

HORRIBLE SHAKESPEARE:

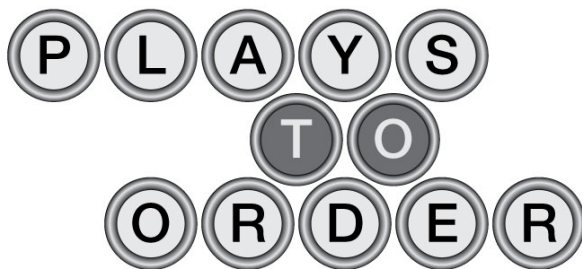
A MINI MUSICAL

Book and Lyrics by Sean Abley

Music and Lyrics by Ryan O'Connell

Conceived by Indira Cureton-Cummings

Commissioned by Tri- District Arts Consortium, Columbia SC
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CHARACTERS

TOUR GUIDE – British tour guide of many faces.

JOHN (aka MACBETH in “Macbeth’s Burgers.”)

LAURA (aka LADY MACBETH in “Macbeth’s Burgers.”)

FAITH (aka WITCH in “Macbeth’s Burgers.”)

ROBERT (aka WITCH in “Macbeth’s Burgers.”)

CHRIS (aka WITCH in “Macbeth’s Burgers.”)

BRODEUR (aka PETRUCHIO in “The Taming of the Real, Live Shrew”)

DREW (aka BAPTISTA in “The Taming of the Real, Live Shrew”)

ERIC (aka LUCENTIO in “The Taming of the Real, Live Shrew”)

BECCA (aka BIANCA in “The Taming of the Real, Live Shrew”)

SALLY (aka KATE THE SHREW in “The Taming of the Real, Live Shrew”)

KEVIN (aka JULIET’S DAD in “Romeo Mime Vs. Clown Juliet”)

JIMMY (aka ROMEO MIME in “Romeo Mime Vs. Clown Juliet”)

SHAUNA (aka CLOWN NURSE in “Romeo Mime Vs. Clown Juliet”)

JEANETTE (aka CLOWN JULIET in “Romeo Mime Vs. Clown Juliet”)

JEFF (aka JULIET’S MOM in “Romeo Mime Vs. Clown Juliet”)

BARBI (aka MRS. CLAUS in “Santa Hamlet”)

MAX (aka HAMLET THE ELF in “Santa Hamlet”)

HENRY (aka SANTA CLAUS in “Santa Hamlet”)

JUSTINE (aka OPHELIA in “Santa Hamlet”)

DAN (aka POLONIUS in “Santa Hamlet”)

TERRY (aka ZOMBIE OLIVIA in “Twelfth Night of the Living Dead”)

PARNELLE (aka ZOMBIE MARIA in “Twelfth Night of the Living Dead”)

MARK (aka ZOMBIE MALVOLIO in “Twelfth Night of the Living Dead”)

SCOTT (aka ORSINO in “Twelfth Night of the Living Dead”)

ALI (aka VIOLA in “Twelfth Night of the Living Dead”)

NOTE: All roles are gender neutral (although the vocal part for the TOUR GUIDE will be easier for a female). There is definitely comedy to be found in the students being transformed into the opposite gender. If the production decides to switch the gender of a role, feel free to either use a different version of the character’s name, or make up a new name altogether.

SETTING

A unit set with multiple levels and entrances representing the sub, sub basement of the Shakespeare's Globe Theatre, aka The Horrible Productions of Shakespeare's Plays Museum.

EXHIBITS

As imagined by the playwright, the exhibits in the museum are all invisible, created by the audience's imagination as the actors refer to them. But feel free to make them as elaborate as your production requires.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

HORRIBLE SHAKESPEARE: A MINI-MUSICAL was first performed on July 20, 2013 by the Tri-DAC Summer Theatre under the direction of Indira D. Cureton-Cummings.

Developed in association with Plays to Order, www.playstoorder.com

SONGS

THE HORRIBLE PRODUCTIONS OF SHAKESPEARE'S PLAYS...MUSEUM

SERIOUSLY, KILL THE BOSS!

WHAT TO DO WHEN YOUR SHREW IS A SHREW?

MIMES ARE HORRIBLE IN SHAKESPEARE

HARK! THE HAMLET FAMILY SINGS!

TAKING A BITE

THE HORRIBLE PRODUCTIONS OF SHAKESPEARE'S PLAYS...MUSEUM (BOWS
REPRISE)

SCENE ONE (INTRO)

(The TOUR GUIDE leads all the STUDENTS into the museum. It is dark, dank, and dreary.)

TOUR GUIDE. And if you'll just follow me this way, we're at our last stop on the tour.

JOHN. Whoa, I can barely see!

LAURA. Eiiew, this place smells like my brother's room.

TOUR GUIDE. Well, it is the sub, sub, sub basement of Shakespeare's Globe Theatre. Things get a little...moist this far down.

FAITH. By my calculations, if we sub this triple sub basement two more times, we'll be at the molten core of the Earth.

ROBERT. Nice one, science nerd.

ERIC. What are you even doing on this trip? We came all the way to London to visit the Shakespeare's Globe Theatre, not to take dirt samples. This is AP English.

FAITH. I'm well aware of that class this is. I read books, too, Losertron 3000.

ROBERT. Whatever, nerd.

CHRIS. *(To TOUR GUIDE)* So what do they keep down here, uh, what was your name again?

TOUR GUIDE. Tour Guide.

CHRIS. No, I mean, what's your name? It just says "Tour Guide" on your name tag.

TOUR GUIDE. *(Pointing at name tag for emphasis)* That's my name. First name, "Tour." Last name....*(Indicates CHRIS should play along.)*

CHRIS. "Guide?"

TOUR GUIDE. Exactly.

CHRIS. Uh, okay. That's not weird at all.

JIMMY. So, Miss Guide, what do they call this basement? What do they keep down here?

TOUR GUIDE. You all have the misfortune to be standing in (*Scary reverb effect*) The Horrible Productions of Shakespeare's Plays Museum. (*Sound effect: Thunder crack.*)

ALL STUDENTS. (*React to the thunder.*)

JUSTINE. How can there be thunder underground?

LAURA. I think I'm ready to go back up to the surface.

TOUR GUIDE. (*To ALL, who is frantically searching thru her bag.*) Young lady, is all this gloom and doom boring you? Eyes front, please.

ALI. I can't find my cellphone!

PARNELLE. You probably left back in the hotel. We'll get it when we get back.

ALI. I know I didn't leave it back there. I used it on the bus over here.

TERRY. Well, you couldn't even use it down here anyway. No signal.

(*Sound effect: Heavy door slam.*)

ALL STUDENTS. (*React to the door slam.*)

TOUR GUIDE. Oh, so sorry. It appears the door has slammed shut and locked.

LAURA. How do you know it locked? (*Sound effect: heavy door bolt locking.*)

JOHN. Wait, are we locked in?!

TOUR GUIDE. It would appear so. But don't fret. This happens all the time. Someone will definitely realize we're missing and unlock the door before you all starve to death. Probably.

ROBERT. I'm already hungry!

TOUR GUIDE. Trust me –

ALL. (*General protestations.*)

TOUR GUIDE. Listen to me...everyone listen...nothing to fear... (*Shouting.*) QUIET! (*Back to nice.*) No one has ever been hurt on one of my tours. How can you not trust this face? (*Points to her own face as she blinks innocently.*)

BRODEUR. Easy.

TOUR GUIDE. I assure you, when it's time to leave, and not a minute sooner, that door will fly open and you will be released back up to the surface. Until then, you have some exploring to do.

PARNELLE. Now that my eyes are finally adjusted to the light, I can see stuff all over the place.

TOUR GUIDE. That "stuff" is actually exhibits. All terrible ideas and concepts that we've left down here in The Horrible Productions of Shakespeare's Plays Museum where they'll die a lonely death from lack of attention.

FAITH. Like (NAME OF LAME ACTOR, SINGER OR BAND)'s career.

TOUR GUIDE. Exactly.

SONG #1 – HORRIBLE PRODUCTIONS OF SHAKESPEARE'S PLAYS...MUSEUM
(OPENING NUMBER)

TOUR GUIDE. TO APPEASE YOUR CURIOSITIES
 I HAVE BROUGHT YOU HERE TO THIS FORBIDDEN PLACE
 TO SEE THE WORST THEATRICAL ATROCITIES
 IN THE HISTORY OF THE HUMAN RACE

 I SHALL BEAR THE SUFFERING OF THIS TORTUROUS TOUR
 AND TO YOUR YOUNG MINDS I WILL SHOW
 SO THE PUBLIC WILL NEVER AGAIN BE FORCED TO ENDURE
 THE TRAVESTIES WE KEEP BELOW

 HERE'S THE PLACE WHERE IDEAS GO TO DIE
 WE DON'T CHARGE YOU A PENNY TO SEE 'EM
 IDEAS SO BAD THEY MAKE THE BARD'S GHOST CRY
 THE HORRIBLE PRODUCTIONS OF SHAKESPEARE'S PLAYS --
 MUSEUM!

TOUR GUIDE. (*Spoken*) Hurry now, so much to see, so little of it good! Take a look at the worst of the worst!

GROUP 1. LOOK OVER HERE, IT'S THE SCOTTISH PLAY
 WITH BRITNEY SPEARS AS LADY MACBETH

GROUP 2. WATCHING HER EMOTIONS ON DISPLAY,
 THE CRITICS SAID, WAS A FATE WORSE THAN DEATH

GROUP 3. HERE'S ONE THEY TRIED WHEN NO-ONE THOUGHT THEY
SHOULD:

ALL. HAMLET IN PIG LATIN HAD ONE MATINEE.
THEY CUT IT SHORT WHEN NO ONE UNDERSTOOD
OO-TAY EE-BAY OR-AY OT-NAY OO-TAY EE-BAY!

STEP RIGHT UP, GIVE THE EXHIBITS A TRY
YOU PAY NOTHING AT ALL TO SEE 'EM
THESE AWFUL CONCEPTS WILL MAKE YOU ASK WHY
THE HORRIBLE PRODUCTIONS OF SHAKESPEARE'S PLAYS --
MUSEUM!

TOUR GUIDE. (Spoken) Hurry everyone, more absolute garbage awaits you right
this way!

GROUP 1. KING LEAR SET IN A TRAILER PARK
GROUP 2. CANINE SHOWS OF "SHAKESPEARE IN THE BARK"
GROUP 3. TITUS DIRECTED BY MICHAEL BAY
SO MANY EXPLOSIONS, YOU'LL RUN AWAY

GROUP 1. A ONE MAN SHOW OF HENRY'S FOUR THROUGH EIGHT
GROUP 2. MUCH ADO ON ROLLER SKATES
GROUP 3. A WINTER'S TALE SET IN JULY
ALL. MERCHANT OF VENICE WITH THE SHAM-WOW GUY

TOUR GUIDE. LOOK HERE KIDS, MAYBE THE WORST OF ALL
RICHARD THE 3RD STARRING JUSTIN BIEBER
EVERYONE THOUGHT HIS GOOD LOOKS WOULD APPEAL
ALL. NOW IS THE WINTER OF DISCONTENTED BELIEBERS

HERE THEY ARE THE SHOWS THAT WENT AWRY
BE GLAD YOU DIDN'T GET SEE 'EM
BAD NEWS FOR US: THEY'RE NOT IN SHORT SUPPLY
THE HORRIBLE PRODUCTIONS OF SHAKESPEARE'S PLAYS --
MUSEUM!

SCENE TWO – MACBETH’S BURGERS

TOUR GUIDE. Alright, now let’s proceed in an orderly fashion. Stay close to me or you could get hurt. I don’t want you running off in all directions –

(All STUDENTS race off in different directions, talking excitedly - “Over here!” “Let’s go look at this one!” “There’s something down this hallway!”, etc., exiting, leaving TOUR GUIDE, JOHN, LAURA, CHRIS, FAITH and ROBERT together onstage. TOUR GUIDE leads them to an exhibit.)

TOUR GUIDE. I warned them. Alright, here we are, our first exhibit. The Scottish Play set in the world of fast food.

LAURA. “MacBeth’s Burgers”?

TOUR GUIDE. A hideous production, and fattening to boot.

JOHN. It sounds kind of cool to me.

TOUR GUIDE. Yes? We’ll see about that. Push that button if you’d like to have a truly wretched experience.

JOHN. Sounds like a dare to me! You think I won’t?

TOUR GUIDE. Actually, I think you will, and that makes me very happy.

FAITH. Whoa, reverse psychology.

JOHN. Reverse what? Whatever. I’m pushing it!

(JOHN pushes the button. Sound effect: something big, magical. Lights change. Magic is happening.)

CHRIS. What’s happening?!

FAITH. I feel weird!

TOUR GUIDE. Have a brilliant time, everyone! I’m going to go check in on the other students! *(Exits.)*

LAURA. Wait! Don’t leave!

(As the sounds and lights build, JOHN, LAURA, CHRIS, FAITH and ROBERT all writhe around making noises, shouts, screams as they transform. Suddenly the transformation is complete – JOHN and LAURA exit as CHRIS, FAITH and ROBERT speak to the audience as the THREE WITCHES from “Macbeth.”)

CHRIS / FAITH / ROBERT. Double, double, toil and trouble!

ROBERT. Make this French fry fryer boil and bubble!

CHRIS. Chopped up bits of rattlesnake - Perfect for our poison shake!

FAITH. Eye of newt and old, used floss - The secret of our special sauce!

ROBERT. Little dirty birdy feet – Ground up in our burger meat!

CHRIS / FAITH / ROBERT. For the prize a fat hog's squeal! The contents of a Snappy Meal! (*Laugh maniacally.*) Ah ha ha ha ha ha!!!

ROBERT. Welcome to Duncan, The King of Burgers! May I take your order?!

CHRIS / FAITH / ROBERT. Ah ha ha ha ha ha!!

(The WITCHES fade to the back ground as fast food employees. LAURA as LADY MACBETH enters. She is dressed as a fast food worker, carrying a rag or a mop, frantically cleaning.)

LAURA. Out, ketchup spot! Out, I say! Tis not up to health codes for thy to lie there, oh ketchup! Yet who would have thought a double cheeseburger to have had so much ketchup in it? (*Sees another spot.*) Another spot! Oh, grease stains, how you vex me!

(JOHN as MACBETH enters.)

JOHN. Fie upon thee! Duncan, our boss, is really riding me today! Tis true!

LAURA. Then why don't we kill him, good husband?

JOHN. Kill him? I was thinking more along the lines of talking to Human Resources.

LAURA. He is not the boss of us! Your steady hand is what is needed at Duncan, The King of Burgers! When he is done and six feet under, you will be the boss of us. We will rename the restaurant "Macbeth's!" And we'll have a creepy clown as our mascot!

JOHN. Well....

SONG #2 – SERIOUSLY, KILL THE BOSS!

LAURA.

WE DESERVE A BREAK TODAY
YOU WERE BORN TO RUN THIS PLACE

DUNCAN'S STANDING IN THE WAY
WHY DON'T YOU SMASH HIS GREASY FACE?

YOU'RE THE ONE
WHO SHOULD BE CALLING ALL THE SHOTS
ONCE WE'RE DONE
YOU'LL BE THE KING OF THE SCOTS!

LAURA/WITCHES. KILL THE BOSS (KILL THE BOSS)
EVERYONE KNOW'S THAT HE'S A JERK (SUCH A JERK!)
KILL THE BOSS (KILL THE BOSS)
MAYBE IT'S TIME FOR DIRTY WORK (DIRTY WORK)
WHEN THE PICTURE ON THE WALL (ON THE WALL)
SAYS YOU'RE THE BEST OF THEM ALL (OF THEM ALL)
IT WON'T BE SUCH A LOSS
KILL THE BOSS!

JOHN. STOP THIS TALK - YOUR TONGUE'S A CURSE
THIS IS WRONG IN SO MANY WAYS
I COULD LOSE MY JOB, OR WORSE -
I COULD LOSE VACATION DAYS!

I CAN'T KILL!
I CAN'T EVEN GET RID OF FLIES
LET ME GRILL
I WON'T GET DEMOTED TO FRIES!

LAURA/WITCHES. KILL THE BOSS (KILL THE BOSS)
YOU COULD WRITE HIS EPITAPH (EPITAPH)
KILL THE BOSS (KILL THE BOSS)
JOHN. HE DOES HAVE THAT ANNOYING LAUGH... (SO
ANNOYING!)

LAURA/WITCHES. WHEN THE PICTURE ON THE WALL
SAYS YOU'RE THE BEST OF THEM ALL
IT WON'T BE SUCH A LOSS
KILL THE BOSS!

WITCHES. Break time!

LAURA. If it makes you feel any better, I would totally kill him myself, but I just washed this uniform and it needs to stay clean for my whole shift.

JOHN. I'm still undecided. I need to weigh the pros and cons.

LAURA. It's all pros!

WITCHES. Break's over!

LAURA.	OWNING YOUR OWN BURGER CHAIN
JOHN.	OPENING BRANCHES IN FORT WAYNE
LAURA.	TELLING PEOPLE WHAT TO DO
JOHN.	CLEAN UP THAT MESS! YEAH I'M TALKING TO YOU
LAURA.	GIVE HIM AN UNHAPPY MEAL
JOHN.	THE TOY INSIDE IS COLD, HARD STEEL
LAURA.	IT'S UP TO YOU
JOHN.	I GUESS IT'S TRUE!
BOTH.	KILLING THE BOSS IS THE THING TO DO!
JOHN/LAURA/WITCHES.	KILL THE BOSS (KILL THE BOSS)
JOHN.	THE FAT LADY'S ABOUT TO SING (SHE JUST ORDERED)
LAURA.	KILL THE BOSS (KILL THE BOSS)
JOHN.	AND I WILL BE THE BURGER KING! (HAVE IT YOUR WAY)
JOHN/LAURA/WITCHES.	WHEN THE PICTURE ON THE WALL SAYS YOU'RE (I'M) THE BEST OF THEM ALL IT WON'T BE SUCH A LOSS
LAURA.	THEY'LL LOVE YOUR SPECIAL SAUCE!
JOHN/LAURA/WITCHES.	IT WON'T BE SUCH A LOSS! KILL THE BOSS!

SCENE THREE – TAMING OF THE REAL, LIVE SHREW

(Light shift as BRODEUR, DREW, ERIC, BECCA and SALLY enter the “Taming of the Shrew” exhibit.)

SALLY. Is it just me, or does this room smell like a hamster cage?

ERIC. It looks like a zoo. Like a small zoo for tiny animals.

DREW. (Reading sign.) “Dr. Hugh’s Petting Zoo’s New Shrew Revue”?

BRODEUR. Okay, everyone stay behind me. I don’t trust that tour guide.

DREW. What are you talking about?

BRODEUR. That whole door shutting and locking thing. This whole place is like a maze. That tour guide is up to something. And who has the last name “Guide,” anyway? Something isn’t right here.

BECCA. *Nothing* is right here. It’s a museum of bad ideas. That’s the point, genius.

BRODEUR. Just stay behind me and I’ll protect you if anything happens.

ERIC. Protect us from what? Ideas?

SALLY. I have an idea – why don’t you stop acting like a redonkulous weirdo?

SALLY / BECCA. (*High five.*) Burn!

BRODEUR. Laugh all you want. But when that tour guide comes back with an axe or something, you’re all going to be hiding behind me, crying like a little --

(TOUR GUIDE enters unseen and unheard by BRODEUR as he speaks.)

TOUR GUIDE. (*Interrupting.*) You have a spider in your hair.

BRODEUR. (*Screams like a girl, freaking out.*) AAHHHHHHHHH!!! Spiders! Get them off! Get them off!!

TOUR GUIDE. Don’t go over there or –

BRODEUR. (*Has walked through a web, more freaking out.*) AHHHH!! I got web on my face! Gross!! Get it off me! I can feel them crawling all over me!

DREW / BECCA / ERIC / SALLY. (*Cracking up with laughter.*)

BRODEUR. Shut up! (*To TOUR GUIDE.*) I knew you were evil!

TOUR GUIDE. Evil? Nonsense. But I do find humor in your misfortune. We'll laugh about your spider dance in the break room for weeks!

BECCA. (*Imitating BRODEUR.*) "Spiders! Get them off! Help! I'll make the go away by screaming like a girl! AAHHHHHH!!!"

DREW / BECCA / ERIC / SALLY. (*Cracking up with laughter.*)

BRODEUR. Whatever, jerks.

TOUR GUIDE. Oh, now don't pout. Here, this will cheer you up. Take a look at this exhibit. (*Leads them to the exhibit.*)

BRODEUR. "Taming of the Real, Live Shrew"?

TOUR GUIDE. Yes, a production of "Taming of the Shrew" using a real shrew as the leading lady. Mr. Hugh thought he'd found a way to make his millions.

SALLY. You're kidding. Shrews can't even talk!

TOUR GUIDE. I never kid. Push the button if you want to experience something brilliantly bad.

SALLY. Okay!

(*SALLY goes to push the button, but BRODEUR stops her.*)

BRODEUR. Don't! If you push it, they'll fill this place with shrews or something!

TOUR GUIDE. Fill the place with shrews? Nonsense.

SALLY. See? (*Pushes the button.*)

TOUR GUIDE. Why fill it when you need just one? Have a delightful time, everyone.

(*TOUR GUIDE exits. Sound effect: something big, magical. Lights change. Magic is happening again. SALLY and BRODEUR are undergoing the biggest change as the students react to the magic, lights and sound.*)

BECCA. What's going on?!

DREW. Let's get out of here!

ERIC. Where's the door?

BECCA. We came in that way! Come on you guys!

(BECCA, DREW and ERIC exit. As the lights and sound shift to the scene, SALLY has now transformed into KATE, an actual SHREW, and BRODEUR has transformed into PETRUCHIO.)

BRODEUR. Kate! Your shrewish behavior will come to an end this instant!

SALLY. You will not control me, good Petruchio! If I desire to eat grubs and worms for luncheon, I will eat grubs and worms for luncheon! *(Eats a worm as BRODEUR reacts with disgust.)*

BRODEUR. But you will do it with a napkin firmly tucked under your hairy chin!

(BRODEUR attempts to tuck a napkin under SALLY's chin, which leads to an extended physical combat bit. BECCA as BIANCA [KATE's sister], DREW as BAPTISTA [their father], and ERIC as LUCENTIO [BIANCA's suitor] enter during the fight.)

BECCA. But father, I want to marry Lucentio!

ERIC. My good sir, you must agree to let me take your daughter's hand in marriage!

DREW. Bianca, as my youngest daughter, I cannot consent to Lucentio's until your older sister, Kate, has accepted Petruchio's hand in marriage.

BECCA. *(A beat as they watch SALLY and BRODEUR fight.)* Yeah, that ain't happening.

(BRODEUR is finally successful in putting the napkin on SALLY.)

BRODEUR. Victory! You see, good Katherina, a man knows what's best for a woman. Without my firm hand, you would be nothing but a sad wretch.

BECCA. *(To ERIC.)* Don't even think about it.

SALLY. *(Takes BRODEUR's hand and curtsies deeply.)* You are correct, my betrothed. *(Bites BRODEUR.)*

BRODEUR. Ow! Fie upon you, she-beast!

SALLY. Enjoy your rabies, my betrothed!

DREW. She's lying. She just got her shots.

BRODEUR. You need a firm hand, woman!

ERIC. I think my good sir has a point!

SONG #3 – WHAT TO DO WHEN YOUR SHREW IS A SHREW

BOYS. WHAT DO YOU DO WHEN YOUR SHREW IS A SHREW?
SHE NEEDS A GOOD FLEA AND TICK SHAMPOO
SHE MAY BE BAD DOWN TO HER VERY SOUL
LOOKS LIKE A RODENT BUT SHE'S REALLY A MOLE

BRODEUR. SHE BROKE MY HEART, TORE ME APART
BOYS. WHAT DO YOU DO WHEN YOUR SHREW IS A SHREW?

BRODEUR SPITTIN' OUT POISON, EATIN' WORMS ALL THE TIME
BOYS. AND WHEN SHE SPURNS ME, YOU KNOW IT'S A CRIME
BRODEUR. AIN'T GOT NO MANNERS, YEAH SHE'S TOTALLY RUDE
I CAN DEAL WITH RABIES, NOT A BAD ATTITUDE
"DO WHAT I SAY"; YOU WON'T OBEY
BOYS. WHAT DO YOU DO WHEN YOUR SHREW IS A SHREW?

SHE'S THE NASTIEST CREATURE THAT EVER WE'VE FOUND
SHE NEVER LISTENS 'CAUSE HER HEAD'S IN THE GROUND
SHE'S STUBBORN, OFFENSIVE, AS MEAN AS CAN BE
AND WHEN SHE'S SCARED, SHE'LL HIDE IN A TREE

BOYS (*Except BRODEUR*). BUT STILL HE LOVES HER.
BRODEUR. IT'S SAD BUT TRUE
UNTIL THE DAY I DIE I'LL TRY TO WOO

BOYS (*Except BRODEUR*). HE SEES THE GOOD IN HER WHEN SHE'S UPSET
BRODEUR. SHE'LL KEEP ON BITING BUT I WON'T LEAVE HER YET
NOW I BUT CHIDE, I BID THEE HIDE
BOYS. WHAT DO YOU DO WHEN YOUR SHREW IS A SHREW?

BRODEUR. (*Spoken*) Come on girl, tell me what you really think!

SALLY. NOW WHEN YOU SAY YOU LOVE ME, WHAT EXACTLY DO YOU
MEAN?

GIRLS. WHY YOU'RE THE MOST PATHETIC SUITOR THAT WE'VE
EVER SEEN
YOU SAY "OBEY", THAT'S SO 1592.

SALLY. I'M NOT A SHREW, I'M JUST A SHREW
GIRLS. TRY SOME RESPECT; THIS MOLE NEEDS TO FEEL LIKE A
QUEEN

SALLY. HOW 'BOUT BRINGING ME BUGS TO EAT WHEN I'VE HAD A
HARD DAY?

BECCA. (BRING HER BUGS AT THE END OF THE DAY)

SALLY. OR BUYING ME A NEST SO I CAN SLEEP ON A BED OF HAY?
BECCA. (ON A BED OF HAY-AY-AY)
SALLY. HOW ME THAT YOU'RE THE REAL MCCOY.
GIRLS. YOU'RE NOT A MAN, YOU'RE NOT EVEN A BOY.
SALLY. TREAT ME LIKE YOU CARE, AND MAYBE THEN I'LL STAY.

SALLY. (*Spoken*) Come on boy, show me what you got!

BRODEUR. BABY BABY NOW I'VE TRIED TO BE NICE
SALLY. SAY WHAT YOU WILL BUT MY LOVE COMES AT A PRICE
BRODEUR. I JUST CAN'T TAKE MUCH MORE OF YOUR BRUTALITY
SALLY. I'LL HELP YOU COME TO TERMS WITH THIS REALITY:
YOU KISS MY SLEEVE, OR I WILL LEAVE
BRODEUR. YOU STOP THIS TALK, OR I WILL WALK
SALLY/BRODEUR. YOU BE MY BEAU, OR I WILL GO
ALL. WHAT DO YOU DO WHEN YOUR SHREW IS A SHREW?

SCENE 4 –ROMEO MIME VS. CLOWN JULIET

(KEVIN, JIMMY, SHAUNA, JEANETTE and JEFF enter the “Romeo and Juliet” exhibit.)

SHAUNA. OMG, it looks like a circus threw up in here!

KEVIN. Smells more like a zoo. Gross.

JIMMY. What room is this?

JEANETTE. Oh, no...

JEFF. What's wrong?

JEANETTE. She's right, it looks like a circus in here. And circuses mean clowns!

JEFF. So?

JEANETTE. I hate clowns! Those big noses, and those crazy wigs. And those big shoes! Ooooh, I hate clowns! They make me nervous! I don't want weirdos pulling quarters out of my ear! And it makes me claustrophobic to see them all crammed into those tiny cars. *(Shudders.)* Gross!

KEVIN. Relax. Stop being a spaz. We're in a theater dungeon. There aren't going to be any clowns in here.

(TOUR GUIDE enters, wearing a clown nose, wig and shoes.)

TOUR GUIDE. Welcome to the circus!

JEANETTE. *(Shrieks.)* AAAHHHH!!!

JIMMY. Geez! Stop screaming! It's just a clown, not a murderer!

JEANETTE. Maybe it's a clown murderer.

SHAUNA. Ignore her. She's a freak. She eats notebook paper.

JEANETTE. Shauna!

SHAUNA. What? It's true!

JEFF. What exhibit is this?

TOUR GUIDE. This, ladies and gentlemen, is “Romeo Mime Vs. Clown Juliet,” a ghastly, garish, gruesome production starring the two most annoying entertainers known to man – the mime, and the clown.

SHAUNA / JEFF / KEVIN / JIMMY / JEANETTE. (*Disgusted.*) Eeeiiiwww.....

TOUR GUIDE. To truly appreciate the grisly spectacle, you just have to push this button!

(The students look at each other for a moment, then--)

KEVIN. Why not?

SHAUNA / JEFF / JIMMY / JEANETTE. Don't!

(KEVIN pushes the button. Sound effect: something big, magical circusy. Lights change. Magic is happening again.)

TOUR GUIDE. Ladies and gentlemen, the lamest show on Earth! (*Exits.*)

(SHAUNA, JEFF, JIMMY, JEANETTE and KEVIN react to the sounds, lights, and magical transformations.)

SHAUNA. The colors are getting brighter!

JEFF. What's wrong with Jimmy?!

(JIMMY is clutching his throat, unable to speak. He points to his mouth, shakes his head.)

KEVIN. He can't talk!

JEANETTE. (*Clutching at her hair and nose.*) My hair! My nose! Something is happening to them!

(The sound and lights reach a climax, then shift and now we're in the scene. JEANETTE, now with clown wig and nose, has been transformed to CLOWN JULIET. She is alone on her balcony, speaking out into the night.)

JEANETTE. Oh, Romeo Mime, oh, Romeo Mime! Wherefore art thou, Romeo Mime.

(SHAUNA, now transformed into CLOWN NURSE, enters.)

SHAUNA. You summoned my, m'lady clown?

JEANETTE. Good nurse, what hear you of Romeo Mime?

SHAUNA. Very little, m'lady clown, for he is a mime and does not speak.

JEANETTE. But you talked with him. What did he say?

(SHAUNA mimes a ridiculous series of actions that have no relation to what JEANETTE interprets.)

JEANETTE. (Watching SHAUNA intently.) Yes...uh, huh...oh, yes, yes...and then? Yes...Oh! He loves me! And he's coming to see me tonight!

SHAUNA. Uh, sure.

JEANETTE. Away with you, good nurse! I must prepare for Romeo Mime's arrival!

SHAUNA. As you wish, m'lady clown. (*"Shuffles off to Buffalo" as she exits.*)

JEANETTE. (*Primps in mirror.*) If I do say so myself, I'm looking f-i-i-i-i-ne....

(JIMMY, now in whiteface makeup, transformed into ROMEO MIME, enters below the balcony. He never speaks, just mimes his lines. He arrives, and plants himself as if to say, "I'm here!" JEANETTE doesn't hear or see him, continues primping. JIMMY replants himself with a flourish. JEANETTE still doesn't see him. JIMMY exits, then loudly stomps back on stage and plants himself with a flourish. JEANETTE hears his footsteps and whirls around.)

JEANETTE. Romeo Mime! Oh, Romeo Mime! What say you? Do you love me? Truly?

(JIMMY mimes being trapped in a box.)

JEANETTE. You're behind a wall? You're in a box? Your love is in a box? What? I don't understand. Do you love me, Romeo Mime?

(JIMMY mimes pulling a rope.)

JEANETTE. You're pulling something...you're holding a rope...you're pulling something very heavy...your love is heavy and on a rope?

(JIMMY mimes something random and bizarre.)

JEANETTE. You're skiing... you're climbing a mountain... you're making a birdhouse out of matchsticks... oooh, mines are so infuriating!

(In the song, KEVIN is JULIET'S DAD, JEFF is JULIET'S MOM, and the entire cast sings during the choruses.)

SONG #4 – MIMES ARE HORRIBLE IN SHAKESPEARE

JEANETTE, A MIME IS FINE IN A LIBRARY
OR ON THE CORNER PERFORMING FOR CHANGE
BUT A MIME IN SHAKESPEARE SEEMS UNNECESSARY
AND TRUTH BE TOLD, THIS ONE'S A LITTLE STRANGE

I THINK HE'S ASKING ME TO SEE HIS BAND
OR MAYBE HE WANTS TO GO FOR A SWIM
OR CHOP OFF MY HAND?? I DON'T UNDERSTAND
WHAT IT IS THAT HE WANTS ME TO DO.
OH MIMES ARE HORRIBLE IN SHAKESPEARE,
IT'S TRUE!

JEANETTE. (*Spoken*) And they don't make good boyfriends either!

JEFF. Juliet! A little bird told me you were being wooed by that Romeo Mime boy.

JEANETTE. What little bird?

JEFF. (*Looks at SHAUNA.*) Well, she's about 5'8" tall...

JEANETTE. Thanks for nothing, nurse!

KEVIN. Don't blame her! She's just looking out for you! This mime situation is unacceptable!

JEANETTE. Father, mother, I know mimes are normally the most annoying people on the face of the earth... (*Runs to JIMMY.*) ... but I'm in love with Romeo!

(JIMMY mimes something. Everyone tries to guess what he's doing.)

ALL. You're...driving a truck? Eating a banana split? Carving Mount Rushmore out of butter? etc.

KEVIN. Enough!

KEVIN. WE'RE WARNING YOU: WE WON'T STAND BY
SHAUNA. AND LET HER SIGH WHILE YOU FLOP AND
TWIRL

JEFF. GIVE US ONE GOOD REASON WHY
KEVIN/SHAUNA/JEFF. WE SHOULD LET YOU MARRY OUR SWEET LITTLE
GIRL?

(JIMMY mimes something.)

JEANETTE. *(Spoken)* Are you kidding me?

ALL. THERE MAY BE PLACES A MIME CAN GO
 LIKE A CIRCUS RING OR A VAUDEVILLE STAGE
 EVEN SO, YOU'RE NO MARCEL MARCEAU
 HE'D SAY, "NON, MERCI BEAUCOUP!"

SHAUNA. *(Spoken)* Actually, he wouldn't say that.

JEFF. *(Spoken)* Why?

SHAUNA. *(Spoken)* Because he's a mime!

ALL. *(Groan at the horrible joke.)*

ALL. OH MIMES ARE HORRIBLE IN SHAKESPEARE,
 IT'S TRUE!

JEANETTE. *(Spoken)* Did Shakespeare actually think I'd stab myself over this guy?

ALL. HOW SILVER-SWEET SOUND LOVERS' TONGUES BY
 NIGHT
 FOR THEY ACTUALLY MAKE A SOUND
 "O, SHE DOTTH TEACH THE TORCHES TO BURN
 BRIGHT!"
 SOUNDS LIKE THIS WHEN YOUR BOYFRIEND, THE
 MIME, IS AROUND

(JIMMY mimes something. EVERYONE groans.)

ALL. THE LINES OF LOVE YOU MUST RECITE
 ARE IN THE SCRIPT, YOU GOTTA READ 'EM ALOUD
 WHAT YOU'RE MIMING TONIGHT, THE BARD DIDN'T
 WRITE
 IT'S ABOUT TIME THAT YOU KNEW
 MIMES ARE HORRIBLE IN SHAKESPEARE,
 OH MIMES ARE HORRIBLE IN SHAKESPEARE,
 MIMES ARE HORRIBLE IN SHAKESPEARE --

SOLO CHORUS MEMBER. *(Spoken)* And they're not that great in musicals, either.

ALL. IT'S TRUE!

SCENE 5 – SANTA HAMLET

(BARBI, MAX, HENRY, JUSTINE and DAN enter the “Santa Hamlet” exhibit.)

BARBI. Okay, that was super weird!

MAX. What?

BARBI. That big musical number we were just in!

HENRY. Agreed!

MAX. That wasn't so weird.

DAN. Nope.

BARBI. It wasn't? I sang lyrics I've never heard before, did dance steps I've never rehearsed, and there were clowns all over the place. That's not weird?

MAX. Not if you've figured it out it's not.

DAN. Yep.

JUSTINE. Figured what out?

MAX. That all of this is a big, virtual reality fake out by some government agency conducting secret experiments on our brains.

DAN. Exactly!

HENRY. Whoa, really?

BARBI. No, not really. He's joking.

DAN. Nope!

JUSTINE. Do you ever say more than one word at a time?

DAN. Sometimes.

(TOUR GUIDE enters wearing a Santa hat.)

TOUR GUIDE. Merry Christmas!

MAX. See? It's July. Not even close to Christmas. Hello, government agent.

TOUR GUIDE. Silly urchin. Why would the government create such a horrible exhibit as this?

HENRY. (*Reading the sign:*) "Santa Hamlet"?

TOUR GUIDE. "Hamlet" set on the North Pole on Christmas Eve.

BARBI / JUSTINE / HENRY / DAN / MAX. (*Unison.*) Christmas? I love Christmas!

TOUR GUIDE. We'll see about that. (*As if the button were a gift.*) Merry Christmas! Look what I got you!

MAX. A button! Awesome!

TOUR GUIDE. Who has been a good little boy or girl and wants to push it?

BARBI / JUSTINE / HENRY / DAN / MAX. Me!

TOUR GUIDE. I choose...(*Points to DAN.*) You!

DAN. Awesome! (*Pushes button.*)

(Sound effect: something big, magical Christmassy. Lights change. Christmas magic is happening this time.)

TOUR GUIDE. You better not pout! You better not cry! Oh, who am I kidding? You're all going to cry! Merry Christmas! (*Exits.*)

(BARBI, JUSTINE, HENRY, DAN and MAX react to the sounds, lights, and magical transformations.)

MAX. (*Grabbing his head in agony.*) AAAAAHHHHH!!! To be merry, or not to be merry! That is the question! (*Exits.*)

BARBI. What's his problem? I love Christmas music!

HENRY. And Christmas candy!

JUSTINE. And Christmas ping pong! (*Off their reaction.*) What? You don't play Christmas ping pong?

DAN. (*Points off.*) Presents!

BARBI / HENRY / JUSTINE / DAN. (*Unison.*) Score! (*Exit.*)

(The sound effects and lights climax, and now we're in the scene in Santa's workshop at the North Pole. MAX, transformed into HAMLET THE ELF, enters holding a reindeer skull with a red nose.)

MAX. Alas, poor Rudolph, I knew him well. A reindeer of infinite light! How unfortunate his nose was not illuminated that evening when he was crossing the highway.

(HENRY, transformed into SANTA'S GHOST, enters.)

HENRY. Ho, ho, ho! I mean, booooo! I'm a ghost! I'm the ghost of your father, Hamlet Claus the Elf!

MAX. Santa! Father! The Spirit of Christmas!

HENRY. Hamlet the Elf, listen closely. I have been killed by Claudius the Elf! You must avenge my death! But make sure you don't accidentally drive your girlfriend crazy and get your mother killed.

MAX. Yes, Santa!

HENRY. *(Hands MAX candy canes.)* Take these poisoned candy canes and use them well. And remember – don't drive your girlfriend crazy, or accidentally kill Mrs. Claus! I can't stress that enough!

MAX. Yes, Santa!

HENRY. Ho, ho, ho! Boooooo! Ho, ho, boooooo! Booooo, ho, ho! *(Exits.)*

MAX. I must avenge my father's death!

(DAN, transformed into POLONIUS THE ELF, enters. MAX cannot see his face.)

MAX. Hey, want a candy cane?

(DAN, turns around, grabs a candy cane and puts it into his mouth before MAX realizes his error.)

DAN. Sure! *(Puts the candy cane in his mouth and immediately begins an elaborate death scene.)*

MAX. Oh, wait! You're not Claudius! You're Polonius!

(JUSTINE, now OPHELIA ELF, enters.)

JUSTINE. Hi Hamlet, I'm here for our date and OMG did you just kill my dad??!!

MAX. Well...

JUSTINE. Aaaahhhhhh!!! I've been driven crazy by grief! I'm totally insane, and it's all your fault! (*Exits while screaming and talking crazy gibberish.*)

MAX. This is going horribly!

(*BARBI, now MRS. CLAUS, enters and takes a candy cane from MAX before he can stop her.*)

BARBI. Hello Hamlet. Candy cane? I'd love one! (*Puts the candy in her mouth and immediately begins an elaborate death scene.*)

MAX. Mom, wait!

SONG #5 – HARK! THE HAMLET FAMILY SINGS!

MAX. HARK! THE HAMLET FAMILY SINGS
ALL. CLAUDIUS HAS KILLED THE KING!

HENRY. I SAID LISTEN TO YOUR DAD
DON'T KILL MOM

MAX. SORRY, MY BAD

HENRY/DON/BARBI. NOW YOUR GIRLFRIEND IS INSANE
JUSTINE. I'LL TAKE THAT LAST CANDY CANE

(*JUSTINE takes the candy cane and dies before MAX can stop her as song plays out.*)

HENRY/DON/BARBI. ONE BY ONE YOUR FAMILY FALLS
NOW OUR GHOSTS WILL DECK YOUR HALLS

ALL. HARK! THE HAMLET FAMILY SINGS
CLAUDIUS HAS KILLED THE KING!

SCENE 6 - TWELFTH NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD

(TERRY, PARNELLE, MARK, SCOTT, and ALI all enter the "Twelfth Night of the Living Dead" exhibit.)

TERRY. I could have sworn that Christmas music was coming from over here.

SCOTT. I told you, we should have gone left instead of right back there.

TERRY. Whatev. We're here now, so we might as well take a look around.

PARNELLE. I just hope I don't have to do another big musical number. Who sings about mimes anyway? Not mimes! *(Cracks herself up.)* Get it? Not mimes, because mimes don't talk! So they can't sing... *(To ALI, who is looking through her bag.)* Really? Not even a courtesy laugh? That's some of my best stuff.

ALI. I still can't find my phone. That's three hundred dollars.

TERRY. Well, it's obviously not in your bag, so it must be on the bus or the "Lost and Found" here at the museum. We'll find it.

ALI. But it's like a part of me. It's like my hand... if my hand could send tweets and surf the internet.

PARNELLE. Then we'll replace it with a hook and you can be a pirate.

(Sound effect: Zombie moans in the background.)

ALL. *(React to sound.)*

SCOTT. Where are we?

MARK. Looks like a graveyard. *(Acting like a zombie stalking the others.)* Brains! Brains!

(TOUR GUIDE enters behind the group.)

TOUR GUIDE. *(Louder than MARK.)* Brains!

(The group jumps, startled.)

TOUR GUIDE. It takes brains to figure out what this exhibit is about.

SCOTT. The names on the gravestones are "Orsino," "Olivia," "Malvolio," ...

MARK. "Twelfth Night!"

TOUR GUIDE. (*Game show buzzer sound.*) Buzzzzzz! Wrong! It's "Twelfth Night – "

MARK. That's what I said!

TOUR GUIDE. " – of the Living Dead"!

(Sound effect: thunder crack.)

SCOTT / TERRY / PARNELLE / ALI / MARK. Oooohhhh....

TOUR GUIDE. Shakespeare's classic comedy set in a post apocalyptic world of flesh-eating ghouls. Critics said, "Dead on arrival!" and "The production should be buried six feet under!"

ALI. That's kinda harsh. I think a zombie comedy sounds like a lot of fun.

TOUR GUIDE. Does it? Push this button and find out.

ALI. Why not? What have I got to lose?

(ALI pushes the button. Sound effects: scary movie music. Lights change. Horror movie magic is happening this time.)

TOUR GUIDE. Just your brains...if you have any. Have a wonderful time! (*Exits.*)

(Sound effect: the moans of the undead.)

PARNELLE. What's that?!

SCOTT. Sounds like zombies! Run!

(SCOTT, PARNELLE, MARK and TERRY all exit.)

ALI. Where are you going? It's just an exhibit! There aren't any real zombies! Zombies don't even exist! (*She begins to transform into VIOLA.*) What country, friends, is this?

(The sound effects and light effects climax, and now we're in the scene.)

ALI. I am shipwrecked in this...cemetery. A woman, alone, with no chaperone! Surely I will perish if I don't devise a scheme to work and earn a living.

(SCOTT, transformed into ORSINO, enters. He has a bite on his neck.)

SCOTT. Which man will serve Orsino, Duke of Illyria? Step forward!

ALI. An opportunity has presented itself! I shall disguise myself as a manservant and earn my keep at the Duke's hand! *(Grabs a men's hat from off stage, puts it on and approaches SCOTT.)* I will serve the good Duke!

SCOTT. And who are you?

ALI. I am Cesario, your Lordship.

SCOTT. Cesario, I've been bitten by love in the neck. Countess Olivia has not only refused my advances, she has feasted upon my flesh. Go to her and bend her ear to the good graces of my courtship.

ALI. Yes, sir!

(SCOTT staggers off. TERRY, who has transformed into a ZOMBIE OLIVIA, enters. ALI moves over to her.)

TERRY. Arrrrrgh!

ALI. Good lady Olivia, I am Cesario, and I come bearing news from Duke Orsino!

TERRY. I have most recently bitten Orsino, but could not sup on his brains!

ALI. The Duke sends his regards and wishes for you to join him –

TERRY. Oh, I will join him! Maria! Malvolio!

(PARNELLE, transformed into ZOMBIE MARIA, and MARK, transformed into ZOMBIE MALVOLIO, shuffle in.)

PARNELLE / MARK. Yes, your ladyship?

TERRY. I'm starving! Fetch Duke Orsino for dinner! He escaped my clutches once before, but not again!

ALI. M'lady, he will be so pleased!

TERRY. And take this manservant down to the scullery and give him to the cook for dinner.

ALI. With all due respect, m'lady, eating dinner with the cook is below my station.

TERRY. You're not eating dinner with the cook, Cesario. You are dinner *for* the cook! Grab him!

ALI. I must flee! The Countess and her servants are the undead!

(ALI flees, running in place, as if she's running away, and TERRY, PARNELLE and MARK run in place behind her, as if they're chasing her. Sound effect: scary chase music.)

SONG #5 – TAKING A BITE

ALI. SOMETHING SPOOKY HAPPENING HERE
 LOVE HAS TURNED TO TERROR AND DREAD
 I THINK IT'S BECOMING CLEAR
 THE ROYAL COURT IS NOW THE WALKING DEAD

 FEELS MORE LIKE FRIDAY THE 13TH THAN TWELFTH NIGHT,
 I FEAR
 SOMEONE'S PLAYED A NASTY TRICK ON POOR SHAKESPEARE

(ENTIRE CAST, except TOUR GUIDE and SCOTT, enters as zombified versions of themselves and join the number.)

ZOMBIES. STOP RIGHT THERE, WE WANT TO EAT YOUR BRAIN
 OUR HUNGER GROWS; IT'S DRIVING US INSANE
 WE DON'T MEAN TO CAUSE A FRIGHT
 BUT TO WHET OUR APPETITE
 WE'LL BE TAKING A BITE
 TONIGHT

(SCOTT enters. ALI runs to him.)

ALI. Duke Orsino! Your wooing has taken a terrible turn! Countess Olivia and her house have all been transformed into the living dead! They approach your castle with intent to feast upon you!

SCOTT. But Cesario, you are mistaken. You are to be the feast tonight!

ZOMBIES. LOVE HAS GOT US SEEING RED
 CAUSE LOVE BECAME A DOUBLE-EDGED SWORD
 WITH JUST ONE BITE THE VIRUS SPREAD
 AND WE BECAME A ZOMBIE HORDE

 COME OVER TO OUR PLACE FOR SOMETHING TO MUNCH.
 YOU'LL BE THE GUEST OF HONOR; WE'LL SERVE YOU FOR
 LUNCH!

 STOP RIGHT THERE, WE WANT TO EAT YOUR BRAIN

OUR HUNGER GROWS; IT'S DRIVING US INSANE
WE DON'T MEAN TO CAUSE A FRIGHT
BUT TO WHET OUR APPETITE
WE'LL BE TAKING A BITE
TONIGHT

(During the dance break ALI's phone rings. Sound effect: funny cell phone ring. All action and music comes to an abrupt stop as she fishes her phone out of her jacket pocket.)

ALI. Wait, prithee, what is this device in my pocket? 'Tis witchcraft! *(Realizes who she is.)* Whoa, wait a minute! I'm not Viola disguised as Cesario! I'm Ali Davis, an AP English student from (NAME OF HIGH SCHOOL)! This isn't a graveyard, this is the Horrible Productions of Shakespeare's Plays Museum! My phone! It was in my jacket pocket all along!

ZOMBIES. *(Roll their eyes and groan at ALI's lameness.)*

ALI. I never put it there. That's so weird. *(Gives the ZOMBIES a "Hold on a sec" gesture, then answers phone.)* Hey...Not much You?It's good, except it's so muggy here any attempt at good hair is totally thwarted...

ZOMBIES. *(Huge, threatening growl.)*

ALI. Gotta go! Text me!

(Sound effect: door unlocking.)

ALI. The door unlocked! I can escape! Later, zombies!

(ALI races off stage slamming and locking the door behind her. Sound effect: door locking. The ZOMBIES resume the number.)

ZOMBIES. STOP RIGHT THERE, WE WANT TO EAT YOUR BRAIN
OUR HUNGER GROWS; IT'S DRIVING US INSANE
WE DON'T MEAN TO CAUSE A FRIGHT
BUT TO WHET OUR APPETITE
WE'LL BE TAKING A BITE
TONIGHT

SCENE 7 – OUTSIDE THE MUSEUM

(LIGHTS SHIFT to OUTSIDE THE MUSEUM as the ZOMBIES exit. ALI enters outside the museum.)

ALI. Oh, my gosh that was close!

(TOUR GUIDE enters.)

TOUR GUIDE. See? I told you the door would open when it was time. Did you enjoy your tour of the museum?

ALI. Are you kidding me? All my friends transformed into zombies and tried to eat me! This is the worst field trip ever!

SONG #6 – HORRIBLE PRODUCTIONS OF SHAKESPEARE'S PLAYS...MUSEUM **(FINALE REPRISE)**

ALI. CLOWNS AND ELVES AND BURGER KINGS
SHREWS AND MIMES AND ZOMBIE FRIENDS
AND NOW I SMELL LIKE MOLDY ONION RINGS
IT'S LIKE THE NIGHTMARE NEVER ENDS

DON'T STARE AT ME WITH THAT SMUG LITTLE SMILE
YOU ALMOST KILLED US ON THIS TOUR

TOUR GUIDE. BE GLAD YOU WERE ONLY HERE A LITTLE WHILE;
I DIDN'T GET TO SHOW YOU THE SECOND FLOOR!

ALL. WE SAW THE SHOWS THAT WENT AWRY
THANK GOD WE DIDN'T GET TO SEE 'EM
IDEAS SO BAD, THEY MAKE THE BARD'S GHOST CRY
THE HORRIBLE PRODUCTIONS OF SHAKESPEARE'S PLAYS...
MUSEUM!

YEAH, THIS TRIP HAS BEEN THE WORST
CAN'T WAIT TILL WE GET BACK TO SCHOOL
LET'S FACE THE FACTS: THIS PLACE IS CURSED
(BUT BEING A ZOMBIE WAS KINDA COOL)

IT'S TOO LATE FOR THESE POOR DISPLAYS
WE'LL NEVER KNOW HOW THEY WENT SO WRONG
BUT BE SURE YOU DON'T ABUSE THE BARD
OR WE'LL LOCK YOU IN THE BASEMENT WHERE YOU
BELONG!

THEY'LL STAY IN THAT ENCHANTED PLACE
WHERE NO ONE WILL EVER SEE 'EM
AND THEY'LL DISAPPEAR WITHOUT A TRACE
THE HORRIBLE PRODUCTIONS OF SHAKESPEARE'S PLAYS....
MUSEUM!

(BLACK OUT)

END OF THE PLAY

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