

SHAKESPEARE ROCKS!

SCRIPT AND SHORT DIRECTION NOTES

Version 5c – 02.02.2025

SOUND CUE - ELIZABETHAN MUSIC

(Elizabethan Music is played while the audience take their seats)

SETTING *(see technical script for digital backdrop cues)*

On one side of the stage, Will's study takes up about a third of the stage. There is a writing desk with a quill, an inkpot and a pile of papers (scripts) on which sits a skull. A single wooden chair sits behind the table. The rest of the set represents Shakespeare's home study in Stratford.

ACT 1

SOUND CUE **MUSIC - OVERTURE**

As the overture finishes, two characters enter: AUBREY, the pretentious director of the 'Rough Shakespeare Company' and AL - a funny assistant. AUBREY and AL are both holding copies of Shakespeare's personal diary. They introduce the show to the audience.

SCENE 1 **WELCOME AND INTRODUCTION (Prologue)** AUBREY and AL introduce the play

AUBREY Welcome, everyone. My name is Aubrey – Director of the 'Rough Shakespeare Company' and this is my ... *assistant*, AL.

AL *(Waving, with humour to each side of the audience)* Helloo! Hiya! *(to each side)* *(AUBREY shakes his head and looks at AL who retakes his position, knowing that he has done something wrong already)* Sorry!

AUBREY *(In strong, confident and theatrical voice)* Tonight *(looks at AL to make sure he is focused)* ... we focus on one of England's greatest writers – William Shakespeare. This is our exclusive adaptation of the Bard's personal diary ... which, after being lost for centuries, has come into our possession.

AL *(To audience)* We found it on the shelves at Home Bargains for a pound.

AUBREY *(AUBREY glares at AL, annoyed at his comment)* Al!

AL *(Waits)* Oh come on, that really is a bargain!

AUBREY *(Shaking head with disapproval)* As I was saying before we were *(pauses, turns to and glares at AL)* rudely interrupted *(turns to audience)* ... The life of William Shakespeare is a fascinating tale, which we shall tell over the next two hours

AL *(Interrupting again with some hesitation)* Er ...

AUBREY What now?!

AL Sorry, one hour. We're paying for this place by the hour and we've got to get out for Digital John. He's got new quills and scrolls to show everyone!

AUBREY *(Sighs angrily and takes a deep breath, hoping to continue)* Then we'd best get on with it! Let us discover the deepest thoughts of this wonderful writer, *(dramatically and making a grand announcement)* ... Mr William Shakespeare.

AL *(Waits for AUBREY to leave then to audience)*
Known to his friends as ... Will!

SCENE 2 **1592 - WILL'S HOME/STUDY IN STRATFORD** **THE PAMPHLET / GREENE'S REVIEW**

SOUND CUE **INCIDENTAL MUSIC - THE PAMPHLET**

AUBREY and AL open up their diaries and pause until WILL enters, vainly running his hands through his hair, caressing his beard and admiring himself in a wall or hand-held mirror.

AUBREY *(Reading from the diary)* 4th June 1592. Had a fantastic afternoon at the hairdresser's – a full wash and shampoo, split-ends removed – I feel like a new man.

OLLIE, WILL's assistant, enters holding a pamphlet/newspaper. He is nervous and is looking down. GREENE enters ready for his aside to audience.

AL *(Reading from the diary)* Sadly, my good mood was not to last. This evening my assistant, Ollie, obtained Robert Greene's scathing review of my recent work published in *A Groatworth of Wit*.

Ollie gives the pamphlet to WILL. GREENE presents the review to the audience. WILL reads silently from the pamphlet, getting more and more angry-looking and shaking his head as the review is read.

SCENE 2a
GREENE
(aside) **(Slowly)** There **(pointing to WILL)** .. is an upstart crow. He is beautified with our feathers and supposes he is as well able to bombast out a blank verse as the best of you: and being an absolute *Johannes factotum* **(emphasised)**, is in his own conceit the only *Shake-scene* in a country.

He is not like the rest of us learned playwrights, ... oh no ..., he did not go to *Cambridge like me*, or Oxford ... or any other university for that matter. He is therefore ... uneducated. A mere actor in *writer's clothing*. No, I am not a fan of Mr Shakespeare; his words are many, some ... he takes from others and some are ... completely made-up - zany ... gossip ... rant ... puking! **(Shakes his head)** His ideas and thoughts of his own importance are shaky indeed!

(Greene exits and attention returns to stage)

WILL angrily throws the pamphlet on the floor and puts his head in his hands. OLLIE picks up the pamphlet and starts to read it silently to himself, shaking his head and getting a box of tissues for WILL to dry his tears).

SCENE 3 **1592 - WILL'S STUDY IN STRATFORD (Family)**

SOUND CUE **INCIDENTAL MUSIC - THE PAMPHLET**

As the music continues, WILL'S family enter: his wife ANNE, along with their children SUSANNA, JUDITH and HAMNET. ANNE bustles around the study with a feather duster. The children enter, skipping in a circle for a few seconds before HAMNET picks up the skull from the table and starts to throw it up in the air and then throws it to JUDITH, then SUSANNA who then throws it back to HAMNET. The music finishes. WILL still has his head in his hands and OLLIE is making notes.

ANNE Children! Daddy's skull is not a toy - please be careful with it.

HAMNET Of course, mother. **(He waits until ANNE resumes cleaning and turns her back)** Judith - catch! **(He throws the skull to JUDITH)**

ANNE I'd better take that, thank you! **(ANNE takes the skull off JUDITH and places the skull back on the table)**

WILL **(Jumping up with rage from his seat)** That swaggering rascal!

ANNE is startled and takes a step back. JUDITH approaches ANNE)

ANNE Sweetheart, whatever's the matter?
(OLLIE hands her the pamphlet for her to read. She reads it for a moment) Oh, I see. **(She passes the pamphlet to JUDITH who begins to read it while ANNE comforts WILL)**

JUDITH **(Reading the pamphlet in a loud clear voice but uncertain of the words)** Joh ... annes ... Fac ... to ...tum ... what does *that* mean?

ANNE It means your Daddy does many things ... but they're all a bit rubbish.

OLLIE Mr Greene says your Dad's a Jack of all trades ... and a master of none. I'll find a place to file that! **(Takes the pamphlet from JUDITH, rips it up and discards it in the bin/or fire)**

WILL **(Towards ANNE and OLLIE)**. That's quite enough, thank you. **(Turning to and presenting his thoughts to the audience from centre stage, pacing up and down, getting more and more animated and excited at his plans for the future. The FAMILY and OLLIE all watch WILL in amazement, reacting - nodding heads and turning to each other, to what he says)**

Blooming cheek! I'll show that Robert gormless Greene! That mouldy rogue! ... I shall write a folio of *brilliant* new plays and perform them with my friends. **(searching for ideas)** I ... I ... I shall become so respected and ... famous that my name will live on for centuries. **(Pause .. pacing and thinking,)** Hundreds of years from now, every school child and theatre student in England will be forced to study my work ... or **(gesturing with arms to indicate the current stage and performance)** perform plays about my life in public halls!

SUSANNA Father? **(Concerned for her father's outburst)**

WILL Susanna, my princess. We'll be rich. We'll have a nice big house ... and we'll hire someone to clean it so your poor mother doesn't have to.

ANNE **(Turning from her cleaning)** But I like cleaning!

WILL Ollie, put 'mouldy rogue' in my Book of Insults, would you? I'll be needing that later.

GREENE enters ready for aside to audience.

OLLIE Right away, sir! **(Retrieves a giant 'Book of Insults' from his filing system and begins writing with the quill)** Mouldy ... Rogue. **(Replaces book in filing system)**

SCENE 3a
GREENE (aside) I am honoured indeed that Mr Shaky takes to heart my poor slander. After all, I only studied classics at Cambridge University while he did reading and adding at the Stratford School for the Bumbling. Give it up now, Mr Shakespeare. You will never be a gentleman or win a coat of arms. Your family are turnip-chewing country bumkins without influence or connection. I doubt if you have as much as dined with a single person of rank or education in your entire life!

(Greene exits and attention returns to stage)

WILL Anne, Hamnet, Judith, Susanna ... my family. Give me three years and I'll give you **(moves centre stage and faces audience as if wanting applause)** ... the wonderful William Shakespeare-Bard of Warwickshire! **(the family applaud)**

SCENE 4
WILL'S STUDY IN STRATFORD
including **SONG : WILL'S WONDERFUL WORDS**

SONG CUE
SONG - WILL'S WONDERFUL WORDS
(See LYRICS and CHOREOGRAPHY notes)

END OF SONG
(All freeze and hold for applause)

SCENE 5
WILL'S FANS (Will is too busy for his fans)
including additional scenes
5a – **Sonnet Number 18**
5b – **Midsummer Night's Dream (Final Scene/Puck)**

WILL is seated at his desk, busy writing with his quill. OLLIE is sorting some papers at his filing system. OLLIE gets out the 'Big Bumper Book of Sonnets' (visible to audience) and waits.

WILL **(finishing the writing of Sonnet No 17 with thought and pause)**
"But were some child of yours alive that time.
You should live twice ... in it ... **(pausing for thought)**
and in my rhyme."

(Pauses and reads through sonnet silently) Yes, that will do nicely. Well, Ollie, that's another sonnet finished **(holding it up to hand the manuscript to OLLIE)**

OLLIE **(Takes sonnet, reads it through silently, nodding approval)**
Oh, well done, Sir. How many is that now?

WILL Seventeen, Ollie. Seventeen **(sitting back, proudly)**

OLLIE Wow! How do you manage to write so many?

WILL Well, to be honest, they only have 14 lines ... and they are mostly about the same thing!

OLLIE Oh, that's very clever, Sir. Very efficient!
How many sonnets do you think you'll write?

WILL Oh, I'm thinking exactly ... 154. But there's a long way to go yet!
Now, let me concentrate. Number 18 ... Shall I compare ...
(Starts to write Sonnet No 18 at his desk, looking up in thought as the Sonnet is read as an aside to the audience. OLLIE continues to work at his filing system)

SCENE5a
ADDITIONAL SCENE – SONNET NUMBER 18
Shall I compare thee to a summer's day? (Separate script)

WILL hands Sonnet 18 to OLLIE. OLLIE reads it silently for a short time and then files it in the Bumper Book of Sonnets and continues to work at the filing system.

WILL Now ... time to finish my new play **(continues working in thought at this desk)**

A group of fans appear outside, wanting autographs. They are excited as they enter. They are all holding placards and posters of WILL hoping they will be signed.

FAN 1 He's definitely in his study today!

FAN 2 **(Pointing)** I saw him go through that door!

FAN 3 **(Fanning herself)** Oh! He makes me go all gooey!

FAN 4 **(To FAN 3)** Eew! You haven't got the plague, have you?
(Other FANS jump/move away quickly from FAN 3)

FAN 3 No, I have not!

FAN 1 Let's see if he'll sign our posters!

FANS **(Chanting - 3 times only and together)**
We want Will! We want Will! We want Will!

WILL **(WILL is interrupted from his work and gets up out of his chair. Chanting, to echo fans)** Go a - way! Go a - way! Go a - way!

OLLIE Oh come now, William - they're your *loyal* fans. They follow you everywhere.

WILL So do the lice in my hair ... but at least *they* don't pester me for autographs! Now ... go and tell those sycophants to clear off!

OLLIE walks over to the 'front door' and mimes opening it slowly to the sound effect. The FANS look towards the door with excitement.

SOUND CUE **SFX - OVERLY CREAKY DOOR OPENING**

OLLIE **(Examining the invisible handle and turning back to WILL)**
Sir, I think you should consider getting the door fixed!

WILL Hmm **(thinking slowly to audience)**, to creak ... or not to creak? That is the question.

FAN 2 **(Pointing)** Someone's coming out!

FANS **(All together)** Hooray!
(FAN 3 faints into arms of FAN 4 and FAN 2)

FANS Ohhhh! **(disappointed)**

FAN 4 **(Looks around at everyone before dropping FAN 3 and pointing at the door)** That's not Will!

OLLIE Good people of London, ... Mister Shakespeare thanks you for your loyal support ...

FANS **(All together)** Hooray!

OLLIE ...but ... he is very busy and cannot sign any autographs today.

FANS **(Hanging their heads)** Aww!

OLLIE **(Shoos them away with hands)** Now, please be on your way.

Good day to you all. **(Mimes slamming the door)**

SOUND CUE **SFX - OVERLY CREAKY DOOR SLAMMING**

The FANS mutter with disappointment, some crying towards audience, and exit.

WILL Thank you, Ollie. Now, what do you think of the new play, particularly the ending? **(WILL hands OLLIE a large copy of a Midsummer Night's Dream)**

OLLIE **(Looks at the new play and reads the title slowly)** A ... Midsummer ... Night's ... Dream. **(Opens the book and flips through different pages as if skimming the play, stopping at different pages to deliver his lines)**
Fairies **(turn pages)** ... love **(turn pages)** ... comedy ... interesting. **(WILL and OLLIE then sit for the reading).**

SCENE5b **ADDITIONAL SCENE**
A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM **(Separate script)**

OLLIE It's great. This one will have everyone confused for years to come! But I'm not sure we have enough boys to play all the women characters. They're growing up too fast.

WILL So why not get *women* to play the women?

OLLIE Out of the question, I'm afraid - you know *real girls* aren't allowed to be actors.

WILL How ridiculous! **(Sighs)** You'd better talk to Burbage.

GREENE enters ready for aside to audience.

SCENE5c
GREENE (aside)
So, Mister Shakey-Talent (Oh, I'm sorry ... did I say Shakey-Talent? ... I mean, of course, Mister Shakespeare) seems to enjoy yet more success. People seem to tolerate his confused conversation, his nonsense narratives, his fanciful fairies, his pathetic prose, his confusing conspiracies, his bloodshed battles, his overseas oratory, and his lyrical yet laborious, lofty, long, lamentable, loquacious and lugubrious lexicon. I, on the other hand, as you can hopefully tell, am not a mere amateur authority in alliteration! **(Greene exits and attention returns to stage)**

(Blackout. WILL and OLLIE exit).

Scene Change : A REHEARSAL ROOM in LONDON

SOUND CUE**INCIDENTAL MUSIC - GIRLS****SCENE 6**

A REHEARSAL ROOM - LONDON (Burbage/Women/Men)
includes **SONG : NO GIRLS ALLOWED**

AUBREY and AL enter. Lights up.

AUBREY **(Reading from the diary)** 4th June 1595. I will never understand this idiotic aversion to real women performing on stage. It is becoming harder to find suitable young men who are willing to dress up as female characters.

A group of MEN-DRESSED-AS-WOMEN enter and line up on one side of the stage. They wear skirts, blouses, dresses and ill-fitting wigs. Some have beards. Some have chest hair sticking out of their dresses.

AL **(Pause until all MEN-DRESSED-AS-WOMEN are lined up on stage. Reading from diary)** To complicate matters further, several women are trying to get acting jobs by disguising themselves as men-dressed-as-women.

A group of WOMEN-DISGUISED-AS-MEN-DRESSED-AS-WOMEN enter and line up on the other side of the stage. They show off their 'muscles' and try to act like men.

AL **(Pause until all WOMEN-DRESSED-AS-MEN-DRESSED-AS-WOMEN are lined up on stage. Reading from diary)** Auditions must be managed with a keen eye and a firm hand. I therefore entrust them with Richard 'Burley' Burbage – the arrogant, loud-mouth star of our theatre company, the Lord's Chamberlain's Men.

AUBREY and AL exit. BURBAGE enters with a swagger and brandishing a fancy cane. The scene resembles a military drill. He is confident and commanding.

BURBAGE Atten-tion!!

The MEN and WOMEN stand to attention.

BURBAGE **(Shouting all of his lines in the style of a British drill sergeant) (To the audience)** I am the famous Richard 'Burley' Burbage! And whether I'm dressed as a man or a woman, I always look drop ... dead ... gorgeous. **(To the audience)**

MAN 1 **(to MAN 2)** What is he on about?

BURBAGE Silence, slack pants! **(Squares up to MAN 1)**
Do you really wanna play a girl?!

MAN 1 **(Stepping forward and shouting like a soldier)**
No sir, but I heard it pays well, ... sir!

BURBAGE Then shut up and listen! I wonder if there's a feminine streak in any of you! **(MAN 1 goes back to line)**

MAN 2 Did he say 'streak'?

BURBAGE Stand up straight! **(Bangs cane to the floor near MAN 2's feet)**

MAN 2 Ow! **(He hops on one leg as if the other foot is hurt)**

BURBAGE Now, I'd like you to meet my apprentice, Nic!

NIC enters, shouting every line in a dramatic way

NIC Okay, boys, let's see what you've got! Hands on your hips!

NIC **(Everyone places their hands on their hips)**

Left turn! (Everyone turns their bodies to face stage left. One actor turns right and then corrects himself)

Face forward! (Everyone turns their faces to the audience. Same actor faces backwards then corrects himself)

Aaaaand pout! (Everyone pouts)

BURBAGE **(Swaggers along the line then points cane at MAN 3)**
You, boy! Give me Romeo and Juliet, act 2, scene 2, Juliet!

MAN 3 **(Steps forward, clears throat and speaks in a high girl's voice.)**
Oh Romeo, Romeo. Wherefore art thou...

NIC Terrible! **(Points cane at MAN 4)**
You! King Lear, act 1, scene 1, Cordelia!

MAN 4 **(Steps forward, clears throat and speaks croakily, over-acting.)**
I love your Majesty. According to my bond...

NIC Pathetic! And get rid of that beard!

(MAN 4 removes his beard)

BURBAGE You, there! **(WOMAN 1 steps forward. BURBAGE points his cane at WOMAN 1 and surveys her)**
Nice figure, flowing hair. This is more like it!

WOMAN 1 **(In a woman's voice)** Thank you, sir.

BURBAGE You're not a *real* girl, are you?

WOMAN 1 **(In high voice)** No, Sir. **(Clears throat and puts on a deep voice)**
I mean ... No, sir!

NIC And what about you?! **(Points cane at WOMAN 2)**

WOMAN 2 **(Putting on a deep voice)** I'm all-man! **(Flexes her muscles)**

NIC Good! Because show business is ... *not* ... for ... *girls!*

BURBAGE There are *no girls allowed!* Do you all have the guts to play *girls?*

ALL **(High voices)** Sir, yes sir!

NIC Then we have work to do!

SONG CUE **SONG - NO GIRLS ALLOWED**
(See LYRICS and CHOREOGRAPHY notes)

END OF SONG **(All freeze and hold for applause.)**

BURBAGE Now we're getting somewhere! **(To audience)** However, I suspect there are *real girls* in our ranks and we need to luuuure them out! **(To Nic)** Nic, you know what to do.

NIC Yes, sir.

NIC walks to the edge of the stage and retrieves several pairs of branded bags of fashion shoes.

NIC Shoes! Get your free shoes here! **(Waves the shoes teasingly at the men who have no reaction. Waves the shoes at the women who do react. All the WOMEN gasp)**

WOMAN 3 **(Steps forward)** Oh my! Free shoes!

WOMAN 4 I just love shoes!

NIC Who wants pretty, high-heeled shoes they'll never need?!

WOMEN **(Rushing to NIC and jumping up around in excitement)**
Me! Me! Me!

NIC **(Turns to the audience)** Busted!

(All WOMEN sigh disappointedly.)

SOUND CUE **INCIDENTAL MUSIC - NO GIRLS ALLOWED (PLAY OFF)**

(Blackout. Everyone exits. The music finishes.)

SCENE 7 **1599 - THE GLOBE THEATRE** (Builders working)
includes **SONG : SHOW IN THE GLOBE**

SOUND CUE **INCIDENTAL MUSIC - THE GLOBE**

AUBREY and AL enter. Lights up.

AUBREY **(Reading from the diary)** 2nd May 1599. It has long been a dream of mine that our theatre company, the "Lord Chamberlain's Men", would have a permanent home. **(pause)**
For the past few months, we have been building that dream in London ... The Globe Theatre.

A group of BUILDERS enter and busy themselves around the stage. They have various building tools and props. MR STREET has a clipboard and is surveying the work.

AL **(Reading from the diary.)** Thanks to a spell of good weather, construction is almost finished. Everyone is working hard on the finishing touches for tonight's grand opening performance of Julius Caesar – our first show in the Globe.

SONG CUE **SONG - SHOW IN THE GLOBE**
(See LYRICS and CHOREOGRAPHY notes)

AUBREY and AL exit. The BUILDERS mime simple tasks throughout the song - digging, hammering, sawing, painting etc.

END OF SONG **(The song finishes. All Exit)**

SONG CUE **EXIT MUSIC - OVERTURE OR OTHER**

INTERVAL

ACT 2

SOUND CUE **CAST ENTRY MUSIC** - **OVERTURE OR OTHER**

SCENE 8 **THE GLOBE THEATRE - 1599**

Street (Architect) and Builders (the expensive bill)
Apples and Beer for Sale

ANNE, WILL, CHILDREN and OLLIE enter. They are admiring the new Globe Theatre, looking up at the seats and towards the audience as if they are part of the new theatre.

ANNE Will, it's wonderful!

WILL Yes, I am very pleased with it. I am sure it will last forever and never have to be rebuilt.

STREET enters along with FOUR BUILDERS. Two of the BUILDERS are carrying a horizontal scroll which opens to about 3 metres, as a long and expensive bill for the building work.

WILL Ah, Mr Street. Good day to you, Sir.

ANNE *(To STREET)* You and your builders have done a wonderful job, Mr Street.

STREET Thank you, Mrs S!
Now for the painful bit, I'm afraid ... I have the bill for you.

TWO BUILDERS open the scroll a little and WILL and ANNE look at it.

ANNE *(Looking at the bill and nodding)* Oh, that's very reasonable.

TWO BUILDERS open up more of the scroll

WILL *(Dramatically)* How much?!

TWO BUILDERS open up the full length of the scroll and smile to the audience)

ANNE Goodness me! How on Earth did it come to this much?

STREET Skilled labour don't come cheap these days, Mrs S!

BUILDER 1 Then you've got your tax,

BUILDER 2 then your tax on your tax...

BUILDER 1 ...plus tea-drinking time,

STREET And builders need their tea, Mrs S!

BUILDER 2 plus sick-pay

ANNE Sick-pay?

STREET Yeah, this plague lark is a messy business. When the workers get ill, someone's got to clean up the sick.

ANNE Ugh! How disgusting!

WILL *(Walking from one side of the scroll to the other and pointing to an item)* I'll say! Two hundred quid for a privy! We don't have to take this ...

ANNE Calm down, dear. Street, we can't pay the whole bill now. Give us two weeks and we'll find the money.

(BUILDERS roll the scroll. BUILDER 1 takes the scroll)

STREET I'm sure you will, madam. *(Turns to WILL and elbows him jokingly in the ribs.)* Where there's a Will, there's a way. Eh?! *(Pause waiting for reaction)* Eh?! *(STREET and the BUILDERS laugh but WILL is not impressed)* Oh come on, Mister Shakespeare, that was funnier than one of your so-called comedies!

WILL Am I paying to be insulted like this?

STREET No, the insults are free. See you in two weeks with the money plus twenty percent. Come on

(STREET leads the BUILDERS off stage. The four BUILDERS but not STREET all turn to WILL with threatening fists.)

BUILDERS Or else! *(STREET is heard laughing off stage)*

WILL Oh no!

ANNE Don't worry, sweetheart, we'll find the money. We had better get ready for the Queen's visit. She'll be here soon.

SCENE 9 **THE QUEEN (Paparazzi Painters)**

ANNOUNCER and Trumpeter enter.

ANNOUNCER *(Very commanding voice to announce the arrival of an important person)* Ladies and gentlemen, ... please be upstanding for her Royal Highness, The Queen.

SOUND CUE **SFX - THE QUEEN'S FANFARE** *(TRUMPETER mimes to fanfare)*

The QUEEN and TWO ROYAL ASSISTANTS (following behind) enter.

WILL Your Majesty, what a pleasure it is to see you here.
(WILL bows to THE QUEEN. ANNE curtsies)

QUEEN *(Very pronounced and clear)* Mister Shakespeare.

PAPARAZZI PAINTERS enter. Each has a large canvass and a paint brush. While the PAINTERS are drawing, the images on the canvasses should not be seen by the audience.

PAINTER 1 Evening, your Maj!

QUEEN *(Sarcastically and slowly to audience)* Oh, great!

PAINTER 2 Over here, your worshipfulness!

QUEEN Pesky paparazzi painters!

PAINTER 3 Go on, give us a smile for the front page!

QUEEN *(Putting on a false smile and waving.)*
How I'd love to have their heads cut off!

WILL Why don't you, Ma'am?

PAINTER 4 Oi, Shakey! Get in there with Queeny, eh?

QUEEN Because unlike my cousin, Mary, they make me more popular with the people. Stand here. *(She drags WILL closer to her and they pose awkwardly.)*

PAINTER 4 Yeah, that's the angle! Hold it there, please!

(OLLIE stands next to the QUEEN to get in on the picture)

PAINTER 3 Move aside you, only important people please. *(OLLIE removes himself and is sad and bows his head with disappointment).*

QUEEN *(With a forced smile)*. Now, just grin and bear it, Mr Shakespeare. *(The PAINTERS take a moment to draw their pictures).*

PAINTER 1 Thank you. *(Moves to centre stage and faces the audience ready to reveal the picture.)*

PAINTER 2 Thanks, Liz. *(Moves to centre stage and faces the audience ready to reveal the picture.)*

PAINTER 3 Ta, your Royalness! *(Moves to centre stage and faces the audience ready to reveal the picture.)*

PAINTER 4 Thanks, Queeny. And don't worry about the hair, Shakey. I'll touch up the bald spot! *(Moves to centre stage and completes the line up of PAINTERS who all then reveal their canvasses to the audience for a moment then leave.)*

The PAINTERS exit.

WILL *(Checking his hair)* How rude!

QUEEN Good PR is important these days, Mister Shakespeare. Now, does your new theatre have a nice comfy royal seat for an ageing Queen?

OLLIE Well, we only have benches *(interrupted by WILL)*...

WILL Er, of course we do, Ma'am. Ollie, please escort Her Majesty to the ... erm ... *(pauses then exaggerates)* the Royal gallery.

OLLIE That what? *(Taking the hint.)* Oh, right ... the Royal gallery! I'll send for some cushions. *(Showing the way to the seats with hand gesture)* Ma'am? *(Escorting the QUEEN to her seat. He gives the seat a wipe before she sits down. Assistants brings a cushion for the Queen. WILL, QUEEN, ANNE, OLLIE, ASSISTANTS and other GLOBE AUDIENCE MEMBERS take their seats)*

An APPLE SELLER and BEER SELLER enter amongst the real audience/aisle.

APPLE SELLER *(To the real audience.)* Apples! Anyone for a nice fresh apple full of nutritious meaty maggots?! *(Takes a bite from one of the apples.)* Crunchy on the outside, chewy on the inside! Mm, mm!

BEER SELLER *(Swaying about drunkenly with slurred speech.)*
Beer! Beer for shale! Who wants shum beer!
(Swigs from the jug and looks at someone in the audience.)
Ish vewy nische. Wha' are you looking at?
(Turns and points to audience member to someone else.)
I love yoooouuuu!

(BEER SELLER and APPLE SELLER sit in the GLOBE audience)

SCENE 9a **ADDITIONAL SCENE - JULIUS CAESAR** *(Separate script)*

BEER SELLER What 's this shupposed to mean?

APPLE SELLER Julius Caesar has been stabbed and killed by his friends and this Marc Anthony bloke is speaking at his funeral. Now, shut up, and use your imagination!

(All exit)

SCENE 9b
GREENE *(aside)*
Again, it seems this upstart crow still flies. Word has reached me that he has been seen in new clothes to meet her majesty the Queen, no less. It is clear that the rustic fool intends to brazen out the shame of my savage review by showing the world his finery and mixing with Royalty. Well, I shall turn that vanity against him and show him in his true light and image. I shall continue to believe that he is no more than a magpie, a thief of history, and spread such rumour that he is an unqualified imposter, a mere actor promoting himself beyond his station. Given how jealous we all are, he might meet the same end as his Julius Caesar!

(GREENE exits and attention returns to stage)

Scene Change : REHEARSAL ROOM in LONDON

SOUND CUE **INCIDENTAL MUSIC** - **THE SCOTTISH PLAY**

SCENE 10 **1613 - A REHEARSAL ROOM IN LONDON**
The Scottish Play (Sorcerers/Mac...beeth!) includes **SONG : DON'T MENTION MAC**

AUBREY and AL enter. Lights up.

AUBREY *(Reading from the diary.)* 29th June 1613. It has been just over fourteen years since we opened the Globe.

AL Er, just a minute. Fourteen years ... and nothing interesting happened?

AUBREY Plenty of things happened, Al, but we don't have time to cover them.

AL Such as what?

AUBREY Well, let's see then. *(Thumbing back through the diary)*
Hamlet, Othello, The Winter's Tale, The Tempest

1600 : A name was given to electricity
1603 : Queen Elizabeth died and James VI of Scotland became James I

AL Wow, anything else?

AUBREY Oh yes ...
1605 : The Gunpowder Plot;
1608 : The telescope was invented
1609 : Kepler said that the planets move in an ellipse rather a circle;
1611 : A new bible was published
And ... *(taking a breath)*, people coming over all dead because of the plague.

AL *(Sarcastically)* So nothing important, then?

AUBREY *(Ignores AL)* Now, where were we? *(Finds page)* Ah yes... *(Continues reading)* Following its successful debut, we are to stage a second run of The Scottish Play, as it is now called - owing to the ridiculous notion that to mention the play's proper name will bring bad luck.

AL A play with an unlucky name? Oh, you mean Mac...

AUBREY *(Interrupting before AL can complete Mac...)*
No! Not here, not now!

AL *(Reading from diary)* This fear stems from my supposed use of real spells in the text - all poppycock, of course, but it has made the play a bestseller. It is, however, making rehearsals a nightmare.

AUBREY and AL exit. A DIRECTOR enters holding a script for 'Mac ... The Scottish Play'.

DIRECTOR Ok. Here we go, darlings. Will's done a little rewrite here. Act One, Scene One. Enter the ... Superstitious Sorcerers.

SOUND CUE **INCIDENTAL MUSIC - THE SUPERSTITIOUS SORCERERS**

THREE GROUPS of SORCERERS, each led by a main sorcerer (BERYL, BETH and BABS) enter. They stand hunch-backed and huddled in three groups. The music finishes.

END SOUND

DIRECTOR Beth, Babs and Beryl, you're on.

DIRECTOR Cue thunder.

(A DRUM-PLAYING MINSTREL enters and begins drumming.)

DIRECTOR Aaaaand cue lightning.

(A CYMBAL-PLAYING MINSTREL enters and begins playing enthusiastically.)

DIRECTOR Cue sorcerers!

The SORCERERS wave their hands in the air, tremble their fingers and cackle as the MINSTRELS play their instruments.

DIRECTOR And stop! **(The SORCERERS and MINSTRELS haven't heard. The noise continues.)**

DIRECTOR Aaaaand stop! **(The noise continues.)**

DIRECTOR **(Completely losing temper.)**
Shut that stupid noise up!!

Everyone falls silent. The MINSTRELS shuffle awkwardly to one side. BETH, BERYL and BABS recite part of the play. As they say their lines, each sorcerer or group stands up straight - arms outstretched and fingers trembling - before returning to their hunch-backed stance.

BETH When shall we three meet again, in thunder, lightning, or in rain?

BABS When the hurly-burly's done, when the battle's lost and won.

BERYL That will be ere the set of sun.

BETH Where the place?

BABS Upon the heath.

BERYL There to meet with Mac...

(Everyone gasps.)

(BERYL looks around at the SORCERERS.) Beeeeeeeeth.

(Everyone sighs in relief. "Phew")

DIRECTOR Enter Mac and Banquo.

MAC and BANQUO enter as if taking a stroll in the woods. They walk past the sorcerers and then stop to talk, facing the audience.

MAC Banquo, my friend. So foul and fair a day I have not seen.

BANQUO **(Looks at MAC, confused)** Eh?

MAC It's raining, bog breath! However, I'm in a good mood because of my recent victory on the battlefield **(holds up sword and shield)**

BANQUO Oh, okay!

BERYL A drum, a drum!

After a pause, the CYMBAL-PLAYING MINSTREL elbows the DRUM-PLAYING MINSTREL (he has forgotten to play), who drums loudly for a few seconds before stopping.

SORCERERS MacBeeeeeeth doth come!

MAC and BANQUO turn and spot the SORCERERS.

BANQUO Oh, no! Essex girls!

MAC No Banquo, even worse - we're in Scotland. They're probably Sorcerers, trying to sell us something. **(To the SORCERERS)** Move aside, crones! We're not interested!

DIRECTOR And cut! **(Stands up and struts across the stage)**
There's too much ad-libbing! Look, Mac, darling.

MAC My name is Mac...

SORCERERS Shh! *(facing and bending towards audience)*

BANQUO What, your real name is Macb...

SORCERERS Shh!

MAC No, stop interrupting! It's Mac...

SORCERERS Shh!

MAC ... Donald!

SORCERERS Oh, right!

BANQUO So, your real name is MacDonald?

MAC Yes!

BANQUO Not Mac ...

SORCERERS Shh!

DIRECTOR Will you stop that!

BETH Don't you know that name is cursed?!

BABS Beth, sweetheart. They're from out of town.

BANQUO *(Pointing at BETH)* Wait, your name is Beth?

BETH Yes

BANQUO That's funny, I thought you said Macb...

SORCERERS Shhhhhhhhhhh!

MAC So how are we going to get through this play without spraying the audience with spit? *(gestures to audience, apologetically)* Apologies everyone.

SORCERERS Don't Mention Mac!

BANQUO Can someone explain. Why?

SONG CUE **SONG - DON'T MENTION MAC**
(See LYRICS and CHOREOGRAPHY notes)

END OF SONG *(The song finishes and everyone holds for applause, except BETH - who hasn't realised that the song has finished and continues to sing and dance)*

BETH Leave it there, if you care.
Don't discuss it anywhere.
Keep that word under your hat
And make sure you don't mention mac!

ALL *(Immediately after the word 'Mac' and angrily to BETH)*
Beth! *(Everyone gasps)* Oh no!

SORCERER 1 We just said the forbidden name! What do we do?

SORCERER 2 We have to perform the ritual!

SORCERER 3 What ritual?

SORCERER 4 We have to spin around three times then say a naughty word!

SORCERER 5 It can't be too naughty, my family's watching! *(points to own family if in audience)*

SORCERER 4 There's a dictionary here. *(Retrieves a large dictionary)*
Let's find a naughty word in this!
(SORCERER 4 opens the dictionary and stands centre stage. Everyone gathers round.)

SORCERER 1 *(Pointing at the page)* Oh, that's *really* naughty!
Everyone sniggers and places their hands over their mouths.

SORCERER 2 *(Pages are turned)* I never knew it was called that.

SORCERER 3 I can't say that, my parents would kill me! *(Pages turned)*

SORCERER 4 *(Turns the pages and points at another word.)*
This one isn't too bad.

SORCERER 5 Okay, everyone spin round three times and say *that* word.
(Points to word in dictionary). Got it?

ALL Got it! *(SORCERER 4 slams the dictionary shut and puts it down)*

ALL One! **(they Spin)** Two! **(Spin)** Three! **(Spin)**

Everyone takes a deep breath. BERNIE BOTTOM, the cannon operator, enters - covered in soot, clothes torn and breeches burnt.

ALL Bottom?!

DIRECTOR **(Pointing)** It's Bernie Bottom! The cannon operator! What happened to you?!

BERNIE **(distressed)** The Globe! The Globe has burnt down!

ALL Burnt down?!

BERNIE My cannon misfired during Henry the Eighth and the roof went up in flames.

(The BEER SELLER enters and staggers on stage)

MAC Was anyone hurt?

BERNIE No. But my breeches caught fire!

BANQUO How did you put them out?

BEER SELLER Shum-one poured beer on them! Hic!

SOUND CUE INCIDENTAL MUSIC - GLOBE UP IN SMOKE

(Blackout. Everyone exits. The music continues into the next scene.)

Scene Change : The Ruins of the Globe Theatre

SCENE 11

THE RUINS OF THE GLOBE THEATRE

including **SONG : ROMEOS AND JULIETS**

including **SONG : ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE**

including **Scene 11a : ROMEO AND JULIET**

including **Scene 11b : ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE**

The stage is littered with scorched debris and other burning effects. ROMEO enters and lies unconscious centre stage. Lights up. The music finishes. JULIET enters, searching through the smoke for ROMEO. FOUR MINSTRELS are searching for their instruments. One is a LUTENIST, one a RECORDER PLAYER.

JULIET Romeo, Romeo. Pwar! **(waving hands as if to clear smoke)**
This smoke smells like school dinners! Where on earth are you, Romeo?

ROMEO moans as he wakes up.

JULIET Oh Romeo, my love! **(She runs to ROMEO)**

ROMEO Juliet! What happened?

JULIET We were both on stage, then the theatre caught fire. Everything's burnt to a crisp. **(She helps ROMEO up)** Are you okay?

ROMEO All the better for seeing you, Juliet. **(The word Juliet needs to be emphasised to be overheard by the MINSTRELS)**

MINSTRELS **(They all look up from searching for their instruments and are confused that Juliet is called Juliet. Each says the line "Juliet?!")**
Juliet?! Juliet?! Juliet?! Juliet?! **(All)** Juliet?!

LUTENIST **(To RECORDER PLAYER)** I thought his name was Julian!
(To JULIET) You mean

MINSTRELS **(Together)** You're not a man-dressed-as-a-woman?!

JULIET Er...

REC PLAYER You are, in fact...

MINSTRELS **(Together)** A woman ... dressed-as-a-man-dressed-as-a-woman?!

JULIET Well...

MINSTRELS **(Together)** And your name is ... Juliet, not ... Julian?!

ROMEO Please don't tell anyone! I know there are no girls allowed. We'll both lose our jobs!

LUTENIST What does it matter now? **(Melodramatic)**
We have lost our loved ones to the flames!

The MINSTRELS all begin to sob.

JULIET I'm so sorry about your families.

MINSTRELS **(Together)** What?! **(The sobbing instantly stops)**

REC PLAYER Our families are fine! We're talking about our instruments, our beloved instruments!

ROMEO Oh! That reminds me. **(Pulls a charred recorder from his breeches or from the floor)** I fell on this during the panic - it really hurt!

REC PLAYER My recorder! **(Takes the recorder from ROMEO and is about to play it when ROMEO stops him)**

ROMEO You, er, might want to give that a wipe.

REC PLAYER **(Wipes the recorder and blows it)** It still works!

SOUND CUE **SFX - RECORDER MUSIC (GREENSLEEVES)**

JULIET **(Pointing to a burnt lute.)** And what's that over there?

LUTENIST My lute! **(Picks up the lute and examines the burn marks)**
Nothing a bit of polish won't fix! **(Strums the lute)**

SOUND CUE **SFX - HORRIBLY OUT-OF-TUNE LUTE**

(Everyone except the LUTE PLAYER grimaces and puts their fingers in their ears)

LUTENIST **(With a huge smile)** Mm! Sounds goooooood!
(The other two MINSTRELS find their instruments)
My friends, how about a song?

ROMEO How about a tune-up, first?

JULIET Romeo, I don't care if we get found out. I want us to be together.

ROMEO And so it shall be, my dear *Juliet*.

SONG CUE **SONG - ROMEOS AND JULIETS**
(See LYRICS and CHOREOGRAPHY notes)

END OF SONG **(The song finishes. Pause and wait for applause.)**

WILL, ANNE and OLLIE enter. OLLIE is carrying a script cover of 'ROGER and JANET'.

WILL That was so beautiful!

JULIET Mister Shakespeare!
(Putting on a deep voice.) Mister Shakespeare!

WILL Please ... Juliet. I have no problem with you being a woman.

ANNE And you both make such an adorable couple.

WILL I would like to rename my romantic tragedy after you both.

OLLIE Oh, bravo! **(Writes new title)** 'Romeo ... and ... Juliet'. **(Folds the script cover to reveal new title 'Romeo and Juliet')**
(To audience) Sounds so much better than 'Roger and Janet', don't you think?

SCENE 11a **ADDITIONAL SCENE - ROMEO AND JULIET**

SCENE 11b **(Greene enters for aside to audience).** So, a tale of star-crossed lovers set not in London or Stratford but in Verona! One might assume that Mister Shakespeare is widely travelled in that part of the world but no ... I suspect he has never ventured south of the Thames or north of the Avon. Again, he pilfers the voyages of others to project the image of an informed and enlightened European!

STREET and the BUILDERS enter, looking around at the damage, writing on clipboards and shaking heads.

ANNE What about the theatre?

STREET I can assure you that the building passed all the regulations! Everything was checked and cleared by the fire-safety officer!

ANNE Fire-safety officer?

STREET Yeah, some guy named Fawkes. *(Clenches fist in anger)*
Boy, would I like to get hold of him! He'd be hung, drawn and quartered for passing this!

ROMEO And now, we have nowhere to perform. No stage.

WILL *(Comforting ROMEO)* But Romeo, we can perform anywhere. All the world's a stage.

OLLIE I'll note *that* for future reference. *(makes a note)*

SCENE 11b **ADDITIONAL SCENE – ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE**

FANS enter, two from each side of stage.

WILL *(With excitement and grand announcement)*
We will rebuild the Globe.

STREET We will? ... Kerching! *(Mimes pulling the arm on a one-armed bandit. The BUILDERS turn their clipboards round to reveal large £ signs to the audience)*

FAN 1 I'll help!

FAN 2 Me too!

FAN 3 And me!

FAN 4 Count me in, too!

FANS *(Chanting)* We'll help Will! We'll help Will! We'll help Will!

WILL Thank you, dear fans. Your support means the world to me.

BERNIE *(Entering)* I can help, too – but I need to change my breeches, first. I'm a bit toasty down there. *(Fanning the burnt breeches)*

BURBAGE *(Entering)* OK boys ... and girls *(acknowledging there are girls)*. Let's get cracking.

NIC *(Entering)* All the world's a stage, but let's rebuild *our* stage!

ALL Yeah!

SONG CUE **SONG - ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE**
(See LYRICS and CHOREOGRAPHY notes)
(During the song, the charred debris is removed.)

END OF SONG *(All freeze and hold for applause.)*

SOUND CUE **INCIDENTAL MUSIC - TIME PASSES**

SCENE 11c
GREENE
(aside)
So, even when faced with disaster, which, of course, I would not wish upon the poor fellow, the upstart crow again soars above us all and in time no doubt will be remembered as the greatest playwright of all time, despite everything I have said about him. All the world is a stage indeed and indeed Mr Shakey-Talent's plays will, I fear, be staged not only in his Globe but across the whole globe. From the banks of the Thames to Trafford, from the Avon to Altrincham, and, of course, from Stratford ... to *Stretford*.

But all men have their secrets and their weaknesses and one day I will, wilfully and willingly, while I am neither bewildered nor wilting, cast into the wilderness the imposter known to his friends as Will. I told you I was a master of alliteration. In the meantime, I discourage you from enjoying the final scenes of this performance or believing everything you have heard about the so-called Bard of Warwickshire. I'll be largely forgotten to audiences such as yourselves so, my dear friends, I bid you a fond farewell. *(Takes various dramatic and grand bows to the audience while exiting)*

SCENE 12 **WILL'S BEDROOM**
Will dye's his hair/2B or Not 2B!

(Blackout. Everyone exits. A bed is placed centre stage. A washbowl and a large, labelled bottle of hair dye are placed on the table.)

SOUND CUE **INCIDENTAL MUSIC - WILL'S DYEING**

WILL puts on a blonde wig, covers his head with a towel and enters. He sits at his desk, hunched over the washbowl. He is wearing a blonde wig. AUBREY and AL enter. Lights up.

AUBREY **(Reading from the diary)** 22nd April 1616. At the ripe old age of 52, it is unclear if my years have caught up with me or if I have contracted a slight case of bubonic plague.

WILL coughs noisily under the towel

AL **(Reading.)** My symptoms and advancing years have inspired me to write a new soliloquy for Hamlet.

WILL Achoo! ... **(Looks up in thought)**
To sneeze or not to sneeze? **(Noisily wipes nose)**

AUBREY **(To audience)** This is the final entry. **(Reading from diary)**
It is with great sadness I confess that I am dyeing.

(Ed. - dyeing is NOT a misprint!)

EVERYBODY **(Sad)** Ah.

AL **(To the AUDIENCE)** Oh, it's sadder than that - Will is dyeing!
(Encourages AUDIENCE)

EVERYBODY **(In louder exaggerated sadness)** Ahhhh!

AL **(To the audience)** Now you're being sarcastic!

ANNE **(As if shouting towards upstairs)**
Will, darling! You're not dyeing up there, are you?

WILL **(Nervously from underneath the towel)** Er, no sweetheart!
(Looks up from under towel and thinks aloud)
To bleach ... or not to bleach? Is that the question?

(AUBREY and AL exit. ANNE enters.)

ANNE **(Hands on hips and looking cross)** William Shakespeare! You've been dyeing your hair, haven't you?

WILL stands up and throws the towel off his head - revealing his ridiculous blonde wig.

WILL I can't stand going grey! This makes me feel younger.
(He vainly runs his fingers through his wig)

ANNE **(Stroking her chin)** Actually, you do look rather dashing. You remind me of the giddy young writer I fell in love with.

WILL Oh, yeah? Who was he, then?

ANNE You! Silly Billy! **(Tickling WILL under the chin and speaking in a soppy voice)** My little Barmy Bard.

WILL **(In a soppy voice, tickling ANNE'S chin)**
My little Yammy, Anny.

ANNE **(Even soppier, taking WILL'S hand)**
My little Illy-Billy ...

WILL breaks into a coughing fit.

ANNE Oh, Will. You're still sick. You should be in bed.

WILL But this new bed is so uncomfortable!
(Still coughing, he limps towards the bed)

ANNE **(Helping WILL into bed)**
The doctor says this is the best bed for your sores.

WILL I prefer the old bed in the spare room.

ANNE **(Tucking WILL up or covering with a blanket)**
I know, dear. So do I.

WILL Then, my love, I shall leave it to you in my will - my second best bed!

ANNE Don't talk like that! You'll be better soon - you have to be!
(WILL yawns and falls asleep) Rest, darling.
(She kisses her hand then puts it soothingly on WILL'S head. She then quietly stands, wipes her hand on her dress and exits)

WILL **(Muttering in his sleep)** To creak or not to creak? **(Rolls over.)**
To sneeze or not to sneeze? What is the question?

SOUND CUE INCIDENTAL MUSIC - THAT IS THE QUESTION

WILL **(WILL awakes with a start and shouts over the music)**
Ow! Stupid sharp new-fangled pencils!
(Pulls a large pencil out from under the bed and reads the label slowly) 2B? 2...B, 2...B! Ha-ha!

(He jumps out of bed and rushes to the desk. He attempts to write something on the parchment with the pencil. Begins to look at the pencil. 2B or not 2B! To be ... or not to be... To be!... Or not to be!... that is the question! (Shouting to ANNE in the 'next room') Anne! Sweetheart, quick! My quill, where's my quill?! (Exits stage via audience aisle)

SCENE 12a **ADDITIONAL SCENE - TO BE OR NOT TO BE**

(Blackout. All the furniture is removed.)

SCENE 13 **FINALE**
including **SONG : TO BE OR NOT TO BE**

Cast assemble for finale.

SONG CUE **SONG - TO BE OR NOT TO BE**
(See LYRICS and CHOREOGRAPHY notes)

END OF SONG *(The song finishes. The whole cast hold for applause.)*

SCENE 14 **BOWS AND CURTAIN CALLS**

SONG CUE **SONG - SHOW IN THE GLOBE (REPRISE)**

SONG CUE **SONG - WILL'S WONDERFUL WORDS**

END