

# **SIDE 1: TROUPE** Peter Quince Robin Francis Flute Tom Snout

Note: Nick's Acting Troupe is performing a play WITHIN the play in this dialogue.

There are several references to famous musicals in these few lines.

Peter Quince, Robin, etc. are the Something Rotten character names, and the parenthesis are the characters they are playing in the play.

If reading this side, please perform as if you were performing dramatically in a play!

## **TOM SNOOT (Lord)**

How like thee I am. For I am – what I am, and what I am doth be an illusion.

## **PETER QUINCE (Horatio)**

You beckoned, my lord.

## **TOM SNOOT (Lord)**

Where is Macavity?

## **PETER QUINCE (Horatio)**

At the Jellicle Ball. He would not come. Alas, my lord, what vexes thee?

## **TOM SNOOT (Lord)**

I dreamed a dream, Horatio. An impossible dream. There were wheels upon yon dream. And raindrops upon Rosencrantz and whiskers on his kitten.

## **PETER QUINCE (Horatio)**

What be the meaning of it?

## **FRANCIS FLUTE (Servant)**

We've got trouble. (entering)

## **SNUG (Footman)**

Trouble?

## **FRANCIS FLUTE (Servant)**

Trouble, I say!

(NIGEL re-enters.)

For fun, here are the musical references:

“Jellicle Ball” = CATS

“Dreamed a dream” = Les Miserables

“Raindrops upon whiskers” = Sound of Music

“We've got trouble!” = Music Man

# SIDE 1: TROUPE

“Macavity’s not there!” = CATS  
“I could have danced all night!” = My Fair Lady  
“The King and I” = The King and I

**TOM SNOOT**

Where is Macavity!?

**FRANCIS FLUTE, PETER QUINCE**

Macavity’s not there!

*(ROBIN (the QUEEN) enters. All bow.)*

**SNUG (As FOOTMAN)**

My Queen.

**ROBIN**

*(as QUEEN)*

Oh, what a ball. I could have danced all night! Gentle prince,  
thine absence 'twas worrisome for the king and I.

*(ROBIN points to SHAKESPEARE, who is dressed as the  
KING, wearing a crown.)*

## SIDE 2

Nigel  
Portia

**NIGEL**

Oh. Good day, mistress.

**PORTIA**

“Good days were those when lit with love, till dusk of death  
did herald th’eternal night.”

**NIGEL**

Hey – I wrote that.

*(The WOMAN IN A CLOAK turns and lowers her hood,  
revealing herself to be PORTIA.)*

**PORTIA**

Yes, I know.

*(holding up a page)*

I accidentally took this after our first encounter. Your sonnet.  
It’s – perfection.

**NIGEL**

Really? You thought it was... good?

**PORTIA**

It... spoke to my soul.

*(PORTIA turns away – embarrassed.)*

Forgive me. Poetry is forbidden in my house, especially poems  
of earthly love.

*(melodramatically; to the heavens)*

OH, IS THERE NO PITY IN THE CLOUDS THAT SEES INTO THE  
BOTTOM OF MY GRIEF?!

**NIGEL**

*Romeo and Juliet*, act 3, scene 5.

**PORTIA**

You’ve seen it?

**NIGEL**

Six times. And you?

**PORTIA**

Eight! If my father knew, he would disown me.

**NIGEL**

My brother, too.

**PORTIA**

I adore Shakespeare.

**NIGEL**

Me, too! I've got a *Comedy of Errors*, first edition.

**PORTIA**

I've got "Sonnet Number 1." Signed!

**NIGEL**

Wow!

**PORTIA**

I know! Heh-heh...

**NIGEL**

Heh-heh... that's awesome...

*(They giggle together – a pause.)*

**PORTIA**

I think you're his equal – if not better.

**NIGEL**

What??? No way.

**PORTIA**

Oh yes. Your sonnet has Shakespearean sophistication mixed with the complexity of Daniel Webster and the sensitivity of Samuel Daniel.

*(#14 – I LOVE THE WAY begins.)*

# SIDE 3

## Nick Bea Minstrel

*(A group of WORKERS file in. NICK bumps into BEA, who is disguised as a man carrying a bucket.)*

**BEA**

*(man's voice; thick accent)*

Watch it, ya daft eejit!!

**NICK**

Sorry, sir. Beg your pardon.

**BEA**

*(man's voice)*

No problem, mate.

**NICK**

Wait a minute...

*(turns back around)*

Bea?

**BEA**

*(still in accent)*

Don't know what yer talkin' about, lad. Name's Johnny.

**NICK**

Bea, I know it's you.

**BEA**

But I fooled you for a second, didn't I? Told you I could act!

**NICK**

What are you doing dressed like that?

**BEA**

Remember that job I mentioned? Turns out all the good ones are for men. And besides, I know you need help because you said, "I don't need help."

**NICK**

Bea, this just makes me feel—

*(sniffing)*

Is that a bucket of poop??

**BEA**

Uh-huh.

*(holding up bucket)*

Bear poop! And I've been promoted...

*(wiping her hand on his shirt)*

This morning, I didn't have a bucket! And look. Already made a penny. I'm gonna put it in the money box.

**NICK**

No! I mean... I'll do it.

**FOREMAN** (MINISTREL)

Yo! Bear-poop boy!

*(FOREMAN motions her to follow, then leaves.)*

**BEA**

Hear that? I have a job title! And one day it'll be "bear-poop woman!" Keep writing. I love you, luv!

# SIDE 4

**Shylock**

**Nick**

**Nigel**

**Nancy**

**SHYLOCK**

Ahhhh, the theater! I love it, I love it, I love it!

**NICK**

Shylock! Just in time! Have a seat, we're just about to start.

**SHYLOCK**

I love it!

**NICK**

You haven't seen it yet.

**SHYLOCK**

I know, but I just love being here.

**NICK**

Okay, everyone, let's take it from the top of the song.

*(#24 – IT'S EGGS begins.)*

**SHYLOCK**

*(cutting them off)*  
I'm sorry, can I jump in here?  
*(They stop.)*  
Umm – what's this?

**NICK**

I told you there'd be singing.

**SHYLOCK**

But they're singing about eggs.

**NICK**

It's a metaphor. The griddle is his mind. But his thoughts are scrambled – like an egg.

**SHYLOCK**

Yeah, I'm not getting any of that.

**NIGEL**

Um... neither am I and I wrote it. I mean...

*(checking script)*  
What's a fiddler, and why is he on the roof?

**NICK**

The roof is where the chim-chimney is, quit overthinking it!

**SHYLOCK**

I'm just thinking about the audience. They don't want metaphors. They want good, old-fashioned frivolous entertainment.

**NOSTRADAMUS**

CATS!

**SHYLOCK**

What?

**NOSTRADAMUS**

A whole stage covered with singing cats! No, wait...  
*(squinting)*  
No, that's right. Singing cats.

**NIGEL**

I'm sorry, Nick, I have a strong feeling something isn't right about all this.

**TROUPE**

I have some ideas/I agree/I'm not sure about all the eggs. *(etc.)*

**STOP**

# SIDE 5

Shakespeare

Nigel  
Portia

## START

### SHAKESPEARE

Hi... hi... how are you, thanks for coming... good to see you.  
etcetera.

*(arriving at NIGEL)*

So... Nigel Bottom – playwright, poet, and prestigious prodigy.

*(to ATTENDANT)*

Oooh, that was a lot of alliteration—

*(singing it)*

OCCUPATIONAL HA-ZARD!

*(back to NIGEL)*

So – Nicky Bottom's little brother. His "secret weapon," all grown up. And who is this delightful damsel, this maiden fair, this feast for the eyes?

### NIGEL

Oh, um... This is Portia.

(continued next page)

**SHAKESPEARE**

Portia. Good name.  
*(PORTIA gasps and starts to breathe quickly.)*  
That's right. This is happening. Just breathe...

**PORTIA**

M-m-m-master Shakespeare...  
*(PORTIA faints.)*

**SHAKESPEARE**

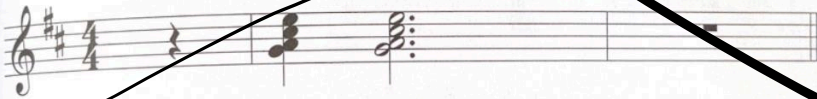
See that? She's bedazzled. Do you like that word? I just made it up - it's what I do!

*(#18 - SHAKESPEARE'S AFTER PARTY 2 begins.)*

**SHAKESPEARE'S  
AFTER PARTY 2**

'Shakespeare' Tempo

CROWD:



Shake - speare!

**SHAKESPEARE**

So! Nigel. What are you and that brother of yours working on?  
A tragedy? A comedy? A tragic attempt at comedy?

*(to the CROWD)*

See what I did?

*(Everyone laughs and applauds.)*

**NIGEL**

Actually, Nick doesn't want me to tell anyone what we're writing.

**SHAKESPEARE**

Ugh! He's so paranoid. Even when I was a lowly actor in his sad little troupe, he was so insecure. Of course, with you as his partner, he has even more reason to be. I've read your sonnet.

**(continued next page)**

## SIDE 5

**(SHAKESPEARE)**

*(long pause)*  
It's good. Quite good. I'd love to read more.  
*(feigning surprise)*  
Oh – is that your folio?

**NIGEL**

What, this? Oh, this is just – a collection of random lines and thoughts...

**SHAKESPEARE**

Would you like me to give it a looky-loo? What am I saying?  
Of course you would! I'm Shakespeare!

*(#19 – SHAKESPEARE'S AFTER PARTY 3 begins.)*

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**STOP**

# SIDE 6

Nancy  
Nick

**NICK**

I want you to travel into the future and tell me... what will the next big thing in theater be?

**NANCY**

Right. Stand back. Give me some space.

*(NANCY does a routine to get in the zone before entering her time machine. Possibly some stretches, breathing exercises, etc. She enters the time machine.)*

Oh. Oh my. Wow. Ooooh, in the future, the theaters are very niiiice. Cushy red seats, ushers, people opening candies wrapped in magical clear paper that's annoyingly noisy...

**NICK**

How about what's on the stage?

**NANCY**

Getting to that... Whoa! What spectacle! I have seen the future! *(exits time machine)*  
The biggest, most fantastic thing in theater will be...  
*(painting it in the air)*  
MUSICALS.

**NICK**

What?

**NANCY**

Musicals.

**NICK**

What the heck are "musicals"?

**NANCY**

*(squinting into the distance)*  
It appears to be a play where the dialogue stops and the plot is conveyed through song.

**NICK**

Through song?

**NANCY**

Yes.

**NICK**

An actor is saying his lines, and then out of nowhere, he just starts singing??.

# SIDE 7

**Brother Jeremiah**

**Portia**

**Nigel**

*(NIGEL and PORTIA are left onstage.)*

**NIGEL**

You really think that could happen?

**PORTIA**

Yes. Once my father sees your heart is true, he will love you as much as I do.

*(BROTHER JEREMIAH enters with a couple of PURITANS.)*

**BROTHER JEREMIAH**

You dare defy me, daughter of Eve!?

**PORTIA**

Please, Father...

**BROTHER JEREMIAH**

You bid me grant you leave so you could pray forgiveness in church, and instead you slither off here?

**PORTIA**

*(to NIGEL)*

Read it. Read your poem.

*(NIGEL steps forward to read.)*

**NIGEL**

"If love is a sic..."

**BROTHER JEREMIAH**

SILENCE!

**NIGEL**

Okay.

**BROTHER JEREMIAH**

You will tempt my daughter no more. She will be locked in the church tower, and there she will stay until her exile to our brethren in Scotland.

**PORTIA**

NO!...

*(The PURITANS drag her away.)*

**NIGEL**

Portia!

**PORTIA**

Write what you feel, Nigel.

**NIGEL**

I will! I promise!

**PORTIA**

I love you!

**NIGEL**

And I l—

*(BROTHER JEREMIAH stops him.)*

**BROTHER JEREMIAH**

I am warning you, boy! Leave her be – or you will pay... dearly.

*(BROTHER JEREMIAH leaves. NIGEL is left alone, panicking.)*

## **SIDE 8**

**Nick**  
**Nigel**

**NICK**

Exactly! You're completely ignoring the theme!

**NIGEL**

I'm ignoring the "breakfast theme" – because it's ridiculous!

**NICK**

Oh really? So my idea is wrong but this whole "true to yourself" thing is right?

**NIGEL**

That's not just a line, it's what I believe. Nick, what has happened to you? Where's the brother who had integrity, who inspired me to become a writer?

**NICK**

Look, we don't have time for this. We open in a week. Are you gonna help me write *Omelette* or not?

*(NIGEL looks to the TROUPE, then back to NICK.)*

**NIGEL**

No.

**NICK**

No??

**NIGEL**

I can't. It doesn't feel right. And deep down, I don't think it feels right to you either.

**NICK**

It must be so great to always "do what you feel" because you have no one else to take care of but yourself. And that's why I never wanted to write that sappy "brother who carried you from Cornwall" story - because I'm still carrying you. And I'm sick of it!

**NIGEL**

Then why don't I just get off your back.

*(NIGEL exits. SHAKESPEARE collects all the script pages...)*