roman:** Fudgey-kins! Speak of my dearest love now.

*<Linda throws her arms around Roman. Smooching ensues. Throughout the following, Kurt does a very bad job of concealing his disgust.>*

30 - **Linda:** Roman, my dear, the seventeen minutes since we were last together seemed an eternity. I tried to phone you, but much to my heart's discontent your phone was not answered. And thus, neither was the void in my heart.

31 - **Roman:** I'm sorry, my dear. Let me count the tender messages that I did miss.

*<Roman looks at his phone.>*

32 - **Roman:** Twenty-nine?

33 - **Linda:** One for each moment I was without you and missed the tender warmth of your touch.

34 - **Roman:** Every missed call is a missed opportunity to have heard your voice, sweet like the song of... the... butterfly.

35 - **Linda:** Oh, such magnificent poetry to my ears! Magnificent... like the autumn...

36 - **Kurt:** Shut up! Shut up! Shut up! Please, for the love of god, shut up!

*<Kurt takes his prop upstage to work. Roman and Linda follow. Reginald, Alice, Carl and Bill enter. Alice and Bill are holding a pile of "lost plays.">*

37 - **Reginald:** This is just the opportunity I've been looking for! Lita!

*<Lita walks over to Reginald.>*

38 - **Lita:** What is it now, Reginald? You here for another run-through of your lines? I've already told you they're fantastic, all four of them.

39 - **Reginald:** Never mind that, my moderately-capable director. I've discovered something astounding – a collection of heretofore unknown Shakespeare plays.

*<Reginald hands a pile of books to Lita, who starts flipping through them.>*

40 - **Lita:** *The Wholesaler of Venice, A Midsummer Afternoon's Hangover, Romeo vs. Predator...* it's quite a find, but are you sure they're Shakespearean?

41 - **Reginald:** Each one has his name on it, and they're all written in his distinctive style.

42 - **Lita:** Well, it's possible. There's a lot about Shakespeare we don't know. Where did these come from?

43 - **Alice:** Not at all interesting!

44 - **Carl:** Totally unimportant!

45 - **Lita:** These belong in a world-class library, or at least in the Dana Porter.

46 - **Reginald:** I have other plans for these plays. I'm tired of wasting my magnificent talent on inconsequential roles in your pathetic company. I'm quitting the UW Travelling Players.

47 - **Lita:** But who would we get to play... whatever role you play now?

48 - **Reginald:** That's your problem. My associates and I are leaving to form our own acting company. I'll be the director, and cast myself as the lead in *Springtime for Caesar*. *<Grabs the appropriate book from Lita>* I'll finally get the spotlight I deserve.

49 - **Bill:** We're going to put your pathetic troupe to shame. You can kiss the festival's Grand Prize goodbye.

50 - **Carl:** Of course, we can't do it without actors.

51 - **Alice:** *<to the crowd assembled upstage>* Quiet, please!

52 - **All except Alice:** Thank you!

53 - **Reginald:** Who among us has not felt the sting of having his tremendous acting ability woefully wasted on a minor role? My genius will allow you to experience Shakespeare the way it was meant to be. Leave the UW Travelling Players and join my new acting troupe: Reginald Q. Humperdink's.... Even More Travelling Players!

*<Everyone snickers, then goes back to what they were doing.>*

54 - **Bill:** We'll have free beer at the cast party.

*<A few male extras drop everything, move upstage to join Reginald's group, cheering.>*

55 - **Lita:** What? Where are you going?

56 - **Kurt:** Hey, Roman, Linda, you joining the new company?

<*Roman looks at Linda, who shakes her head.*>

57 - **Roman:** No, my fair Linda and I shall remain.

58 - **Kurt:** Okay. Have a nice life.

59 - **Lita:** No, please, come back!

<*Kurt joins Reginald's group. Lita and Pat pantomime pleading with remaining actors to stay during the following.*>

60 - **Carl:** <*looking around*> We've got a bit of a demographic problem here... who are we going to get to play the female roles?

<*Everyone looks at Carl.*>

61 - **Carl:** Don't look at me. I'm not wearing a dress... again... in public.

62 - **Kurt:** I have a sister who's really serious about acting. I'll ask her and her friends to audition.

63 - **Reginald:** Excellent idea. Carl, your first duty as my new Stage Manager will be to organize auditions. Bill, you'll be Tech Director; Alice -- Producer.

<*The Even More Travelling Players begin to leave.*>

64 - **Pat:** What gives you the right to tear our cast apart like this? All our work will have been for nothing!

<*Exeunt Even More Travelling Players.*>

65 - **Pat:** What are we going to do about our performance? We just lost half our actors!

66 - **Lita:** We don't have nearly enough people to perform *Love's Labours Lost* any more. And there's only two weeks until our opening night! And there's no more Fruitopia in the vending machine! And....

67 - **Pat:** Have some coffee, sir, it'll calm you down.

<Pat hands coffee to Lita, and she drinks it.>

68 - **Pat:** Remember, whenever things get out of hand, just close your eyes and picture a calm, blue ocean.

69 - **Lita:** <closes eyes> Calm blue ocean, calm blue ocean. <opens eyes> Okay, what are our options?

70 - **Pat:** We could always double-up on roles...

<Murmer of disagreement, groans from assembled cast.>

71 - **Lita:** I don't think that would work. Who would ever agree to take on Reginald's part? It's awful.

72 - **Pat:** We could always perform one of the lost plays the others left behind – it looks like *Hamlet II: The Revenge* is short and has a small cast; I think we can pull it off.

73 - **Lita:** That's not a bad idea. What's more, we'll be the first acting company ever to perform this new play! <to the remaining Travelling Players> Attention, everyone: we're now performing *Hamlet II: The Revenge*. Talk to the stage manager tomorrow to get your new roles.

74 - **Pat:** I wonder how Shakespeare managed to write a sequel to a play in which all the main characters die.

75 - **Ivana:** Not so loud! Hollywood would kill to get that secret!



## Act 1, Scene 2

### Characters:

Reginald Q. Humperdink, director of the Even More Travelling Players.....Reginald  
 Alice Makadeposteros, producer of the Even More Travelling Players.....Alice  
 Carl Owdakyues, stage manager of the Even More Travelling Players.....Carl  
 Bill Dinsetz, tech director of the Even More Travelling Players.....Bill  
 Terrence Van Destite, an auditioner.....Terrence  
 Donna Miparte, an auditioner.....Donna  
 Fulrowe Rank, actor with the Even More Travelling Players.....Rank  
 Rockford Vile, actor with the Even More Travelling Players.....Vile  
 Julie-Ann Fries, an auditioner.....Julie-Ann  
 Elle O'Elle, an auditioner.....Elle  
 Colleen Dasche-Parenthesis, an auditioner.....Colleen  
 Coach Class, coach of a basketball (or some other) team.....Coach  
 Fran-Lee Geant, a basketball player.....Fran  
 Tia Tannek, a basketball player.....Tia

*<Basketball hoop in background indicates that we are in the PAC. Alice, Bill and Carl enter and set up a table with binders, pens etc. Enter Reginald. Terrence, Donna, Julie-Ann, Elle and Colleen mingle together in a group upstage and will step forward as they are called.>*

- 1 - **Reginald:** I can't believe the PAC was the only place we could get for our auditions!
- 2 - **Carl:** We were lucky to get this space. Before the split, the Travelling Players had all the good rehearsal space booked, and they won't give up their bookings.
- 3 - **Alice:** Look on the bright side, boss – if we're quick, we'll be done by the time the basketball team starts their game.
- 4 - **Reginald:** You mean we don't even have this crappy space to ourselves? That does it! We're not gonna be the only company having problems!
- 5 - **Alice:** Take it easy boss....

6 - **Reginald**: When these auditions are done, sneak into the Travelling Players' rehearsal space and sabotage everything you can get your grubby little hands on. Make sure their show is the worst in the festival!

7 - **Alice**: But that would be unfair and completely against the spirit of the festival....

8 - **Reginald**: But nothing! If you nincompoops won't do it, I might just have to call "The Fixers."

9 - **Alice**: <*gasps*> No that won't be necessary – you can count on us, boss.

10 - **Bill**: Who are the fixers? What do they fix?

11 - **Reginald**: The competition you idiot. You want someone to break a leg before a performance? Well, they do that! I've worked with them before; they're very good at what they do.

<*Alice, Carl and Bill huddle together in a whisper behind Reginald's back.*>

12 - **Alice**: I heard those guys got kicked out of the bomb squad for taking their work home with them!

13 - **Carl**: I heard those guys got kicked out of the military for exceeding the maximum body count!

14 - **Alice**: I heard UW hires them to fix the *Maclean's* rankings!

15 - **Bill**: Oh my God!

16 - **Carl**: That's why we gotta do a good job or the boss'll bring those guys in, and I don't wanna work with those nutjobs.

<*Enter Rank and Vile.*>

17 - **Bill**: What are you doing here? You guys already have parts in the play.

18 - **Vile**: We're here to check out the contestants.

19 - **Alice:** This is an audition, not one of your wet T-shirt contests.

20 - **Rank:** We're just here to make sure that we get girls with the right qualifications.

21 - **Alice:** Like what?

22 - **Vile:** We're looking for at least a B average.

23 - **Alice:** You're looking at their grades?

24 - **Vile:** No, cup size.

25 - **Alice:** You guys are unbelievable.

26 - **Rank:** Hey, we're just looking after the interests of the company. With all these guys around, it's tough to find a date – our company's a little lacking in feminine representation.

27 - **Alice:** What am I? Chopped liver? I'm a girl!

28 - **Rank:** Yeah, but you're a "straight A" student.

29 - **Alice:** Just get away from me, you creeps.

30 - **Vile:** Hey, our buddy Reg here appreciates our feedback.

*<Enter Fran and Tia with their Coach, dribbling and passing balls.>*

31 - **Fran:** Are you guys the visiting team? Why aren't you in your uniforms?

32 - **Carl:** No, we're the Even More Travelling Players.

33 - **Coach:** Travelling? You're not going to win playing that way. You're going to lose too much yardage.

34 - **Tia:** Coach, do you even know what sport we play?

35 - **Coach:** That's it. Two minutes in the penalty box for you.

36 - **Carl:** This is our space! Either audition or get out!

*<Exit Fran, Tia and Coach. Terrence steps forward.>*

37 - **Terrence:** Hi, my name is Terrence and I'll be performing *Richard III* through interpretive dance.

38 - **Alice:** *Richard III* through interpretive dance? That's genius!

*<Interpretive dance, whose exact structure is at the discretion of the actor, dance choreographer and director, involving any special talents possessed by the actor, ensues. At some time during the dance, the actor should deliver both the lines "Now is the winter of our discontent" and "A horse, a horse, my kingdom for a horse.">*

39 - **Rank:** Okay, can you stop now?

40 - **Terrence:** What's the problem?

41 - **Vile:** Did you even read the audition notice?

*<Vile hands Terrence the audition notice.>*

42 - **Terrence:** "Only hot chicks need apply?"

43 - **Alice:** Who let those two write the audition notice?

*<Exit Terrence, dejected.>*

44 - **Carl:** Alright then, next!

*<Donna steps forward, but is interrupted by the entrance of Fran and Tia, chasing a ball. Coach follows them.>*

45 - **Carl:** So, what have you prepared for your audition?

46 - **Tia:** Nothing, we're just...

47 - **Carl**: Read this bit from *Hamlet*, then.

<*Carl hands Fran and Tia each a piece of paper.*>

48 - **Tia**: No, you don't understand, we...

49 - **Fran**: <reading> "One woe doth tread upon another's heel, so fast they follow: your sister's drowned, Laertes."

50 - **Reginald**: Fantastic! Now, read it again, but pretend you just won the lottery... and that you're Arnold Schwarzenegger.

51 - **Fran**: "One woe doth tread upon another's heel, so fast they follow: your sister's drowned, Laertes."

52 - **Rank**: Now, read it again, but jump up and down this time.

53 - **Vile**: And take your top off.

<*Fran stares incredulously at Rank and Vile, then slaps them. Ideally, they should be standing so that she can slap them both in one swoop.*>

54 - **Alice**: I like her!

55 - **Reginald**: You're in. Congratulations! How long have you wanted to be an actress!

56 - **Fran**: Only my entire life! <to Tia and Coach>Sorry, I've decided to quit the team in order to pursue my acting dreams.

<*Fran joins the Even More Travelling Players.*>

57 - **Carl**: Next please!

58 - **Tia**: I can't believe it -- you're giving up basketball for acting?

59 - **Coach**: You can't leave! You're our best penalty kicker.

60 - **Tia**: No, coach, the soccer team fired you, remember? Can't imagine why.

<Exit **Tia** in disgust, followed by **Coach**. **Donna** steps forward.>

61 - **Donna**: I'm Donna, and I would like to perform some of my poetry. This is dedicated to my new snogly bear. Honey, I'll settle for you, because Mr. Right dumped me for some skank with a tongue stud.

62 - **Carl**: Sure, whatever.

63 - **Donna**:               You're like silver, when gold is out of reach,  
                              You're my little apple, when I can't have a peach.  
                              Some guys live with degrees from Western U  
                              When I look at things that way, I guess I can live with you.

64 - **Reginald**: Do you really think you have what it takes to be an actress?

65 - **Donna**: Well I try really really hard and –

66 - **Reginald**: I'm sure you're Grandmother thinks you're a very special star, but I'm afraid I only see you performing in your living room in the near future.

<**Donna** bends down to pick up her script that she dropped, giving **Rank** and **Vile** a view of her rear. **Rank** and **Vile** whistle and give **Reginald** a thumbs-up.>

67 - **Reginald**: On second thought, perhaps you have raw energy that we can work with. We'll take you after all.

68 - **Donna**: Oh, thank you! You won't regret it!

<**Donna** joins the *Even More Travelling Players* group.>

69 - **Alice**: You've got to be kidding me. I bet her shoe size is higher than her I.Q. and I've heard better lines from an *Everybody Loves Raymond* script! Boss, are you sure that those two can judge acting? They're turning this into a meat market -- what do you think this is, Fed Hall?

70 - **Bill**: No, Fed Hall is tomorrow's rehearsal space.

71 - **Reginald**: I'm calling the shots here, and what I say goes. If I look to some trustworthy individuals for advice then that's my business. Now, next please!

*<Enter Terrence, dressed as a woman.>*

72 - **Terrence**: Hi my name is... Terrencina and I'll be performing a portion of the epilogue from *As You Like It*.

73 - **Rank**: *<to Vile>* I bet she does it as anyone likes it.

74 - **Vile**: *<examining Terrence's physical attributes>* Get a load of those assets... oh, yeah! *<whistles>*

*<Throughout the following, Rank and Vile leer at Terrence.>*

75 - **Terrence**: If I were a woman, I would kiss as many of you as had beards that pleas'd me, complexions that lik'd me, and breaths that I defied not; and, I am sure, as many as have good beards, or good faces, or sweet breaths, will, for my kind offer, when I make curtsy, bid me farewell.

*<Clapping ensues. Terrence bows, and his wig falls off. Looks of extreme disgust / embarrassment appear on the faces of Rank and Vile.>*

76 - **Rank**: Augh! You're that first guy we didn't want!

77 - **Vile**: Quit wasting our time and leave already!

*<Terrence starts to exit, then pauses.>*

78 - **Alice**: Hold on! Boss, you're passing up a perfectly good performer here. If you wanted that brain dead Donna, how can you not want this guy?

79 - **Terrence**: Does this mean I can stay?

80 - **Reginald**: Look, if you're gonna make it in theatre, you're gonna have to learn how to take direction. Right now, I'm directing you out the door.

*<Exit Terrence, dejected.>*

81 - **Reginald**: Don't you ever go questioning my authority again! I'm the boss!

82 - **Carl**: Could we please have the next auditioner?

83 - **Elle**: OMG That's me Julie-Ann, I'm so nervous!

84 - **Julie-Ann**: Just relax Elle, you'll do fine. My brother wouldn't have told us to come if he didn't think we could handle it.

85 - **Elle**: You're right, Kurt is a good judge of talent.

86 - **Colleen**: Hey, the director is kinda cute, IMHO.

87 - **Julie-Ann**: Sure, if you go for the guys that have sticks shoved up their asses.

88 - **Colleen**: <*dreamy grin*> Yeah I do. Wouldn't it be romantic if you fell in love with one of your fellow actors?

89 - **Elle**: Oh totally!

90 - **Colleen**: Yeah, then you can pretend you need help rehearsing a kissing scene.

91 - **Elle**: Or that you need his opinion on your costume.

92 - **Colleen**: Yeah or that –

93 - **Julie-Ann**: You guys are unbelievable! Theatre isn't about trying to hook up with cast-mates and finding convoluted excuses to flash flesh or lock lips with them. It's about invoking an emotional response and conveying a message to an otherwise indifferent public. To have the power to transport an audience to another world where things can be better than they are, or to show how much worse things could be with the wrong choices -- there's such powerful potential in theatre.

94 - **Reginald**: That's phenomenal, we'll take you!

95 - **Julie-Ann**: What? I haven't done my piece yet; it's not even my turn.



96 - **Rank**: No, but you've got just what we're looking for!

97 - **Julie-Ann**: Really? You mean your company is about political theatre and promoting social causes through productions and—

98 - **Vile**: Goodness no! You've got drop dead legs!

99 - **Elle**: WTF? What about us?

*<Rank and Vile give thumbs-up to Reginald.>*

100 - **Reginald**: You'll do as well I suppose.

101 - **Carl**: That's all for today. See you all at tonight's meet-and-greet mixer. All the other companies will be there – it'll give us a chance to strut our stuff and show the other companies what they're up against.

*<Carl hands out fliers to Julie-Ann, Elle, Colleen, Donna and Fran. Exit Julie-Ann, Elle, Colleen, Donna, Fran, Rank and Vile.>*

102 - **Reginald**: As for you three – remember what we talked about -- go visit the Travelling Players and wreck that play! Or else!

103 - **Alice**: Okay, we got it. You can count on us, boss.

*<Exit Reginald. Alice, Carl and Bill leave, opposite side from Reginald.>*

104 - **Coach**: There she is!

*<Coach blows a whistle, and holds up a soccer penalty card.>*

105 - **Tia**: We've taken a vote – you can't leave the team.

*<Tia grabs Fran and starts dragging her offstage.>*

106 - **Coach**: Don't rough her up too much. You don't wanna hurt her pitching arm.

107 - **Tia**: Coach – shut up!

### Act 1, Scene 3

#### Characters:

Bruce Goose, actor with the Travelling Players.....	Bruce
Maven Rick, actor with the Travelling Players.....	Maven
Roman Tique, actor with the Travelling Players.....	Roman
Julie-Ann Fries, actress with the Even More Travelling Players.....	Julie-Ann
Elle O'Elle, actress with the Even More Travelling Players.....	Elle
Colleen Dasche-Paranthesis, actress with the Even More Travelling Players.....	Colleen
Kurt Lee Fries, techie with the Even More Travelling Players.....	Kurt
Linda Rose, Roman's (soon-to-be-former) girlfriend.....	Linda
Mark E. Headliner, a professional actor.....	Mark
Toni A. Wardwinner, a professional actress.....	Toni
Pat Ron Ising, a professional director.....	Ron
Wendell Rumble, actor with the Travelling Players.....	Wendell
Greta Grip, techie with the Travelling Players.....	Greta
Juan B. Onstaj, a techie with the Even More Travelling Players.....	Juan
Donna Miparte, actress with the Even More Travelling Players.....	Donna
Doris Blocked, a bouncer.....	Doris

*<A modestly-sized, but swanky hall, with dance-hall or club-style lighting. There is a bar upstage. Music is playing in the background. **Maven** and **Bruce** are at the bar. **Julie-Ann**, **Elle** and **Colleen** are upstage talking. **Mark**, **Toni** and **Ron** are upstage in a separate group. Several Even More Travelling Players are downstage centre, dancing. **Doris** is looking tough. Music gradually becomes quieter for the dialogue. As the following conversation takes place, some Travelling Players enter and start dancing.>*

- 1 - **Juan:** Man, I'm so fed up with not having access to decent rehearsal space.
- 2 - **Donna:** Yeah, rehearsing in a co-op interview room at 3 in the morning is not my idea of a good time.
- 3 - **Juan:** It's all because those Travelling Players wouldn't give up some rehearsal space for us, and that's not the only way they've been screwing us over. We were supposed to get half their funding when we split, but we haven't seen a cent.
- 4 - **Donna:** Really?
- 5 - **Juan:** Yeah, Reginald told me when he was showing off his new big-screen TV.

*<Greta, dancing, accidentally bumps into **Juan**. Kill music. Optional: record scratch sound effect.>*

6 - **Juan:** It's bad enough you Travelling Players are crowding us off the stage, now you've got to crowd us off the dance floor?

7 - **Greta:** Well, you guys could be using the stage if you hadn't split off.

8 - **Wendell:** Yeah, we've all had to put in double-duty learning parts from scratch thanks to you guys.

9 - **Doris:** Take it easy, guys. Didn't you read the sign? No fighting allowed.

<Music begins to play for the We're Gonna Beat You song.>

10 - **Juan:** <aside to **Donna**, spoken over musical intro> I can't tolerate these guys from the Travelling Players any more.

11 - **Donna:** <spoken over musical intro> Let's give 'em a piece of our mind.

12 - **Greta:** <overhearing, spoken over musical intro> Careful – you haven't got much to spare.

**SONG: We're Gonna Beat You (to Somebody Told Me by The Killers)**

**Juan:**

Stuck in the PAC 'cause you hog the stage,  
Get out of our sight, or you're going to feel our rage.

**Greta:**

If you didn't split then we'd share the stage,  
But reason won't work on some fools like you.  
Following Reg -- you should have thought that through.

**Juan:**

He offered us fame, what else could we do?  
We were getting crap roles when we worked with you.

**Doris:**

Would you calm down, you're gonna start a fight.

**Juan:**

Beating your play's really gonna be a huge delight.

**Juan & Greta:**

'Cause we're gonna beat your  
Crappy performance.  
You no-talent stage hacks  
Should pack up your lame production and go home.  
The festival's sewn up.  
We'll win the gold cup.

**Greta:**

Shut your pie holes, you have said enough.  
Hide your own flaws with these insults if you must.

**Juan:**

You losers can't keep up with pros like us.  
We said you losers can't keep up with pros like us.

**Doris:**

Break it up now, nobody wants a fight.

**Greta:**

No way will we let you muscle in on our spotlight.

**Juan & Greta:**

'Cause we're gonna beat your  
Crappy performance.  
Your company's acting  
Competes with the best known sleeping pills out there.  
The festival's sewn up.  
We'll win the gold cup.  
Let's settle this, settle this now.

**Doris:**

You can't fight in here.  
If you're injured, we'll be sued,  
And we'll lose our license.  
So why don't you just go outside?

**Juan & Greta:**

We're gonna beat your  
Crappy performance.  
Your thespian showcase  
Resembles a talent show back in high school.  
The festival's sewn up.

We'll win the gold cup.  
Let's take it out, take it outside.

*<Optionally, the song may end with additional repetition(s) of the chorus. Exeunt Wendell, Greta, Donna and Juan. Mark, Toni and Ron move downstage, looking at the exiting student actors in disgust.>*

13 - **Toni:** Would you look at that... settling disputes by fighting – how shameful.

14 - **Mark:** Why do they even let these unprofessional students into the festival?

15 - **Ron:** It's not like they even have a chance of winning. There's no way the festival jury would pick them over professionals like us.

*<Toni, Mark and Ron chat among themselves. Enter Roman. Maven and Bruce move downstage to meet him.>*

16 - **Roman:** Maven! Bruce! My loyal friends! Have you seen my dearest Linda? I have been without her tender touch for the past nineteen minutes!

17 - **Maven:** Ugh. You owe us big for all that time we spent talking to her ditzy friends so you could score with her.

18 - **Bruce:** Yeah, I even had to make out with one. *<Maven and Bruce shudder.>* You are so on wingman duty tonight.

*<Enter Linda.>*

19 - **Maven:** Look, there's your “fudgey-kins” now.

20 - **Roman:** *<to Linda>* Each microsecond I was gone from thee was the tightening of a vice around my already love-weakened heart.

*<Roman takes her hand.>*

21 - **Linda:** For every beat my heart would take, it shall now take two, so that even if yours comes to a stop, you may continue to woo.

22 - **Roman:** Oh, if only it would stop, for then I would feel the defibrillations of—  
*<Roman sees Julie-Ann.>* But soft! What angel might that be? A star has fallen from the farthest and most sacred reaches of heaven!

23 - **Linda:** What?! You better not be talking about that cheap floozy from the Even More Travelling Players!

*<Roman sets off towards Julie-Ann with Maven and Bruce faithfully at his side, completely ignoring his former girlfriend.>*

24 - **Linda:** *<shouting after them>* I heard she pays boys to hold hands with her!!!

*<Linda storms off.>*

25 - **Maven:** *<to Bruce>* Not again. *<to Elle>* I would be most honoured if you would join me for a dance.

26 - **Bruce:** *<to Colleen>* I wouldn't dare dream of leaving you standing there m'lady.

*<Elle and Colleen giggle. The two couples dance and move upstage while they continue to dance. Roman grabs Julie-Ann's hand.>*

27 - **Julie-Ann:** Excuse me, can I help you?

28 - **Roman:** "If I profane with my unwortheiest hand"—

29 - **Julie-Ann:** Yeah, actually, you do. You're freaking me out.

*<Julie-Ann starts walking away, but Roman does not let go of her hand.>*

30 - **Roman:** Oh sweet thou! What be thy name? *<pauses, waiting for Julie-Ann's non-forthcoming response>* Nay, it matters not. "That which we call a rose / By any other name would smell as sweet."

31 - **Julie-Ann:** I'll tell you my name if you promise to stop quoting that godawful play. It's Julie-Ann.

32 - **Roman:** I have a poem for you, Julie-Ann, straight from the pen of yours truly, Roman, himself: Roses are red, violets are blue, a million thoughts pass through my head, and each one is of... thou!

33 - **Julie-Ann:** Roman, do poetry and romance a favour and quit while you're behind.

34 - **Roman:** Oh Julie-Ann, looking into your eyes, my passion ignites, burning brighter, ever brighter, until I cannot contain it any longer, so I must express it in the only way I know how...

35 - **Roman:** *<singing, a capella, to the tune of Somewhere Out There>*  
I'm your mouse pad, that will always be true,  
You can keep on clicking, and bid wrist pain adieu.

36 - **Julie-Ann:** *<interrupting>* That's all the expression I can handle for one night.

37 - **Roman:** Can you think of any reason why our love should not be allowed to flourish?

38 - **Julie-Ann:** Uhhh... I have to organize my sock drawer? Every single night? For the rest of my life?

39 - **Roman:** Pish, our love cares not for socks. We shall frolick through the meadows barefoot.

40 - **Julie-Ann:** How about... I've got it! You're with the Travelling Players, and my director has forbidden me from seeing guys in your company. *<under breath>* Yeah, that'll do.

*<Enter Kurt, who joins the group of Elle, Colleen, Maven and Bruce.>*

41 - **Kurt:** Hey, have you guys seen my sister?

42 - **Bruce:** Shhhh! *<points to Roman and Julie-Ann>*

43 - **Kurt:** What is she doing with that romantic sap?

*<Kurt starts to approach Roman and Julie-Ann, but is restrained by Maven and Bruce.>*

44 - **Maven:** Relax, dude.

45 - **Roman:** *<loudly>* Woe is me! We should not be driven apart by this rivalry between our two companies. Renounce your director's orders to shun our company for the sake of our love!

46 - **Kurt:** She's in *love* with him!?

47 - **Colleen:** AFAIK, no one told me we weren't allowed to hang out with you guys.

48 - **Elle:** I hope our director doesn't catch us with you. That would totally sux0r.

49 - **Julie-Ann:** *<condescendingly, as though to say "I'm being nice to you, but I'm lying through my teeth.">* No, really, I would love to go out with you, but I am the lead actress in our play and I have to... set an example for the rest of the company.

50 - **Colleen:** This rivalry between our companies is driving a wedge between the love of Roman and Julie-Ann.

51 - **Elle:** It's so romantic, and tragic at the same time. Just like that play, *Antony and Cleopatra*.

52 - **Kurt:** No it's not. She's my sister. He's a dork. It's creepy and disturbing. Like that play, *Titus Andronicus*.

53 - **Colleen:** <to *Maven and Bruce*> Get him out of here, he's going to ruin the whole thing!

<*Maven and Bruce* drag **Kurt** offstage. Enter **Linda**, taking a ring off her finger.>

54 - **Linda:** <to *Julie-Ann*> I'm going to stuff this meaningless promise ring down your anorexic little throat!

<Altercation ensues. **Doris** rushes in to break up melee between **Linda** and **Julie-Ann**, taking hold of **Linda**. **Roman** consoles **Julie-Ann**. **Wendell** and **Greta** return in time to gawk at the proceedings.>

55 - **Doris:** Didn't you read the sign? Threats of physical violence are not permitted – and that includes forced jewelry consumption.

56 - **Julie-Ann:** I don't need to put up with this nonsense.

<Exit **Julie-Ann**, followed by **Colleen** and **Elle**. **Roman** chases after them. **Doris** begins to drag **Linda** off the opposite side of the stage.>

57 - **Linda:** Don't think this is over! If I ever see you again, you're finished, finished I tell you! Mark my words!

58 - **Doris:** Didn't you read the sign? No overly-dramatic vows of revenge permitted after ten o'clock.

<Exit **Doris** with **Linda**.>

59 - **Toni:** What shameful behaviour!

60 - **Greta:** Excuse me?



61 - **Ron**: You heard her. Your adolescent antics bring nothing but disrepute to this festival.

62 - **Mark**: Not to mention the disrespect your play selection shows to the Bard's great work – *Hamlet II: The Revenge*?

63 - **Toni**: How, pray tell, does one write a sequel to a play where all the main characters die?

64 - **Wendell**: That's easily explained. Ophelia faked her death to get that nutjob Hamlet to leave her alone, and Polonius' body was rebuilt by medieval Danish metalworkers.

65 - **Mark**: *<with liberal use of quotation-mark fingers>* A “robot Polonius?” That's rich.

66 - **Ron**: We'll leave you to your little Drama 101 project. Try not to leave too many beer bottles behind on the stage.

*<Exeunt Mark, Ron and Toni.>*

67 - **Greta**: I can't stand those snobs. They're so high and mighty, with their “prestige” and “professional conduct.”

*<Wendell and Greta move to the bar. Enter Elle and Colleen from one side, and Maven and Bruce from the other.>*

68 - **Elle**: Julie-Ann's really irritated. The situation with her and Roman seems to be getting her down.

69 - **Maven**: Where'd she go?

70 - **Colleen**: She's gone home, probably to pine over Roman. It's too bad this rift between our companies keeps them from realizing their desires.

71 - **Elle**: We've got to let Roman know that Julie-Ann's still interested in him!

72 - **Bruce**: The four of us should not rest until we've done everything we can to get Roman and Julie-Ann together. Agreed?

*<Maven, Bruce, Elle and Colleen place their hands together in the middle of their circle in a pledge.>*

73 - **Elle, Colleen, Maven**: Agreed.

## Act 1, Scene 4

### Characters:

Lita F. de Troupe, director of the Travelling Players.....Lita  
 Anita Brake, stage manager of the Travelling Players.....Anita  
 Alice Makadeposteros, producer of the Even More Travelling Players.....Alice  
 Bill Dinsetz, tech director of the Even More Travelling Players.....Bill  
 Carl Owdakyues, stage manager of the Even More Travelling Players.....Carl  
 Bill Rosencrantz, an actor with the Travelling Players.....Rosencrantz  
 Ted Guildenstern, an actor with the Travelling Players.....Guildenstern  
 Les duLunche, a writer with the Travelling Players.....Les  
 Bob Robert Robertson, an actor with the Travelling Players.....Bob  
 Lei Tsi, a techie with the Travelling Players.....Lei  
 Neve R. Scene, a techie with the Travelling Players.....Neve  
 Dee Cyning-Props, a techie with the Travelling Players.....Dee  
 Payton Bakdropz, tech director for the Travelling Players.....Payton  
 Bach Stayje, a techie with the Travelling Players.....Bach  
 Ike Ansellit, an actor with the Travelling Players.....Ike  
 Jen Gellsinger, an actress with the Travelling Players.....Jen  
 Play-within-the-play characters from 2-2.....(nonspeaking)

*<Scene opens with Anita, Rosencrantz, Guildenstern, Bob, Dee, Payton, Bach, Ike, Jen and any other “extras” onstage, milling about. Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are wearing their coats, and there are two coat racks on stage. There are two boxes on stage, one labelled “knives” and the other labelled “sausages.” (The boxes don't need to be there from the beginning, but can be carried onstage at any point between the beginning of the scene and the time they are needed.) Actors are doing patootey-tahs in the background.>*

1 - **Anita:** *<listening to headset>* All right, Travelling Players. Rehearsal in five minutes.

*<Exit Anita. Enter Lita, who is approached by Bob.>*

2 - **Bob:** Hey Lita, can I talk to you about my part?

3 - **Lita:** You mean “Attendant Number 6?”

4 - **Bob:** Yeah, that's the one. When I agreed to take it on, I didn't expect it to be such a small role.

5 - **Lita:** It's not that bad, is it?

6 - **Bob:** I only have one line: "How are you going to fit that in there?"

7 - **Lita:** Look, Bob. Attendant Six is an extremely important part and I need you to really sell the audience on that one line. Remember: there are no small parts, only small actors.

8 - **Bob:** You're right. I'm going to be the best damn Attendant Number Six there's ever been.

*<Bob returns to the upstage group of actors. Enter Anita, with a small pile of scripts.>*

9 - **Lita:** Anita, have you assigned all the new parts yet?

10 - **Anita:** Almost done; I'm working on it now. Has anyone seen Bill Rosencrantz? Bill Rosencrantz.

*<Exit Lita. Rosencrantz walks over to Anita.>*

11 - **Rosencrantz:** Over here.

12 - **Anita:** I've got your role assignment. I must say, the Director's made a great choice. It's the part you were born to play.

*<Anita hands Rosencrantz a script.>*

13 - **Rosencrantz:** Oh, sure, typecast again. You know, every time I'm in *Hamlet*, the director always thinks it's a big joke to cast me as... *<looks at the part he's been assigned>* Wait, you want me to play Guildenstern?

14 - **Anita:** You bet. By the way, when you see your buddy, Ted Guildenstern, can you give him his role assignment as well?

*<Anita hands Rosencrantz another script. Alice, Bill and Carl start sneaking in. Exit Anita, as Rosencrantz moves upstage to meet Guildenstern and hand him the script.>*

15 - **Alice:** It's time for us to sabotage these Travelling Players. The boss wants us to be ruthless. What have you guys got in mind?

16 - **Bill:** *<holding up a test tube>* I stole a flu virus from a biology lab. I figure I'll slip it into someone's drink, and eventually it'll infect their entire company.

17 - **Carl:** Isn't that dangerous?

18 - **Bill:** *<shrugs shoulders>* Probably.

19 - **Alice:** All right, get to work.

*<Alice, Bill and Carl disperse. Enter Lei and Neve, drinking coffee. Lei has a box containing several cans of black paint, and Neve has a box of stencils, all of the letter "A." They stand near a table.>*

20 - **Lei:** I never would have thought that spending the entire afternoon at Tim Horton's would be so exhausting.

21 - **Neve:** Yeah, I feel like taking a nap. That coffee break really took the energy out of me.

*<Neve puts her coffee down on table. Bill sneaks up from behind and dumps test tube contents into the coffee.>*

22 - **Lei:** You know, it's probably a good thing we spend all day goofing off. Remember that time we were working on lighting?

23 - **Neve:** Yeah, it was awful nice of the company to cover the cost of all the damage we caused.

24 - **Lei:** At least the fire department got here before there was any major damage to the theatre.

*<Neve picks up her coffee and takes a drink.>*

25 - **Neve:** Shouldn't we get back to painting sets or something?

26 - **Lei:** <pause> Good one.

<**Lei and Neve** laugh. Enter **Payton** and **Dee**. **Dee** is carrying a bag concealing two "you're fired bears," which are teddy bears with a sash reading "You're fired!" They have pull cords in the back and cards attached to them.>

27 - **Neve:** Crap! The tech director! Make it look like we're working!

28 - **Payton:** Lei! Neve! What are you doing?

29 - **Lei:** Sorting the different shades of black paint.

30 - **Neve:** Alphabetizing the "letter A" stencils.

31 - **Payton:** That does it. You are both being fired for gross incompetence. The director's opinion is that you will "ruin us like Kevin Costner ruins movies."

32 - **Dee:** Just to show there's no hard feelings, we all pitched in on a going-away gift for you.

<**Dee** produces the "your fired" bears and hands them to **Lei and Neve**.>

33 - **Dee:** I got them from Hallmark's "Gifts for Every Occasion" section, as a token of our appreciation.

34 - **Lei:** <reading from a card attached to the bear> "Your bumbling incompetence we can do without. Don't let the door hit your ass on the way out!"

35 - **Neve:** You could have at least written the card yourself! These store-bought ones are so insincere.

36 - **Lei:** Is this a pull cord?

<**Lei** pulls the cord on her bear, and it says "You're a terrible employee." **Neve** pulls the cord on her bear, and it says "You're a drain on the economy." Both begin to exit.>

37 - **Alice:** <to **Bill**> You twit! You gave the flu to someone who was about to get fired!

38 - **Lei:** What are we going to do now?

39 - **Neve:** I don't know. I suppose we could always join those Even More Travelling Players. <sneezes>

<Exit **Lei** and **Neve**.>

40 - **Payton:** <to **Dee**> I'm not sure that was the most sensitive gift you could have chosen. Maybe you should let me choose the "token of appreciation" next time.

<Exit **Dee**. **Payton** moves upstage and does some typical tech-director stuff. **Rosencrantz** and **Guildenstern** move downstage, remove their coats and put them on coat racks.>

41 - **Alice:** <dismay> That didn't go so well... Hey, why don't you go sabotage those two?

<Over the next three lines, **Carl** and **Bill** sneak up behind **Rosencrantz** and **Guildenstern**, and switch their coats. Eager thumbs up is exchanged.>

42 - **Guildenstern:** But a name is just a label, isn't it?

43 - **Rosencrantz:** A label, yes, but one that defines who we are! A person's name ties his physical presence to his unique personality.

44 - **Guildenstern:** So you're supposed to be Rosencrantz, and you think I'm Guildenstern?

45 - **Rosencrantz:** No, seriously, I *am* Rosencrantz. Look, here's my birth certificate.

<**Rosencrantz** pulls his wallet out of his coat, takes a card out of wallet and hands it to **Guildenstern**, who reads it. **Guildenstern** also takes the wallet from his coat.>

46 - **Guildenstern:** It says Guildenstern here.

47 - **Rosencrantz:** What? Give me that. <snatches card> Oh no! How can this be? My birth certificate says Guildenstern! Who am I?

48 - **Guildenstern:** *<leafing through "his" wallet>* And look, they got your picture on my driver's license. Isn't that stupid?

49 - **Rosencrantz:** *<realizes what happened>* Stupid? Yes.

*<Rosencrantz takes back wallet and slaps Guildenstern's real wallet into his hand. Rosencrantz counts his money to be sure it's all there... lots of twenties>*

50 - **Guildenstern:** *<opens empty wallet>* I liked it better when I was you.

*<Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern. Enter Dee and Bach, carrying a set piece of a market stall, putting it down near where Bob is standing.>*

51 - **Bach:** Hey Bob, how did your meeting with Lita go? Manage to get a better part?

52 - **Bob:** No, but she did convince me of the importance of the role. I'm a lot happier with it now.

53 - **Bach:** What was your line again?

54 - **Bob:** "How are you going to fit that in there?"

55 - **Bach:** *<pause>* Is that how you're going to say it?

56 - **Bob:** What's wrong with that?

57 - **Bach:** Attendant Number Six is posing a fundamental question that's been tormenting him his entire life. You've got to put some more passion into it... and some angst, too. "How are you going to fit that in there?"

58 - **Dee:** No, more like "How are you going to fit that in there?"

59 - **Bob:** "How are you going to fit that in there?"

*<Dee and Bach look at each other.>*

60 - **Dee and Bach:** Better.

<**Carl** switches the labels on the “knife” and “sausage” boxes of props. **Payton** approaches **Bach**.>

61 - **Payton**: <to **Bach**> You – take that box <pointing to the box labelled “sausages”> and empty it into the stall for the Market Scene.

<**Bach** takes the box of knives over to the stall with the “sausages” sign. He looks back and forth between the knives he's been given, and at the sign above the stall, then shrugs his shoulders.>

62 - **Bach**: Okay.

<**Bach** puts the knives into the stall. **Dee** walks up to **Payton**, holding a knife prop and some dagger sheathes.>

63 - **Dee**: Do you have any more of these?

64 - **Payton**: <pointing to the box labelled “knives”> You can use whatever's in that box.

<Exit **Payton**. **Dee** opens the “knives” box and pulls out a sausage.>

65 - **Dee**: Are you sure about this?

<**Dee** tries to put the sausage into one of the dagger sheathes. **Bob** absentmindedly wanders by.>

66 - **Bob**: How are you going to fit that in there? <different intonation> How are you going to fit that in there?

67 - **Dee**: I'm going to have to find larger... oh, it's you, Bob. Could still use some work. Remember, we're not taping a Canadian Tire commercial here -- we have standards.

68 - **Bob**: How are you going to fit that in there?

69 - **Dee**: Better. Keep working on it.



<Dee hands the sausages to Ike and Jen. Exit Dee. Alice, Bill and Carl gather.>

70 - **Alice:** So, how did the sabotage go?

71 - **Carl:** I don't think it went so well. I switched their props around, but they didn't even notice!

72 - **Alice:** This isn't working. I'd better tell the boss the bad news <pulls out cell phone> Alice here, sir. The sabotage isn't going so well.... oh, you might want to get a flu shot.... No, we've tried everything.... Oh my! <whispers to others> He's going to call the fixers!

73 - **Carl and Bill:** <aghast, frantically wave hands> No, no, no, no, no!

74 - **Alice:** <snaps back to phone> Do you really need to call in professionals, sir? We can handle it.... Incompetent? Dunderheads? Sir, I don't even know what an imbecilic stumblebum is.

75 - **Bill:** He can't hire professionals! They're dangerous... they have no compassion or feeling!

76 - **Alice:** Sir, please give us another chance. We can handle this. We'll pull a stunt so outrageous that the Travelling Players won't know what hit them.

<Exeunt Alice, Bill and Carl. Enter Lita, drinking from a thermos of coffee.>

77 - **Lita:** Ah.... Columbian. Such bold aroma. Such delightfully haughty pretence for such a common bean.

78 - **Anita:** Lita? Were we gonna rehearse the scene?

79 - **Lita:** What? The scene? The scene! Yes, yes, of course. Everyone! Throw your scripts aside, for you have studied enough. Tonight, we ACT!

80 - **Anita:** <to cast> Last scene, people. Go rally the troops, Lita.

<Lita stands on a chair, making grand gestures, while actors read their scripts and ignore her.>

81 - **Lita:** Let me now inspire you all with an excerpt from one of Shakespeare's lost plays, *The Last Temptation of a Playwright*:

My troupe, here congregate, so that I may  
Inspire you to new heights o' thesp'ian grace;  
For soon our souls will open wide for all  
To look'st upon our secret inner place.  
What more could players want than...

82 - **Ike:** one more page?

83 - **Lita:** What is this? Who dares to me upstage?

84 - **Ike:** Sorry, Lita, but I think my script is missing a page.

85 - **Jen:** Have we started rehearsing yet? Because the second-last page is missing from all our scripts. *<confused>* And I didn't realize the director was in this scene.

86 - **Lita:** *<frantically flipping through script>* It's not here! The penultimate page! The most critical part of the denouement is missing! The rising action will never fall... the audience will be stuck in a frenzied state of climax. They'll kill us all!

*<Lita drinks coffee from her thermos.>*

87 - **Anita:** Well, we do have a writer on staff. He's sorta been out of a job ever since we opted to use this Shakespearean stuff.

88 - **Lita:** Yes, yes. Get the writer in here!

*<Enter Les.>*

89 - **Les:** This better be important. Quentin will be calling any minute – I'm sure he'll want to talk about my latest masterpiece.

90 - **Lita:** Your services are required, my good man, to, with utmost skill and restraint, repair this great work.

91 - **Les:** You want me to write? Well, it took long enough. *<looks at script>* Geez, I could write better lines with my eyes closed.

92 - **Lita:** Please don't.

93 - **Anita:** Just fill in the second last page. Nothing fancy, just make sure it fits.

94 - **Lita:** Wait! Perhaps if we showed you how the stage will look just before the missing page, it would help you... keep the spirit of the play?

95 - **Les:** Sure thing. Fire away.

96 - **Anita:** Everyone! If we could have you in position just before the missing page.

*<The **play-within-the-play** actors from 2-2 quickly flip through scripts and set up a still-life scene with good guys besting the bad guys.>*

97 - **Les:** And what happens after?

*<Actors flip page, then slap foreheads. All actors drop dead, making dying noises, except for **Horatio**, who is standing in the middle of the stage, examining his fingernails and looking nonchalant.>*

98 - **Lita:** *<intensely satisfied>* Ah, Shakespeare!

99 - **Anita:** Can you patch that up?

100 - **Les:** Couldn't be simpler. But I warn you, my page will be so good that the first load of pages will seem like a crappy lead-up, and the last page will be a terrible let-down, all sandwiching one letter-sized piece of greatness. Hollywood, here I come.

101 - **Bach:** Say, while you're at it, could you throw in a good challenge for the tech department? These Shakespearean plays never have any cutting-edge effects.

102 - **Les:** Now there's some sassy thinking. I like your style. *<walking off stage together>* Have you ever seen *Apocalypse Now*?

*<Exeunt **Les** and **Bach**.>*

103 - **Lita:** Oh! Woe is my poor play! *<calling after **Les**>* Be gentle!

104 - **Anita:** No problem people, we can just rehearse the market scene. Rosencrantz!  
Stage left.

*<Rosencrantz and Guildenstern push each other out of the way to try and get in position.>*

105 - **Rosencrantz:** She clearly said Rosencrantz!

106 - **Guildenstern:** Yeah, that's me, right?

*<Market Scene: Ike is standing in front of the "sausages" stall, which is filled with prop knives. Jen, Rosencrantz and Guildenstern approach the stall, looking around the "market.">*

107 - **Jen:** The air dost smack of foul aromes best smelt  
In the deep murk of truly grim despair.

108 - **Rosencrantz and Guildenstern:** *<both speak at once, pushing, trying to be in front when saying the lines>*

My lord, shouldst thou not bring more help with thee?  
For I am only **one** frail man, of **one**  
Poor mind to help thy quest for satisfaction.

109 - **Jen:** Be calm, my gentle Rosen....stern? Look there!

110 - **Ike:** My lord! Fine tender sausage, here for sale.

111 - **Jen:** A sausage I would eat, for aught but to  
Test my resolve against the coming feast.

112 - **Ike:** 'Tis bratwurst fine, imported here from lands  
Afar, sold by the Earl of Gloster's men.

113 - **Jen:** *<singing, unaccompanied, to the tune of the Oscar Meyer song>*  
Forsooth, I love these Earl of Gloster bratwursts.  
I'll eat them till my stomach nearly bursts.

114 - **Ike:** *<singing, unaccompanied>*

Earl of Gloster bratwursts are so yummy,  
They come with William Shakespeare's guarantee.  
*<spoken>* Will thou now have another sausage plump?

115 - **Jen:** Alas, I fear I can contain no more.

116 - **Ike:** A sausage I shall make of thee, thou cur.

117 - **Jen:** Have at thee, villain!

*<Jen pulls out a sausage, followed by Ike. Awkward sausage fight ensues.>*

118 - **Lita:** Why are there two Rosencrantzes? And why are they fighting with sausages?  
What are they doing to my poor scene?

119 - **Anita:** I'm not surprised they got a bit confused. This scene does call for an awful  
lot of sausages.

120 - **Lita:** You're right. The great bard demands sausages, and we shall deliver.  
*<clenched fists, shouting>* More power! More emotion! More sausage!

## Vignette 1

### Characters:

Brock N. Roll, a wandering minstrel.....Brock  
Linda Rose, Roman's ex-girlfriend.....Linda

*<Brock is onstage with his guitar and case. Linda enters and walks past him.>*

1 - **Brock:** *<seeing Linda>* Why so glum, chum?

2 - **Linda:** *<still sulking>* It's that no good Julie-Ann! She walks by, my sweet little Romie-kins takes one look at her, and before you know it he's chasing her around and I'm here all alone talking to... you?

*<Linda looks up at Brock, and inhales slightly as though she has just lost her breath. Brock looks the slightest bit uncomfortable, then speaks.>*

3 - **Brock:** Well... do you know what I do when life's got me down? I sing a song!

4 - **Linda:** *<cheering up>* Can I join you?

5 - **Brock:** Sure, I've always wanted to start a band. What instrument do you play?

6 - **Linda:** Flute! My teacher says I've got a great embouchure.

*<Linda makes demonstration of said embouchure in Brock's direction. Brock recoils slightly, then pulls a triangle out of his case.>*

7 - **Brock:** Uh... I don't really think flute would match my style. Why don't you try hitting this for a while?

8 - **Linda:** Thanks!

*<Linda moves closer to Brock. Brock subtly slides away, and starts playing. Linda plays the triangle as accompaniment.>*

**SONG: *Amateur Saboteurs* (original music)**

**Brock:**

Now Reggie's flunkies remain hard at work,  
Doing their best to stop his wrath.  
And so the sabotage went on and on,  
Though not succeeding as they'd like.

And now they need a plan that will not let them down again.

They think they've finally found that fail-proof scheme  
One at which they just might succeed.  
Now this plan is taking our amateur saboteurs  
Into the office of the Dean.

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**Act 1, Scene 5****Characters:**

Alice Makadeposteros, producer of the Even More Travelling Players.....Alice  
Carl Owdakyues, stage manager of the Even More Travelling Players.....Carl  
Bill Dinsetz, tech director of the Even More Travelling Players.....Bill  
Marvin D. Martin, the dean of the Faculty.....Martin  
Candice Cain, associate dean of graduate studies.....Cain  
Rick Koontz, associate dean of undergraduate studies.....Koontz  
E. Claire Fetcher, associate dean of jelly doughnuts.....Claire  
Roland Bosworth Tottenham etc. XVIII, a record producer.....Roland XVIII  
Christine Phyllis Marlowe, an overly-zealous fan of Christopher Marlowe.....Phyllis  
Jeremy Marlowe, a former Shakespearean.....Jeremy  
Marlowe choir.....(singing only)

*<Dean's office. There is a large desk, a computer on a separate table in one corner, and a fish tank. The office is empty of characters. Enter Alice, Carl and Bill.>*

- 1 - **Alice:** Are you sure you know what you're doing?
- 2 - **Bill:** No problem. I know my way 'round computers.
- 3 - **Alice:** Well, hurry up and let's get out of here before anyone sees us. We really can't screw up this time!
- 4 - **Bill:** Just keep an eye out for me while I steal the Travelling Players' bookings.  
*<walking to the computer>* I'll be done in no time.
- 5 - **Alice:** *<aside to Carl>* Does he have to do that using Quest?
- 6 - **Carl:** Yeah, I think so.
- 7 - **Alice:** Drat! This could take years. They don't call it "Quest" for nothing. Hey, the Dean's in the next room! He's coming in here!
- 8 - **Bill:** Then stall him! I'm not finished!



<Enter **Martin** and **Roland XVIII**, deep in conversation and paying no attention to **Alice, Bill** and **Carl**.>

9 - **Alice**: <aside to **Carl**> What do we say to him? What are we doing in here?

10 - **Carl**: Maybe we're asking him if he wants to... do a cameo in our play?

11 - **Alice**: The dean? A cameo? Is that the best we can do? I mean, what if he says yes?!

12 - **Carl**: I guess that would be the director's problem...

13 - **Martin**: So, the answer is, yes, of course we will do all we can to help you locate the abundance of renaissance musical talent that UW has to offer. I'll arrange a meeting between you and this "wandering minstrel" you spoke of.

14 - **Roland XVIII**: Excellent. Thank you, Dr. Martin.

15 - **Martin**: Let me just get my associate deans. <pushes button on desk and speaks to PA on desk> Could you two come up here, please? <to **Roland XVIII**> Would you just sign your name to the bottom of this comment that I've taken the liberty of writing up on your behalf?

<**Martin** passes a paper to **Roland XVIII**, who reads it.>

16 - **Roland XVIII**: "Dear *Maclean's*, I am so amazed by the talent displayed at the University of Waterloo that I, completely of my own inspiration, have written to say that I believe UW's Renaissance Music Presence score on your university ranking table should be re-assessed..."

17 - **Martin**: Yes, and if you'll just sign it... <noticing **Alice, Bill** and **Carl**> What are you doing here?

18 - **Alice**: We're producing a Shakespearean play. We were hoping you could make a cameo appearance.

<Enter **Koontz** and **Cain**.>

19 - **Cain**: My job is so much harder than yours.

20 - **Koontz**: What are you talking about? You have no idea how boring it is to read through seventeen copies of a first-year assignment, identical down to the spelling mistakes, just in case one of them isn't cheating.

21 - **Cain**: Yes, but my students are older and lazier, and they never seem to finish. You would think being a graduate and having a degree would mean that you had some ambition.

22 - **Koontz**: But yours just sit and research all the time! Mine are always outside my office: 'Quest won't let me do this! Quest won't let me do that!' Whine, whine, whine. I don't care whether you get your damn philosophy credit.

23 - **Cain**: You seem to have no appreciation of how much work it is to, umm... read a thesis.

24 - **Koontz**: You don't do that! Their committees do!

25 - **Cain**: But if all of the experts in their field got sick at the same time, then I might have to....

26 - **Martin**: You two! Come here and meet Mr. Roland Bosworth Tottenham Sopwith Tortmeister Smythewicket the 18<sup>th</sup>, an executive from Sony-TimeWarner-Pepsi-Burger King Music. And these are my associate deans, Dr. Cain, graduate studies, and Dr. Koontz, undergraduate studies.

*<Hand shaking ensues.>*

27 - **Roland XVIII**: *<to students>* And you are...?

28 - **Martin**: Oh, those are just students. *<behind his hand with a wink>* Drama geeks.

29 - **Roland XVIII**: *<to Carl, coolly>* What's that around your neck?

30 - **Carl**: These? Just the headphones to my new iPod.

31 - **Roland XVIII**: Oh, really! The new model? Can I see it?

32 - **Carl**: Sure. *<Takes it out of his pocket and hands it over.>* It's got a GPS, scratch-resistant ablative armor, power steering...

*<Roland XVIII hurls it to the floor and begins to stomp on it violently, eventually just jumping up and down on the little pieces.>*

33 - **Carl**: *<choking sounds of remorse and shock>* My iPod!

34 - **Roland XVIII**: *<through gritted teeth while grinding the last few components with his heel>* And this is what will happen to every last commie student music pirate when our lawyers finally get you little crooks!

35 - **Carl**: My iPod! I'll press charges!

36 - **Cain**: Don't be naive. Don't you know that you have to own a billion-dollar company or be elected to government before you can take stuff that isn't yours?

*<Roland XVIII brushes hair back with one hand, straightens tie, snatches letter from Martin, signs with a signature so big, long, and full of itself that it threatens to go off the page, thrusts the letter back to Martin, nods perfunctorily, straightens his cuffs pointedly, turns on heel and exits with maximum show.>*

37 - **Martin**: *<calling after Roland XVIII>* Thank you very much! I look forward to future correspondence!

38 - **Carl**: My iPod!

39 - **Martin**: Calm down. So what did you want?

40 - **Alice**: The cameo?

41 - **Martin**: You realize that I'm very busy... I've got two meetings scheduled for the same 15 minutes. Associate Dean Koontz, bring in the prospective donor. Associate Dean Cain, go meet this Ms. Phyllis Marlowe and bring her up -- she should be in the lobby by now.

*<Exeunt Koontz and Cain.>*

42 - **Alice:** *<aside to Bill>* Mission accomplished?

43 - **Bill:** Well, the online forms were really confusing...

44 - **Alice:** Did you or didn't you swap the Travelling Players' rehearsal times over to us?!

45 - **Bill:** Yes. Probably. Maybe. Let's hope so.

*<Exeunt Alice, Bill, and Carl. Enter Koontz with the Cameo.>*

46 - **Koontz:** [Cameo's name] from [cameo's department] here to see you about making a donation to the faculty.

47 - **Martin:** Good to see you! UW is able to maintain its strong reputation thanks to the contributions of generous benefactors such as yourself. We have plenty of naming opportunities available. What range were you thinking of donating?

48 - **Cameo:** What could I get for ten million?

49 - **Martin:** Ten million!? Wow! Your choice: a building, a research institute, my firstborn....

50 - **Cameo:** What could I get for fifty million?

51 - **Martin:** Fifty million!? Well, I was getting tired of the name "University of Waterloo."

52 - **Cameo:** *<empties pockets, pulling out some spare change and some coupons>* What could I get for a buck twenty-seven and a Tim Hortons Coupon?

53 - **Martin:** Ah, crud, not another prank donor! Get out of my office!

*<Cameo begins to exit.>*

54 - **Martin:** On second thought... I am kind of hungry; give me that coupon. We'll find a chalkboard eraser to name after you. *<raises his hands>* Imagine... the [cameo name] Eraser of Chalk!

<Cameo gives **Martin** the coupon. **Martin** escorts **Cameo** offstage.>

55 - **Martin**: <calling out> Claire!

56 - **Koontz**: This is worse than your weekly prank call from Bill Gates.

<Enter **Claire**.>

57 - **Claire**: Yes, Dean Martin!

58 - **Martin**: My associate dean of jelly doughnuts! Have you come up with a name for our new research institute, like I asked?

59 - **Claire**: Uh, yeah... The Institute for... Innovation in... International... Quantum... Pharmaceutical... Innovation.

60 - **Martin**: <pause> That's fantastic! I love innovation! What else have you done today?

61 - **Claire**: I've photocopied 300 sheets of blank paper, stacked all the staplers in the supply cupboard in an arrangement designed to channel Feng Shui, deleted 15 of your e-mails from students labeled "urgent", fed your pet piranha,...

62 - **Martin**: Great! <not really caring> Go down to Tim Horton's and get me some jelly doughnuts.

<**Martin** hands **Claire** the coupon.>

63 - **Claire**: This is the worst co-op job ever.

64 - **Martin**: It's not our fault. We're doing what we can to help the co-op department increase employment rates.

65 - **Koontz**: Don't disappoint us, now. We were very impressed with the evaluation of your last placement at Pizza Pizza.

*<Enter Cain, who starts speaking. Claire begins to exit, but hears what she says, becomes interested and decides to hang about and see what's happening.>*

66 - **Cain:** *<out of breath>* That woman! Who said she was coming to meet you! Phyllis Marlowe! She's here! And, oh my... she's....

*<Enter Phyllis and Choir.>*

67 - **Phyllis:** Greetings in the name of the Great Muse and Her Chosen, Christopher Marlowe! You must be Dean Martin!

68 - **Martin:** Yes. Are you here to make a donation? Your name on a ceiling tile for only ten thousand!

69 - **Phyllis:** How wonderful of you to offer, but I am here because of this thoroughly reprehensible display of wanton Shakespeare that is being planned! Now, I'm not one to judge, you perhaps had no idea that this festival was even in the works...

70 - **Martin:** Some students did say...

71 - **Phyllis:** ... but now that I have brought it to your attention, I'm absolutely certain that you will take immediate action to have it stopped, for the protection of your students.

72 - **Martin:** Pardon?

73 - **Phyllis:** Such an erudite man as yourself cannot be ignorant of the immense dangers associated with Shakespeare!

74 - **Martin:** Well, now that you mention—

75 - **Phyllis:** Various studies sponsored by the Marlowe Promotional Trust have shown that reading Shakespeare is linked to a 4% higher rate of suicide in teenagers! And are we surprised, with all the occult references? The witches?

76 - **Claire:** There are demons in Marlowe.

77 - **Phyllis:** And who are you?!

78 - **Martin**: Oh, that? It's best if you ignore it. That's just a co-op student.

79 - **Claire**: <cough> Associate dean.

80 - **Martin**: Of jelly doughnuts! Where are my doughnuts? Hmm? Fetch me my doughnuts. Fluffy hasn't had his daily sugar intake. <Points to fish tank.> Or would you rather this was a fresh meat day?

81 - **Phyllis**: So we must ask: what is it that we're allowing the government to teach our children these days?

82 - **Cain**: Lying's okay if you don't get caught?

83 - **Koontz**: Or have a big military?

84 - **Phyllis**: Pro-Shakespeare bias, that's what!

85 - **Cain**: "Pro-Shakespeare bias?" What?

86 - **Phyllis**: Exactly, ma'am, I can see that you're as shocked as I was. Scholars don't even agree on who Shakespeare really was! That clearly indicates that we should just reject his work altogether. How can you take that sort of art seriously? The art we promote is the True Art of the Great Muse Herself, as transmitted by the genius of Marlowe, the one true bard!

**SONG: Marlowe is the Bard!**

**Choir A:**

Marlowe is the bard!

**Choir B:**

Marlowe is the bard!

**Choir A:**

Marlowe is the bard!

**Choir B:**

Marlowe is the bard!

**Choir (all):**

Testify, it isn't hard  
Marlowe is the bard!

87 - **Phyllis:** CAN I GET A WITNESS?

<*Phyllis fetches Jeremy from offstage at some point during the following song.*>

**SONG: Marlowe is the Bard! (continued)**

**Choir A:**

Bring Jeremy!

**Choir B:**

Bring Jeremy!

**Choir A:**

Bring Jeremy!

**Choir B:**

Bring Jeremy!

**Choir (all):**

Show these sinners what they can be,  
Bring out Jeremy!

88 - **Phyllis:** Jeremy is, by his own admission, an ex-Shakespearian. But! By the glory of Marlowe, we have succeeded in curing him!

89 - **Jeremy:** <*slowly and disconnected*> I used to spend all my time acting out my Shakespearian fantasies... It is so hard to admit it. Now I see that was just demeaning myself.

90 - **Phyllis:** Testify!

91 - **Jeremy:** Phyllis Marlowe's unique program of shock therapy and pavlovian conditioning helped me change my wicked ways.

92 - **Phyllis:** Bear witness to the power of Marlowe! "To be or not to be."



93 - **Jeremy:** No! Stop! It's awful, horrible, sinful! Please, no more! The pain, the pain!

94 - **Phyllis:** The pain, of course, is temporary, subsiding when the Shakespearean influence is removed.

95 - **Jeremy:** Now that I am cured, I spend all day locked in a small room watching 'Survivor'. Really, it's so much better, now that I am just like everyone else.

96 - **Phyllis:** The glory of Marlowe has set him free!

*<Stage lights up. Phyllis hauls the struggling, confused Jeremy off-stage.>*

**SONG: Marlowe, He is the Bard! (continued)**

**Choir A:**

Marlowe set him free!

**Choir B:**

Marlowe set him free!

**Choir A:**

Marlowe set him free!

**Choir B:**

Marlowe set him free!

**Choir (all):**

Now he's normal, we agree.

Marlowe set him free.

97 - **Phyllis:** Now, there is a young man with a bright future ahead of him! Have no fear Dean Martin! I can use a similar process on your afflicted students to liberate them from their Shakespearian tendencies.

98 - **Claire:** Like hell you will, crazy woman.

99 - **Martin**: Why is there still a student in my office? <to *Koontz and Cain*> You two! Get the vermin out, or you'll be reading jelly doughnut girl's work term report, and you'll be filling out the work-term evaluation!

<*Koontz and Cain* each grab one of *Claire's* arms and take her offstage.>

100 - **Phyllis**: So you'll cancel the festival?

101 - **Martin**: Actually, I don't have any authority to...

102 - **Phyllis**: I know that you will not fail us, good man! I know you are part of the Marlowe Majority!

103 - **Martin**: I agree that Marlowe is underrated, but Shakespeare's work is in the same vein, surely.

104 - **Phyllis**: Am I the only one here who can see the obvious moral difference between people getting together to perform glorious Marlowe and people getting together to enact the perversions of Shakespeare?

105 - **Martin**: It's irrelevant because I'm not the person to...

106 - **Phyllis**: If you can't see the difference then you're already lost!

107 - **Martin**: Look! This is not a University of Waterloo event! There's nothing at all that I can do about it. There are UW student actors involved, but I don't control every aspect of their lives! They chose to go to Stratford!

108 - **Phyllis**: <*hisses*> The City of Sin itself! You must not let your students go there!

109 - **Martin**: Of course they'll go. There's a *Maclean's* category for Festival Acting Presence.

110 - **Phyllis**: Come my followers! I can see that our pleas are falling on deaf ears! If this is the policy of the university authorities, then we must launch our protest at the festival itself. Be warned: "When all the world dissolves / And every creature shall be purified / All places shall be hell that are not heaven." The great Marlowe hath spoken – you must repent and mend your ways!

**SONG: Marlowe, He is the Bard! (continued)**

**Choir A:**

Gotta change your ways!

**Choir B:**

Gotta change your ways!

**Choir A:**

Gotta change your ways!

**Choir B:**

Gotta change your ways!

**Choir (all):**

Stop this foolish Shakespeare craze,

Got to change your ways!

Heed our warning -- ban his plays,

Got to change your ways!

## Act 1, Scene 6

### Characters:

Lita F. de Troupe, director of the Travelling Players.....Lita  
 Pat Butzinzeetz, producer of the Travelling Players.....Pat  
 Reginald Q. Humperdink, director of the Even More Travelling Players.....Reginald  
 Alice Makadeposteros, producer of the Even More Travelling Players.....Alice  
 Bill Dinsetz, tech director of the Even More Travelling Players.....Bill  
 Carl Owdakyues, stage manager of the Even More Travelling Players.....Carl  
 Roman Tique, actor with the Travelling Players.....Roman  
 Kurt Lee Fries, techie with the Even More Travelling Players.....Kurt  
 Julie-Ann Fries, actress with the Even More Travelling Players.....Julie-Ann  
 Elle O'Elle, actress with the Even More Travelling Players.....Elle  
 Colleen Dasche-Paranthesis, actress with the Even More Travelling Players.....Colleen  
 Maven Rick, actor with the Travelling Players.....Maven  
 Bruce Goose, actor with the Travelling Players.....(non-speaking)\*  
 Agent Tom, a professional saboteur.....Tom  
 Agent Dick, a professional saboteur.....Dick  
 Agent Harriet, a professional saboteur.....Harriet  
 Frederick Xavier, a messenger.....Fred  
 Cole Snotes, actor with the Even More Travelling Players.....Cole  
 Malcolm Tennet, techie with the Even More Travelling Players.....Malcolm  
 Saul Ellokwee, actor with the Even More Travelling Players.....Saul  
 Carrie Ondasetz, techie with the Traveling Players.....Carrie  
 Bea Hinda-Kerton, techie with the Travelling Players.....Bea  
 Sarah Nading, singer with the Travelling Players.....Sarah

\*Presence is optional – he has no spoken lines, but it would be nice for him to “be seen.”

*<Location: the Humanities Theatre. The stage is empty. **Tom** is sitting in the audience, if feasible. **Alice**, **Bill** and **Carl** enter the theatre, by one of the audience doors if possible. **Bill** is carrying a bucket. They are leading along **Reginald**, who is blindfolded and bound at the wrists.>*

1 - **Carl**: You're going to love your surprise, boss!

2 - **Reginald**: I don't care about your stupid surprise. Untie me this instant!

3 - **Bill**: Wait, wait, almost there...

*<Reginald, Bill, Carl and Alice arrive at the foot of the stage. Enter Saul, Cole, Malcolm, Kurt, Julie-Ann, Elle and Colleen. They start to set up prop pieces, go over lines, etc. in preparation for their rehearsal. One large set piece is carried onstage, with Harriet hiding behind it. Carl and Bill remove Reginald's blindfold and wrist binding.>*

4 - **Carl, Bill and Alice**: And... surprise!

*<Reginald looks around bewildered, figures out where he is, and sees his company setting up on the stage.>*

5 - **Reginald**: Hagey Hall? What are we wasting time here for? We have dress rehearsal in the C&D in ten minutes. C'mon! Chop chop!

*<Carl taps Reginald on the shoulder from behind and brandishes a printout of the hacked room booking schedule.>*

6 - **Alice**: Actually, boss, we have dress rehearsal here in ten minutes.

7 - **Reginald**: We – what? *<he grabs the booking schedule and peers at it>* Wow.

8 - **Bill**: So, are you surprised?

9 - **Reginald**: Well, yes, actually. I didn't know I could transfer competence by osmosis. Nice work. It'll be nice to finally have a rehearsal space to ourselves – no basketball players hitting us with balls, no Fed Hall staff asking us for ID, no exam proctors telling us to “please shut up”....

*<Enter Bea, Carrie, Sarah, Roman, Maven and Bruce, led by Lita and Pat. All but Lita and Pat go about miming rehearsal, setting up, etc.>*

10 - **Lita**: Gasp! *<yes, the word “gasp” is supposed to be spoken>* What chicanery is this? We have dress rehearsal here in ten minutes!

11 - **Reginald**: I'm afraid not, my inferior counterpart.

12 - **Bill**: We have this stage booked. See?

<**Bill** brandishes the schedule.>

13 - **Pat**: That's impossible. I went to the dean's office and booked the stage personally. I know because I have a photographic memory and a stalker with a blog.

14 - **Carl**: Yeah? Well...

<**Carl** gestures furiously at the booking form.>

15 - **Alice**: <pointing to **Carl**> He's got a point.

16 - **Pat**: I'm going to call the dean's office and get this sorted out.

<**Pat** pulls out a cell phone and starts to dial.>

17 - **Pat**: You may as well save yourself some time and start packing up now. <on phone> Dean Martin's office, please... Hi, this is the producer of the UW Travelling Players.... yes, a student... could you tell us who has the Humanities Theatre booked right now? <distraught> Oh, really? Are you sure?

<Even More Travelling Players show glee – high fives all around.>

18 - **Pat**: But what are we supposed to do? <Look of shock and disgust on face> Sir, that's not an appropriate thing to do with a booking schedule.

19 - **Alice**: Well, from the sounds of it, I think you guys should start packing up.

20 - **Pat**: Actually, according to the Dean, we both have the stage booked.

<**Alice** whacks **Bill**.>

21 - **Carl**: What are we supposed to do now?

22 - **Pat**: According to the Dean, you should take that booking schedule and...

23 - **Reginald**: <interrupting, to **Carl**, **Bill** and **Alice**> I can't believe your incompetence. Did you even remember to delete the old booking?

24 - **Alice:** <*meekly*> Marks for effort?

25 - **Reginald:** This is the last straw. You three are fired. <*pointing at Cole*> You – you're the new producer. When we're done here, get your ass down to Hallmark and pick up three “your fired” bears. <*pointing at Malcolm*> You – you're the new stage manager. Get everyone ready to rehearse here, now.

26 - **Carl:** Please reconsider, boss. We're very sorry, but we can still...

27 - **Reginald:** Just shut up and get out of my face. I've got a phone call to make.

28 - **Bill:** <*eager to please*> Oh, I also washed your phone for you, boss.

<*Bill pulls a cell phone from his bucket, handling it as though it's dripping wet, and holds it out towards Reginald. Reginald, Carl and Alice just stare at him. Reginald screams, then storms off in disbelief. Alice exits the opposite way.*>

29 - **Carl:** <*to Bill*> You could have at least dried it.

<*Exeunt Carl and Bill. Roman moves downstage to do some warm-ups, and is approached by Elle and Colleen.*>

30 - **Elle:** Look, there's Roman. The perfect definition of a romantic hero.

31 - **Colleen:** Our romantic heroine's love must not be in vain. Come on, let's go snare Julie-Ann a Roman.

<*Elle and Colleen approach Roman.*>

32 - **Elle:** Hey, Roman, we just happened to be in the neighborhood...

33 - **Colleen:** When we saw you here. BTW, it just happens that Julie-Ann gave us a package for you.

<*Elle hands Roman the package.*>

34 - **Colleen:** Why look, it's a heart-shaped box of rose scented chocolates! How romantic!

35 - **Roman:** Wow! I love heart shaped boxes!

36 - **Elle:** Julie-Ann sends her most sultry invitations. TTYL!

*<Elle and Colleen leave Roman.>*

37 - **Elle:** It's done!

38 - **Colleen:** They'll be such a perfect couple!

*<Elle and Colleen giggle at the prospect of Roman and Julie-Ann together, then exeunt.>*

39 - **Roman:** Oh boy, Julie-Ann really loves me! She must want to defy her director and let our love flourish even though I'm in a rival company. I must let her know that her desire is not unrequited.

*<Roman sneaks over to where Julie-Ann is making some preparations onstage.>*

40 - **Julie-Ann:***<rehearsing>* Why, he is the Prince's jester, a very dull fool. Only his gift is in devising...

41 - **Roman:** Psst! My love!

42 - **Julie-Ann:** Oh, for the love of....

43 - **Roman:** My sweet, I have stolen away from the harsh toils of work and worry to stand by your side, for I could not bear to be away from you for a moment more.

44 - **Julie-Ann:** That's not romantic. That's just lazy.

45 - **Roman:** Lazy, yes. Not unlike the fox. And what better symbol of our love than... two foxes... in love.

46 - **Julie-Ann:** Oh, brother.

*<Kurt perks up, and watches the proceedings.>*



47 - **Roman:** With every breath I take of you my heart soars higher, ever higher, until I feel myself about to...

48 - **Julie-Ann:** Oh, no, no, no, no, no.

49 - **Roman:** *<singing, a capella, to the tune of Somewhere out There>* You're as warm as a potent firewall....

*<Julie-Ann tries covering her ears for a few seconds, then clasps her hands over Roman's mouth. He continues to try to sing regardless. Kurt approaches Julie-Ann.>*

50 - **Kurt:** Sis, I need to talk to you.

51 - **Roman:** *<breaking free from Julie-Ann's grip>* I am afraid she cannot speak, for she is breathless with...

52 - **Julie-Ann:** No, I'm not.

53 - **Roman:** Oh, it's a miracle! Your sweet voice has returned with new strength!

54 - **Kurt:** I can't believe you want to date this moron.

55 - **Julie-Ann:** You got it wrong. I don't wanna date this dork.

56 - **Kurt:** Oh, don't lie to me, sis. I know that look in your eyes. You can do way better than him. We need to have a little talk. Now.

*<Kurt starts to pull Julie-Ann offstage. Enter Carrie, who comes up behind Roman.>*

57 - **Carrie:** Hey, Roman, come on! We need you to help move the tailpiece.

58 - **Roman:** No! Julie-Ann and I shall never be parted!

*<Roman walks after the exiting Julie-Ann.>*

59 - **Carrie:** Not again. Get over here.

*<Carrie pulls Roman back. Elle and Colleen enter in time to see both Julie-Ann / Kurt and Roman / Carrie exiting. It should look to Elle and Colleen as though Roman and Julie-Ann have been pulled apart by their respective companies.>*

60 - **Elle**: This rift between our companies, it's keeping them apart!

61 - **Colleen**: New plan: instead of using our awesome powers of meddling to unite two lovers, we unite two acting companies! It's what we always do, just bigger!

62 - **Elle**: Exactly! And with our men on the inside, we're an unstoppable juggernaut of meddling!

*<Elle and Colleen move upstage to plot their meddling. Reginald enters, towelling off his cell phone, and starts talking on it.>*

63 - **Reginald**: Yeah, it's me. It looks like I'm going to need your services again.

*<Harriet emerges from behind a set piece, wearing a dark suit and sunglasses, unseen by Reginald, talking on a cell phone.>*

64 - **Harriet**: Of course. We have anticipated your needs and are well-prepared.

65 - **Reginald**: Great. How soon can you get here?

66 - **Harriet**: Good director, we are already here.

*<Tom emerges from the audience. Dick rolls into view from offstage. Both wear a uniform similar to Harriet's. They converge around Reginald, who reacts in surprise.>*

67 - **Reginald**: Jeez! Look, I appreciate your promptness, but *<glances around>* did you have to meet me right here? It looks really suspicious.

68 - **Harriet**: Don't be ridiculous. What's so suspicious about a fabulous Shakespearean director meeting with his tailors?

*<Tom removes a tape measure from his pocket and begins measuring various parts of Reginald's body. He and Dick continue to do this over the next few lines, as a cover story, as well as doing other "tailor" actions – hemming pants, putting a jacket on Reginald, putting pins in his clothes, "cutting" his clothes, showing fabric samples, etc. This draws a few confused looks from the people setting up onstage.>*

69 - **Tom:** Yes, yes, we've got a fine suit for you.

*<Dick puts a jacket on Reginald.>*

70 - **Dick:** Something in a 42 long perhaps?

71 - **Harriet:** See? Nothing to worry about. We are not in the business of getting caught. Now, you said you have some theatre company that could use some "custom work?"

72 - **Reginald:** Yeah. They're here right now, actually, barging in on my stage. I need you to work some of that magic you're so good at. Just – don't go too far like you did last time – please?

73 - **Harriet:** Not a problem.

74 - **Reginald:** Great. And please, let's try not to call any more attention to this.

*<Exit Reginald. Tom, Dick and Harriet also exit in creative manners. Enter Julie-Ann, followed by Kurt.>*

75 - **Julie-Ann:** Look, I'm trying to rehearse here. Do you mind?

*<Kurt sees Maven, who is doing some setup elsewhere on stage. Kurt abruptly stops following Julie-Ann and goes over to Maven and Bruce, while Julie-Ann is now free to continue rehearsing.>*

76 - **Kurt:** You! Tell me where Roman is so I can beat him to a bloody pulp.

77 - **Maven:** Thirteenth floor of the Dana Porter library. If he's not there, try the seventh floor of the Math building.

78 - **Kurt**: All right. Hear this, Julie-Ann! I'm going to get Roman out of your life, by any means necessary.

79 - **Julie-Ann**: Great! Go! Do that!

80 - **Kurt**: Don't patronize me. I can, and I will.

*<Kurt departs in search of Roman.>*

81 - **Julie-Ann**: *<calling after him>* I believe you! Ride on, sir knight! Yay, you!

*<Julie-Ann moves upstage, and mimes rehearsing. Colleen and Elle enter. They go over to Maven, where they pantomime discussing things. Meanwhile, Carrie enters with a garden gnome for the Travelling Players' rehearsal. Simultaneously, Malcolm enters with [ridiculous set piece] for the Even More Travelling Players' rehearsal. They carry their set pieces to the locations where they are to be placed, which happen to be in the same spot. Over the course of the following argument, additional members from both companies notice the argument and come to watch.>*

82 - **Carrie**: Could you get out of the way? This piece goes here.

83 - **Malcolm**: No can do. This spot is where this goes. Why are you still setting up, anyway? We've got the stage booked.

84 - **Bea**: No, you mucked up the bookings somehow to screw us out of rehearsal time.

85 - **Cole**: We're screwing with the bookings? We clearly have the stage booked. So what, your play sucks so hard you have to barge in on our rehearsals to save face?

*<Colleen, Elle and Maven have now noticed the argument, and try to interject to break it up.>*

86 - **Carrie**: *<heavy sarcasm>* Well, judging from that [ridiculous setpiece] you're hoisting there, I'm sure your production is a perfectly picturesque diorama of Elizabethan delight.

87 - **Colleen**: Hey, there, no need for the ribbing, we're all friends here.

88 - **Malcolm:** *<ignoring her>* Right, right, and I suppose that garden gnome is actually the wise engineer who fixes Robot Polonius.

89 - **Bea:** For your information, Robot Polonius fixes himself.

90 - **Carrie:** Your play's even worse than *Romeo and Juliet*.

91 - **Malcolm:** Have you read yours lately? Pot calling the kettle black. *<spits>* Self-righteous pots!

92 - **Maven:** Say, who's up for a drink with an umbrella in it? I'm up for a drink with an umbrella in it.

93 - **Bea:** Oh, that's rich. I saw your audition notice, you sexist... kettles.

*<Enter Fred.>*

94 - **Elle:** Look over there, it's a messenger!

95 - **Cole:** Communist Nazi terrorists!

96 - **Bea:** Liberal senators from Massachusetts!

97 - **Fred:** Hey! Everyone shut up for a minute.

*<Everyone shuts up and pays attention to Fred.>*

98 - **Fred:** I got a message here. Says it's for the company rehearsing here tonight.

99 - **Sarah:** That's us.

100 - **Cole:** Right here.

*<Sarah and Cole make exasperated sounds. Sarah takes the message from Fred's hands.>*

101 - **Fred**: Now, I got special delivery instructions. The lady who sent the message said she couldn't come here to tell you herself, so I gotta wave around this poster of her while you read it.

*<Fred unrolls a poster of Phyllis Marlowe's face, and waves it around eerily.>*

102 - **Sarah**: *<stares at Fred for a moment, then reads the letter>* "To you, the purveyors of filth who soil the stage this evening, I give this message." *<holding out letter to Cole>* It's for you.

103 - **Cole**: *<annoyed, takes the letter and reads>* "The university administration has been corrupted by the conspiracy of the academic elites, and has turned a blind eye to the truth."

104 - **Fred**: *<from behind the poster>* Louder and crazier.

105 - **Cole**: *<louder and crazier>* "But the truth cannot be contained, and the people will learn the evils of Shakespeare and be brought into the light of Marlowe."

106 - **Fred**: No, you're doing it all wrong. Give me that. *<exchanges poster for letter with Cole>* "From the opening curtain of the festival to the final bow, I shall march in protest of the encroaching spectre of Shakespeare. I will shine this whole travesty under a bright light for all the world to see. We will fight to redeem our society, and you insolent degenerates will rot eternally in Hel... *<flips the page over>* ...sinki community theatre."

*<Fred takes back his poster. He exits, pointing accusingly at random company members from behind the poster.>*

107 - **Sarah**: Well, you heard the lady. Your play sucks so much that it's damning our eternal souls.

108 - **Cole**: Whatever. I'm just glad that now the entire world will get a front row seat to just how craptastic you guys are.

*<Travelling Players place their garden gnome. Even More Travelling Players put down their [ridiculous setpiece] leaning against the Travelling Players' garden gnome in response. Travelling Players shove Even More Travelling Players' set piece off theirs in*

*disgust. Even More Travelling Players move upstage and start chatting with Elle and Colleen.>*

109 - **Carrie:** You know, they're right. *Hamlet II* really does suck pretty hard. It's got a play within a play within a dream within a play... within a play! Give me a break.

110 - **Sarah:** Yeah, I know. I mean, since when does "love of puppies" count as a tragic flaw, for crying out loud.

111 - **Maven:** And all those sausages! What the hell is up with that? God, it's like Shakespeare went all George Lucas in his old age.

*<Murmurs of agreement from the Travelling Players.>*

112 - **Sarah:** You know, I've been in bad plays before, and I survived. But if this wacko lady brings in half as much public attention as she says she can... I don't want to be in that spotlight.

*<Nods and sounds of agreement from the Travelling Players.>*

113 - **Bea:** So what do we do?

114 - **Carrie:** I don't know. *<Resigned pause>* We've still got some things to set up.

*<Colleen and Elle move to meet Maven.>*

115 - **Maven:** Hey, girls. We were just talking about how we're not really happy with our play.

116 - **Elle:** We just had the same chat with our company. Our play is really lame.

117 - **Colleen:** If we reunite the companies, we can perform *Love's Labours Lost*, and Roman and Julie-Ann can finally be together!

118 - **Maven:** That's not such a bad idea.

*<Exeunt Elle, Colleen, Maven and Bruce. Elsewhere, Lita enters with a coffee pot, followed by Pat.>*

119 - **Pat:** We're almost ready to go, sir. The set is in place, and we've wrestled the lighting board away from the Even More Travelling Players.

120 - **Lita:** Something else is going to go wrong. I can feel it. *<drinks from her coffee pot>*

121 - **Pat:** Sir, you need to relax. Calm down.

122 - **Malcolm:** What are you people still doing on our stage?

123 - **Pat:** In case you don't remember, it's our stage too.

124 - **Malcolm:** Okay, okay, no worries. There's an easy way to settle this.

125 - **Pat:** I'm listening.

126 - **Malcolm:** Okay. First, I tie you up and beat you with a baseball bat for eleven minutes. Then, you tie yourself up and beat yourself with a baseball bat for eleven minutes, and whoever's left standing...

*<Enter Reginald. Saul and some others approach him.>*

127 - **Saul:** Uh, actually, could we talk to you for a minute, sir?

128 - **Reginald:** *<annoyed>* Fine.

*<Sarah and some others approach Lita.>*

129 - **Sarah:** We'd like to talk to you, too.

130 - **Saul:** Sir, we were thinking...

131 - **Sarah:** We're not really happy with the play.

132 - **Saul:** I've seen black holes that suck less than this play.

133 - **Sarah:** And we had a good thing going with our old play, before we broke off.



134 - **Saul:** So, I guess what we're saying is...

135 - **Sarah:** We'd like to reform the old company.

136 - **Sarah and Saul:** Could you talk to the other director for us?

137 - **Lita and Reginald:** *<pause>* All right. I'll ask.

*<Reginald and Lita step away from their companies, and spot each other. They approach each other in a location away from both companies.>*

138 - **Reginald and Lita:** My company—

139 - **Reginald:** You first.

140 - **Lita:** My company just told me that they're not very happy with the play we're doing. I'm sure you've noticed these don't seem to be Shakespeare's greatest works.

*<Reginald does a half-smile and nod.>*

141 - **Lita:** We had a great production underway before all this. We were a pretty solid team. And you were a great... whoever it was that you played.

142 - **Reginald:** *<in a friendly manner>* I was pretty good, wasn't I?

143 - **Lita:** You know, we still have time. We could go back to that. We've got most of it down pat already, and we have this big stage all to ourselves to rehearse on. We could show that crazy Marlowe lady, show everyone just what Shakespeare is all about. They'll never know what hit 'em. So, what do you say?

*<Lita offers a handshake.>*

144 - **Reginald:** *<smiling, after a moment>* I didn't think it was possible, but you're even more pathetic than I thought. We're getting along fine. More than fine. We're doing great. If you guys can't get your act together, that's your own fault. The fact is, we don't need you.

<**Reginald** returns to his company. **Lita**, devastated, drinks from her coffee pot, then slowly trudges back to her company. Over the following exchange between **Reginald** and his company, **Lita** is similarly communicating what happened to the Travelling Players, as a pantomime in the background.>

145 - **Reginald**: Well, I asked Lita, but she didn't want to hear any of it. According to her, they're better off without us.

146 - **Saul**: What? I can't believe those snobs!

147 - **Reginald**: I pleaded and begged, but she was just so sure—

148 - **Saul**: This is just like them. So, self-centered, so—

<*The Travelling Players burst out of their huddle.*>

149 - **Sarah**: Good riddance to bad rubbish, that's what I say!

150 - **Saul**: You'll never be half as good as we are!

151 - **Sarah**: Go off and have your own little tea party then! We won't miss you!

152 - **Saul**: You'll come crawling back. Wait and see!

153 - **Lita**: No! Please! Everyone, stop fighting!

<*Lita drinks from her coffee pot, then begins to collapse into nervous babble.*>

154 - **Pat**: Sir! Sir! <*not at all calm*> Calm blue ocean! Calm blue ocean!

155 - **Lita**: Take over the rehearsal... gotta get more coffee.

<*Exit Lita.*>

156 - **Malcolm**: Okay, people! We've got a lot of work to do and not much time, so let's get moving!

157 - **Pat**: <*to Malcolm*> We're not budging an inch.

158 - **Malcolm:** Neither are we.

159 - **Pat:** *<to Travelling Players>* All right, everyone, places for the finale! This is the part where everything important happens, so stay sharp, and pay attention! I'm not going to explain things twice!

*<Enter Fred.>*

**SONG: We Will Bring Them Down (to The Final Countdown and Somewhere Out There)**

**Fred** *<with his poster of Phyllis>*  
You think Shakespeare's harmless,  
You've all been deceived.  
He speaks like the serpent,  
Peddling wisdom to Eve.

As a prophet, her duty is clear.  
What else can she do?  
She's sworn on her life, she will bring them down.  
She will bring them down.

*<Enter Tom, Dick and Harriet. Transition into a drum beat under the following lines.>*

160 - **Harriet:** *<spoken>* Okay, we've all been through this before, you know the procedures. You hit the props, you hit the costumes. I'll take the sound cues. Don't spare the explosives. We'll meet out back afterward. All clear? Let's go.

*<Exit Tom, Dick and Harriet. Back into the verse from The Final Countdown. Enter Kurt.>*

**Kurt** *<sung, to the verse of The Final Countdown>*  
She can't see the danger,  
My sister's too young.  
And soon, he'll corrupt her,  
With his twisted song.

As a brother, my duty is clear.

What else can I do?  
I swear on my life I will bring him down.  
I will bring him down.

*<Enter Colleen, Elle, Maven and Bruce. During the following, Roman and Julie-Ann should have a small wordless set of actions, such as Roman pining away in pain, Julie-Ann ignoring him.>*

**Colleen and Elle** *<to the B-section of Somewhere Out There>*  
Things are bad, they're very bad, the rift is going strong.  
It's growing far to fast for us to fix whatever's wrong.

**Maven and Bruce**  
We owe it to our buddy to indulge his fickle heart.

**Colleen, Elle, Maven, Bruce**  
But can they be together if their worlds are worlds apart?

*<Music transitions back to The Final Countdown. The clash between the companies comes back to the forefront.>*

**Carrie, Bea, Sarah, Cole, Malcolm, Saul**  
And so, it's upon us,  
The lines have been drawn.  
Guess we'll have to show them  
The way Shakespeare's done.

We'll act till we're blue in the face.  
We won't back down.  
And though we're uncertain exactly how,  
We will bring them down.

**Vignette 2****Characters:**

Brock N. Roll, a wandering minstrel.....Brock  
Linda Rose, Roman's ex-girlfriend.....Linda (nonspeaking)

*<Lights up on **Brock** and **Linda**. **Linda** provides triangle accompaniment to the following.>*

**SONG: Events from Long Ago (original music)****Brock:**

Morning has broken. From fairest Waterloo,  
Come forth great actors with many things to do.  
The festival's started and all the companies are preparing to perform, but  
First an aside  
To old English times.  
Watching events from so long ago,  
So, we will fin'ly know  
Why do these lost plays blow?

*<Exit **Brock** and **Linda**.>*

## Act 2, Scene 1

### Characters:

William Shakespeare, a renaissance playwright.....Shakespeare  
 Ichabod Naneaux, a minstrel.....Ichabod  
 Edward de Vere, seventeenth Earl of Oxford.....Edward  
 Roland Bosworth Tottenham etc. II, a lawyer.....Roland II  
 Mia Tee, a promoter of bratwurst and other products.....Mia  
 Renee Sanse, a hanger-on of Shakespeare's.....Renee  
 Liam Bicpentameter, a professional syllable counter.....Liam  
 Christopher Marlowe, a renaissance playwright.....Marlowe  
 Queen Elizabeth I, Queen of England and Ireland.....Queen  
 Guards.....(nonspeaking)

*<The queen's audience chamber. Throne (with banners and such) sits centre stage.  
 Shakespeare, Ichabod, Edward, Roland II, Renee and Liam enter. Throughout, Renee  
 and Liam should be fawning over Shakespeare.>*

1 - **Shakespeare:**     The throne room of the queen is where I wait  
                               To entertain her fairest majesty.  
                               My minstrel! Come thou here and warm thy voice.

2 - **Ichabod:** What shall I play, master Shakespeare?

3 - **Shakespeare:**     Whatever strikes thy fancy... uh

*<Liam holds up three fingers, waving them in front of Shakespeare.>*

4 - **Liam:** Your meter's short by one-and-a-half feet.

5 - **Shakespeare:**     Whatever strikes thy fancy... now, good man.

6 - **Edward:** Wouldst thou please give up trying to speak in iambic pentameter, William?

7 - **Shakespeare:**     No purer form of language does exist  
                               Than noble groups of five iambic feet.

8 - **Edward:** Ichabod! Sing now, before he starts lecturing us again.

*<Ichabod starts to sing, but is interrupted.>*

9 - **Roland II:** WAIT! Dost thou have express written consent to perform that song?

10 - **Ichabod:** Um, a friendly troubadour passed it along to me.

*<Roland II hits Ichabod with a rolled-up sheaf of paper. Ichabod runs and hides behind Shakespeare.>*

11 - **Roland II:** It is just that kind of “friendly” song swapping that is destroying the English music market.

12 - **Ichabod:** Protect me, oh master!

13 - **Roland II:** You may hide, song-leeching vermin, but you have not heard the last of me. My friends at the Roving Instrumentalist Artists' Association will hunt you down like the ferret you are.

*<Exit Roland II.>*

14 - **Ichabod:** I thought the RIAA was supposed to help performers like me! Who does that guy think he is, anyway?

15 - **Edward:** *<making no effort to conceal his contempt for Roland II>* He's a lawyer William hired -- Roland Bosworth Tottenham Sopwith Tortmeister Smythewicket... the second.

16 - **Renee:** Wow, who would've thought there'd ever be two people with that name.

17 - **Edward:** *<to Ichabod>* Thou best do as he says. In these troubled times it is all one can do to stay on the good end of a lawsuit. *<sending a guilt-implying stare in Shakespeare's direction>* But William would know all about that, wouldn't he?

18 - **Shakespeare:** What else could I do? Acting troupes all around London are performing unauthorized versions of my plays!

19 - **Edward:** Thou hast gone too far with this “right-of-copy” idea, employing lawyers to squeeze every penny you can out of your plays!

20 - **Shakespeare:** My dear Earl of Oxford, thou knowest I need the money.

21 - **Edward:** For what? *<pointing at Liam>* To pay thy professional syllable counter? William Shakespeare, thou hast sold out!

*<Enter Mia.>*

22 - **Mia:** My lord, William Shakespeare, great bard of our age, wouldst thou consider mentioning the Earl of Gloster's special, imported sausages in thy next play?

23 - **Shakespeare:** *<dismissive>*  
My time is short, and writing duties great.

24 - **Mia:** For a small consideration, of course. *<winking>* Oh dear, I seem to have brought my “laundry” with me.

*<Mia holds out a bag, clinking and obviously full of coins, perhaps with a “pound” sign on front.>*

25 - **Shakespeare:** *<instantly interested>*  
What dost thou call this tender, meaty dish?

26 - **Edward:** Take my advice and leave it be, William.

27 - **Mia:** 'Tis bratwurst, sir.

*<Mia hands the sack 'o coins to Shakespeare.>*

28 - **Shakespeare:** These brats come like ambrosia from the gods,  
To tickle palates of us mortal men.

29 - **Renee:** What says he?

30 - **Liam:** *<slightly confused by the language>* Uh... Yes, of course, those things are awful!



31 - **Renee:** A terrible Germanic travesty!

32 - **Shakespeare:** Forsooth! These wieners plump I do not hate.  
For these intestinally bound delights  
A hundred rugged mountains would I climb.

33 - **Liam:** *<whispers to others>* Methinks he likes it.

34 - **Renee:** Ah, yes. Of course, my lord, this bratwurst fair  
To any other food cannot compare.

35 - **Liam:** My over hasty words I do take back,  
At such a sight my hungry lips doth smack! *<smacky lip & tongue  
action>*

36 - **Shakespeare:** Thou learnest now to speak in language true!

37 - **Mia:** Hast thou heard of "Dear Henry," London's newest military advice column? I  
wonder how we could tell more people about it. *<holds out another bag of coins>* Oh,  
my, how many clothes I have to wash!

*<Shakespeare takes the bag. Exit Mia. Enter Marlowe, sneakily but quickly.>*

38 - **Marlowe:** Oh, William!

39 - **Shakespeare:** Christopher Marlowe! I thought thee dead and gone!

40 - **Marlowe:** And I thought thou wast dealing cards in debtor's prison, dear William.

41 - **Edward:** *<whispering>* Do not listen to that mischievous scoundrel. He means you  
no good.

*<Unnerved, Shakespeare dismisses Edward with a wave and leaves his entourage for a  
moment to have a private word with Marlowe.>*

42 - **Shakespeare:** Ixnay on the Ambling-gay, Marlowe.

43 - **Marlowe:** Don't tell me thou hast found something to keep thy poor hide afloat.  
What art thou using to settle thy copious gambling debts?

44 - **Shakespeare:** I've found a new way of making money from my plays. I call it  
“product placement.”

45 - **Marlowe:** Product placement? That is a perversion of our noble art!

46 - **Shakespeare:** *<shrugs shoulders>* I need the money.

47 - **Marlowe:** If money is what you need, dear William, then perhaps I could be of  
assistance. There is one thing you own that I value greatly. The name “Shakespeare.”

48 - **Shakespeare:** Thou wants to buy my name? For what, pray tell.

49 - **Marlowe:** So famous art thou, that plays sell themselves on thy name alone. I simply  
wish to sell my own plays under thy name to earn greater profits. Would this sack of  
*<wink 'n blink>* “laundry” be enough to convince thou?

*<Shakespeare takes the bag.>*

50 - **Shakespeare:** I think we have an understanding, sir.  
Now I must turn my mind to my next play,  
For some have paid to therein have their say.

51 - **Marlowe:** Do not forget that I purchased the rights to use thy name. Thy plays are  
written by me now!

52 - **Shakespeare:** Then master Marlowe, be thou not so rude,  
In "my" next play, some bratwurst, do include.

*<Marlowe begins to exit.>*

53 - **Marlowe:** Thou wants sausages, dear William? Oh, thy wish shall be granted. The  
great bard demands sausages, and I shall deliver!

*<Exit Marlowe. Edward approaches Shakespeare.>*

54 - **Edward:** William, I cannot believe thou would sell thy good name to the likes of Christopher Marlowe!

55 - **Shakespeare:** Though his money I do need, I worry that his limited talents will soil my good name. Edward, thou always givest honest advice – thou art the only one I truly trust these days. I need thy help.

56 - **Edward:** With what, dear friend?

57 - **Shakespeare:** Obtain the plays that Marlowe is writing in my name. Hide them, and ensure that they never see the light of day.

58 - **Edward:** Understood.

*<Exit Edward. Trumpets sound. Enter Queen, with two Guards. Queen sits on throne.>*

59 - **Queen:** Ah, Mr. Shakespeare! I see thou art here to entertain us. And thou hast brought thy laundry along. Why is everyone in this court always trying to give me their laundry? Do it yourselves, silly people!

60 - **Shakespeare:** *<clears throat nervously>*  
Your highness, I am here to entertain  
With thrilling works that spring forth from my brain.

61 - **Queen:** How does your theatre company find itself these days?

62 - **Shakespeare:** We now have smaller turnouts at our plays  
As copies of our scripts are made each day.

63 - **Queen:** That does sound most dastardly. Tell me more.

64 - **Shakespeare:** Your wish is my command, your Majesty.  
*<to Ichabod>* Relate my tale of this most heinous crime.

**SONG: *Printing Press Killed the Theatre Star* (to *Video Killed the Radio Star* by The Buggles)****Ichabod:**

I saw your latest masterpiece upon the stage.  
But not for long will acting earn a living wage,  
Thanks to the wonders of our modern age.

**Queen Elizabeth I:**

Oh-a oh

**Ichabod:**

I bought a copy of your second Folio.  
Reprinted by machine, it's very cheap, you know.  
Why watch your play when I can read it on my own?

**Queen:**

Oh-a oh

**Ichabod:**

Why pay admission?

**Queen:**

Oh-a oh

**Ichabod:**

Just read the transcript.

**Queen:**

Printing press killed the theatre star.  
Printing press killed the theatre star.

**Ichabod:**

Turn a page, you close a stage.

**Queen:**

Oh-a-a-a oh

**Ichabod:**

Without big profits what incentive would there be?  
Artists are not inclined to ply their trade for free.  
These new inventions will kill the industry.

**Queen:**

Oh-a oh

**Ichabod:**

What's the solution?

**Queen:**

Oh-a oh

**Ichabod:**

Let's call the lawyers!

**Queen:**

Printing press killed the theatre star.  
Printing press killed the theatre star.

**Ichabod:**

Reading books? Don't buy the hype. Theft of plays, this is my gripe.  
Turn a page, you close a stage. Put the blame on moving type.

*<Song ends with **Roland II** entering, wielding an axe and screaming like a maniac, chasing **Ichabod** around.>*

65 - **Roland II:** Transcribe this! Artists' rights! Fair use my arse!

*<Ichabod runs offstage.>*

66 - **Roland II:** Though I sympathize the sentiment of that song, he did not have a license to perform it. *<Roland II throws the axe offstage, pulls some papers out of his coat, and starts distributing them to everyone, including the Queen.>* As for the rest of you – you are all being sued. Your memories of that song constitute an illegal copyright infringement.

67 - **Queen:** Piss off! I'm the bloody Queen, for god's sake – you can't sue me!

68 - **Roland II:** I'm sorry, but royalty must still pay royalties, your Majesty.

69 - **Queen:** Guards! Lock this impudent wretch in the Tower of London!

*<Guards grab Roland II. He struggles as he is being carried off, saying the following.>*

70 - **Roland II:** You may lock me up, but this injustice shall never be forgotten! I'll make sure my children, and my children's children, et cetera, et cetera, understand the importance of enforcing artificial legal restrictions! You haven't heard the last of Roland Bosworth Tottenham....

*<Exeunt Guards and Roland II. Roland II re-enters, running.>*

71 - **Roland II:** ... Sopwith Tortmeister Smythewicket!

*<Re-enter Guards, who regain control of Roland II.>*

72 - **Queen:** I know just the room to stick him in. I hope you enjoy the view as much as I did.

*<Guards finally carry Roland II offstage.>*

73 - **Queen:** I do fear that music hath become too dangerous an art form. Best you stick to your tragedies. Good day to you, Mr. Shakespeare.

*<Exit Queen.>*

74 - **Shakespeare:** By your leave, your Majesty.

*<Liam nudges Shakespeare's side, holding up three fingers.>*

75 - **Shakespeare:** *<counting on fingers>*

By your leave, your Majesty, *now we go!* Ha!

*<Shakespeare displays sudden dismay at having added an extra syllable, and starts feverishly counting on his fingers.>*

76 - **Shakespeare:** ha Ha ha Ha ha Ha...

77 - **Liam:** Thou mountain of mad flesh! Stop counting!

*<Lights down on the main stage. Light up on Marlowe, scribbling on a sheaf of papers.>*

78 - **Marlowe:** Ah, Shakespeare, thy reputation is as good as dead. *Hamlet II: The Revenge* is thy worst play yet. *<reads from play>*  
This puzzle in which I am trapp'd, it drains  
My life, corrupts my soul, and busts my balls...  
How delightfully horrible! The name of Shakespeare shall never recover from this.  
This plan is even more cunning than that time I faked my own death.

*<Enter Edward.>*

79 - **Edward:** Shakespeare sent me to pick up "his" latest play for distribution to the actors.

80 - **Marlowe:** I've just completed it.

81 - **Edward:** *<leafing through the play>* Impressive! It's a shame Shakespeare will get credit for this instead of you.

*<Edward begins to exit.>*

82 - **Marlowe:** Indeed... what if the idiot populace actually enjoys this bombastic babble? If that happens, future generations must be told that I wrote these plays. I should write a letter to my descendants, describing my cunning plan. *<looks around>* Zounds! I've used up the last of my paper. Oh, Edward!

*<Edward stops and Marlowe approaches him.>*

83 - **Marlowe:** Might I have the... second last page... for one final addition?

84 - **Edward:** Why not? No one cares about the second last page anyway. The ending's what's important.

*<Edward tears a page out of the play and hands it to Marlowe, who starts writing on the back of it. Exeunt Edward and Marlowe.>*

## Act 2, Scene 2

### Characters:

Lita F. de Troupe, director of the Travelling Players.....Lita  
 Anita Brake, stage manager of the Travelling Players.....Anita  
 Maven Rick, an actor with the Travelling Players.....Maven  
 Bruce Goose, an actor with the Travelling Players.....Bruce  
 Bob Robert Robertson, an actor with the Travelling Players.....Bob  
 Les duLunche, a writer.....Les  
 Kurt Lee Fries, a techie with the Even More Travelling Players.....Kurt  
 Sonny Fect, a techie in charge of sound.....Sonny  
 Hamlet, character in *Hamlet II: The Revenge*.....Hamlet  
 Horatio, character in *Hamlet II: The Revenge*.....Horatio  
 Claudius, character in *Hamlet II: The Revenge*.....Claudius  
 Fortinbras, character in *Hamlet II: The Revenge*.....Fortinbras  
 Gertrude, character in *Hamlet II: The Revenge*.....Gertrude  
 Ninjas.....(nonspeaking)

*<A theatre in Stratford. The stage is divided into two parts – a large part representing the stage of the play-within-the-play (hereafter referred to as the PWP), and a smaller part representing the backstage area. The PWP stage is set as a Danish throne room. Lights up on **Hamlet** and **Anita**, who are in the backstage area.>*

1 - **Hamlet:** *<quickly, reciting as though testing memory.>* This puzzle in which I am trapp'd, it drains my life, corrupts my soul, and busts my balls.... what an exquisitely brilliant line! Shakespeare truly was a genius.

2 - **Anita:** What are you doing? You're on in 30 seconds! Get going!

*<Hamlet moves to the PWP stage area, which is still in the dark. Enter **Lita**.>*

3 - **Lita:** Hey, our play is going better than I expected. Good work, Anita!

4 - **Anita:** Thanks, I'm glad you like it. The other companies have been having a lot of problems. I'm surprised nothing bad's happened to our production yet.

5 - **Lita:** *<clasping hands over Anita's mouth>* Tempt not the fates, dear friend, lest they visit their wrath upon our company.



<Enter **Claudius**, backstage, wearing a bathrobe.>

6 - **Claudius**: Hey, have you guys seen my Claudius costume?

7 - **Lita**: What are you doing here? You're on in five minutes!

8 - **Claudius**: I took a shower during intermission, and my costume disappeared! I can't go on like this!

9 - **Lita**: Improvise! Find the best costume you can and throw it on!

<Exit **Claudius**.>

10 - **Anita**: Stay calm... everything's going to be all right. <to headset> Light 36, standby. Light 36, go!

<Lights up on the main stage, set as a hall in the palace of Elsinore. **Hamlet**, **Bob** and **Horatio** are onstage.>

11 - **Hamlet**: <holding a newspaper crossword puzzle and a pencil>

The mind of madness, rent and made insane  
By words of magic studied hard by all.  
This puzzle in which I am trapp'd, it drains  
My life, corrupts my soul, and busts my balls.  
My dear Horatio, another word  
Which means "catastrophe" I seek. Begins  
With "D," of letters eight. I pray thee, help.

12 - **Horatio**: Waste not thy time on pleasures idle, friend.  
The battle coming forth shall be our end!

13 - **Hamlet**: Perhaps the word is devastation, yes?

<**Bob** looks over **Hamlet's** shoulder at the crossword puzzle. Other actors look at him as though it's his turn to speak.>

14 - **Bob**: Line!

15 - **Anita:** How are you...

16 - **Bob:** *<triumphantly, and overdramatically>* How are you going to fit that in there?

*<Bob bows. Horatio tries to take the crossword from Hamlet, but fails to get his hands on it.>*

17 - **Horatio:** Procrastination suits thee not. Go forth --  
The war-like Fortinbras is at the gate!  
Disaster shall we see if he invades!

18 - **Hamlet:** Forsooth! Disaster is the word I seek.

19 - **Horatio:** Disaster shall be what thou findest, unless  
Thou callest forth our Danish army now!

*<Horatio grabs the newspaper and starts a tug-of-war match with Hamlet, which continues over the following dialogue.>*

20 - **Lita:** I wish they'd stop saying "disaster."

21 - **Anita:** Sound 47, go!

*<A sound effect of a herd of cattle is heard. PWP actors look very confused.>*

22 - **Lita:** Does Fortinbras lead an army of cows? Get the sound tech down here, now!  
*<drinks coffee, throws empty cup on ground>* And get me more coffee!

23 - **Anita:** Shouldn't he stay in the sound booth?

24 - **Lita:** No! Get him here now!

25 - **Anita:** *<to headset>* Sound tech – backstage, now! Bring coffee!

*<Hamlet takes the newspaper from Horatio, unfolds it and starts to read.>*

26 - **Hamlet:** A moment, friend. "Dear Henry" must I read  
To happ'ly stay inform'd of his advice  
Regarding military strategy.  
His column has Will Shakespeare's guarantee.

<Enter **Fortinbras**.>

27 - **Fortinbras:** Prince Hamlet -- so we meet at last. Your troops  
Have lost, your army's beat, your lands are mine,  
And all thy base are now belong to us.

28 - **Hamlet:** Norwegian swine, no match you are for this  
Great Dane. Unsheathe your sword; let's settle this.

<**Hamlet** and **Fortinbras** fight. Enter **Sonny**, with coffee, which he hands to **Lita**.  
Fighting continues over the following dialogue.>

29 - **Lita:** What happened with that sound cue?

30 - **Sonny:** It wasn't my fault – somebody must have switched my sound effects CD!

<**Fortinbras** is disarmed. **Bob** then keeps him restrained, with a dagger at his throat.>

31 - **Fortinbras:** Though victor you may be against this Norse,  
A vic'try in the larger war is ours.  
For Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are back,  
And with the English army they arrive.  
<cupping hand to ear>  
They march preceded by the trumpets' sound!

<Awkward pause.>

32 - **Fortinbras:** Ahem... They march preceded by the trumpets' sound.

33 - **Anita:** <to **Sonny**> That's you!

34 - **Sonny:** Aw, crap! <imitating a trumpet> Du-du-du-du-du-du!

35 - **Fortinbras:** Your uncle's rebel army do they join  
Who fire their cannons at your palace walls

36 - **Sonny:** Boom!

37 - **Horatio:** Our lands are ravaged by the dogs of war!

38 - **Sonny:** Woof, woof!

*<Anita slaps the back of Sonny's head.>*

39 - **Anita:** Get back in the booth! I told you to let him stay there!

*<Exit Sonny. Lita drinks the coffee and throws the cup on the ground.>*

40 - **Lita:** These cups are too small. I need to get more coffee.

*<Exit Lita. Enter Maven and Bruce on the PWP stage, acting as Messengers.>*

41 - **Maven:** Good tidings do we bring. The English horns  
Serve not to signal war, but signal peace.

42 - **Bruce:** Ambassadors from England come, with news  
of great import.

43 - **Hamlet:** Allow them in, my friends.

*<Maven and Bruce move to the backstage area. As the following is going on, the actors in the PWP start looking more impatient.>*

44 - **Maven:** Where's Roman? He's supposed to be playing the ambassador!

45 - **Anita:** I haven't seen him!

46 - **Bruce:** He must be hiding from Kurt!

47 - **Anita:** Improvise!

*<Maven and Bruce look around frantically, and discover a garden gnome on a dolly. They wheel it onto the PWP stage area.>*

48 - **Maven** : Ambassador from England, here to speak.

*<PWP actors pause, until they realize that the gnome won't be responding.>*

49 - **Bruce**: *<breaking character, speaking to garden gnome>* Uh, what's that, you say? Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are dead? You had them executed again? You poked them with a stick just to make sure this time?

50 - **Hamlet**: For this report, accept our thanks.

*<Enter Gertrude.>*

51 - **Gertrude**: My dear!  
Your uncle, having breached the palace gates,  
Now seeks you out to duel. I fear for you,  
My son -- in armour fine like Mars he stands,  
And rivals Odin in his martial garb!

*<Enter Claudius, wearing a muu-muu, carrying a wand clearly intended to be wielded by a fairy.>*

52 - **Horatio**: This finery in which you clothe yourself  
Concealeth not thy traitor's heart. Those fools  
Whom you to England sent to start a war,  
Shall soon return in boxes made of pine.

53 - **Hamlet**: Despite your armour fine and weapon true,  
My friends and I shall kick the ass of you.

*<Hamlet and Claudius fight. Note that Claudius fences using his fairy wand. Claudius is disarmed, and held at Hamlet's swordpoint. Gertrude binds Claudius as the following takes place.>*

54 - **Hamlet**: With enemies defeated, now my thoughts  
Do turn to love. Come forth, Ophelia.

<**Hamlet** closes his eyes, puckers his lips, and spreads his arms as though preparing to embrace Ophelia. In Ophelia's place, **Kurt** bursts onstage. He takes one look at **Hamlet**, and pushes him aside.>

55 - **Kurt**: Out of my way, pansy-boy, I'm out for blood.

56 - **Bruce**: <*whispering*> Don't come looking for blood here; we're in the middle of a Shakespearean tragedy.

57 - **Kurt**: Where is he?

58 - **Maven**: Who?

59 - **Kurt**: Roman!

<**Maven** and **Bruce** point at the garden gnome. **Kurt** looks at it, and kicks the dolly offstage in disgust.>

60 - **Kurt**: I'm serious. Where is he? That punk is gonna pay for hitting on my sister.

61 - **Bruce**: We honestly couldn't tell you.

62 - **Kurt**: You two have been hiding him from me for long enough. Tell me where he is or you'll be sorry.

63 - **Bruce**: Never!

<**Maven** and **Bruce** draw their fake swords and point them at **Kurt**.>

64 - **Maven**: From Hell's heart I stab at thee!

65 - **Kurt**: Hey... *Star Trek II*, right? *The Wrath of Khan*?

<**Maven** and **Bruce** lower their swords.>

66 - **Bruce**: Yeah.

67 - **Kurt**: Okay, how about this one: "Cry havoc, and let slip the dogs of war."

68 - **Claudius:** *Julius Caesar?*

69 - **Kurt, Bruce, Maven:** No, no, no!

70 - **Bruce:** General Chang in *Star Trek VI: The Undiscovered Country*.

71 - **Maven:** You have never experienced Shakespeare until you have read it in the original Klingon.

72 - **Kurt:** I never would have thought you guys were *Star Trek* fans. You two are all right. Wanna grab a beer and watch some *Deep Space Nine*?

73 - **Bruce:** We're in the middle of a play...

74 - **Kurt:** Some other time, then. If Roman hangs out with you guys, he's gotta be cool. Let him know it's okay if he wants to date my sister.

<**Kurt** gives **Maven** and **Bruce** the Vulcan "live long and prosper" hand gesture, which is reciprocated. **Kurt** exits, with **Maven** and **Bruce** exiting in the opposite direction. Enter **Lita**, with coffee.>

75 - **Lita:** What did I miss?

76 - **Anita:** Uh... nothing. Everything's going as planned.

<Enter **Les**.>

77 - **Les:** Hey, this is the part I wrote! I'm so excited!

78 - **Anita:** Shhhh....

79 - **Claudius:** That crazy ghost never told you what happened to your father.

80 - **Hamlet:** He told me enough! He told me you killed him!

81 - **Claudius:** No. I am your father.

82 - **Hamlet:** Nooooooooooo!

83 - **Lita:** This is awful.

84 - **Les:** *Star Wars* is not awful.

85 - **Lita:** No, but this is awful.

86 - **Claudius:** Search your feelings – you know it to be true.

87 - **Horatio:** You want the truth? You can't handle the truth!

88 - **Gertrude:** I've always said that life is like a box of chocolates. You never know what you're gonna get.

89 - **Fortinbras:** Get your stinking paws off me, you damned dirty ape!

*<Fortinbras manages to get away from Horatio, and pulls out a dagger.>*

90 - **Fortinbras:** Say hello to my little friend.

*<Horatio also pulls out a dagger.>*

91 - **Horatio:** You want me to make him an offer he can't refuse?

92 - **Lita:** Terrible. Just terrible.

93 - **Les:** Wait, it gets better.

94 - **Lita:** How could it get any worse?

95 - **Anita:** *<to headset>* Helicopter, standby.

96 - **Lita:** What did you just say?

97 - **Anita:** Helicopter, go!



*<Wagner's Ride of the Valkyries plays, followed by wind and a helicopter sound effect. Helicopter descends slowly. It has the words "Deus ex Machina" written on the side of it.>*

98 - **Lita:** Oh god...

*<Lita chugs remaining coffee, discards the empty cup, and runs off.>*

99 - **Les:** How many Oscars do you think this is worth?

*<Lita returns with another cup of coffee, just in time to see the helicopter land. Les takes the coffee from Lita.>*

100 - **Les:** Thanks, I love the smell of coffee in the morning.

*<Ninjas enter as though from the helicopter. Lita takes one look at the ninjas, grabs the coffee back from Les, chugs the coffee, discards the cup, and runs off again.>*

101 - **Horatio:** Curses! Hamlet's tragic flaw – his attraction of ninjas – will be the death of us all!

*<Ninjas slaughter all on stage except for Horatio, then exeunt.>*

102 - **Hamlet:** *<while dying>* Rosebud...

103 - **Horatio:** Good thing I remembered to put on my ninja repellent this morning!

*<Enter Lita, with another cup of coffee.>*

104 - **Lita:** *<to Les>* This is the end of the stuff you wrote, right? The rest is all Shakespeare's?

105 - **Les:** Well, not exactly.

106 - **Lita:** Wait, what does that mean?

107 - **Horatio:** So ends the tale of Hamlet, Danish prince --  
Or so it seems. The playwright's gambling debts  
May force him into Hamlet three and four.  
Alas, I wish this not, I do confess.  
It's always me who has to clean the mess.

108 - **Anita:** *<to headset>* Band, standby.

109 - **Lita:** Band? What did you write?

110 - **Anita:** *<to headset>* Band, go!

**SONG: *Everybody's Dead (to Joy to the World by Three Dog Night)***

*<Towards the end of **Horatio's** part, the dead PWP actors rise and get into position for the chorus. Throughout, **Anita** is consoling **Lita**, and **Les** is looking mighty pleased with himself.>*

**Horatio:**

Life is at an end for Hamlet,  
Rightfully Danish king.  
He didn't plan on ninjas falling from the sky  
And ru-ining everything  
Yeah, those ninjas ruined everything  
Because...

**Hamlet, Horatio, Fortinbras, Gertrude, Claudius, Bob:**

Everybody's dead,  
Very, very dead.  
Everybody's dead, it's such a tragedy,

**Horatio:**

All, except for me.

**Gertrude:**

Claudius came back for revenge,  
A dish that's best served cold.  
He thought he'd murder Hamlet and reclaim the crown,  
Instead he's feeding worms and growing mould.

**Hamlet, Horatio, Fortinbras, Gertrude, Claudius, Bob:**

Everybody's dead,  
Very, very dead.  
Everybody's dead, it's such a tragedy,

**Horatio:**

All, except for me.

*<Musical interlude, with dancing.>*

**Hamlet:**

*<handing a mop to Horatio>* You should grab a bucket and mop,  
Now it's time to clean  
I want my palace spotless by half past ten.  
*<pointing at ground>* Is that Fortinbras' spleen?  
Well, you'd best scrub hard to get out that spleen.

**Hamlet, Horatio, Fortinbras, Gertrude, Claudius, Bob:**

Everybody's dead,  
Very, very dead.  
Everybody's dead, it's such a tragedy,

**Horatio:**

All, except for me.

*<Big "finale" pose by all PWP actors. All but Horatio collapse in death again.>*

### Vignette 3

**Characters:**

Brock N. Roll, a wandering minstrel.....Brock  
Julie-Ann Fries, actress with the Even More Travelling Players.....Julie-Ann  
Linda Rose, Roman's former girlfriend.....Linda

*<Brock is onstage. Enter Julie-Ann, who walks past him.>*

1 - **Julie-Ann:** *<to self>* Damn it, Roman – where's my brother when you need him?

2 - **Brock:** What's the hurry, fair Miss?

3 - **Julie-Ann:** *<quickly and frankly>* I'm just trying to get away... *<pauses, noticing Brock>* from it all. Hey, are you that wandering minstrel I read about in the *Daily Bulletin*?

4 - **Brock:** That I am. I'm actually recruiting potential band members – interested in joining?

5 - **Julie-Ann:** Do you follow people around and spout off cheesy romantic lines?

6 - **Brock:** No.

7 - **Julie-Ann:** Would you let in anyone who did?

8 - **Brock:** No.

9 - **Julie-Ann:** Then you're just the band I'm looking for. *<pauses>* And you might just be the man I'm looking for.

10 - **Brock:** Oh really?

11 - **Julie-Ann:** Y-yeaahh. *<coquettishly>* It's so hard for a single girl like me to find someone like you these days.

*<Brock and Julie-Ann flirt with each other. Enter Linda, just in time to hear him say...>*

12 - **Brock:** Well then... how about we go for coffee or something?

13 - **Linda:** *<becoming infuriated and pointing at Julie-Ann>* You! Again! First Roman, now him! Is this some kind of twisted hobby of yours? Wherever will you find your next boyfriend? I guess it all depends on who I decide to date next.

14 - **Julie-Ann:** Look, it's nothing personal – I can't even stand Roman....

15 - **Linda:** You low-life ho! You wouldn't know love if it hit you in the face!

*<Linda storms off. Julie-Ann and Brock watch her, then stare at each other with looks of confusion.>*

16 - **Brock:** Wow. Anyway, let's see what you've got. Follow my lead.

**SONG: *Constant Malfunction* (original music)**

**Brock:**

Our students were not alone;  
The saboteurs lost control.  
They had sabotaged every show --  
Everyone in the Festival!

**Julie-Ann:**

Such destruction! Constant malfunction!  
Forcing the festival head to declare an injunction:  
"Every production  
Must send to us its director for questioning promptly at three!"

### Act 2, Scene 3

#### Characters

Reginald Q. Humperdinck, director of the Even More Travelling Players.....	Reginald
Agent Tom, a professional saboteur.....	Tom
Agent Dick, a professional saboteur.....	Dick
Agent Harriet, a professional saboteur.....	Harriet
Teller O'Tails, head of the festival.....	Teller
Judge Minh T. Dei, member of the Festival jury.....	Minh
Judge Jude Hee, member of the Festival jury.....	Jude
I. Hart leBard, a Shakespearean scholar working for the Festival.....	leBard
Payton Bakdropz, tech director for the Travelling Players.....	Payton
Dawn Lukatus, actress with the Even More Travelling Players.....	Dawn
Toni A. Wardwinner, a professional actress.....	Toni
Mark E. Headliner, a professional actress.....	Mark
Leah Dingroll, a professional actress.....	Leah
Ima Encharge, a professional director.....	Ima
Pat Ron Ising, a professional director.....	Ron

<*Reginald* is pacing about the foyer outside *Teller's* office.>

1 - **Reginald:** Not good, this is not good...

<*Tom, Dick and Harriet* suddenly enter with large quantities of dynamite. *Reginald* scrambles over to them and tries to shield them from being seen with outstretched arms. Then, realizing that no one else is there, he stops.>

2 - **Reginald:** Hey, hey, what do you guys think you're doing here?

3 - **Harriet:** Silly director, you forget so quickly. It is our job to anticipate your needs.

<*Tom* withdraws a note from his pocket and reads it.>

4 - **Tom:** <reading> "You have been summoned by the head of the festival to answer questions about possible involvement in the acts of sabotage that have plagued this year's productions. BYOB."

5 - **Dick:** Not to worry, good director. Every company got one of these. They have nothing on you.

6 - **Reginald:** Well, that's a bit of a relief, but it doesn't help if I get spotted chatting with people carting dynamite.

7 - **Dick:** What? What is so suspicious about a fabulous Shakespearean director being visited by his doctors for an emergency prostate exam?

*<Dick puts on a latex glove and advances towards Reginald.>*

8 - **Reginald:** Whoa! Wait—just—ugh. *<backs away from Dick>* What the hell is wrong with you?! Why do you guys always go out-of-control? I only asked you to take down the Travelling Players, and you sabotage every company at the festival – even my own!

9 - **Harriet:** Believe me, we know exactly what we are doing. Only the best, yes? Don't worry, we will ensure the trail never leads back to you. It's best if we don't tell you.

10 - **Reginald:** You're not going to... kill anyone, are you?

11 - **Tom:** We've got it covered.

12 - **Reginald:** Please stop... please?

*<Exeunt Tom, Dick and Harriet. Reginald pulls out his cell phone, and talks while chasing after the three saboteurs.>*

13 - **Reginald:** Yeah it's me. I need you to cover for me at a meeting – get down to the office of the head of the festival, pronto.

*<Exit Reginald. Enter Toni and Ron, with a broken leaden prop casket (the "Merchant of Venice" kind, not the funeral kind), containing a picture of a Portia in a broken frame.>*

14 - **Toni:** What a shame -- these caskets have been used for hundreds of years, and that explosion in our prop room destroyed them all.

15 - **Ron:** If we can't get it fixed, whomever is behind the problems around the festival is going to pay.

<Enter **Leah**, carrying a basketball. Throughout the following, **Toni** examines her broken prop.>

16 - **Leah**: Is your company having trouble with strange things happening around your set too?

17 - **Toni**: Yeah, someone destroyed our props – authentic Shakespearean-era ones, on loan from a museum.

18 - **Ron**: <to **Leah**> You're from that all-female production of *Hamlet*? What happened to your show?

19 - **Leah**: My skull isn't quite right...

<**Toni** and **Ron** examine **Leah's** head.>

20 - **Ron**: Looks alright to me...

21 - **Leah**: No, the problem's not with my head – my prop skull got replaced. <holds up the basketball> “Alas, poor Yorrick! He was a basketball; set with infinite bounce and most excellently dribbled: he hath passed through the hoop a thousand times....”

22 - **Ron**: Doesn't quite have the same ring to it, does it....

<Enter **Ima** examining a list of sabotage problems, along with **Mark** and **leBard**.>

23 - **Ima**: I still can't believe how many props and costumes were missing, damaged or replaced.

24 - **Mark**: Indeed. Trying to kill the King of Scotland with this <brandishing a fish> didn't quite have the same effect. “Is this a mackerel I see before me?”

25 - **Leah**: You know, I can't help but notice that all these problems started once those students joined the festival.

26 - **Ima**: Agreed. Maybe this will get them thrown out.

27 - **Toni**: Hey, there's something stuck in behind this picture...



<**Toni** pulls a piece of paper out of the broken picture frame.>

28 - **Ron**: Looks ancient... maybe even from the time of Shakespeare. Dr. leBard, what do you make of this?

29 - **leBard**: <examining the paper found inside the prop> It's a page from a play... Judging by the names of the characters, it's *Hamlet*, though I don't recognize the lines. Lots of death; I'd say it's the second last page. <turns it over> Oh, my... this is quite interesting.

30 - **Ron**: What is it?

31 - **leBard**: I think this may be exactly what we're looking for -- finding this almost makes losing those props worthwhile. But let me verify the authenticity of this document before we jump to any hasty conclusions.

<Enter **Payton**. Professional actors glare at **Payton**.>

32 - **Ima**: Oh, look, here comes one of those Travelling Players now.

33 - **Ron**: Are you the director of that little carnival sideshow?

34 - **Payton**: No, our director's currently recovering from a caffeine overdose. She sent me in her place.

35 - **leBard**: You know, I find it rather odd that these plays haven't been found before. When can I get a copy of them?

36 - **Payton**: I could ask our director once she stops thinking evil clowns are chasing her.

37 - **Toni**: You're worrying about getting a copy of their pathetic play when numerous historical props have just been destroyed?

38 - **Ron**: Just the kind of thing some amateurs might do.

39 - **Payton**: Don't look at our company, we've had enough problems of our own.

40 - **Ima:** You students aren't behind the problems? I'll believe that when a cheery musical adaptation of *King Lear* is performed on Broadway.

<Enter **Teller, Minh and Jude.**>

41 - **Teller:** Welcome, all. The commencement of our meeting is imminent.  
<introducing **Minh and Jude**> These are two of the judges from the festival jury.

<Enter **Dawn, running and out of breath.**>

42 - **Dawn:** Sorry I'm late... Reginald just called me and told me to fill in... he's got a problem he has to take care of.

43 - **Mark:** Amateurs... can't even make it to a meeting on time.

44 - **Teller:** Quiet. I've been informed of the incidents of sabotage, and I've gathered you all here so I can get to the bottom of this. No one is going to ruin my festival.

45 - **Jude:** We're only waiting on one more, a Ms. Phyllis Marlowe.

<Murmur of disgust from the assembled actors.>

46 - **Toni:** The dignity of this festival has been trodden on by her nonsensical protesting.

47 - **Mark:** I can't even enter the theatre without seeing a "Shakespeare eats babies" sign.

48 - **Ima:** She wouldn't even be around if she hadn't followed those unprofessional student companies here.

49 - **Minh:** Luckily, she sends her regrets... if they can be called "regrets." <reading from a letter> "While I relish the opportunity to have an audience with all of the Shakespeare lovers in town, I am otherwise indisposed."

50 - **Jude:** Have you even met her before? That should be much louder and crazier.

51 - **Minh:** <louder and crazier> "This sabotage is surely a divine punishment for the wicked ways of you heathen Shakespeareans. It is only through the grace of Marlowe,

the one true Bard, that you can find redemption. Praise the Bard! Ha, ha, ha, *<turns over the page>* ha, ha....”

52 - **Teller:** That will suffice. Let's call this “meeting” to order... *<to Minh>* Do you mind taking notes for me?

53 - **Minh:** What do I look like, your secretary?

54 - **Jude:** Nah, his secretary is much nicer to look at than you are....

*<Actors snicker at this comment.>*

55 - **Teller:** Alright, alright - everyone settle down...

**SONG: *Accusations and Alibis (to Should I Stay or Should I Go Now, by The Clash)***

**Teller:** *<Spoken, to the rhythm of the Verse. A single guitar plays the riff between each line, gradually building as the song progresses.>*

You've all witnessed the strange displays  
Threat'ning the future of our plays.  
Misplaced sound queues and props just gone,  
*<Singing>*

I want to know what's going on.  
If you've got answers let me know,  
So we can get on with the shows.

**Leah:** *<to the Verse>*

I'm just an imitation Dane,  
With acting flowing through my veins.  
Alas, I said, to poor Yorrick,  
Someone has played a dirty trick.  
It seems that Hamlet's jester troupe  
Should be tossed into the hoop.

*<Minh and Jude hold up numbers as if judging the performance of the song. Jude's number is much higher.>*

56 - **Minh:** It's so typical of you to give such a high score to something that's so derivative.

57 - **Jude:** I thought the lyrics were well-integrated.

58 - **Mark:** Wasn't there one company that was holding rehearsals in a gymnasium?

59 - **Ima:** Seems like they'd have easy access to basketballs.

60 - **Jude:** I think it was the Even More Travelling Players.

61 - **Ima:** It was you!

**SONG: *Accusations and Alibis* (continued)**

**Toni, Mark, Leah, Ima, Ron, leBard:** *<to the chorus>*

Student actors are to blame, now.

Student actors are to blame, now.

Now you see, your silly games

Have brought this festival to shame.

This conclusion we proclaim:

Student actors are to blame.

62 - **Teller:** Well, care to respond to this latest accusation on behalf of Reginald Humperdink?

**SONG: *Accusations and Alibis* (continued)**

**Dawn:** *<to the verse>*

Our good director's not to blame,

We're also victims in this game.

Why would we sabotage ourselves?

Into this further you should delve.

Your accusations just won't fly

With an airtight alibi.

63 - **Ima:** Well, if it's not them, then who is it?

64 - **Mark:** You know, the two student companies do seem to have a bit of a rivalry between them.

65 - **Dawn:** That's a bit of an understatement. Safe money says the Travelling Players are behind all of this.

**SONG: *Accusations and Alibis* (continued)**

**Payton:** *<to the verse>*  
You'd best not say anything rash  
Or lay a guilt trip on our cast  
We've had our share of problems too  
And so I'll say this much to you  
There's something fishy I suppose  
Why don't we ask the acting pros?

66 - **Dawn:** You know, you're right. The professional companies have wanted us out of this festival since day one.

**SONG: *Accusations and Alibis* (continued)**

**Payton and Dawn:** *<to the chorus>*  
Why don't we ask the acting pros, now  
Why don't we ask the acting pros, now  
We think they're causing all the trouble  
The acting pros making us stumble  
It's on them we put the blame  
And they all should be ashamed

67 - **Teller:** Silence! I'll have no more of your frivolous and pointless accusations without proof, musical or otherwise.

68 - **Ron:** But what are you going to do about our problems?

69 - **Teller:** Your problems will be addressed in good time; however, despite your numerous accusations you've managed to prove absolutely nothing.

70 - **Leah:** You know, Ms. Marlowe seems to have a bit of trouble concealing her glee over the problems we've been having. It wouldn't surprise me if she were behind it all.

71 - **Toni:** I say we lock her up now and be done with it.

*<Murmurs of agreement from various actors onstage.>*

72 - **Teller:** That's enough. Baseless accusations and unfounded....

*<Explosion offstage.>*

73 - **Teller:** My office! All the evidence we've collected so far was in there!

74 - **Mark:** I accuse Ms. Marlowe, in the office, with the dynamite!

75 - **Teller:** Again, that's quite enough! In the interest of getting something accomplished, I've decided to hire some ...

76 - **Ima:** I can't wait to see her in prison.

77 - **Teller:** Enough!

**SONG: *Accusations and Alibis* (continued)**

**Teller:** *<to the verse>*

I will not make a hasty charge,  
Though the evidence seems large.  
Private detectives I'll hire,  
For finding truth is their desire.  
Speedy judgements we should dread,  
Let's all keep a level head.

**All singers but Teller:** *<to the chorus>*

Let's all keep a level head now.  
Let's all keep a level head now.  
Your detectives we will consult,  
Although we know the final result.  
They will track Ms. Marlowe's trail,  
Then they'll throw that nut in jail.

## Act 2, Scene 4

### Characters:

Wolf N. Stein, a private investigator.....Stein  
 Dinah Skillet, a private investigator.....Skillet  
 Christine Phyllis Marlowe, an overly-zealous fan of Christopher Marlowe.....Phyllis  
 Roland Bosworth Tottenham etc. XVIII, a record producer.....Roland XVIII  
 I. Hart leBard, a Shakespearean scholar.....leBard  
 Bruce Goose, actor with the Travelling Players.....Bruce  
 Maven Rick, actor with the Travelling Players.....Maven  
 Reid N. daLynes, actor with the Travelling Players.....Reid  
 Constance Rhee-Hearsing, actress with the Travelling Players.....Constance  
 Judge Minh T. Dei, member of the Festival jury.....Minh  
 Judge Jude Hee, member of the Festival jury.....Jude  
 Ima Encharge, a professional director.....Ima  
 Movers.....(nonspeaking)

*<The scene opens to the stage where the Travelling Players performed their play, but without the play-within-the-play sets. **Minh** and **Jude** are on stage to open the scene. Enter **Stein** and **Skillet**.>*

1 - **Minh**: At last, you're here! I'm Minh, and this is Jude; we're two of the Festival's judges.

*<Hand-shaking ensues.>*

2 - **Stein**: Pleased to meet you, your honour.

3 - **Skillet**: I'm Dinah Skillet, and this is my partner Detective Stein. Together we form the "Crimes against Shakespearean Festivals Investigation Unit." *<she takes a quick scan of the area.>* So this is the scene of the crime?

4 - **Minh**: It's the scene of many crimes. I don't think there is a stage or a performance that's been spared.

5 - **Jude**: Our festival has turned into a giant mess.

6 - **Stein**: You can say that again, your honour. *<brief silence>* Well?

7 - **Jude**: Well, what?

8 - **Stein**: Aren't you going to say it again, your honour?

9 - **Jude**: Say what again?

10 - **Stein**: Your honour, I cannot believe that a learned gentleman such as yourself would be unfamiliar with the formalities of the "you can say that again" routine.

11 - **Minh**: Oh, I think I get it. Let me give it a try – Our festival has turned into a giant mess.

12 - **Stein**: You can say that again, your honour.

13 - **Minh**: Our festival has turned into a giant mess.

14 - **Stein**: Yeah, there you go! Good show, your honour, good show. Double high fives all around!

*<Stein and Minh high five. Skillet refuses to put her hand up. She's all business. Minh goes to high-five Jude, but he refuses, holds up a sign with a low number and says...>*

15 - **Jude**: Only an amateur would go for the obvious gag.

16 - **Skillet**: I'm not so sure that things are that big of a mess. For instance, no one's been killed here, have they?

17 - **Minh**: No, no one's been killed. Well, not yet anyway.

18 - **Skillet**: Precisely! And I'm not so sure that things will remain that way for much longer.

19 - **Jude**: You aren't?

20 - **Skillet**: Well, I don't know. You can never be sure about these things. I need to get all of the facts straight before I can be certain.



21 - **Stein:** One doesn't need "facts" to know. I operate on instinct, and my senses are telling me that something is rotten in the state of Denmark!

22 - **Jude:** What on earth are you talking about?

23 - **Stein:** Well, your honour, I have a strong suspicion that it was the Danish who sabotaged your play!

24 - **Skillet:** Don't listen to him. He always thinks that it's the Danish who commit crimes against Shakespearean theatre companies, but it's never the Danish.

*<Stein looks to his side and becomes fixated on something he sees.>*

25 - **Stein:** Look! What are these? If it wasn't the Danish, how come there are Danish crumbs on the stage?

26 - **Skillet:** Those crumbs don't prove anything.

27 - **Stein:** Nonsense! I have to analyze these crumbs more closely once our office arrives.

28 - **Minh:** Excuse me?

29 - **Skillet:** In order to save time and cut down on travel expenses, we bring our office to the scene of the crime.

*<The sound of a large truck can be heard pulling to a stop. Enter **Movers** with office furniture; they bring it in while the following dialogue takes place. They also set up a stand-alone door and frame in such a location as though to suggest it is the door to his office. The door has a poster with a picture of Hamlet in his classic "talking to the chapless skull" pose with the caption "I Want to Believe." Stein always enters / exits his "office" through the door frame. **Movers** exit once office is in place.>*

30 - **Skillet:** I believe that's our office now.

31 - **Stein:** Just place it right here.

*<Enter **Reid** and **Constance**.>*

32 - **Reid**: Check it out. There are the detectives.

33 - **Constance**: Good. Maybe they can find out who sabotaged our play.

34 - **Minh**: Detective Skillet, these are some of the actors who were performing on this stage during a production that went horribly, horribly wrong.

35 - **Skillet**: This is my partner, Detective Stein, and that's our office. So, this mess happened to you?

36 - **Constance**: You can say that again.

37 - **Skillet**: Don't start.

38 - **Constance**: What?

*<Upon seeing the office, Minh and Jude give their scores by raising score cards. Minh's number is higher than Jude's.>*

39 - **Minh**: Ergonomic chair, adequate lighting, nice desk.

40 - **Jude**: It's so typical of you to give such a high score to an office that doesn't even have walls.

41 - **Reid**: That's your office? You must be joking.

42 - **Skillet**: I sincerely doubt that I would be capable of doing such a thing.

43 - **Constance**: And you're going to use this "office" to do what exactly?

44 - **Stein**: We're going to solve the crime. We have the most sophisticated and high-tech interrogation room and crime lab facilities in the world.

45 - **Skillet**: For an office of our size, that is.

*<Stein enters the office via the door, sits at the desk and starts analyzing the Danish crumbs.>*

46 - **Jude**: Well, we must be going. Carry on with your investigation and call us when you've figured who's been sabotaging the festival.

*<Minh and Jude exit stage right. Skillet walks "into the office" without using the door.>*

47 - **Skillet**: What are you doing, Stein?

48 - **Stein**: Jeez, you should at least knock first, Skillet. I'm analyzing these Danish crumbs to see if I can trace them back to the saboteurs.

49 - **Skillet**: Would you knock that off! I'm expecting our prime suspect to get here any moment. Set up the interrogation lamp.

50 - **Stein**: Check.

*<Stein places a table lamp in the middle of the table. Stein and Skillet leave the office. Phyllis enters.>*

51 - **Reid**: What are you doing here?

52 - **Phyllis**: As if you didn't know. I received the letter from your director asking me to meet her here. Now, where is she?

53 - **Constance**: Lita didn't write you a letter. She's too disoriented to do anything right now, least of all write someone a letter.

54 - **Reid**: Yeah, she's at home suffering from a severe case of caffeine-withdrawal migraine. A few of the other actors are trying to rehabilitate her as we speak.

55 - **Phyllis**: I hate to break it to you, but she most certainly did. Here it is, look for yourself. She states right here that she wishes to publicly denounce the Shakespeare Festival and cancel the remainder of your run.

56 - **Constance**: I don't believe it. The letter must be a fake.

57 - **Skillet**: Indeed it is. I sent that letter.

58 - **Phyllis**: Why would you do such a dastardly thing? Have you no decency?

59 - **Skillet**: I did it so that I could ask you a few questions.

60 - **Phyllis**: And what do you want to ask me about?

61 - **Stein**: Listen, sister! We ask the questions around here, not you!

62 - **Skillet**: Settle down, Detective Stein. <to **Phyllis**> I want to ask you some questions because you are the lead suspect in the sabotage of this festival.

63 - **Phyllis**: Oh, that. I am innocent.

64 - **Constance**: <heavy sarcasm> Sure.

65 - **Skillet**: Please step into our office so we can ask you a few questions.

<**Skillet** motions towards the office. **Skillet**, **Stein** and **Phyllis** walk towards the office. **Stein** attempts to go through the door, but discovers it is locked. After fumbling with keys, he opens the door and walks through. Meanwhile, **Skillet** and **Phyllis** walk around the door. **Phyllis** sits in the chair. **Stein** shines the lamp in her face and stares at her for a few seconds, before asking his first question.>

66 - **Stein**: Are you Danish?

67 - **Phyllis**: I am not.

68 - **Stein**: Then it's settled. Ma'am, you are free to go.

69 - **Skillet**: Not so fast! Where were you at the time of the crime?

70 - **Phyllis**: If you absolutely must know, I was attending a performance of *Edward II*.

71 - **Reid**: Isn't that....

72 - **Constance**: A Marlowe play?

<**Everyone except Phyllis** expresses their shock with shock-like gasps.>

73 - **Reid**: She must be telling the truth. No one in their right mind would admit to watching a Marlowe play. Not even to stay out of prison.

74 - **Phyllis**: Now you wait just a minute!

75 - **Skillet**: We cannot rule her out just yet. <to *Phyllis*> You claim to be innocent, but until we can verify that your claims are in fact true, you will remain one of the lead suspects in our investigation.

76 - **Stein**: But is she Danish? She says she's not, and unless she's Danish, she couldn't have done it – unless she is Danish, in which case she's lying.

77 - **Skillet**: For the last time –

78 - **Stein**: No, you listen to me for once! The test results have come back from the crime lab, and they're positive! The crumbs are Danish!

79 - **Skillet**: What lab? Those crumbs have been sitting on your desk this entire time.

<Enter *Ima* and *leBard*.>

80 - **Constance**: I still don't believe her story. It was her. She sabotaged our play!

81 - **Ima**: She didn't sabotage any of our plays. She couldn't have done it because she was at a Marlowe play.

82 - **Skillet**: How do you know she was at a Marlowe play?

83 - **Ima**: Because <*ashamed*> I was there too. It was opening night and my lesser-talented younger brother was cast in the lead role, you see, so I had to go to support him – anyway, that doesn't matter. What matters is that I saw her there, and that means she couldn't have been sabotaging anything.

84 - **Skillet**: I guess that settles it. Phyllis, you are free to go.

85 - **Phyllis**: I told you I didn't do it.

<Exit *Phyllis*.>

86 - **Stein**: I knew she didn't do it all along. She said she wasn't Danish.

87 - **Skillet**: Never mind the Danish. Let's go take a look at what happened on the other stages.

<Exeunt *Skillet and Stein*. Enter *Maven and Bruce*>

88 - **Bruce**: You hear the latest from Elle and Colleen?

89 - **Maven**: No, what?

90 - **Bruce**: Seems like Julie-Ann's given up on Roman; she's dating some "wandering minstrel."

91 - **Maven**: That's rough, man.

92 - **Bruce**: They think the stress of dating someone in our company has overwhelmed her love for our buddy.

93 - **Maven**: We gotta help Roman out. Get this minstrel out of the picture, and convince Reg to re-unite the companies.

94 - **Bruce**: Getting Reg to do something sensible? Sure, we'll do that, then we'll solve global hunger and establish world peace.

<*Roland XVIII enters*.>

95 - **Roland XVIII**: Excuse me, but have any of you seen the Wandering Minstrel? I must find him!

96 - **Maven**: We have. What do you want with him?

97 - **Roland XVIII**: <extends his hand> I'm Roland Bosworth Tottenham Sopwith Tortmeister Smythewicket, the Eighteenth. My card.

<*Roland XVIII hands Maven a ridiculously long business card*.>

98 - **Roland XVIII**: I produce records, and I want to sign him to my label. That kid's got star potential written all over him! He can do great things in L.A.

99 - **Maven**: <to **Bruce**> L.A.? That's far away! <to **Roland XVIII**> He's dating someone we know. I can take you to him so that you can give him a contract right away.

100 - **Roland XVIII**: Well, let's go – no time to waste. <begins to exit, then pauses> Wait a second...

<**Roland XVIII** starts sniffing the air, slowly moving towards **Reid** as he says the following.>

101 - **Roland XVIII**: Plastic... silicon... liquid crystal display... You! What's that in your pocket?

<**Reid** pulls out an iPod.>

102 - **Reid**: This? Just my iPod.

<**Roland XVIII** takes the iPod. **Reid** tries to reclaim it, but backs off when he sees that **Roland XVIII** has pulled a stick of dynamite and some tape out of his jacket. **Roland XVIII** calmly attaches the dynamite to the iPod while saying the following.>

103 - **Roland XVIII**: Give me that. You young people don't seem to understand how hard it is to be a record label executive these days. Competing against these “modern technologies” and “innovative business models” is tough work. I was only entitled to 75% of my artists' earnings this year, thanks to you thieves.

<**Roland XVIII** lights the dynamite and throws it offstage.>

104 - **Roland XVIII**: Fire in the hole!

<**All** onstage, except **Roland XVIII**, “duck and cover.” Explosion is heard. **Roland XVIII** adjusts his suit the same way he did in 1-5. **Everyone else** has a look of great shock.>

105 - **Roland XVIII**: How about you take me to see the Minstrel now?

106 - **Maven**: Sure thing.

*<Maven gives “thumbs up” to Bruce, then leads Roland XVIII offstage.>*

107 - **Ima**: We actually came here to deliver some other news – fantastic news for us, but terrible news for you, I'm afraid. Dr. le Bard, an expert in all things Shakespearean, will give you the details.

108 - **leBard**: It turns out that the plays that you student companies have chosen to perform, allegedly long-lost plays written by William Shakespeare were not written by Shakespeare at all.

109 - **Constance**: What are you talking about?

110 - **leBard**: Inside an authentic Shakespearean-era prop, we discovered a secret letter, which Christopher Marlowe wrote to his descendents. The letter reveals that these “lost plays” were actually written by Marlowe himself in an attempt to sully the legacy of William Shakespeare. I've studied the letter carefully and can verify its authenticity.

111 - **Ima**: It really is too bad. I suppose you'll all just have to leave the festival with your tails tucked between your legs. So long, losers.

112 - **Reid**: We have no intention of leaving.

113 - **Ima**: I'm afraid you have no choice. The festival rules clearly state that all participants must perform Shakespeare plays – that means you're disqualified.

114 - **Constance**: What do you mean?

115 - **Ima**: Let's see... expelled, eliminated, banished, cast out, sent packing.... You're finished.

*<Exeunt Ima and leBard, leaving Reid and Constance onstage with looks of shock on their faces.>*



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## Vignette 4

### Characters:

Brock N. Roll, a wandering minstrel.....Brock  
Julie-Ann Fries, an actress with the Even More Travelling Players.....Julie-Ann  
Roland Bosworth Tottenham etc. XVIII.....Roland XVIII  
Screaming people.....(non-speaking – screaming, in fact)

*<Julie-Ann is onstage, talking on a cell phone. She shuts the phone.>*

1 - **Julie-Ann:** Where could he be?

*<Enter Brock and Roland XVIII.>*

2 - **Roland XVIII:** And I think ten-thousand up front. So it's settled then?

*<Roland XVIII and Brock shake hands.>*

3 - **Roland XVIII:** Oh, this must be your backup singer. *<overtones of distaste in his voice>* She won't do. But don't worry, I've got a large number of suitable and experienced replacements on-hand.

4 - **Brock:** Fine.

5 - **Julie-Ann:** What?!

6 - **Roland XVIII:** *<to Brock>* They're gonna love ya' in L. A.

7 - **Brock:** Julie-Ann, there's something I've gotta tell you. This whole dating thing – I think it's going to hold back my musical career.

8 - **Julie-Ann:** *<slightly crushed>* What do you mean?

9 - **Roland XVIII:** He just signed a major record deal. When he's famous, women will be throwing themselves at him, and we want them to them to think they have a chance.

10 - **Julie-Ann:** What?

11 - **Brock:** Sorry, I thought he was being clear. *<cups hands around mouth and with loud-ish voice>* I am dumping you so I can score with groupies.

*<Enter Screaming People. Brock is surrounded by chattering fans who yesterday didn't pay any attention to him.>*

12 - **Brock:** I think I could get to like this.

*<Exit Brock and Roland XVIII.>*

13 - **Julie-Ann:** Argh! Without him, now how am I going to get that idiot Roman off my back? I'm going to have to do something drastic, something that will get through that thick skull of his. What does he understand? Love, angst, death...

## Act 2, Scene 5

## Characters:

Lita F. de Troupe, director of the Travelling Players.....	Lita
Pat Butzinzeetz, producer of the Travelling Players.....	Pat
Reginald Q. Humperdink, director of the Even More Travelling Players.....	Reginald
Roman Tique, actor with the Travelling Players.....	Roman
Julie-Ann Fries, actress with the Even More Travelling Players.....	Julie-Ann
Elle O'Elle, actress with the Even More Travelling Players.....	Elle
Colleen Dasche-Paranthesis, actress with the Even More Travelling Players.....	Colleen
Bruce Goose, actor with the Travelling Players.....	Bruce
Maven Rick, actor with the Travelling Players.....	(nonspeaking)*
Christine Phyllis Marlowe, an overly-zealous fan of Christopher Marlowe.....	Phyllis
Wolf N. Stein, a private investigator.....	Stein
Dinah Skillet, a private investigator.....	Skillet
Teller O'Tails, the head of the Festival.....	Teller
Agent Tom, a professional saboteur.....	Tom
Reid N. daLynes, actor with the Travelling Players.....	Reid
Constance Rhee-Hearsing, actress with the Travelling Players.....	Constance
Lynn Miorears, actress with the Even More Travelling Players.....	Lynn
Toby Ornot-Tubee, actor with the Even More Travelling Players.....	Toby
Agent Dick, a professional saboteur.....	(nonspeaking)
Agent Harriet, a professional saboteur.....	(nonspeaking)
Acting Stein, stand-in for Wolf N. Stein.....	(nonspeaking)
Acolytes of Marlowe.....	(nonspeaking)
Torontonians.....	(nonspeaking)
Obviously Russian-Looking Guards.....	(nonspeaking)
Tourist Info Guide.....	(nonspeaking)

\*Presence is optional – he has no spoken lines, but it would be nice for him to “be seen.”

*<Location: backstage at the festival. There is a recycling bin onstage. **Reginald** is onstage, looking at a clipboard. **Lynn** and **Toby** are shining his shoes, fetching coffee, and doing various other tasks for him. Enter **Reid** and **Constance**.>*

1 - **Reginald:** Well, if it isn't the UW Travelling Players. I saw your performance – it was hilarious; I always enjoy a good farce.

2 - **Reid:** Not like it matters; we're disqualified.

3 - **Reginald:** *<overhearing, not concealing his glee>* Disqualified? What a shame.

4 - **Reid:** Yeah, it turns out that the “Lost Plays” are fake.

5 - **Toby:** Wait... does that mean we're disqualified as well?

6 - **Constance:** It would seem so.

7 - **Lynn:** It's too bad our group split up. If we were still together, we could perform *Love's Labours Lost!* Sir, you've got to talk to Lita again and see if you can convince her!

8 - **Constance:** Wait... we've wanted to unify since the dress rehearsal. I thought you guys didn't want to.

9 - **Toby:** No, we felt the same way. But Reg here said you guys didn't want to join us.

10 - **Lynn:** I get the feeling someone's not being entirely honest with us. You've got to let the companies re-unite!

<*Lynn and Toby give guilt-stares to Reginald.*>

11 - **Reginald:** We won't be doing that.

12 - **Constance:** It's the only thing we can do to stay in the festival!

13 - **Reginald:** I'm not going to let something as minor as “disqualification” stand in my way. The truth is that I don't care if we end up performing our play in Stratford or if we have to settle for putting it on in my grandmother's living room. <to **Reid and Constance**> The bottom line is that you and I are enemies. You picked which side you were on when you stuck with Captain McPickle-butt. Now, if you'll excuse me, I'm going someplace where I can get some work done.

<*Exit Reginald.*>

14 - **Lynn:** What a jerk!

15 - **Toby:** He's not such a bad guy. He just really likes being in charge. Try to see the world from his perspective.

16 - **Lynn:** I'd try, but I don't think I can fit my head that far up his ass.

<**Teller, Pat and Roman** enter. **Pat** is carrying some of the lost plays and the letter from Marlowe.>

17 - **Pat:** Written by Marlowe? Trash.

*<Pat emphatically dumps the plays into the recycling bin. Enter Phyllis, with some acolytes carrying protest signs.>*

18 - **Teller:** Would you kindly desist your disruption of our festival?

19 - **Phyllis:** You should get used to me being around, because I won't leave until I've put a stop to this depraved festival! And the student groups are the worst of the bunch! These lost plays of Shakespeare are somehow even worse than his usual work!

20 - **Constance:** *<off-handedly>* That's because apparently they weren't written by Shakespeare.

*<Phyllis opens mouth as if to make a quick retort, and stops short.>*

21 - **Phyllis:** What did you say?

22 - **Pat:** *<grinning evilly at Phyllis>* That's right, isn't it? Someone found this letter in a broken prop. Actually, it's addressed to you, so here you go.

*<Pat gives Phyllis the letter, smiling cruelly.>*

23 - **Pat:** It's from your venerable ancestor, Christopher Marlowe. He would like you to know that he was the one who wrote our plays.

*<Phyllis reads and is stunned.>*

24 - **Phyllis:** Could it be... after everything I've done... *<joyful>* someone has finally found more of Marlowe's work! And after he supposedly died! This just shows the genius of the man -- he must have faked his own death. I'll bet that....

*<Phyllis realizes that the student actors are still present.>*

25 - **Phyllis:** *<meekly to the assemblage>* I may have been a bit hasty -- I didn't judge these plays on their own merits. Clearly, I just haven't had the time to properly understand them.

26 - **Pat:** Sure, sure...

27 - **Phyllis:** *<to Pat>* Look, I don't care if you harbor ill-will toward me, but for the sake of all that's good and right in the world -- please please perform these plays please!

28 - **Constance:** We aren't even allowed to perform them at the festival, because they aren't Shakespeare.

29 - **Phyllis:** Well -- if you don't like them -- if you can't use them -- could you give them to me?

30 - **Pat:** If we do, will you leave us alone?

31 - **Phyllis:** Yes.

32 - **Pat:** Okay then. Help yourself.

*<Pat points to the recycling bin. Phyllis grabs the stack of plays, and fawns over it as though it's a beautiful new-born baby.>*

33 - **Phyllis:** Oh! Precious Marlowe! I love you! Who's the greatest playwright ever? You are, yes you are!

*<Phyllis and acolytes exit.>*

34 - **Teller:** Wow, you got rid of her! I wish there was some way I could reward you.

35 - **Pat:** Nonsense, it was my pleasure. Doesn't do much about our disqualification, though.

36 - **Teller:** Well, maybe we can talk about that. Bring your director here, and we can discuss the situation. For now, I've called the inspectors here for a report on their investigation.

*<Enter Stein and Skillet. Skillet is carrying a medium-sized brown box, which she drops to the ground. Exit Pat.>*

37 - **Stein:** We've figured out who the culprit is.

38 - **Skillet:** It's pretty straightforward, really.

39 - **Stein:** *<pointedly, to Skillet>* Actually, it's more like a twisted scenic tour through the bowels of international organised crime.

40 - **Teller:** Wait, you guys don't have the same answer?

41 - **Skillet:** Well, our explanations are *<glancing at Stein>* somewhat different, but our conclusions are the same.

42 - **Teller:** *<points at Stein>* You first.

43 - **Stein:** With pleasure, chief.

*<If possible, the following should be done with two spotlights – one for Narrating Stein, and one for Acting Stein. It would be handy to have lights fade in and out on Acting Stein as he goes about illustrating his investigation. The actions and dialogue below should occur simultaneously, rather than alternately. Stage lighting fades, except for a spotlight on Stein, who narrates as his actions are illustrated in a second spotlight by a double. Narrating Stein clears his throat.>*

44 - **Stein:** It began with the Danish crumbs that we found on the stage after the Travelling Players' performance.

*<Acting Stein bends over microscope, pulls out slide to inspect it.>*

45 - **Stein:** After investigating these crumbs, I discovered traces...

*<Acting Stein licks the microscope slide, raises head in sudden realization.>*

46 - **Stein:** ...of a special type of sugar, that is only found in danishes from one place --- Tim Hortons.

*<Acting Stein marches away with determination. Light fades out.>*

47 - **Stein:** This became my first lead, as Tim Horton himself was a notorious ringleader of a Danish syndicate whose front was the 1969 Maple Leafs.

*<Light fades in: Acting Stein is sitting at a table, sloppily finishing a donut.>*

48 - **Stein:** After visiting each of the six Tim Hortons in the Stratford area and carefully testing their donuts and coffee,

*<Acting Stein stands up with a coffee, and peers at the ground.>*

49 - **Stein:** I discovered a trail of danish crumbs matching those found on the stage,

*<Acting Stein walks off as if following a trail. Light fades.>*

50 - **Stein:** which led from Stratford down the #8 highway and the 401, all the way --

*<Light up on **Acting Stein**, who walks up to a gate or doorway guarded by **Obviously-Russian- Looking Guards**. Some **Torontonians** are walking by in various directions, and a **Tourist Guide** is trying to hand out pamphlets.>*

51 - **Stein**: ...to the Russian consulate in Toronto.

*<Acting Stein covers face with one hand in frustration.>*

52 - **Stein**: At first, I thought I had lost the trail, but then

*<Acting Stein's hand slides down to cover only his mouth and chin as if in deep contemplation.>*

53 - **Stein**: it occurred to me: “What if the Danish were undercover? And who likes Shakespeare more than the Russians?”

*<Acting Stein looks piercingly in the direction of the audience – not at the audience, and then starts looking around. He makes as if to interrupt some **Torontonians** walking by. They all avoid him in the typical **Torontonian** manner.>*

54 - **Stein**: After extensive interrogation of people walking past the Russian consulate,

*<Acting Stein bumps into the **Tourist Guide**, who amicably hands him a CN Tower brochure.>*

55 - **Stein**: I was given a tip to go to a specific lookout at the top of the CN tower.

*<Acting Stein walks off the spotlight, contemplating the brochure, then exits. Spotlight fades. Exit **Torontonians**, **Obviously Russian-Looking Guard** and **Tourist Guide**.>*

56 - **Stein**: I immediately went to the lookout, and after paying 25 cents for the telescope...

*<Spotlight (binocular-shaped, if possible) up on **Tom**, **Dick** and **Harriet**.>*

57 - **Stein**: ...who should I spot but three very suspicious-looking lumberjacks.

58 - **Tom**: What is so suspicious about the Skydome parking lot being visited by lumberjacks to clear away some excess trees?



*<Tom, Dick and Harriet run off. Spotlight off. Stage lights gradually come up during the following speech. During the speech, Stein distributes copies of a photograph of the saboteurs to various people on stage, starting with Teller.>*

59 - **Stein:** I managed to snap a photo before they took off, but was unable to catch them. The ring-leader is a descendent of the Danish explorer who discovered Hans Island in the Arctic waters. She's been spotted with her associates around this festival, variously as caterers of pastries, veterinarians, and nuclear weapons inspectors. If any of you have information about these people, please, let me know.

60 - **Teller:** You can't possibly be serious.

61 - **Skillet:** While my associate's methods are... unorthodox, by following him I collected substantial legitimate evidence connecting these people with the sabotage.

*<Skillet lifts a huge pile of computer printouts from the box and drops it at Teller's feet.>*

62 - **Toby:** *<to Teller>* Actually, I remember seeing these guys shortly before your office exploded. They were dressed up as proctologists. I didn't think it was suspicious at the time, but why would proctologists have to disguise themselves as lumberjacks? It doesn't make any sense.

63 - **Lynn:** I've seen these guys around too, but they were dressed as telephone sanitation workers. Just after they left, a telephone booth exploded.

64 - **Teller:** It looks like these may be our saboteurs after all. Unfortunately, it seems that everyone associated with the sabotage has eluded our grasp.

*<Silence, while Toby and Lynn look at each other.>*

65 - **Lynn:** Actually... our director's the one you're looking for. I remember seeing those people back in Waterloo during our dress rehearsal. They came to talk to Reginald, supposedly to fit him for a business suit.

*<Nods and murmurs of agreement from members of the Even More Travelling Players.>*

66 - **Teller:** *<to inspectors>* Find Reginald Q. Humperdink and arrest him.

67 - **Skillet:** We're private investigators. We don't have the authority to...

68 - **Stein:** After him!

<*Stein runs off.*>

69 - **Skillet:** <*sighs*> This is worse than that time the Danish ambassador parked in a no-parking zone.

<*Skillet exits.*>

70 - **Colleen:** <*from offstage*> No, Julie-Ann, no!

71 - **Elle:** <*from offstage*> OMG! Stop!

<*Enter Julie-Ann, with a green bottle, and Elle, Colleen, Roman and Bruce chasing after her.*>

72 - **Julie-Ann:** I can't take it anymore. My life is ruined! My role in the play has been taken away, and the love of my life is out of reach forever!

73 - **Roman:** But I'm right here, butterpot!

74 - **Julie-Ann:** Only one thing left to do. Here's to... ah, whatever.

<*Julie-Ann raises her bottle in a toast, drinks from it, and begins to collapse in an elaborate death scene.*>

75 - **Roman:** No! My love!

76 - **Colleen:** Oh, how tragic... if only her love for Roman had been allowed to blossom.

77 - **Julie-Ann:** <*angrily, forgetting to act strained*> For crying out loud --

<*Julie-Ann catches herself, and quickly recomposes her act.*>

78 - **Julie-Ann:** Tell my brother... <*wheezing*> tell him that I'm sorry.

<*Julie-Ann "dies"*>

79 - **Colleen:** O, M, G, W, T, F, ... I'm like, totally at a loss for words.

80 - **Elle:** No! No, Julie-Ann! Somebody, help! Help! Julie-Ann's poisoned!

81 - **Roman**: <to **Julie-Ann**> I would have travelled to the four corners of the Earth if only you asked. And now you're as dead as a piece of igneous rock which has cooled off enough to not be lava any more. Wherever Julie-Ann goes, I shall follow.

<**Roman** takes the bottle, then **Bruce** grabs it from him and they fight over it. Scuffling over the bottle continues over the following dialogue.>

82 - **Bruce**: No, buddy, it's not worth it.

<Enter **Reginald**, running. He stops suddenly upon seeing **Julie-Ann** lying on the ground.>

83 - **Reginald**: Julie-Ann? What happened?

84 - **Elle**: She's been poisoned.

85 - **Reginald**: My god! They couldn't have! I never should have hired them. This has gotten out of control.

<**Reginald** stands in shock over **Julie-Ann's** body. Enter **Stein**, running, and **Skillet**, following, walking.>

86 - **Stein**: You can't hide the truth forever! You're secretly Danish, admit it!

<**Stein** handcuffs **Reginald**.>

87 - **Reginald**: Go ahead, arrest me. I hired the professionals who've been sabotaging the festival. But I didn't think it would get as far as murder. I'll help you track them down to put a stop to this madness. All I ask is that you knock five or ten years off my sentence. And get me a corner cell. Can I share with Conrad Black?

88 - **Skillet**: I doubt you've done anything bad enough to deserve that.

<**Roman** wins the struggle with **Bruce**, and now has the bottle. **Roman** takes a swig from the bottle. He begins to "die">

89 - **Roman**: <to **Reginald**> If it weren't for you, Julie-Ann would still be alive. I hope you're happy.

90 - **Reginald**: No, I'm not. I wanted Conrad Black's cell.

<**Roman** "dies." **Julie-Ann** groans in frustration, then gets up. **Reginald** stares at her in disbelief.>

91 - **Elle**: Julie-Ann! You're alive! Colon capital D!

92 - **Julie-Ann**: There's nothing wrong with us. *<looks down at Roman, and kicks him>*  
Well, nothing wrong with me, anyway. I faked my death so that this twit would leave me alone.

93 - **Roman**: *<still on the ground, eyes closed>* Julie-Ann, is that you? Are we in heaven?

94 - **Julie-Ann**: Get up, you moron. *<grabs Roman's hand and jerks him up>* It's not poison, it's just Mountain Dew.

95 - **Roman**: *<painful groan>* It's dissolving my stomach.

96 - **Julie-Ann**: I just wanted to get Roman to leave me alone. I thought he would if I were dead, but apparently I was wrong.

97 - **Reginald**: You were just faking it!? No! That's not fair! I take it all back! I'm innocent!

*<Reginald struggles to escape, but Stein and Skillet successfully hold on to him.>*

98 - **Skillet**: Mr. Humperdink, I recommend that you accompany us. We'll escort you to the police -- it will go easier for you if you co-operate with us.

*<Exeunt Reginald, Stein and Skillet.>*

99 - **Bruce**: Look, Julie-Ann. Let me be honest with you. Maven and I know that Roman is a clueless romantic.

100 - **Roman**: *<plaintive>* Bru-uce!

101 - **Bruce**: Shut up, Roman. *<turns to Julie-Ann>* The thing is, he isn't always like that. I mean, we wouldn't be friends with him if he were. He's a good guy once you get to know him a bit. Your friends seem to think he'd be good for you.

*<Julie-Ann looks to Elle and Colleen, who grin like idiots and nod; Julie-Ann rolls her eyes.>*

102 - **Bruce**: All we're saying is that you should give him a decent shot. Be patient with him for a while, and find out what he's actually like.

*<Julie-Ann takes a deep breath and breathes a big sigh.>*

103 - **Julie-Ann:** If it'll get you guys to leave me alone... <to *Roman*> I'll go on one date with you. One date. But please, for the love of everything that's green and good in this world, cut it out with the romantic crap.

104 - **Roman:** For you, Julie-Ann, I would -- <catches himself> -- be happy to "cut it out with the romantic crap".

**SONG: *We'll Have One Date (to Somewhere Out There, by James Ingram and Linda Ronstadt)***

**Roman:**

I'm your mouse pad, that will always be true,  
You can keep on clicking, and bid wrist pain adieu.

**Julie-Ann:**

You're like silver, when gold is out of reach,  
You're my little apple, when I can't have a peach.

**Roman:**

And even though we come from faculties so far apart,  
We've luckily been brought together, by our love for the Bard.

**Julie-Ann:**

I tried so hard, so very hard, to get you off my back.  
It's just one date, and there's no way I'll join you in the sack.

**Julie-Ann and Roman:**

We'll have one date,

**Roman:**

The best day of my life.

**Julie-Ann and Roman:**

When that day is over,

**Julie-Ann:**

I'll shower for a week.

**Roman:**

This is the greatest moment of my life, I have to say.  
I never thought you would allow me by your side to stay.

**Julie-Ann:**

You may be tempted, after this, to call me on the phone,  
But don't forget, I just said yes, so they'd leave me alone.

**Julie-Ann and Roman:**

We'll have one date,

**Julie-Ann:**

So I can have some peace.

**Roman:**

And we'll be together,

**Julie-Ann and Roman:**

Cause there's nothing else that I can doooooooooooooo.

*<A feeble Lita is helped on stage-left by Pat. Lita has a Coffee IV drip, with a Tim Horton's logo on it.>*

105 - **Reid:** Are you feeling better, Lita?

106 - **Lita:** *<groans>* A little. I'm glad everyone has stopped yelling at me. It's a pity about those lost plays – it would have been nice to perform them if they hadn't been written by Marlowe. *<shudders>*

107 - **Teller:** Given that your producer managed to get rid of that crazy Marlowe fanatic, I'm willing to overturn your disqualification if you can put together a Shakespearean production for the rest of your run.

108 - **Lita:** I'm afraid we haven't had a chance to rehearse any other plays. My company wants to merge with theirs so we can perform *Love's Labours Lost* like we'd originally intended, but they aren't interested.

109 - **Toby:** Wait a sec. We do want to rejoin! Reginald was the only one who kept our groups apart.

110 - **Lita:** *<slightly re-energized by hope>* Can this be true? Shall we reunite?

*<Quick sounds of consensus among the Players, both Travelling and Even More Travelling.>*

111 - **Teller:** Very well, then. We'll change the schedule accordingly. Good luck with your performance.

112 - **Lita:** Okay, everyone. There's lots to do, and we don't have much time, but if we start now, we can pull it off. We must rehearse, and find a replacement to take on Reginald's old part.

113 - **Pat:** Don't worry, sir, we still have the garden gnome and a tape recorder.

## Epilogue

### Characters:

Brock N. Roll, a famous musician.....Brock  
Groupies.....(non-speaking)

*<Enter **Brock**, with additions to his costume indicative of his new-found success, for example, sunglasses, copious amounts of “bling,” and so on. **Groupies** hang off him.>*

1. **Brock:** *<spoken>* There's no epilogue, but I'm on it.  
Just don't get a bee in your bonnet.  
This fine composition  
Breaks Shakespeare's tradition.  
So what, you expected a sonnet?



Closing Song: *Say Farewell* (to *East Side* by Smoother)

Hope you all enjoyed the show,  
'Cause it's time for us to – go... go.  
Clap your hands, and never fear,  
We'll be back next year,  
To make you laugh until it – hurts.

Now we'll sing our final lines,  
Gonna re-wind.

Now that all's been said'n done,  
Two companies joined as one.  
Reggie's doing five to ten,  
Saboteurs escaped again.  
Roman's buddies had a plan,  
That won him Julie-Ann.  
And now it's time for us to say farewell to  
FASS two thousand six.

Oh-six, Oh-six, Oh-six

Making noise since '62,  
This is what we do,  
Putting on a show for – you... you.  
All the world may be a stage, but there's just one FASS.  
Every year we have a – blast.

Alas, we are now at the end  
Of FASS oh-six.  
Drop the curtain and this musical will be,  
Part of his'try.

Stein is chasing down Danes,  
Partner thinks he's insane.  
Lita's in a coffee daze.  
Phyllis got her Marlowe plays.  
Shakespeare sold his good name  
To cash in on his fame.  
And now it's time for us to say farewell to  
FASS two thousand six.

Say farewell to FASS two thousand six.  
Say farewell to FASS two thousand six.

## Prologue

### Characters:

Brock N. Roll, a wandering minstrel.....Brock

*<Lights up on **Brock**. In this prologue, as well as Vignettes 1 through 3, **Brock** sings while playing guitar. Optionally, he may have a backup guitarist instead of playing the guitar himself. The tune is at the discretion of the performer, music director and director, but it should be done in a renaissance style.>*

### SONG: *Prologue* (original music)

#### **Brock**

One day some students from bonnie Waterloo  
Set out to prove that they're decent actors, too.  
They joined a contest to demonstrate that they can  
Perform a Shakespeare play.

*Love's Labours Lost* is our student actors' play,  
A musical version they will rehearse today.  
Little do they know that unbridled ambition  
Will tear the group apart.

Chaos will then ensue.  
What will our students do?

*<Exit **Brock**.>*