

QUILL POWER

A Musical

by

DI COLEMAN

Music by

CHRIS TINGLEY

SchoolPlay Productions Ltd

15 Inglis Road, Colchester, Essex CO3 3HU

QUILL POWER

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CAST

Boy 1 *introduces the Players*
Jack Biddle *Players' lad, brother of Harriett*
William Shakespeare - Shakey *Player / Playwright*
George Bryan *Player*
Anne Hathaway *Anne Shakespeare*
William Kemp *Player / Clown*
Augustine Phillips *Player*
Richard Burbage *Tragedian / Players' Company Leader*
John Hemmings *Player*
Thomas Pope *Player*
Mary Arden *Shakey's mother / Mrs. Shakespeare*
Harry Biddle *Cockney Players' Lad - Harriett*
Des Res *Earwax Building Society Agent*
Susanna Shakespeare *Shakespeare's elder daughter*
Judith Shakespeare *Shakespeare's younger daughter*
Mrs. Froth *Falcon Inn Landlady - Martha*
Mr. Froth *Falcon Inn Landlord - Albert*
Ruby *Falcon Inn Barmaid*
James *Fan Club member*
Gloria *Fan Club member*
Fran *Fan Club member*
Bob *Fan Club member*
Liz *Fan Club member*
Sal *Fan Club member*
Penny *Fan Club member*
Tina *Fan Club member*
Clare *Fan Club member*
1st Woman *Shopper*
2nd Woman *Shopper*
3rd Woman *Shopper*
Boy 2 - Falcon *Inn Pot boy*

Company, Chorus and Orchestra

TEXT REFERENCES AND SOURCES

Seven Stages *Jacques speech from 'As You Like It' Act 2:7*

ACT ONE

Hark! Hark! *A general street cry advertising the Player's Company arrival to perform.*

Prologue *'Gammer Gurton's Needle' by Mr. 'S' Master of Arts*

'Quill Power' *references to*
a) the 'Globe Theatre' at Southwark.
b) The trumpet and flag were signals for forthcoming performances.
c) The Quill being the writing implement used to script Shakespeare's plays.
d) Reference to 'Hamlet'.

Actors and Companies *Genuine names from Shakespeare's Players Company. Lord Strange's Company may not be correct as the company that Shakespeare originally joined - it is a vague interpretation of very little fact! The 'Lord Chamberlaine's Men' and 'The King's Men' are facts due to the company members being listed on old documents.*

Anne Hathaway (Shakespeare's wife) *- was born at Hewlands Farm, Shottery and married Shakespeare in the Trinity Church as the church records shows the christening of their children.*

Gossip Song *Queen Elizabeth I's visit to Charlecote House, the flooding of the Avon river in Stratford and the life of the women are facts relevant to the period.*

Falcon Inn *- is mythical, but judging by Shakespeare's seemingly experienced references to Inn Life in many of his plays and being areas for advertising forthcoming events it was a*

natural place to set the W.S.P.F.C. - (the fan club) - supporters of the Players.

Harry Biddle *A mythical figure representing many a young girl who wanted and managed to perform in players companies despite the law imposed by Elizabeth I that no females were to act.*

I'm here *Globe, Fortune, Curtain and Rose - actual theatres built at the turn of the 16th century.*

Augustine Phillips - *quote 'But pardon gentles' from Chorus, prologue, **King Henry V.***

Be An Actor *Stanislavsky's approach to performance techniques.*

Harry Biddle *'O, what a noble mind' Act III: 1 Ophelia - **Hamlet.***

Hamnet *Shakespeare's son was ill and died at the age of eleven.*

ACT TWO

'Thanks ta!' *References to characters from 'A Midsummer Night's Dream'. Groundlings - people who paid one penny to stand around the edge of the stage.*

Tiring house *Where the actors put on their attire or costumes, at the back of the stage.*

'Twelfth Night' *Shakespeare wrote this comedy for Elizabeth I, to be performed on 6th January (Twelfth night), which was a very important feasting day in the Tudor calendar.*

James I *Took over the patronage of the Lord Chamberlaine's Men. He wrote a book about the treachery of witchcraft and Shakespeare, recognising it's potential for flattery, wrote 'Macbeth', based on the same theme. Holinshed's Chronicles*

Chronicles of history that Shakespeare took a lot of his ideas from.

- 'Dark' *Anne Hathaway's attempt to look at her own misery from artist's viewpoints-painter, composer and actor.*
- Will Kemp *A famous comic 'clown' from the company, actually Morris-danced from London to Norwich in nine days, but his link with Harriet Biddle is fictitious.*
- Clopton bridge *The only highway entrance to Stratford-upon-Avon from London. Built fifty years before Shakespeare's birth and still in use today. It stands over the Avon now in front of the R.S.C.'s main house.*
- New Place *Shakespeare bought New Place, the second largest house in Stratford and retired there. Unfortunately it burned down after his death, but the ruins are still visible near the Grammar School.*
- Henry Wriothesly - Earl of Southampton *Many sonnets were written by Shakespeare for performance at the Earl's celebrations, but because of their in-depth romantic connotations, it has been suggested that Shakespeare may have had ulterior motives for their content.*
- 'What a life' *A contemporary attempt to stylise a Jacobean basic philosophy about life's cycle.*
- 'Miles apart' *The reflection of Shakespeare on the dual role that he has played in reality. One, of the married man at Stratford and two, the theatre worker in London. The last stanza quotes 'The wooden 'O'', Shakespeare's affectionate name for the Globe Theatre, due to its shape, referred to in the prologue King Henry V.*
- Globe's ending *It has been recorded that the Theatre burned down as a cannon went off in the middle of a performance of Henry VIII and caught its thatched roof alight.*

Requiem

*“Like as the waves” Taken from Shakespeare’s sonnet LX.
“Populus maeret” Latin taken from Shakespeares’s memorial
in the Trinity Church at Stratford - meaning that the people
mourn the loss of a great artist.*

*“Look how the father’s” Taken from Ben Jonson’s epitaph
to Shakespeare printed at the front of his first folio publication,
after Shakespeare’s death.*

LIST OF SCENES

ACT I

- Scene 1 *Clopton Bridge*
- Scene 2 *Stratford*
- Scene 3 a *The Falcon Inn*
- Scene 3 b *At the Globe Theatre*

ACT II

- Scene 1 *At the Globe Theatre*
- Scene 2 *Stratford*
- Scene 3 *Southwark*

DI COLEMAN and CHRIS TINGLEY,

October

1992.PRODUCTION NOTES

Quill Power is fairly simple to stage and set. Lighting effects of water were used for the Requiem, with spots highlighting the action at each eand of the bridge as it takes place.

Costuming can be relatively simple - jeans etc., for the 'Players', leather jackets with the WSPFC - tippex lettering on the back. Tudor 'character' costumes for the final scene.

The props are simple and easy to collect, the skull can be bought or made from papier mache.

We added a cyclorama of the 'Thamesis' map of 1617 at the back of the hall and lit it with flickering red battens to represent the 'Globe' burning down.

It is up to the director how flamboyant she/he can afford to be with the show, but the production can be done on a shoe-string!

QUILL POWER

Book and lyrics by Di Coleman

Music by Chris Tingley

MUSIC No. 1. PROLOGUE
(ORCHESTRA)

(The Crowd enters. A trumpet call announces the entry of the BOY)

Boy: *Hark! Hark! The dogs do bark.*
 The beggars are coming to town.
 Some in rags and some in tags
 And some in scarlet gown.

(Lord Strange's Company of Players enter. They set up the play on the bridge, with props from a large basket).

SCENE 1. CLOPTON BRIDGE.

MUSIC No. 2. QUILL POWER
(CROWD and CHORUS)

JS: *Say "Wake up Will the sky is alight.*
 Wake up Will

All: *Wake up Will*

JB: *Say Wotcher Will*
 Take your feather to flight....

All: *Feather to flight."*
 Write, write, write, write, write, write,
 Write....

Will has a way, has a way with words.
 Adverbs, nouns, adjectives and verbs.

Boys: *He puts them together*

Girls: *With the aid of a feather, all right....*

All: *Quill Power!*

Voice: * *Quill Power!*

1 The street cry used in Tudor times to announce the entry of a Players' Company to a town.

All: *Quill Power!*

Voice: *Quill Power!*

[* VOICE is heavily microphoned with echo (reverb) producing “ethereal” booming quality].

(WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE enters and works his way to the front of the crowd)

George Bryan: As Gammer Gurton² with many a wide stitch
Sat piercing and patching of Hodge her man’s brich,
By chance or misfortune, as she her gear tost,
In Hodge’s leather breeches her needle is lost.
When Diccon the Bedlam has heard by report
That good Gammer Gurton was robbed in this sort,
He quietly persuaded with her in that stound
Dame chat, her dear gossip, this needle had found;
Yet knew she no more of this matter, alas!
Than knoweth Tom, our clerk, what the priest saith at Mass.
(Dumb show freezes)

WK: *Say “ Wake up Will the day is right,
Wake up Will.*

All: *Wake up Will.*

AP: *Say Wotcher Will, the flag is in flight,*

All: *The flag is in flight”.*

Write, write, write, write, write, write, write.

Boys: *Will has a way, has a way with words.
Adverbs, nouns, adjectives and verbs.*

Girls: *He puts them together
With the aid of a feather,*

All: *All right . . .*

Quill Power!

Voice: *Quill Power!*

All: *Quill Power!*

Voice: *Quill Power!*

GEORGE B.: (continues)

² As Gammer Gurton...” This is the Prologue to "Gammer Gurton's Needle". 14th cent. - attributed to Mr. S.

..Hereof there ensued so fearful a fray,
Mas Doctor was sent for, these gossips to stay,
Because he was curate, and esteemed full wise;
Who found that he sought not, by Diccon's device.
Suddenly the needle Hodge found by the pricking,
And drew it out of his buttock,
Where he felt it sticking.
Their hearts then at rest with perfect security,
With a pot of good ale they struck up their *plaudite*."

William S: (*spoken*) How can anyone become an actor?

Anne Hathaway: So you're Will Shakespeare, the Glover's son?

William S: Yeh! (*goes to the Stratford platform*). And who might you be?

Anne H: Anne Hath-a-way.

William S: Wow! (*leaps onto the platform, takes ANNE in his arms*) Show me!
(*Fade spot*)

TP: *Say "Wake up Will,
The Globe is in sight.
Wake up Will!*

All: *Wake up Will!*

GB: *Say Wotcher Will,
The trumpet's right,*

All: *The trumpet's right".
Write, write, write, write, write, write,write!*

Boys: *Will has a way, has a way with words.
Adverbs, nouns, adjectives and verbs.*

Girls: *He puts them together
With the aid of a feather,
All right . . .*

Voice: *Quill Power!*

All: *Quill Power!*

Voice: *Quill Power!*

Will Kemp: (*spoken*) Stack the gear in the basket, George.

George B: O.K. Will.

William S: So your name's Will too?

Will Kemp: Sure thing. Will Kemp's the name. (*with actions*) Jester, clown, dancer, interluder. (*shakes hands with WILLIAM S. - Freeze*).

(*Spot on ANNE at Stratford platform*)

Anne H: Will. I've got some good news for you. It's not only poetry you're good at.

(*CROWD and PLAYERS laugh*)

Harry B: Say "Wake up Will,
A Hamlet fight,
Wake up Will....."

(*JOHN HEMMINGS and AUGUSTINE PHILLIPS portray the sword fight*)

RB: Say *Wotcher Will,
The future's bright*

All: *Write, write, write, write, write, write!*

Company: *Will has a way, has a way with words,*

Chorus: *Will has a way, has a way with words.*

Company: *Adverbs, nouns, adjectives and verbs,*

Chorus: *Adverbs, nouns, adjectives and verbs.*

All: *He puts them together
With the aid of a feather,
All right, all right.*

Voice: *Quill Power!*

All: *Quill Power!*

Voice: *Quill Power!*

Voice: *Quill Power!*

All: *Quill Power*

Voice: *Quill Power!*

All: *Quill Power,*

Voice: *Quill Power!*

All: *Quill Power,*

Voice: *Quill Power!*

All: *Quill Power!*

Quill Power!

Quill Power!
Quill Power!
Quill Power lives on! (CROWD disperses)

Augustine P: Wow! I'm Augustine Phillips. Call me Phil! If you want to join our company it will mean hard graft to start with....

William : I'm not afraid of hard work. I've herded sheep and tanned hides for my old man's glove factory.

Augustine P: OK But your voice has broken many a moon since, so you are no good for the female parts.

William S: (*sarcastically*) Oh, I am disappointed.

Augustine P: (*sharply*) No! Look, what I am trying to say is you are no good to us until you have served your apprenticeship. In other words, no good for the YTS scheme.

William S: (*starting to walk away*) So I am too old at twenty?

Richard B: Hi, Richard Burbage. Do you write plays?

William S. What? Ha! I only know two. This one and one I was in back at Stratford Grammar. I had the lead in that. Still you know what school productions are like?

Richard B: Yes. (*thumbs down*)

William S: It's the teachers you know, they do their best but....

Richard B: I have never actually been to one, but I've heard they're....

William S: Boring?

Richard B: Well....

John H: Boring? Who said boring? There is plenty to do. But first of all Shakey, meet the Company. (*points to the AUDIENCE*) You can join in too!

MUSIC No. 3. STRANGE MEN
(WILL KEMP, THOMAS POPE, JOHN HEMMING, AUGUSTINE PHILLIPS, GEORGE BRYAN, RICHARD BURBAGE)³

All: *We are a collection of Strange Men*
Sit up in your seats and pay attention!
Who act in the country just ev'ry now and then.
Our names we really ought to mention.

Will Kemp: *I am Will Kemp renowned for my jigs.*

³"The Player's Company" - the names used for "our" Company of Players are authentic. During the show, the cast remains the same. At various stages the troupe is referred to as "The Lord Chamberlain's Men", "Lord Strange's Company" & "The King's Men".

Thomas P: *And I Thomas Pope, an all-round fellow.*
John H: *John Hemmings, that's me.*
Augustine P: *Augustine Phillips.*
George B: *George Bryan.*
Richard B: *Richard Burbage - Tragedy!*
All: *All with lungs that can really bellow!*

*We are a collection of Strange Men
Sit up in your seats and pay attention!
Who act in the country just ev'ry now and then.
Our roles we really ought to mention.*

Will Kemp: *I am Dame Quick, renowned for my hips.*
Thomas P: *And I, South Wind, blow both loud and mellow.*
John H: *An Oak Tree, that's me.*
Richard B: *Prince Hal of Denmark.*
George B: *Dame Duck.*
Augustine P: *Mephistopheles, you see.*
All: *All with lungs that can really below!*

*We are a collection of Strange Men
Sit up in your seats and pay attention!
Who act in the country just ev'ry now and then.
Your applause we really shouldn't mention. (Bow)*

Thomas P: Now Shakey, you have met the Lord Strange's Company of Players.
We work for him, which allows us to travel according to the law as honest
actors and not vagabonds.

George B: Are you joining us man? Eh? (*PLAYERS exit, SHAKEY runs after
them. Fade on the bridge*)

SCENE 2. STRATFORD.

Anne H: (*calling*) Will! Will!

William S: Coming (*enters*)

Anne H: Sit you down me dear.

William S: (*sitting*) Had a good day Anne?

Anne H: So so (*pauses - looks at SHAKEY*) Eat your supper Will.

William S: (*pause*) Anne, I You like it here in Stratford, don't you?

Anne H: Yes but

William S: But it would make a change living somewhere else, wouldn't it?

Anne H: I don't need no change Will. I'm a country girl, born at Hewland's Farm, Shottery. Married in the Trinity Church⁴ to your good self. (*embarrassed*) Without the calling of Banns, I know. But, well you've always been impetuous.

William S: (*coughs*) Yes, well Susanna's a lovely baby.

Anne H: (*shyly*) Yes Will.

William S: Wouldn't you like to take her to London to meet my new friends?

Anne H: Oh, Will! Not London again! Can't you settle in Henley Street? Don't you care about us anymore?

William S: (*passionately*) You are my life.

Anne H: No, I'm not your life, but you are mine.

William S: (*desperate*) There is so much opportunity for me in London. I know you don't approve of my acting but it fills me with such a lot of excitement. This new tragedy of Kit Marlowe's - *Doctor Faustus* - is such a brilliant script. That's something else I wanted to tell you

Anne H: I don't want to know if it means you going away again.

William S: You know I started writing some poems once? Well....

Anne H: No, Will! I don't want to listen! (*exit*)

William S: I wanted to tell her about my first play, *Titus Andronicus*. Burbage is happy with it. In fact it's in rehearsal now. (*Sound effect - Door knock*) Come in!

Mrs. Shakespeare: Hello, Will! I've just popped round to borrow a cup of flour. Your father says to put some dumplings in the stew because your brothers are getting so greedy now.

Anne H: (*enters with the baby*) Hello, Mrs. Shakespeare, I thought I heard the door.

Mrs. S: Yes, Oooh Anne! I'm glad you're here. Have you heard about Hamnet Sadler? Well (*continues with gossip*)

William S: I think it's a good time to leave. (*exits*)

MUSIC No. 4. GOSSIP SONG
(ANNE, MARY and CHORUS)

Anne H: *Do not you think that Will is getting thinner?*

Mrs. S: *I must get away and get John's dinner.*

Anne H: *The Queen is visiting Charlecote House,⁵*

Mrs. S: *May I borrow your trap - to catch a mouse?*

⁴ Shakespeare was both christened and buried at the Trinity Church

⁵ Charlecote House - was visited by Queen Elizabeth I on her Warwick visit.

**Together }
& Choir: }** *Our lives are cooking, scolding, cleaning.
At the end of the day it's sewing, loving.
Yeh! The end of the day is loving, loving.*

Anne H: *The Trinity Church needs a new bell ringer.*
Mrs. S: *I must get away and get John's dinner.*
Anne H: *I hear the Avon has burst it's banks again.*
Mrs. S: *Oh, why must I rear such hungry men?*

**Together }
& Choir: }** *Our lives are cooking, scolding, cleaning.
At the end of the day it's sewing, loving.
Yeh! The end of the day is loving, loving.*

Anne H: *When I was dusting the oak beams
I got a little splinter.*
Mrs. S: *I must get away and get John's dinner.*
Anne H: *Will's going back to Lunnon again
To play with that group of Strange's Men.*

Together & Choir: *Our lives are cooking, scolding, Cleaning.*
Mrs. S. & Choir: *At the end of the day it's sewing, loving.*
(starts to exit as ANNE sits cuddling the baby)
Yeh! At the end of the day is loving. (exit Mrs. S.)

Anne H: Oh Suzzy, I see your daddy's gone, His bags were packed when I passed the bedroom door. I suppose once Nanny had arrived, he thought he would slip away. What do you think he does in Lunnon, little one? How long will he be away this time?

*MUSIC No. 5. SUSANNA
(ANNE HATHAWAY)*

*Mmmm, Susanna, my little child
Born of love and passion wild.
When will your Daddy come home again?
When will your Daddy come home again?
Actor, writer, Man among Men,
Susanna.
Mmmm, Will has gone so far away
To Southwark's bank to earn his pay.
I don't know why he has gone there;*

*I don't know why he has gone there.
Leaving you here in my care,
Susanna.
You've got your Daddy's nose
And his eyes. They're almost closed.
Now what will the future be,
Brought up alone with only me?
Susanna.*

*Mmmm, Susanna, my little child
Born of Love and passion wild.
When will your Daddy come home again?
When will your Daddy come home again?
Husband, Father,
Actor, Writer, Man among Men.*

Mmmm, Susanna.

SCENE 3a. THE FALCON INN.

Mrs. Froth: Come on Albert Froth, it's opening time. Are all the pots cleaned?

Mr. Froth: Yes Martha. We are going to have to order some more because of all the customers this new Globe Theatre's bringing in.

Mrs. F: I know, it's so exciting. That gorgeous young writer and actor - William Shakespeare came in here yesterday for some Ale. He's so dreamy! If only I was ten years younger

Mr. F: (*goes over to her*) What about me then?

Mrs. F: (*pinches his face*) Oh, you'll do Albie.

(*JAMES, GLORIA and FRAN enter. They sit at the table.*)

James: Hi! Can I have three pots of Coke at the table? (*gets cash*)

Mr. F: (*shouts*) Ruby!

James: (*goes to the table and sits*) It's just coming. I think.

Fran: Gloria, did you wait at the stage door for William Shakespeare's autograph?

Gloria: Yes, look! (*shows a signed picture*) He signed this woodcut print just for me.

Fran: Oooh, yes! It says "To GLORIA with love from SHAKEY" - He can shake it for me any time!

Gloria: Yes, well give it back, before it gets crumpled.

(RUBY enters with three cans of Coke - looks at the picture).

Ruby: He was in 'ere yesterday.

(BOB, LIZ, SALL, PENNY, TINA and CLARE enter). Shakespeare sat in that very chair (pointing to JAME'S seat).

Gloria: Oooh! Move over James, let me sit there.

James: *(rises with dignity from the chair and swaps places with GLORIA)* I don't see what all the fuss is about.

Gloria: I think he's great.

Liz: Yeh, so do we.

Sall: Did you see his hair?

All: Wow!

Penny: And his gold earring?

All: Cool!

Tina: What a voice!

All: Far out!

Clare: Those eyes!

All: Yeh! *(BOB and JAMES look at each other and cough)*

Bob: *(to RUBY)* Can we have six of those?

Ruby: Yes, my dear. *(hands out the Cokes, exits for more)*

Fran: Why don't we start a Fan Club?

All: Yeh!

Bob: Can we join too?

James: Great!

Gloria: We could have Tee Shirts printed.

Liz: Yeh! And button Badges.

Bob: And I could 'ave his face painted on the boot of my Viva!

James: Or on the tank of my bike!

All: *Groan!*

Sall: Posters for the bedroom wall!

Penny: A locket with some of his hair in it!

Girls: Yeh!

Tina: Albums of his plays!

All: Yeh!

Ruby: *(brings in the Cokes)* Can I join in too?

Froths: And us?

Mr. F: You could use the Falcon as your headquarters.

Mrs. F: I could add burgers to the menu.

All: Yeh!

Fran: What can we call it?

Bob: The William Shakespeare Fan Club!

James: That's a bit much for the back of my jacket.
Penny: Shakey and Co.?
Ruby: Why don't you use the initials?
Tina: How do you mean?
Ruby: W-William, S.P. - Shakespeare, F-Fan, C-Club.
James: The W.S.P.F.C. - Great!
Bob: Now we need a chant

*MUSIC No. 5a. W.S.P.F.C.
(SALL, TINA, FRAN, JAMES, GLORIA, BOB, FROTHS & RUBY)*

Sall: Like: *Shakey, Shakey, Shakey.*
Tina & Fran: *Shakey, Shakey, Shakey*
James & Gloria: *Shakey Speare*
Bob & James: *Shakey Speare*
James & Gloria: *Shake - Speare*
Froths & Ruby: *Shake - Speare*
All: *Here, here, here!*

*W.S.P.F.C.
The Willy Shakespeare Fan Club is the one for me.*

*W.S.P.F.C.
The Willy Shakespeare Fan Club is the one for me*

*What a man!
That William
What a guy
When in full cry.
Our hero Shakey! -
Main man Shakey.
Ride on with the fan club
Come and join the fan club.*

*W.S.P.F.C.
The Willy Shakespeare Fan Club is the one for me.
W.S.P.F.C.
W.S.P.F.C.
The Willy Shakespeare Fan Club is the one for me.*

*What a Bard!
He is well hard!
A poet -
Who can - show it
Our hero Shakey! -
Main man Shakey.
Ride on with the fan club
Come and join the fan club
Fan Club*

*W.S.P.F.C.
The Willy Shakespeare Fan Club is the one for me.
W.S.P.F.C.
The Willy Shakespeare Fan Club is the one for me.*

*William -
A Thespian
Great writer!
Globe share-holder⁶
Our hero Shakey.
Main man Shakey.
Ride on with the fan club
Come and join the fan club.*

*W.S.P.F.C.
The Willy Shakespeare Fan Club is the one for
W.S.P.F.C.
The Willy Shakespeare Fan Club is the one for me.*

*W.S.P.F.C.
W.S.P.F.C.
W.S.P.F.C.
The Willy Shakespeare Fan Club is the one for me.
The Willy Shakespeare Fan Club is the one for me.*

(They exit).

⁶ Shakespeare owned shares in The Globe Theatre in Southwark.

SCENE 3b. AT THE GLOBE THEATRE.

HARRY BIDDLE (Cockney Player's lad) is seated on the scaffolding with the Globe's flag - and a broom.

Harry B: It doesn't look like I'm going to hoist the flag⁷ today. This weather has been drizzly all morning. Shakespeare's not happy because the play ain't complete. Master Burbage⁸ is thinking of his declining bank balance. All the players are in the Falcon, drinking their breakfast. (*gets up*) Well, Harry Biddle - chats's who they think I am - It's time I swept this stage. (*looks around*) Yer see, I'm really 'Arriett. I got this idea from one of Shakespeare's plays. I wanna be an actor. But they don't let gels play, some sappy idea of Queen Blesses, to protect us. More like protect her. Surrounded by the Players all the time, she is - ALL males! Well, so am I, that's the most we'll ever 'ave in common. If I'm caught, it will be curtains for me, literally.

MUSIC No. 6. I'M HERE!
(HARRY BIDDLE)

Harry B: *The Globe, The Fortune, The Curtain and The Rose⁹*
From two o'clock to six o'clock -
Are putting on their shows.
But the girls are never seen
By the orders of the Queen.
But I'm here, as long as no-one knows.
I'm here, I'm here, I'm here!

Marlowe, Ben Jonson, Webster and Shakespeare
They all write plays,
Rehearse and then, in them, they all appear.
But the girls are played by boys -
They make such a silly noise.
So I'm here, as long as no-one knows.
I'm here, I'm here, I'm here!

Will Kemp: (*off stage*) Harry! Get that flag up! It's stopped raining. We are

⁷ "Hoist the flag..." - The Theatre's flag would be raised to signify a performance that day.

⁸ James Burbage built The Globe Theatre. His son, Richard was a friend of Shakespeare and a famous Tragedian actor.

⁹ The Fortune, Curtain and Rose were other famous theatres on the Southwark bank.

going to rehearse and you're playing Ophelia. Jake's ill.

Harry B: But I've never played a part like that before. (*sings*) -

*Hamlet is a story
Of a sad, sad Prince.
Ophelia is a very long part
That's why I wince!*

(*HARRY stands up excited, with a broom*)

*But the girl is to be me
A real girl played properly
And I'm here, really acting in the chintz.
I'm here, I'm here*

Richard B: He is here! (*entering*).

Harry B: I'm hoisting the flag now sir.

Richard B: It's about time too. Be quick. Shakespeare's coming with the scripts for next week's play and you are in it.

Harry B: (*hoisting the flag*) I'm honoured, Mr. Burbage.

Richard B: It's going to be hard imagining you as a girl, Harry. But you'll be surprised at what a costume will do for you - and (*gestures*) the audience are tolerant.

Harry B; (*double-take - aside*) That is both a relief and a shock.

Augustine P: (*enters with a skull in a Woolworth's carrier bag*) "But pardon gentles all, the flat, unraised spirits, that have dared on this unworthy scaffold to bring forth so great an object. Can this cockpit hold the vasty fields of France?¹⁰

Richard B: No! Because

Augustine P: "...or may we cram within this Wooden "O", the very casques that did upright the air at Agincourt?" Gob-smacked, eh?

Richard B: What on earth's that got to do with Denmark?

Augustine P: (*looking at his watch*) But what about 'Hamlet'? There's poison and daggers everywhere - (*picks up the skull*) - and I had a hell of a job getting this skull.

Richard B: Where did you get it?

Augustine P: Don't ask!

Richard B: (*holds out the carrier bag*) Woolworth's? (*Door knock. WILL KEMP opens the door*)

Augustine P: (*nods head*) Yep.

(*GEORGE BRYAN, THOMAS POPE and JOHN HEMMING enter merrily, obviously from the inn!*).

¹⁰ "But pardon gentles all...." - *King Henry V*.

MUSIC No. 7. STRANGE MEN [reprise]
(GEORGE BRYAN, THOMAS POPE & JOHN HEMMINGS)

George B: } *We are a collection of Strange Men.*
Thomas P: } *Sit up in your seats and pay attention!*
John H: } *We act in the country just ev'ry now and then.*
Our names we really ought to mention.

Richard B: (*angry and fed up waits until they have finished - shouts*) Where is
William - CALLS HIMSELF A PLAYWRIGHT - Shakespeare!!!
(*SHAKESPEARE enters*)

William S: "O! for a muse of fire, that would ascend the brightest heaven of
invention."

Richard B: Look Shakey, one thing at a time. Is Hamlet "to Be or not to Be?"

William S: "That is the question?"

MUSIC No. 8. BE AN ACTOR
(RICHARD BURBAGE, WILL KEMP, SHAKEY & COMPANY)

Richard B: *Learn your lines and learn your cues*
And wipe away rehearsal blues.
Laughing here and crying there,
Make a gesture of despair.

Company: *Be an actor*
If you can.
Become an actor
And be a Thespian.
Become an actor
Yes, be an actor -
You can go far,
Yes, we'll go far,
Be an actor -
Make a start.
Become an actor
Portraying many parts.
Well if you've got what it takes
Then take your hands off the brakes
And travel far
Be a star.

Will Kemp: *Paint on your face the bright grease paint
So that your face ain't what it ain't.
Live the part
And let it take you to that
Great, final break.*

Company: *Be an actor
If you can
Become an actor
And be a Thespian.
Become an actor -
Yes, be an actor
You can go far
Yes, we'll go far.*

All: *Be an actor
Make a start.
Become an actor -
Portraying many parts.
Well if you've got what it takes,
Then take your hands off the brakes
And travel far,
Be a star!*

William S: *Wear the clothes and fit the shoes
And then you search for all those character clues.
Live the part and let it
Take you to that
Great, final break.*

Company: *Be an actor
If you can.
Become an actor
And be a Thespian.
Become an actor
Yes, be an actor -
You can go far
Yes, we'll go far.
Be an actor,
Make a start,*

*Become an actor
Portraying many parts.
Well if you've got what it takes,
Then take your hands off the brakes
And travel far.
Be a star!
Be an actor
Become an actor
Become an actor
Yes, be an actor
You can go far
Yes, we'll go far
Make a start
Portraying many parts.*

Together: *Well if you've got what it takes
Then take your hands off the brakes
And travel far
Got what it takes
Then take your hands off the brakes
And travel far, so far, so far, so far, so
Got what it takes
Then take your hands off the brakes
And travel far*

*And be a star.
And be a star! (Applause - STRANGE MEN exit)*

William S: *(hands HARRY a scroll)* Here you are Harry. It's a long part for a first timer, so you had better get started on it now.

Harry B: Thank you. *(opens the scroll)*

William S: Go on then, let's hear it.

Harry B: "O, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown!
The courtier's, soldier's, scholar's, eye, tongue, sword,
The expectancy and rose of the fair state,
This glass of fashion, and the mould of form,
The observ'd of all the observers, quite, quite down,
And I of ladies most deject and wretched,
That suck'd the honey of his music vows,
Now see that noble and most sovereign reason

Like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh,
That unmatched form and feature of blown youth,
Blasted with ecstasy! O, woe is me!
Th'ave seen what I have seen, see what I see!"¹¹

William S: Well done, my lad. We'll make a woman of you yet.
(*WILL KEMP rushes on with a letter and gives it to SHAKEY*)

William S: (*opens the letter*) It's from Anne.

(*Spot on ANNE, in Stratford. She is writing*)

*MUSIC No. 9. QUILL POWER [reprise]
(CHORUS)*

Chorus: *Write, write, write, write, write, write,
Write!*

*Anne has a way, has a way with words
Adverbs, nouns, adjectives and verbs.*

*She puts them together
With the aid of a feather, all right*

*Quill Power,
Quill Power,
Quill Power,
Quill Power.*

(*shout*) *Quill Power!*

Anne H: (*writing*) My dearest William, will you be home for the twins' birthday? Judith has learned to sew and, with Susanna's help, is making a party frock. Hamlet is looking very peaky but he is putting on a brave face. I don't like the sound of his cough and his chest is very wheezy. I keep applying an old sock, stuffed with onions, to his throat. The wise woman recommended nettle tea, but he doesn't like it, even if I bribe him with a Smartie. Oh Will, I do miss you at nights. I stretch out my arms (*Lights cross-fade*)

William S: I stretch out my arms and de-dum, de-dum. Yes, well, er - "Lots of love, Anne." What can I do?

Richard B: When is their birthday?

¹¹ "O, what a noble mind" - *Hamlet*

William S: Next week! It means - buying a good horse! Booking in at Trust House Forte in Oxford! Getting some presents! And what about the playhouse?

Richard B: We have been advised to close down. I meant to tell you, but you were so full of the new play. The Plague is spreading fast. It is just what the Puritans need¹² to get their churches filled again.

William S: Does that mean that we will have to go on the *social*?

Richard B: No! We will close at sundown, after tomorrow night's performance and hit the road again.

Augustine P: (*enters*) I'm still waiting for my entrance!

Richard B: Sorry, Phil. We will start packing tonight. The Lord Strange's Men are back on tour.

Augustine P: Back on the road? (*shouts*) Hey you guys, we are going back on the road. (*COMPANY enters*)

Richard B: We will use Harry in Shakey's place and then pick up Shakey when we drop in at Stratford in three week's time. Oh, for a pint in the Dirty Duck! Let's get going then. (*COMPANY exit except SHAKEY and HARRY*).

William S: Don't worry, Harry. You will play the part of Ophelia. By the way, the voice is marvellous, so FEMININE. (*exits*)

Harry B: Thanks, Mr. Shakespeare. Cor, I'm doing my first tour. (*She picks up a broom and slowly sings the first verse of **Be An Actor***).

*MUSIC No. 10. **BE AN ACTOR** [reprise]
(HARRY BIDDLE and CHORUS)*

Harry B: *Learn your lines and learn your cues
And wipe away rehearsal blues.
Laughing here and crying there
Make a gesture of despair.*

Chorus: *Be an actor
If you can.
Be an actor
And be a Thespian.
Become an actor
Yes, be an actor
You can go far.
Yes, we'll go far.*

¹² The Puritans believed that 'Plays' were sinful and were the cause of the Plague.

*Be an actor
Make a start.
Become an actor
Portraying many parts.*

*Well if you've got what it takes
Then take your hands off the brakes
And travel far
Be a star!*

*Quill Power,
Quill Power,
Quill Power! (Applause. Exit)*

END OF ACT 1

*MUSIC No. 11. ENTR'ACTE
(ORCHESTRA)*

James: *(a few bars into Music No. 11)* Hey you guys. Ride on with the Fan Club.

(During the Entr'acte the MEMBERS of the Fan Club enter and hand out W.S.P.F.C. banners and posters of SHAKEY for the audience to wave. The CROWD enters and observe the start of Music No. 12 and then join in and encourage the audience to participate. JACK BIDDLE enters and joins in)

ACT 2

MUSIC No. 12. W.S.P.F.C.!

All: *Shakey, Shakey, Shakey!*
Shakey, Shakey, Shakey!
Shakey! Speare!
Shakey! Speare!
Shakespeare!
Shakespeare!
Here, here, here!

W.S.P.F.C.
The Willy Shakespeare Fan Club is the one for me.

W.S.P.F.C.
The Willy Shakespeare Fan Club is the one for me.

What a man!
That William.
What a guy
When in full cry.
Our hero Shakey! -
Main man Shakey.
Ride on with the fan club
Come and join the fan club.

W.S.P.F.C.
The Willy Shakespeare Fan Club is the one for me.
W.S.P.F.C.
The Willy Shakespeare Fan Club is the one for me.

Fan Club: *What a Bard!*
He is well hard!
A Poet -
Who can - show it.
Main man Shakey.
Ride on with the fan club,
Come and join the fan club
Fan club

All: *W.S.P.F.C.*
The Willy Shakespeare Fan Club is for me.
W.S.P.F.C.
The Willy Shakespeare Fan Club is for me.

William -
A Thespian.
Great writer!
Globe share-holder.
Our hero Shakey
Main man Shakey
Ride on with the fan club
Come and join the fan club.

W.S.P.F.C.
The Willy Shakespeare Fan Club is the one for me

W.S.P.F.C.
The Willy Shakespeare Fan Club is the one for me.

W.S.P.F.C.
W.S.P.F.C.
W.S.P.F.C.
The Willy Shakespeare Fan Club is the one for me.
The Willy Shakespeare Fan Club is the one for me.

(During the last chorus SHAKEY enters to the Globe stage wearing shades and trying to look anonymous)

Jack B: *(calls out)* Hey! Mr. Shakespeare! Can you autograph my ticket from the show? “A Midsummer Night’s Dream” was really great!

William S: Come here boy. What’s your name?

Jack B: Jack, Sir Jack Biddle.

William S: I’m glad you enjoyed the show just a minute. Biddle did you say?

Jack B: Yes, sir. I liked the bit when Puck got told off by Oberon the King. He was very naughty.

William S: Yes, yes. *(pleasantly surprised)* What I wanted to say was, are you related to Harry Biddle?

Jack B: No, sir. I ain’t got no brothers.... I ’ad a sister once, but she ran away, years ago.

William S: I see.... Where do you live now? *(the CROWD gets nearer to listen)*

Jack B: I'm not tellin', begging your pardon, sir.

William S: Why is that?

Jack B: I'm 'omeless. I don't want to be jailed for being a vagabond.

William S: What happened to your parents, Jack?

Jack B: The Plague Sir, you know

William S: (*carefully*) Yes, yes (*pats JACK on the head*) So, you like the theatre?

Jack B: Yes Sir. I wanna be an actor.

William S: And so you shall be. We need a new apprentice. (*aside*) Although when Harry's voice will break, we may never know. (*calls out*) Harry!

Harry B: (*offstage*) Coming Shakey. (*dashes in, sees JACK and freezes*)

William S: Yes, well I'm sure you have lots to talk about. Welcome to the Lord Chamberlaine's Company of Players. (*strolls off with the CROWD - signing autographs as he goes. The CROWD collect the banners and posters from the audience and exit. JACK BIDDLE sits on the front of the stage*).

Harry B: Who are you?

Jack B: Mr. Shakespeare said I could become an actor, can you teach me?

Harry B: Er, well.... What's your name?

Jack B: Jack. You was ever so good as Puck. Flyin' about teasing 'em all.

Harry B: Ta. Where's yer Ma and Dad?

Jack B: If I tell yer, can you keep it a secret?

Harry B: (*nods head*) Mmm.

Jack B: Lost 'em both - in the Plague. But I'll be all right now, cos I got a job.

Harry B: (*biting her lip*) Do yer know who I am?

Jack B: Yeh! "Puck"! I saw you, you woz brilliant.

MUSIC NO. 13. THANKS, TA!
(JACK and HARRY BIDDLE)

Jack B: *I was a groundling¹³ and what I saw
Was Bottom and Puck and many more -
Fairies and Asses, a Duke and a Queen,
I ate pies and Pippins,¹⁴ in between.*

*In the Globe, On the Stage,
Lived the play, from the page.
It was fun.
It was great! Bizarre -*

¹³ Groundling members of the audience who couldn't afford gallery seats and stood

¹⁴ Pies and Pippins - raised meat pies and apples.

Thanks, Ta!

(acting) *I was a groundling, now I'm up here
"Whilst these visions did appear".
I want to be a Thespian,¹⁵ what's more,
No more watching others act, from the floor.*

*In the Globe. On the stage,
Living the play, from the page.
It is fun.
It is great! Bizarre -
Thanks, Ta!*

Together: *I was a groundling, now I'm up here
"Whilst these visions did appear".
We have become Thespians, what's more
No more watching others act, from the floor.*

*We're in the Globe. On the stage.
Living the play, from the page.
We are fun.
We are great! Bizarre - (shake hands)
Thanks, Ta!
We are fun.
We are great! Bizarre -
Thanks, Ta! (they fall on the floor, laughing)*

Jack B: I feel I know you. Great, innit!

Harry B: Yeh! Come into the Tiring House and I'll show you around. *(They exit).
(RICHARD BURBAGE enters with WILL KEMP, COMPANY and
TRUMPETER)*

Richard B: Drop the flag to half mast Will. There will be no performance tomorrow. Nations will share with us in the tragic loss of our Queen Elizabeth.

Will Kemp: She loved the Arts. Do you remember her laughing at Shakey's *Twelfth Night*? When Malvolio came on in cross-gartered, yellow stockings, she nearly burst her Farthingale.

Richard B: She was an inspiration to the acting profession. Theatre would never have developed if it wasn't for her encouragement. *(WILL KEMP signals a*

¹⁵ Thespian: An actor from Thespis, who was the founder of Greek drama.

trumpeter. The whole COMPANY enters. The TRUMPET accompanies the lowering of the flag. - Lights fade).

SCENE 2. STRATFORD.

ANNE is reading a letter to JUDITH and SUSANNA.

Anne: Dear Girls, I am very busy writing a play for our new King James. He has honoured us of late by Patronising our Company. So, we are now to wear the Coat of Arms by Royal Appointment. Enough of me. How is my Judith? Helping Mummy with the housework, I hope? Now Susanna what is this rumour I hear?

Susanna: Oh! How did Dad find out? Mum? Was it you?

Anne: Find out what, dear?

Susanna; Oh er, nothing.

Judith: She's soppo about that Quack down the road.

Susanna: He's not a quack.

Anna: Who? The Doctor?

Judith: Yeh! Doctor Hall.

Susanna: His name is John. And if you must know he is a great admirer of Daddy's plays.. He's even seen one.

Judith: *(sarcastically)* Oooh! *(JUDITH runs off, chased by SUSANNA)*

Anne: That's nice dear, can I continue with Will's letter now? *(silence)* Oh, they've gone. *(continues reading)* "We are playing at the Court for King James. It is quite exciting because I've based the story around his book on Witchcraft. That ought to bring in a few quid. The story is about a Scottish King.... It's about time he returned his Holinshed's Chronicles¹⁶ to the library - it will cost a fortune in fines. "...a Scottish King who is murdered and the" *(Fade lights up on the GLOBE).*

William S: *(writing)* .. and the General who killed him becomes King. Tell Judith there are witches and apparitions and lots of blood in it. Perhaps one day - in the future - Steven Spielberg will make a film of it!

Jack B: *(enters)* I've got a complaint, sir. It's about 'Arry.

William S: What is it Jack?

Jack B: You know I'm playing Fleance and 'arry's playing Lady "M", well, he keeps shutting himself away and trying on 'is frock. And when it's time to 'elp me wiv me lines, I get "'ave you eaten properly? Did you wash this morning?" Just like a Muvver 'en. If any of that ain't enough to get yer worried, then yer want to see 'im when Will Kemp dances by.

William S: *(knowingly, smiling)* Have you spoken to Harry about any of this?

¹⁶ "Holinshed's Chronicles" - the source of most of Shakespeare's history plays.

¹⁷ Hamnet Sadler - a friend of Shakespeare's in Stratford-upon-Avon.

Jack B: No, sir!

William S: I suggest you do. Before you go, pop along to the Falcon. A friend of mine - Hamnet Sadler¹⁷ - is leaving there today for Stratford. Can you give him this letter to deliver to my family.

JackB: Yes, sir. Wasn't Hamnet the name of your son wot died? *(Pause)*

William S: *(writing)* I'm sorry that I couldn't get away for the funeral - *(scratches this line out)* If this play is a success, I will buy you *(Fade light on London, light up on Stratford. MARY ARDEN is picking up the letter)*

Mary A: "...buy you the best house in Stratford-upon-Avon. Lots of love, Will." Oh, William Shakespeare! My son by birth. Anne's husband by marriage. Father of Sue, Judith and once Hamnet. In you artist's world of visions, stories, tragedies and comedies you forgot that in the real world of commitment your family is lost. *(looks at the letter)* Not a mention of Hamnet, the Queen, the Plague, me

*MUSIC No. 14. DARK
(MARY ARDEN)*

Mary A: *Through my open eyes
The colours change from grey to black
In my mind's eye it is the same,
Oh, it won't change back.
I'm losing contours and a sense of dimension
Suffering the brush strokes from the artist of depression
The canvas of life won't accept a bright new start
The carved, gilt-frame of my dreams will not support my art.
The world is dark!
The world is dark!*

*Through my alert ears the sounds change from grey to black
In my mind's ear it is the same.
Oh, it won't change back!
I'm losing clarity, tunes and a sense of tension.
Suffering the dark notes from the composer of depression.
The rhythm of life won't accept a bright new start
The sweet music of my dreams will not support my art.
The world is dark!
The world is dark!
Through my lonely moves the action changes from grey to black*

*Within my heart it is the same
Oh, it won't change back!
Creating emotion and a sense of apprehension.
Suffering the blank script from the writer of depression.
The play of life won't accept a bright new start
The great stage-frame of my dreams will not support my art.
The world is dark!
The world is dark!
Dark!*

(The lights fade up on the Globe - the audience see JACK and the COMPANY hiding)

Will Kemp: Harriet, it's too dangerous to play this part in front of the King. If you get recognised, you will be arrested.

Harry B: What can I do, Will? This is my life, my home!

Will Kemp: Why don't you pack it in and run a home for me? I can well afford it now.

Harry B: Why you, you arrogant, chauvenist pig, Will Kemp!

Will Kemp: *(anxiously)* as my wife!

Harry B: You what? *(teasing)* You'll Morris Dance from here to Norwich first.¹⁸

Will Kemp: OK! Then will you marry me?

Harry B: *(flirting)* After Shakey's play I might. *(she runs off)*

Will Kemp: Get the Brasso out. I'm off to do some dancing! *(WILL KEMP chases after HARRY and exits to put on his bells).*

Jack B: *(comes out of hiding)* So that's it!

*MUSIC No. 15. WHY DOES SHE TARRY?
(COMPANY, PLAYERS, JACK, WILL KEMP and HARRIET)*

Company: *Ba-ba-ba-ba, sha-la-la-la
Ba-ba-ba-ba, sha-la-la-la*

Jack B: *She is mine after all
She is nice and yet stays so cool.
It is a secret,
But not for long -
To each other,
We can belong.
When will she tell me?*

¹⁸ Will Kemp 'Morris Danced' to Norwich - but not for the reasons given.

*Why does she tarry?
When will she say?
“Your Harriet’s not Harry!”*

Company: *Ba-ba-ba-ba, sha-la-la-la
Ba-ba-ba-ba, sha-la-la-la,
Ba-ba-ba-ba, sha-la-la-la
Ba-ba-ba-ba, sha-la-la-la,
Why does she tarry?
Why does she tarry?*

Players: *She is ours after all,
She is nice and yet stays so cool.
It is a secret (sh)
But not for long -
To each other
You shall belong.
When will she tell us?
Why does she tarry?
When will she say?
“Your Harriet’s not Harry!”*

Company: *Ba-ba-ba-ba, sha-la-la-la
Ba-ba-ba-ba, sha-la-la-la.
Ba-ba-ba-ba, sha-la-la-la
Ba-ba-ba-ba, sha-la-la-la,
Why does she tarry?
Why does she tarry?*

*(The song is interrupted by WILL KEMP reappearing as a Morris Man dancing
with violin accompaniment. Applause - the number resumes....)*

Will Kemp: *(with bells) She’s to be mine after all,
She is nice and yet stays so cool
It is a secret (sh!),
But not for long -
To each other,
We shall belong.
When will she tell me?
Why does she tarry?
When will she say?*

“Will Kemp, it’s you I’ll marry!”

Players: (*Seeing HARRY enter, scoop her up onto their shoulders*)
Ba-ba-ba-ba, sha-la-la-la
Ba-ba-ba-ba, sha-la-la-la.
Ba-ba-ba-ba, sha-la-la-la
Ba-ba-ba-ba, sha-la-la-la.

Harry B: *Now I will tell you,*
Why I’ll no longer tarry.
My name is Harriet and Will Kemp I will marry.

Players: (*lift WILL and JACK up as well*)
Now she has told you,
She didn’t tarry.
She is Harriet
And Will Kemp she will marry.
Ba-ba-ba-ba, sha-la-la-la,
Ba-ba-ba-ba, sha-la-la-la
Ba-ba-ba-ba, sha-la-la-la,
Ba-ba-ba-ba, sha-la-la-la
Why does she tarry?
Why does she tarry?
Why does she tarry?
Why does she tarry?
Why does she tarry?
Why does she tarry?

(Lights fade on London. Lights up on Stratford)

Des Res: Good morning Ladies and Gentlemen. An ’earty welcome from the Earwax Building Society! Also from myself - your friendly agent - Des ... Des Res. But you can call me Desirable. (*laughs*) - (*door knock*) Come! (*straightens tie*) Good morning! Des Res ’ere. (*extends his hand*) To ’hom do I ’ave the pleasure of speakin’?

Anne S: (*shakes hands*) Good morning, me dear. I am Goodwife Shakespeare.

Des Res: Oh! The Playwright’s wife? Yes, now let me see. (*takes different poses*)

“The quantity of mercy has strayed”¹⁹

“All the books a page”²⁰

¹⁹ “The quality of life...” - *The Merchant of Venice*.

²⁰ “All the world’s” - *As You Like It*.

²¹ “Now is the winter” - *Richard III*.

“Now is the winner incontinent”²¹

Oh, yes I have been well learnt. What can I do for you Mrs. Wakemeare?

Anne S: Shakespeare, Mr. Res. Mrs. William Shakespeare! I have come along to find out what sort of houses you have to offer. I'm looking for

Des Res: Yes, yes, I know just what you have in mind.

MUSIC NO. 16. HOME SWEET HOME
(ANNE, DES, COMPANY and CHORUS)

Company: *Lnge; din; lux. kit; util; bath; W.C.,
Det. hse; Four beds; en suite; G.G.E.,
Two recep; Half timb; no chain; E.O.T.,
Home sweet home;
H.S.H.,
Home sweet Home for me.*

Des Res: *Do you want your roof made of Clay Tiles or Straw Thatch?*

Anne S: *Thatch!*

Des Res: *Do you want your front door and garden gate to match?*

Anne S: *To match!*

Des Res: *How many bedrooms Large or Small - Four. Five or Six?*

Anne S: *Large Six!*

Des Res: *Would you like your walls daubed and wattled with sticks?*

Anne S: *With sticks!*

Des Res: *One thing that I need to know is, what can you afford?*

Anne S: *Afford?*

Do you know whose wife I am?

Shakespeare's!

Good Lord!

Des Res: *Do you need a mortgage or a private loan?*

Anne S: *It will be cash down, I just need a new home!*

Company: *Lnge; din; lux. kit; util; bath; W.C.
Det. hse; Four bds; en suite; G.G.E.,
Two recep; Half timb; no chain; E.O.T.
Home Sweet Home;
H.S.H.,
Home Sweet Home for me.*

Home Sweet Home;

*H.S.H.,
Home Sweet Home for me.
Home Sweet Home for me.*

Anne S: (*looking at the Catalogue*) Is this the largest house for sale?

Des Res: Yes, Ma'am, basically because it's the most expensive on our books.

Anne S: I will take it.

Des Res: Well. "If money be the food of love, pay on!"²² (*holds out hand*)

Anne S: And if you "Sit like patience on a monument,"²³ you might get it. I must write to William first.

Des Res: How about a deposit?

Anne S: How long has New Place²⁴ been on your books?

Des Res: Quite a bit longer than a short while.

Anne S: Then you will hear from me. Good-day Mr. Res. (*exits. Fade on Stratford, up on the Globe. RICHARD BURBAGE is reading ANNE'S letter - SHAKEY is listening*)

Richard B: So, Will, Anne is waiting for you to join her in the New Place at Stratford, eh?

William S: It seemed such a good idea at the time. We have always needed a larger house, especially when the children were growing up. Now that we can afford a large house Susanna's up and married John Hall and moved into that nice little pad near the Trinity Church. Judith's infatuated with Old Quiney's son Thomas. Anne is rattling around in the place especially with Mother gone and, well I have been a lucky man Richard.

Richard B: Yes, gifts like yours don't fall upon everyone.

William S: The point is, Anne has been a loyal and loving wife. She has taken on board all of the responsibilities like a single parent, and seeing to all my washing and affairs whilst I have indulged my art.

Richard B: It couldn't have been easy for her.

William S: No, especially when that scandal started over my sonnets that I dedicated to Henry Wriothesly.

Richard B: Who?

William S: The Earl of Southampton....

Richard B: Oh, yes, yes! Now what about you and Anne? Is this the moment we Thespians dread; an era of Theatre that can never be repeated?

William S: (*silence*) Yes, I've got to learn a new role Richard.

Richard B: Don't worry old chap, you can write us the odd play in your spare

²² "If music be the food" - *Twelfth Night*.

²³ "Sit like patience" - *Twelfth Night*.

²⁴ 'New Place' - Shakespeare's last home.

time. I like the one you're writing at the moment - *The Tempest* - It promises to be very exciting.

William S: Yes, I shall go on writing. I have plans for another History play about Henry the Eighth, it has a lot of

Richard B: Let us stop the small talk William Shakespeare. When do you officially want to resign from the *King's Men*? And when are you going to tell the others?

William S: Now! And will you tell the others? I think I need a visit to the "Falcon". A final pint of ale and quietly slip away. (*Exits*)

Richard B: (*watches SHAKEY leave - then shouts*) Jack! Jack!

Jack B: (*excited*) I'm an uncle Mr. Burbage!

Richard B: What?

Jack B: My sister, Harriet - she's a Mum!

Richard B: Oh! Congratulations - Uncle Jack, eh? That's life isn't it!

"We have our exits and entrances;
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages."...²⁵ as Shakey said.

Jack B: What do you mean?

Richard B: "Your mewling, puking child", stage one - Shakey's retirement, stage six.

Jack B: Stage six?

Richard B: He has taken his final bow on the Globe's platform.

Jack B: Oh! Is he retiring?

Richard B: (*nods sarcastically*) Get the King's Men together, here, Jack, quickly!

Jack B: Yes, Mr. Burbage. (*runs off*)

Richard B: My dad, James was very proud to have Shakey's plays performed on the Theatre he built. Now, down to business, what to get Shakey for a leaving present? A watch? Clock? No, no, no.... An engraved crystal goblet? A Globe? Flowers? Ah, what about a book token? No, No... (*The KING'S MEN enter accompanied by the CONSORT of SINGERS*)

MUSIC NO. 17. WHAT A LIFE!

(The COMPANY of PLAYERS and CONSORT of SINGERS)

*A blossom delicate, pink and white
(It's pink and white)
Opens it's petals towards the light.*

25 "We have our exits...." - *As You Like It*

*The bee wipes his hairy toes
On the blossom's yellow nose
And then it becomes an apple.
This is life,
What a life!
Then the bee takes a wife
And life becomes honey and clover.
The apple grows to drop
Then life's tree sheds it's crop
And for us the cycle's over.
This is life!
What a life!
But thank God for the pip!
That is inside of it.
This is life!
What a life! (CONSORT exit)*

Jack B: (*enters breathlessly*) We had a whip-round Sir and I've bought Shakey a Gold Parker Quill complete with penknife and ball-point. (*whispers*) If you please, Sir, you owe me five groats.

Richard B: (*grimaces and hands over the money*) Quick, hide it, he's coming!

William S: (*enters*) Oh, you've all heard?

Augustine P: (*coughs*) As the first player of the former Lord Strange's Men to try to put you off acting, it has fallen upon me the duty

Thomas P: Get to the point!

Augustine P: All right!.... to make a speech. To quote (*PLAYERS groan*)
"William Shakespeare, born in Stratford-upon-Avon, Saint George's Day
April 23rd 1564.

Will Kemp: "This is Your Life"

Richard B: Give him a chance!

Augustine P: Boy, Man, Actor, Poet and Writer with the Lord Strange's Men, The Lord Chamberlain's Men and *finally* The King's Men. Writer of thirty-odd plays, a person known to us as Shakey. A man that we would like to thank particularly for his kindness to the apprentice-boys. (*they all look at WILL and HARRIET with the baby and laugh*) We would also like to thank him for keeping us in constant employment, firstly as a shareholder in the Globe Theatre and secondly for writing such excellent plays for us to perform in.

All: Hear, hear! (*applause*)

Augustine P: The plays that no body can trace the sources of (*coughs - laughter*). Finally we would like to present you with this totally original gift.

Jack B: (*steps forward with the present*) Mr. Shakespeare, as Sebastian said in “Twelfth Night” - “I can no other answer make but thanks, thanks and ever thanks.”

(*SHAKESPEARE shakes hands with the COMPANY concluding with RICHARD BURBAGE as each one leaves*).

*MUSIC No. 18. MILES APART
(WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE)*

William S: *I have two loves in my life
My art and my wife,
Tho’ they are both miles apart
I must leave one for the other.
The artist or the lover
Only my God knows the traumers in my heart.*

*To join them I’ve tried in vain
But my life’s in twain,
Because they are miles apart
I must leave my art for Anne.
Part of my retirement plan
Back to my home town
To make a final start.*

*For the last time I must go,
My family know
That the miles no longer part
Sharing the receding years
Ageing, laughing, sighs and tears.
Life in our “New Place”,
Plotting the final chart.*

*From my art I must go
Leaving this wooden “O”²⁶
Where my final role was played
On Burbage’s small scaffold.
When “To Be or Not To Be”....
When “To Be or Not To Be”²⁷
Echoes through the Globe’s doors*

²⁶ "This wooden "O" - King Henry V

To eternity. (exit).

SCENE 3. SOUTHWARK.

(There is a loud sound effect - 'bang' - and red glow. Three WOMEN and a BOY enter casually).

Boy: What's happened to the Globe Theatre?

Woman 1: 'Enry the Eighth, it was. The cannon went off and the 'ole thatched roof caught fire. I saw it from my bedroom window.

Woman 2: My 'usband 'e come 'ome wiv burns on 'is 'ands where 'e caught alight.

Woman 3: What did he do?

Woman 2: Being one to like 'is Ale. 'E 'appened to 'ave a pot full in 'is 'and, then poured it right over 'imself.

Woman 3: Wasn't 'e lucky!

Woman 2: 'E didn't think so. "A waste of good Ale", 'e said.

All: *(laugh)*

Boy: Was anybody 'urt, Missus?

Woman 1: Not as far as I know, luv.

Woman 2: Fred said that all the actors got away.

Woman 3: It's a shame, innit! No more plays.

(ALBERT and MARTHA FROTH enter)

Albert F: *(shouts)* Boy! Get back to the inn and wash the pots.

Boy: Yes, Mr. Froth. *(exits)*

Woman 1: Hello, Martha! Did the Falcon escape the fire then?

Martha F: Yes, but sadly I think we shall lose a lot of our custom. It's not the same without Shakey now.

Albert F: Come on, Martha! We will miss the Market if we don't hurry.
(MARTHA and ALBERT exit).

Women: Bye! *(exit)*

Tina: *(just as they are leaving)* Haven't you heard; Shakey died in Stratford.

The introduction to the REQUIEM plays.

(The CROWD enters towards the centre whispering. ONE says "Have you heard the sad news?" They bow their heads and form two lines down either side of the performance area. They unroll from their coats blue and green silks,

which they hold with their partners and kneel - forming a river).

MUSIC No. 19. *REQUIEM FOR WILLIAM*
(FULL COMPANY)

William S: “Like as the waves make towards the pebbled shore,
So do our minutes hasten to their end;
Each changing place with that which goes before,
In Sequent toil all forwards do contend.
Nativity, once in the main of light,
Crawls to maturity, wherewith being crown’d,
Crooked ellipses gainst his glory fight,
And Time, that gave, doth now his gift confound.
Time doth transfix the flourish set on youth,
And delves the parallels in beauty’s brow;
Feeds on the rarities of nature’s truth,
And nothing stands but for his scythe to Mow;
And yet to times in hope my verse shall stand,
Praising thy worth, despite his cruel hand.”²⁸

Choir:	<i>Requiem,</i>		
	<i>Requiem aeternam</i>		
	<i>Requiem aeternam</i>		
	<i>Requiem,</i>	Company:	<i>Populus maeret.</i>
			<i>Iudicio Pylium</i>
	<i>Requiem,</i>		<i>Genio Socratem</i>
	<i>Aeternam</i>		<i>Arte maronem.</i>
			<i>Terra tegit,</i>
			<i>Populus maeret</i>
			<i>Olympus habet</i> ²⁹

²⁸ "Like as the waves..." - Shakespeare's sonnet LX

²⁹ "Requiem" - is taken from Shakespeare's monument inscription.

<i>Iudicio Pylium</i>	<i>A Pylian (Nestor) in wisdom.</i>
<i>genio Socratem</i>	<i>A Socrates in inspiration,</i>
<i>arte Maronem:</i>	<i>a Maro (Virgil) in art,</i>
<i>terra tegit</i>	<i>the earth covers,</i>
<i>populus maeret,</i>	<i>the people mourn</i>
<i>Olympus habet.</i>	<i>Olympus possesses.</i>

Dona eis domine.

*(During this, the family enters - SUSANNA, her DAUGHTER, [8 years]
ELIZABETH, her husband JOHN HALL, JUDITH and her husband
THOMAS QUINNEY. They assemble on the bridge in mourning scarves.*

Enter - the KING'S MEN dressed as the following characters:

Will Kemp: "I have had a dream, past the wit of man
(*BOTTOM*) To say what dream it was: man is but an Ass,
If he go about to expound this dream."

Harry B: "Come, thou mortal wretch,
(*CLEOPATRA*) With thy sharp teeth this knot
Intrinsicate of life at once untie .."

John H: "Blow winds and crack your cheeks! Rage!"
(*KING LEAR*) Blow!
Your cataracts and hurricanes, spout
Till you have drenched our steeples .."

Jack B: "Alas, Poor Yorick! I knew him, Horatio:
(*HAMLET*) A fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy;
He hath bourne me on his back a thousand times .."

George B: "I think there be six Richmonds in the fields;
(*RICHARD III*) Five have I slain today, instead of him. -
A horse! A horse! my kingdom for a horse!"

Augustine P: "I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,
(*HENRY IV*) Straining upon the start. The game's afoot:
Follow your spirit; and, upon this charge
Cry 'God for Harry' England and Saint George!"

Thomas P: "All the world's a stage And all the men and
(*JACQUES*) women merely players. They have their exits and
their entrances. One man in his time plays many
parts."

Richard B: "Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player,

(*THE SCOTTISH PLAY*) That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more”

(*Music continues*)

Chorus:	<i>Requiem aeternam Dona eis domine</i>	Company:	<i>Populus maeret Iudicio pylium Populus maeret</i>
	<i>Requiem aeternem Dona eis domine Domine</i>		<i>Genio socratem, Arte maronem.</i>

William S: *Look how the father’s face* ³⁰
*Lives in his issue,
Even so,
The race of
Shakespeare’s mind and manners brightly shines.
In his well-turned and true-filed lines:
In each of which he seems to shake a lance,
As brandish’t at the eyes of ignorance.*

William S: *Sweet Swan of Avon!* ³¹ *What a sight it were
To see thee in our waters yet appear
Thou art a monument, without a tomb,
And art alive still, while thy book doth live,
And we have wits to read, and praise to give.
Sweet Swan of Avon
Thy Quill Power lives on.*

**William S,
Company &
Chorus:** *Sweet Swan of Avon! What a sight it were
To see thee in our waters yet appear.
Thou art a monument, without a tomb,
And art alive still, while thy book doth live,
And we have wits to read, and praise to give.
Sweet Swan of Avon
Thy Quill Power lives on ..,*

³⁰ "Look how the father's face.." - Extract from Ben Johnson's tribute to Shakespeare, in the First Folio.

³¹ "Sweet Swan of Avon .." - source as above

Quill Power lives on.

(Applause - segue)

MUSIC NO. 20. TABS

Entire Company:	<i>Quill Power,</i>
Voice:	<i>Quill Power.</i>
Company:	<i>Quill Power,</i>
Voice:	<i>Quill Power.</i>
Company:	<i>Quill Power,</i>
Voice:	<i>Quill Power.</i>
Company:	<i>Quill Power,</i>
Voice:	<i>Quill Power.</i>
Company:	<i>Quill Power, Quill Power,</i>
	<i>Quill Power, Quill Power.</i>

Quill Power lives on!
Quill Power!

(Repeat TABS as necessary for Curtain Calls).

THE END