

Shakespeare Rocks!

Junior Script
by
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TRACK 1:**OVERTURE****PROLOGUE**

(As the house lights dim, the music begins and the set is revealed. On one side, Will's study takes up about a third of the stage. There is a writing desk with a quill, an inkpot and some parchment on which sits a skull. A single wooden chair sits behind the table. The rest of the set resembles the stage of The Globe Theatre.)

(The choir enters during the music. As the music finishes, two characters enter: Aubrey, the pretentious director of the 'Rough Shakespeare Company' along with Al - a down-to-earth assistant. Aubrey is holding a tatty old diary. They introduce the show to the audience.)

AUBREY: Welcome, everyone. My name is Aubrey – director of the 'Rough Shakespeare Company' and this is my assistant - Al.

AL: Hello!

AUBREY: *(In an overly-mystical voice.)* Tonight we focus on one of England's greatest writers - William Shakespeare. This is our exclusive adaption of the Bard's personal diary...which, after being lost for centuries, has come into our possession.

AL: We got it off eBay for £1.99!

(Aubrey glares at Al.)

AL: Including postage! Oh come on, that's a bargain!

AUBREY: *(Clears throat and turns back to the audience.)* The life of William Shakespeare is a fascinating tale, which we shall tell over the next two hours...

AL: Er, one hour. Sorry, we can't afford the overtime for the caretaker.

AUBREY: *(Sighs angrily.)* Then we'd best get on with it! *(In an overly-mystical voice again.)* Let us discover the deepest thoughts of this wonderful writer.

TRACK 2:**THE PAMPHLET**

(Aubrey opens the diary. Will enters, vainly running his hands through his long hair and caressing his beard.)

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

(Ollie, Will's assistant, enters holding a pamphlet. Ollie gives the pamphlet to Will, who reads it anxiously.)

AUBREY: *(Still reading.)* Sadly, my good mood was not to last. This evening my assistant, Ollie, secretly obtained Robert Greene's scathing review of my recent work.

(Will angrily throws the pamphlet on the floor and storms offstage. Ollie picks up the pamphlet and follows him. Aubrey and Al exit. Music continues into the next scene.)

SCENE ONE: 1592- WILL'S STUDY IN STRATFORD

(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. Hamnet takes the skull from the desk and the children examine it. The music finishes.)

ANNE: Hamnet, darling. Daddy's skull is not a toy – please be careful with it.

HAMNET: Of course mother. *(He waits until Anne resumes cleaning then whispers.)* Judith - catch! *(He throws the skull to Judith.)*

WILL: *(Stomping onstage.)* That swaggering rascal! *(He throws himself on his chair and sulks.)*

ANNE: Sweetheart, whatever's the matter? *(Ollie enters and hands her the pamphlet for her to read.)* Oh!

JUDITH: *(Reading the pamphlet from her mother's side.)* Johannes Factotum – what does that mean?

OLLIE: *(As if speaking to a very young child.)* It means your Daddy does many things but they're all a bit rubbish.

WILL: Blooming cheek! *(Jumping up from his chair.)* 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. I shall become so respected and famous that my name will live on for centuries. Hundreds of years from now, every school child in England will be forced to study my work!

SUSANNA: Father?

WILL: Susanna, my princess. *(He puts his hand on Susanna's shoulder.)* 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: But I like cleaning!

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

OLLIE: Right away, sir! *(Retrieves a giant 'Book of Insults' from under the desk and begins writing with the quill.)*

WILL: Anne, *(taking her hand)* my darling wife. Give me three years and I'll give you the wonderful William Shakespeare – Bard of Warwickshire!

TRACK 3: WILL'S WONDERFUL WORDS

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

SCENE TWO: 1595 - LONDON

(A group of Minstrels enter. Some of them have instruments - amongst them a violin, recorder, lute, trumpet and drum. They mime the prominent parts throughout the song. The remaining Minstrels stand with their hands behind their backs and sing the first chorus. Lights up.)

ALL: WILL'S WONDERFUL WORDS REALLY HAVE TO BE HEARD
MAKE A VERY COOL LANGUAGE
WHEN YOU UNDERSTAND IT
YOU'LL BE A FAN, HE'S THE MAN – WILLIAM

(The Recorder Player Minstrel leaps forward and mimes. The singing Minstrels put on sunglasses and switch to a 'cool' stance for the following rap.)

MINSTRELS: YO!
MINSTREL 1: WE'LL TELL YOU 'BOUT THE MAN, WE CALL HIM WILL-E-AM
MINSTREL 2: HE WROTE THE GREATEST PLAYS AND POEMS IN ING-GER-LAND!
MINSTREL 3: HE WAS A SERIOUS, LITERATE GENIUS
MINSTREL 4: GAVE INNOVATION, INSPIRATION TO ALL OF US!

ALL: WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, BARD OF WARWICKSHIRE
HAD A BIG SHOWBIZ CAREER
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE GETS YOU RIGHT HERE
MAKE YOU SMILE OR SHED A TEAR

(Will enters, walking across the stage carrying a script. A few seconds later, a screaming group of Fans run on stage and chase him. Some Fans are waving posters of Will in the hope of getting an autograph. Before the chorus ends, Will runs offstage and the Fans follow him.)

ALL: WILL'S WONDERFUL WORDS REALLY HAVE TO BE HEARD
MAKE A VERY COOL LANGUAGE
WHEN YOU UNDERSTAND IT
YOU'LL BE A FAN, HE'S THE MAN – WILLIAM

MINSTRELS: YEAH!
MINSTREL 1: BORN BY THE AVON, PERFORMED IN LONDON
MINSTREL 2: KNEW QUEEN ELIZABETH AND KING JAMES THE FIRST
MINSTREL 3: HE WAS A FLY GUY, HIS STYLE WILL NEVER DIE
MINSTREL 4: HIS STORIES WILL BE TOLD AND RETOLD IN VERSE

(Will enters again, running into the Minstrels. The Minstrels block Will's escape, link arms with him and force him into a can-can dance.)

ALL: WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, BARD OF WARWICKSHIRE
WAS AMAZING WHEN HE APPEARED
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE GETS YOU RIGHT HERE

(Everyone freezes.)

ALL: THOUGH WE'RE NOT QUITE SURE OF THE BEARD!

(The screaming Fans enter again. Will runs offstage and through the audience. The Fans and Minstrels follow him.)

ALL: WILL'S WONDERFUL WORDS REALLY HAVE TO BE HEARD
MAKE A VERY COOL LANGUAGE
WHEN YOU UNDERSTAND IT
YOU'LL BE A FAN, HE'S THE MAN – WILLIAM

(Will enters once more, out of breath. Ollie enters and leads him 'indoors' to the safety of his study, where they examine Will's script.)

ALL: WILL'S WONDERFUL WORDS REALLY HAVE TO BE HEARD
MAKE A VERY COOL LANGUAGE
WHEN YOU UNDERSTAND IT
YOU'LL BE A FAN, HE'S THE MAN – WILLIAM

(The Minstrels and Fans enter in a conga, dancing in time to the music. Some Fans are now waving pom-poms. By the end of the song, the Minstrels and Fans have marched around the stage and are now waiting expectantly at the 'front door' of Will's study.)

ALL: W-I-L-L, WILL SHAKESPEARE
W-I-L-L, WILL SHAKESPEARE
SHAKE HIS HAND, HE'S THE MAN – WILLIAM

W-I-L-L, WILL SHAKESPEARE
W-I-L-L, WILL SHAKESPEARE
SHAKE HIS HAND, HE'S THE MAN – WILLIAM
WILLIAM!

MINSTRELS: WORD!

(All freeze and hold for applause.)

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?

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

FANS AND MINSTRELS: *(Chanting.)* We want Will! We want Will! We want Will!

WILL: *(Chanting.)* 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.)

TRACK 4: 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, to creak or not to creak? That is the question.

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

FANS: Hooray!

FAN 3: *(Fainting into the arms of Fan 4.)* Ohhhh!

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: Hooray!

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

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

OLLIE: Now, please be on your way. Good day to you all. *(Mimes slamming the door.)*

TRACK 5: SFX OVERLY CREAKY DOOR SLAMMING

(The Fans and Minstrels mutter discontentedly and exit, dragging the unconscious Fan 3 offstage.)

WILL: Thank you Ollie. Now, what do you think of the new play?

OLLIE: It's great. 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.
WILL: How ridiculous! (*Sighs.*) You'd better talk to Burbage.

TRACK 6: **GIRLS**

(Blackout. Will and Ollie exit. Music continues into the next scene.)

SCENE THREE: **A REHEARSAL ROOM**

(Aubrey and Al enter. Lights up.)

AUBREY: *(Reading from the diary over the music.)* 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 ill-fitting wigs. Many have beards. Some have chest hair sticking out of their dresses.)

AL: *(Reading over the music.)* 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 are obviously much prettier than the Men.)

AL: *(Reading over the music.)* 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.

(Aubrey and Al exit. The music finishes.)

BURBAGE: *(From offstage.)* Attention!!

(The Men and Women stand to attention. Burbage enters with a swagger and brandishes a cane. The scene resembles a military drill.)

BURBAGE: *(Standing with his hands on hips, shouting all his lines in the style of a British drill sergeant.)* I am *the* famous Richard 'Burley' Burbage! And whether I'm dressed as a man or a woman, I always look drop dead gorgeous. *(Throws his hair back and blows a kiss at the audience.)*

MAN 1: *(Whispering 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: *(Staring 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 2: Did he say 'streak'?
BURBAGE: Stand up straight! *(Mimes whacking Man 2's legs with his cane.)*
MAN 2: Ow! *(He stands up straight.)*
BURBAGE: Now, I'd like you to meet my apprentice, Nic!

(Nic enters, flamboyantly brandishing a cane and shouting every line in an exaggerated American accent.)

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

(Everyone places their hands on their hips.)

NIC: Left turn!

(Everyone turns their bodies to face stage left.)

NIC: Face forward!

(Everyone turns their faces to the audience.)

NIC: 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 gruffly.)* 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.)* I love your Majesty. According to my bond...

NIC: Pathetic! And get rid of that beard!

(Man 4 removes his fake beard.)

BURBAGE: You, there! (*Points his cane at Woman 1 and surveys her.*) Nice figure, flowing hair. This is more like it!

WOMAN 1: Thank you, sir.

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

WOMAN 1: No. (*Clears throat and puts on an a deep voice.*) 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!*

(Nic and Burbage always sneer and perform a girly gesture whenever they say 'girls'.)

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

ALL: Sir, yes sir!

NIC: Then we have work to do!

TRACK 7: NO GIRLS ALLOWED

NIC: (*Spoken*) This one's for all the brothers,
Training to be sisters
Kick it! Uh, uh, yeh!

BURBAGE: ALL THE BOYS GO HO!
ALL: HO!
NIC: LIKE A LADY GO OO-OO!
ALL: OO-OO!

HOT WAX YOUR LEGS, OW!
STICK OUT YOUR CHEST, HUH!
PUT ON A DRESS, EVEN THOUGH YOU'RE A GUY

ADJUST YOUR HAIR, CHECK IT'S ALL THERE
NO-ONE WOULD GUESS, YOU'RE A MAN IN DISGUISE

GIVE IT ALL, YOU HAVE GOT
IT'S A JOB THAT CAN PAY A LOT

ON THE STAGE ACROSS THE LAND
EVERY WOMAN IS A MAN
THERE ARE NO GIRLS ALLOWED, NO GIRLS ALLOWED
IT'S A CRAZY LADY BAN
THOUGH WE'LL NEVER UNDERSTAND
THERE ARE NO GIRLS ALLOWED, NO GIRLS ALLOW-OWED

BURBAGE: SO ALL THE BOYS GO HO!

ALL: HO!
NIC: LIKE A LADY GO OO-OO!
ALL: OO-OO!

CASH IN YOUR HAND, IT'S JUST AN ACT
 THAT'S WHERE YOU STAND, SHOW YOUR FEMININE SIDE
 REAL LADIES LOVE, SOMEONE IN TOUCH
 AND MAN ENOUGH, TO PLAY A GIRL WITH PRIDE

GIVE THEM WHAT, THEY ALL WANT
 GROW YOUR LOCKS AND YOU CAN'T GO WRONG

ON THE STAGE ACROSS THE LAND
 EVERY WOMAN IS A MAN
 THERE ARE NO GIRLS ALLOWED, NO GIRLS ALLOWED
 IT'S A CRAZY LADY BAN
 THOUGH WE'LL NEVER UNDERSTAND
 THERE ARE NO GIRLS ALLOWED, NO GIRLS ALLOW-OWED

BURBAGE: SO ALL THE BOYS GO HO!
ALL: HO!
NIC: LIKE A LADY GO OO-OO!
ALL: OO-OO!

**BURBAGE AND
 NIC:** EVERYBODY SAY YEH YEH!

ALL: YEH! YEH!

WHEN YOUR DRAMA NEEDS A DAME
 YOU KNOW BROTHER, IT'S A SHAME THERE ARE
 NO GIRLS ALLOWED, THAT'S RIGHT!
 NO GIRLS ALLOWED, NO GIRLS ALLOWED

IT'S A CRAZY LADY BAN
 THOUGH WE'LL NEVER UNDERSTAND
 THERE ARE NO GIRLS ALLOWED, NO GIRLS ALLOW-OWED
 SO FELLAS BE PROUD
 'CAUSE THERE ARE NO GIRLS ALLOWED.

(All freeze and hold for applause.)

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

(Nic walks to the edge of the stage and retrieves a pair of gaudy high-heeled shoes.)

NIC: Shoes! Get your free shoes here! (*Waves the shoes teasingly.*)

(All the Women gasp.)

WOMAN 3: 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.)

TRACK 8: **NO GIRLS ALLOWED PLAY OFF**

(Blackout. Everyone exits. The music finishes.)

SCENE FOUR: 1599 - THE GLOBE THEATRE**TRACK 9: THE GLOBE**

(Aubrey and Al enter. Lights up.)

AUBREY: *(Reading from the diary over the music.)* 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. 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.)

AL: *(Reading over the music.)* 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 Henry the Fifth – our show in the Globe.

TRACK 10:**SHOW IN THE GLOBE**

(Aubrey and Al exit. The Builders mime simple tasks throughout the song - digging, hammering, sawing, painting etc.)

ALL: DIG IT! HA! HOO-HA!
HIT IT! HA! HOO-HA!
WORK IT! HA! HOO-HA!
BUILD IT UP!

BY THE THAMES IN LONDON'S HEART
PEOPLE GATHERING FROM WORLDS APART
MAKING FRIENDS, TAKING PART
FEELING ALL THE GLAMOUR, MEETING THE STARS

FLOODING IN FROM EVERY SIDE
DON'T YOU LET THE RISING TIDE OVER YOUR HEAD
GET ON UP AND SHAKE A LEG

WE'RE GONNA LAY THESE WOODEN BEAMS
WE'RE GONNA MAKE THIS A THEATRE OF DREAMS
WE'LL GIVE IT SOUL AND ROCK 'N' ROLL
WE'RE GONNA GET THIS SHOW IN THE GLOBE

(The Builders move to the back of the stage and continue working. Two Box Office Attendants enter with a wad of large tickets and a money pot. They use Will's table as a stall to sell the tickets. During the second verse, various Theatregoers and a Heckler enter - each paying a penny and receiving a ticket on the way in. They admire the theatre, pointing at different things before sitting or kneeling at the sides of the stage.)

ALL: HA! HOO-HA! BUILD IT UP!
SEE THE QUEUES BEHIND THE DOOR
CAN'T WE MAKE A LITTLE ROOM FOR MORE?
IN THE ROOF, THE PIT OR FLOOR
EVERYBODY WELCOME, RICH OR POOR

THEATRE THAT'S AFFORDABLE
JUST A PENNY FOR THE LORD CHAMBERLAIN'S MEN
KEEP 'EM COMING BACK AGAIN

(Various Beer Sellers and Apple Sellers enter and peddle their goods amongst the Theatregoers.)

ALL: WE'RE GONNA LAY THESE WOODEN BEAMS
WE'RE GONNA MAKE THIS A THEATRE OF DREAMS
WE'LL GIVE IT SOUL AND ROCK 'N' ROLL
WE'RE GONNA GET THIS SHOW IN THE GLOBE
HA! HOO-HA! BUILD IT UP!

(Burbage, Nic and several more Actors from the Lord Chamberlain's Men enter. They spread themselves around the stage in various theatrical poses. Ollie enters then introduces Will and Anne to the audience. Everybody faces front and sings.)

ALL: WILL'S WONDERFUL WORDS
HAVE A PLACE TO BE HEARD
SOMEWHERE GRAND FOR THE MAN

(Will and Anne enter holding hands. Anne gazes around in amazement. Will nods approvingly.)

ALL: WILLIAM! WOAH!
HE'S THE MAN! WOAH! SHAKE A LEG!

(Anne and Ollie go and sit with the Theatregoers. All the Actors and Builders dance while everyone else sways in time to the music.)

ALL: WE'RE GONNA LAY THESE WOODEN BEAMS
WE'RE GONNA MAKE THIS A THEATRE OF DREAMS
WE'LL GIVE IT SOUL AND ROCK 'N' ROLL
WE'RE GONNA GET THIS SHOW IN THE GLOBE

GROUP 1:
SHOW IN THE GLOBE
SHOW IN THE GLOBE
SHOW IN THE GLOBE

GROUP 2:
DIG IT! HA! HOO-HA!
HIT IT! HA! HOO-HA!
WORK IT! HA! HOO-HA!
BUILD IT UP!

ALL: SHOW IN THE GLOBE!
HA! HOO-HA! WHEW!

(The song finishes and the Theatregoers applaud. The Builders exit and Two Minstrels enter each holding a trumpet.)

ACTOR 1: Ladies and gentlemen please be upstanding for her Royal Highness,
The Queen.

TRACK 11: SFX THE QUEEN'S FANFARE

(The Trumpeter Minstrels mime to the fanfare. The Queen enters. Everyone stands for the duration of the fanfare then returns to their position. The Actors exit.)

WILL: Your Majesty, what a pleasure it is to see you here. *(He bows to The Queen).*

QUEEN: Mister Shakespeare.

(Their conversation is interrupted by a group of Papparazzi Painters each equipped with a pencil and a large sketchpad.)

PAINTER 1: *(Entering.)* Evening, your maj!

QUEEN: *(Sarcastically.)* Oh, great!

PAINTER 2: *(Entering.)* Over here, your worshipfulness!

QUEEN: *(To herself.)* Pesky paparazzi painters!

PAINTER 3: *(Entering.)* 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: *(Entering.)* 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!

QUEEN: *(Still smiling.)* Just grin and bear it.

PAINTER 1: Thank you.

PAINTER 2: Thanks, Liz.

PAINTER 3: Ta, your Royalness!

PAINTER 4: Thanks, Queeney. And don't worry about the hair, Shakey. I'll touch up the bald spot! *(Reveals his unflattering sketch to the audience and sniggers.)*

(The Painters exit.)

WILL: *(Checking the front of 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...

WILL: Er, of course we do, Ma'am. Ollie, please escort Her Majesty to the *(exaggerates)* upper gallery.

OLLIE: Eh? *(Taking the hint.)* Oh, right! I'll send for some cushions. Ma'am? *(Escorting the Queen offstage and exiting.)*

(Anne approaches Will.)

ANNE: Will, it's wonderful!

WILL: Sweetheart. *(Moves to embrace Anne but she interrupts.)*

ANNE: Street, the architect is here. He has the bill for you.

(Street enters along with two Builders.)

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

STREET: Thank you, madam. *(Hands Will a rolled up scroll.)*

(Will takes the scroll and undoes the tie. The scroll unrolls to a length of about two metres. Anne gasps. Will whimpers.)

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

BUILDER 1: Skilled labour don't come cheap these days.

BUILDER 2: Then you've got your tax, then your tax on your tax

BUILDER 1: Plus tea-drinking time, 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: How disgusting!

WILL: 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.

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?! Eh?! *(Street and the Builders laugh but Will is unimpressed.)* 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.

ALL BUILDERS: Or else!

(Street slaps Will on the back and exits along with the builders.)

ANNE: Sweetheart, hurry. The show starts in one minute! *(She ushers him offstage and retakes her position with the Theatregoers.)*

(An Apple Seller and Beer Seller walk out amongst the real audience.)

APPLE SELLER: Apples! Anyone for a nice fresh apple full of nutritious meaty maggots?! *(Takes a bite from one of the apples and approaches someone in the audience.)* 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 approaches
someone in the audience.)* Ish vevy nische. Wha' are you looking at?!
(Turns to someone else.) I love yooouuuu!

TRACK 12: **SFX FANFARE WITH FLUFFED NOTE**

(Trumpeter-Minstrel 1 mimes to the music. The Beer Seller exits staggering. Will and the Actors enter and stand theatrically. Trumpeter-Minstrel 2 mimes to the fluffed note. The music finishes and the Actors say their lines dramatically.)

ACTOR 1: Can this cockpit hold?

ACTOR 2: The vasty fields of France?

ACTOR 3: Or may we cram within this wooden O?

ACTOR 4: The very casques, that did affright the air at Agincourt?

HECKLER: What's that supposed to mean?!

ACTOR 4: *(Breaking character and losing temper.)* We're doing a scene about a battle in France. Now shut up and use your imagination!

(Blackout.)

TRACK 13: **THE SCOTTISH PLAY**

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

SCENE FIVE: 1613 - A REHEARSAL ROOM IN LONDON

(Aubrey and Al enter. Lights up.)

- AUBREY:** *(Reading from the diary over the music.)* 29th June 1613. It has been just over fourteen years since we opened the Globe.
- AL:** 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. *(Thumbing back through the diary and remarking flippantly.)* Queen Elizabeth died...James became King...More plays....Hamlet, Othello, The Winter's Tale, The Tempest, blah blah blah.
- AL:** Anything else?
- AUBREY:** *(Still thumbing.)* The Gunpowder Plot...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:** No! Not here, not now!
- AL:** *(Reading.)* 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. The music finishes. A Director enters holding a script.)

- DIRECTOR:** Ok, here we go, darlings. Will's done a little rewrite here. Act one, scene one. Enter the...Superstitious Sorcerers.

TRACK 14: THE SUPERSTITIOUS SORCERERS

(Numerous Sorcerers enter. They stand hunch-backed and huddled into three groups. The music finishes.)

- DIRECTOR:** Beth, Babs and Beryl, you're on. *(Sits on Will's chair.)*

(The Three Head Sorcerers - Beth, Babs and Beryl enter and each stand in front of a group.)

DIRECTOR: Cue thunder.

(A Drum-Playing Minstrel enters and begins drumming.)

DIRECTOR: Aaaand 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.)

DIRECTOR: And stop!

(The Sorcerers and Minstrels haven't heard. The noise continues.)

DIRECTOR: Aaaand stop!

(The noise continues.)

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

(Everyone falls silent. The Minstrels shuffle awkwardly to one side. The Sorcerers recite part of the play. As they say their lines, each group stands up straight - arms outstretched and fingers trembling, before returning to their hunch-backed stance.)

BETH'S

GROUP: When shall we all meet again, in thunder, lightning, or in rain?

BABS'S

GROUP: When the hurlyburly's done, when the battle's lost and won.

BERYL'S

GROUP: That will be ere the set of sun.

BETH'S

GROUP: Where the place?

BABS'S

GROUP: Upon the heath.

BERYL:

There to meet with Mac...

(Everyone gasps.)

BERYL: *(Looks around at the Sorcerers.)* Beeeeeeeeeth.

(Everyone sighs in relief.)

DIRECTOR: Enter Mac and Banquo.

(Mac and Banquo enter.)

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

BANQUO: Eh?

MAC: It's raining, bog breath! However, I'm in a good mood because of my recent victory on the battlefield.

BANQUO: Oh, okay!

BERYL: A drum, a drum!

(The Cymbal-Playing Minstrel elbows the Drum-Playing Minstrel, who drums loudly for two seconds before stopping.)

SORCERERS: McBeeeeeeeeth doth come!

(Mac and Banquo 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!

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 Macb...

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?

SORCERERS: Don't Mention Mac!

BANQUO: Can someone explain, why?

TRACK 15:**DON'T MENTION MAC****ALL:**

SHH!

THERE'S A NAME YOU MUSTN'T NAME
AND IF YOU DO YOU'LL GET THE BLAME
WHEN THINGS HAPPEN TO GO BAD
SO IF YOU PLEASE, DON'T MENTION MAC

BETTER YOU KNOW RIGHT AWAY
THAN RUIN OUR ENTIRE DAY
COULD YOU SHOW A LITTLE TACT
AND NOTICE WE DON'T MENTION MAC

IS THIS PREMONITION, MERELY SUPERSTITION?
DON'T TEMPT FATE, ON THIS STAGE
ONE MUST SAY "THE SCOTTISH PLAY" AND

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

WOO! WOO!

BIDDILY-BODDILY BIDDILY-BODDILY
BE BOP BOP

IS THIS PREMONITION, MERELY SUPERSTITION?
DON'T TEMPT FATE, ON THIS STAGE
ONE MUST SAY "THE SCOTTISH PLAY" AND

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

MAC, MAC, MENTION MAC
NO, NO, NO DON'T MENTION MAC
IF YOU DO JUST WATCH YOUR BACK
LISTEN, DEARS - A LITTLE CHAT
WHILE YOU'RE HERE DON'T MENTION MAC!

(The song finishes and everyone holds for applause, except Beth – who hasn't realised that the song has finished.)

BETH: *(Doing a silly dance and singing on her own.)* Dooby, dooby, dooby, dooby, dooby, doo! Make sure you don't mention Mac!

ALL: *(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 Mum's watching!

SORCERER 4: There's a dictionary here. *(Retrieves a dictionary from under Will's desk.)* 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.)

SORCERER 2: I never knew it was called *that*.

SORCERER 3: I can't say *that*, my parents would kill me!

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

SORCERER 5: *(Pointing at the page.)* Okay, everyone spin round three times and say *that* word. Got it?

ALL: Got it!

(Sorcerer 5 slams the dictionary shut.)

ALL: One! *(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: 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.

MAC: Was anyone hurt?

BERNIE: No. But my breeches caught fire!

BANQUO: How did you put them out?

(The Beer Seller enters and staggers on stage.)

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

TRACK 16: **GLOBE UP IN SMOKE**

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

SCENE SIX: THE SMOULDERING RUINS OF THE GLOBE THEATRE

(The stage is littered with scorched debris (see "Props." List). Romeo enters and lies unconscious centre stage. Lights up. The music finishes. Juliet enters.)

JULIET: Romeo, Romeo. Pwar! 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.

MINSTRELS: *(From offstage.)* Juliet?!

(A Lute Player Minstrel and Recorder Player Minstrel enter.)

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...

**RECORDER
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 Lute Player and Recorder Player begin to sob.)

JULIET: I'm...so sorry about your families.

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

**RECORDER
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.)* I fell on this during the panic - it really hurt!