

BARD IN A BOX: THE TAMING OF THE SHREW

By Ruth Buchanan

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BARD IN A BOX: THE TAMING OF THE SHREW

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SYNOPSIS: What do you get when you strand a class of intrepid teens in an abandoned hunting cabin during a raging thunderstorm with only "The Bard in a Box: The Taming of the Shrew" to keep them occupied? A recipe for hilarity! In their attempts to embody the directions to BYOD (Bring Your Own Drama!), the students ransack the house for props in an attempt to stage their own rollicking version of one of Shakespeare's classic comedies. With no prior experience in Elizabethan drama, these kids present Shakespeare quite literally as you have never seen him before, with many questions, confusions, anachronisms, mispronunciations — and, of course, laughs! — along the way.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(4 females, 7 males, 4 either, 1-5 extras)

TEACHER (m/f).....	Competent but exhausted and stressed. <i>(90 lines)</i>
MELLOW / DIRECTOR (m/f).....	Easygoing student leader. <i>(111 lines)</i>
JOCK / PETRUCHIO (m).....	Dominating, but not too bright. <i>(140 lines)</i>
DRAMA QUEEN / KATE (f).....	Witty and vivacious, but completely over the top. <i>(92 lines)</i>
JOCK'S FRIEND / LORD / LUCENTIO (m).....	Follows The Jock's lead. Cute, but dumb. <i>(86 lines)</i>
SLIGHTLY ODD / SLY / BAPTISTA (m).....	In his own world. <i>(58 lines)</i>
COMPLAINER / BIANCA (f).....	Hates everything. <i>(46 lines)</i>
GOOD OL' BOY / HORTENSIO (m).....	Unfailingly positive. <i>(63 lines)</i>
SILLY 1 / GRUMIO (m).....	A jokester. <i>(37 lines)</i>
SILLY 2 / GREMIO (m).....	A prankster. <i>(34 lines)</i>

- NERD / TRANIO (m)..... High opinion of himself.
(83 lines)
- SHY GIRL / SAUCY WIDOW (f) Embarrassed to be noticed.
(10 lines)
- DRIVER (m/f) Taciturn. (11 lines)
- STUDENT / SERVANT / HOSTESS (f)..... Versatile student role.
(10 lines)
- PROPS (m/f) A student. Non-speaking part(s)
whose job it is to keep track of
handing out/organizing props.
(Non-Speaking)

EXTRAS: Depending on the size of your drama group and/or staging area, multiple extras can be employed as students, participating in ad libbing and gaining necessary onstage experience.

DURATION: 75 minutes

CASTING NOTE: Much of the humor in the play hinges on typecasting. Until the students begin playing their assigned Shakespearian roles in the play-within-a-play, they are free to use their own names. In the script, characters will be denoted by the Shakespearian character name when they are speaking in character and by their typecast character description when they are speaking out of character. Students' actual names should be substituted instead of typecast descriptions once they are cast. For example, if you cast a boy named Mike to play THE JOCK/PETRUCHIO, his given name—Mike—will be substituted every time THE JOCK appears in the script.

PRODUCTION NOTES

Shakespeare's *Taming of the Shrew* is presented in the play-within-a-play format, with Shakespearian lines being more or less memorized, although students may hold "scripts" and refer to them in order to make the "read-through" scenario believable. How much or little of the Shakespearian dialogue is truly memorized is up to your discretion as a director; however, it is strongly recommended that the Shakespeare dialogue be completely memorized so that the students' faces are up and out of the "scripts."

COSTUMES

Costuming is simple and whimsical. Students are presumably on a school trip, making jeans and a school shirt everyone's base outfit. "Found" objects from around the cabin may be added to represent each character. Costume recommendations are given below, although these remain flexible.

TEACHER: Slacks, polo shirt, glasses, or whatever passes as acceptable teacher field trip attire.

MELLOW / DIRECTOR: School attire.

JOCK / PETRUCHIO: School attire plus set of curtains for a cape.

DRAMA QUEEN / KATE: School attire plus fancy table cloth wrapped around shoulders/torso as an overdress. Shiny/embroidered material is best.

JOCK'S FRIEND / LORD / LUCENTIO: School attire plus men's suit vest and newsboy cap.

SLIGHTLY ODD / SLY / BAPTISTA: School attire plus a long men's duster as Baptista. Camo jacket and sock hat as Sly.

COMPLAINER / BIANCA: School attire plus white winter scarf, hat, and fingerless gloves.

GOOD OL' BOY / HORTENSIO: School attire plus straw hat, and tweed jacket with elbow patches. At one point he will need a "disguise." Use your discretion.

SILLY #1 / GRUMIO: School attire plus railroad engineer's cap and red kerchief tied around the neck.

SILLY #2 / GREMIO: School attire plus railroad engineer's cap and blue kerchief tied around the neck.

NERD / TRANIO: School attire plus men's suit vest and bowler hat.

SHY GIRL / SAUCY WIDOW: School attire plus shabby Mexican poncho.

DRIVER: Blue mechanic's jumpsuit or regulation navy blue pants with a light blue shirt.

STUDENT / SERVANT / HOSTESS: School attire. Mob cap as Servant. Kitchen apron as Hostess.

STUDENT / PROPS: School attire.

STUDENTS/EXTRAS: School attire.

PROPS

- Cell phone(s)
- Two flashlights
- Scrabble
- Assorted board games
- Bard in a Box set, including:
 - Taming of the Shrew* “scripts”
 - a scroll
- Rain coat (“dress”)
- Old leather boot (“meat”)
- Phone book (“Latin book”)
- PVC pipe (“lute”)
- Toilet plunger and cane (“swords”)

SPECIAL EFFECTS

- Thunder
- Banging crash with the tinkle of breaking glass
- Loud thunk (as of something heavy dropped offstage)
- Strobe light (for lightning effect)

SETTING

Staging is flexible depending on the amount of space available to you. Recommended staging: stage is set up as the central room of an abandoned hunting cabin, dimly lit. Cobwebs coat the corners of the room and connect the mantle to any wall fixtures. Fireplace center stage, with *Bard in a Box* and other board games piled nearby. Exits stage right and left, one of which should be designated as the Front Door; the Other Door leads offstage to the other imaginary rooms of the cabin. Comfortable chair recommended for stage left. (See line drawing.)



Revised on 8/17/17

ACT ONE, SCENE 1

SETTING: *Central room of an abandoned hunting cabin, dimly lit. Cobwebs coat the corners of the room and connect the mantle to any wall fixtures. Fireplace center stage. Exits stage right and left, one of which should be designated as the Front Door; the other leads offstage to the other imaginary rooms of the cabin.*

AT RISE: *LIGHTS* come up dimly, then more strongly as the teacher switches on “the lights.” **SFX:** *THUNDER* and *LIGHTNING*. Sounds of *RUNNING* heard, and then students burst through Front Door.

TEACHER: Is everybody in? Count-off!

ALL STUDENTS quickly count off individually 1 - 2 - 3 - 4 - 5, etc.

TEACHER: All right, good. We all made it.

NERD: What happened to the bus, TEACHER?

TEACHER: It broke down.

NERD: I know *that*, but—

JOCK’S FRIEND: TEACHER, JOCK can’t find his shoe.

TEACHER: His *shoe*? JOCK, where’s your shoe?

JOCK: I lost it.

TEACHER: *How* did you lose it?

JOCK: Running across the field from the road.

TEACHER: Well, if they had been tied properly, that wouldn’t have happened.

JOCK: If we hadn’t been running through a field in the rain in the middle of the night it wouldn’t have happened.

TEACHER gives him a typical “teacher look” over her glasses.

SFX: *THUNDER* rolls.

JOCK: Yes, Ma’am. Sorry, Ma’am. Do you think it will take help long to find us?

TEACHER: Well, if I had service and could contact anybody, I'd be able to tell you. The driver's fiddling under the hood, poor man, to see what he can do. We're lucky we were close enough to this cabin to make a run for it. I don't like the idea of coming in without permission, but I just didn't feel safe keeping you out there for who knows how long in the middle of a lightning storm.

SLIGHTLY ODD: Lucky the door was unlocked.

NERD: Yeah, the bus was getting kind of smelly with the air shut off and the windows up and everything.

Everyone looks at SLIGHTLY ODD.

SLIGHTLY ODD: What?! Why is everybody looking at me?

TEACHER: Now, class, everyone calm down. We've had an excellent field trip so far, and once we can figure out what's wrong with the bus we'll all be fine.

COMPLAINER: I'm tired.

DRAMA QUEEN: I'm wet.

GOOD OL' BOY: I'm hungry.

ALL STUDENTS ad lib. general whining.

TEACHER: Yes, yes, yes, we all are. But complaining won't make things better.

MELLOW: You know what I could really go for? A double cheeseburger. With bacon.

GOOD OL' BOY: Some fried catfish.

MELLOW: Potato chips.

JOCK: Steak.

JOCK'S FRIEND: Home-grilled *rib-eye* steak.

SLIGHTLY ODD: (*Dreamily.*) Crab-stuffed chicken with roasted garlic and eggplant.

ALL stare at SLIGHTLY ODD.

SLIGHTLY ODD: What?!

TEACHER: I'm hungry too, but this is hardly helpful. I say you all find something to entertain yourselves while I figure out what to do next. Whatever you do, don't break anything.

COMPLAINER: But, TEACHER—

TEACHER: Nobody talk to me for the next ten minutes!

NERD: (*Enthusiastically.*) Want to play charades?

ALL STUDENTS: No.

SILLY 1: Twenty questions?

ALL STUDENTS: No.

SILLY 2: (*Slyly.*) Spin the bottle?

ALL STUDENTS: NO!

SLIGHTLY ODD: Hey, I know! Anybody want to see my Double Reverse Spinning Back Kick?

COMPLAINER: No.

NERD: Your... what?

SLIGHTLY ODD: It's really easy! First I just need everybody to stand back... and then I need someone to stand right here and hold really still... You don't need to close your eyes, you know. I promise I won't hurt you. I'll just pretend like I'm going to kick you, but at the last second I'll miss on purpose. Probably. Okay, here we go. 1...2...—

TEACHER: Better not. I don't think the liability waivers your parents signed cover that sort of thing.

DRAMA QUEEN: Ughhhh! This is the *worst*. I'm so bored!

COMPLAINER: I'm so hungry!

NERD: You're all so *adolescent*.

TEACHER: How can I possibly think with all of you yammering like that? Look, I think there are some board games over there. Pick one to play.

COMPLAINER: But, Teacher—

TEACHER: Do it.

SHY GIRL and PROPS drift over to pile of board games. SHY GIRL holds one up.

SHY GIRL: There's Scrabble.

NERD: Yay!!!

SILLY 1: Are you *kidding*?

SILLY 2: What else is there?

TEACHER leans head back against chair, nods off during the following dialogue.

SHY GIRL: (*Holding up BARD IN A BOX.*) Just this.

GOOD OL' BOY: What's *that*?

MELLOW: (*Taking it and reading it off the front.*) "BARD IN A BOX: The Taming of the Shrew." (*Turns it around.*) BYOD. Hmm.

NERD: I thought *The Taming of the Shrew* was a play, not a game.

SILLY 1: Well, you play a game, so...

NERD: You know what I mean.

SILLY 1: Do I, NERD? Do I really, though?

COMPLAINER: Whatever it is, it sounds lame.

GOOD OL' BOY: BYOD? What's that mean? Bring Your Own...

SILLY 1: Dentist?

SILLY 2: Diapers?

SILLY 1: Dragons!

DRAMA QUEEN: Doofuses. I'm surrounded by *doofuses*.

SILLY 1 and SILLY 2 wave at her in tandem.

NERD: No, it's *drama*! Bring Your Own Drama! See? See? BYOD.
Hahahha.

JOCK: Well, we did bring DRAMA QUEEN, so...

DRAMA QUEEN: Oh, you *know* I bring the drama!

COMPLAINER: Oh boy, here we go.

MELLOW and SHY GIRL open the box and start digging through it.

MELLOW: Well, there isn't a board, and there aren't any pieces, so I don't think it's a game. I think it's sort of a kit. So that you can put the play on yourself if you want.

COMPLAINER: Like anybody would ever want to do that.

NERD: I think it could be fun!

COMPLAINER: You would.

MELLOW: I don't see any instructions. But wait—there this. (*Pulls out scroll.*)

NERD: Wow!

MELLOW: (*Reading*) “Fore Ye Auld Director.” Huh. So I guess... I should read this out loud?

DRAMA QUEEN: Wait a minute. *Director?! You?!* Who put you in charge?

NERD: I’m sorry, Drama Queen, did *you* want to be the director? I wonder who would play the lead female role, then...?

DRAMA QUEEN: Well, no—it’s just... I think we should vote on it. That’s all.

MELLOW: Well? Does anybody *else* want to be the director? No? Looks like I’m running unopposed.

NERD: Well, if you want, I could probably—

COMPLAINER: No, we’re fine.

JOCK: I think Mellow should do it.

JOCK’S FRIEND: Me too.

ALL STUDENTS: Yeah, etc.

NERD: Fine. I’ve always had a notion to “tread the boards” anyway.

JOCK’S FRIEND: What?

NERD: I’ve wanted to tread the boards. You know. It means *act*.

JOCK’S FRIEND: Why didn’t you just say that, then?

NERD: You just don’t get it.

MELLOW: Looks like we’re going to need some props. I wonder if it’d be okay if we...

Glances at TEACHER, who is snoring gently.

MELLOW: Eh, I’m sure it’s fine. See what you can scrounge up around here while I read this. But whatever you do, *don’t break anything*. Do you hear me?

STUDENTS begin exiting through other door. You may wish to include some of the props in the décor of the Main Room.

SHY GIRL: I don’t know if I want to do this. This place is kinda spooky.

SLIGHTLY ODD: Don’t worry, Shy Girl. I’ll protect you.

MELLOW: Hey. No spinning back kicks. I mean it.

SLIGHTLY ODD: Double *Reverse Spinning Back Kicks*. And don’t worry, they’re perfectly safe.

COMPLAINER: I’ll bet.

ALL exit but MELLOW and TEACHER.

MELLOW: *(Reading from scroll.)* Ye Auld Director of humble players, Welcome to Bard in a Box! Unfortunately, we're are unable to supply all boxes with Bards at present. First, there's only one of him, and he's has been dead since 1616. Second, grave robbing is illegal and also sort of icky. Third, he wouldn't have fit anyway. At least, what's left of him. Instead, we tried to capture in this box a reduced concentration of Shakespeare's *essence*. Your job as Ye Auld Director is simple: keep your humble players moving along. Who cares if they don't know what they're saying or if they don't say anything right! I mean, what do you expect? It's Shakespeare! Of course they won't really get it! Don't worry about that. Just keep them moving and let them have fun.

Sudden CRASH from off stage, followed by TINKLING GLASS. TEACHER jumps and snorts awake.

TEACHER: No talking in study hall!

SLIGHTLY ODD: *(From offstage.)* It's okay! ...I can fix it!

TEACHER: Oh, Mellow! Where is everyone?

MELLOW: Off getting props.

TEACHER: Off getting *WHAT?*

MELLOW: For this, see?

TEACHER: Bard in a Box.

MELLOW: Look. It's *The Taming of the Shrew*. It's like a kit or something. Nerd says it'll be fun.

TEACHER: Oh, dear.

MELLOW: What?

TEACHER: You'll see.

STUDENTS troop back on stage with arm loads of props, put them in pile. SHY GIRL helps props to sort them.

NERD: *(With panache.)* We're putting on a theatrical!

TEACHER: I've heard.

GOOD OL' BOY: Yeah! We're doin' a Shakespeare thinger. The Naming of the Stew!

SLIGHTLY ODD: Mmmmm. Stew.

NERD: No, no, no. The *Taming of the Shrew*.

GOOD OL' BOY: Ohhhhh! What's a shrew?

NERD: I think it's like a harpy.

GOOD OL' BOY: What's a harpy?

NERD: Well... it's like... a shrew.

TEACHER: A shrew is a woman of violent speech and temper. An uncontrollable woman.

JOCK: Oh good, there's a part for you, Drama Queen!

GOOD OL' BOY: Is there one for me?

COMPLAINER: Who cares? This is stupid.

NERD: I care!

NERD raises hand eagerly. SILLY 1 and SILLY 2 mimic him behind his back.

MELLOW: Hold on, hold on, everyone. There's a full character list here. Uuuuhhhhh... Can you help me with these names, Teacher?

As each STUDENT volunteers for a part, he or she comes to take a script.

TEACHER: Certainly. Kate and Petruchio—Our main pairing. He's manly and masterful; and she's beautiful and dramatic. They go together like oil and water.

JOCK steps forward, takes the script, strutting; DRAMA QUEEN grabs hers and hip checks JOCK on their way to sit down.

TEACHER: Lucentio—Petruchio's best friend.

JOCK snaps for JOCK'S FRIEND.

TEACHER: You are young—

JOCK'S FRIEND: Yes!

TEACHER: —nice looking—

JOCK'S FRIEND: Yes!

TEACHER: —but in every other sense, average.

JOCK'S FRIEND: Aw.

TEACHER: You're going to fall in love with Bianca—

JOCK'S FRIEND: Yes!

TEACHER: —but her father won't let her marry you until her older sister Kate gets married, which doesn't seem likely to happen soon—

JOCK'S FRIEND: Aw.

TEACHER: —so along with Hortensio, you disguise yourself to sneak in and see Bianca—you go by “Cambio” at that point—

JOCK'S FRIEND: Disguises!? Yes!

TEACHER: —but this only get you in trouble with her father.

JOCK'S FRIEND: Aw.

MELLOW: And says here that you double as The Lord.

JOCK'S FRIEND: Wait—what does that mean?

NERD: Not that you're... you know— (*Gestures to the sky.*)

JOCK'S FRIEND: I know *that*. I mean that double thing.

TEACHER: It means you play more than one part.

JOCK'S FRIEND: Why?

TEACHER: That's just how Shakespeare's plays work sometimes, especially with smaller parts. Why have one actor set aside just to spend two or three minutes on stage at a time?

MELLOW: Makes sense.

TEACHER: Okay, let's see. Hortensio—a friendly older gentleman who just wants to marry Bianca.

GOOD OL' BOY: I can do that!

JOCK'S FRIEND: I thought I was marrying Bianca.

GOOD OL' BOY: Get in line.

TEACHER: Baptista—This would be Kate and Bianca's father. Poor man.

SLIGHTLY ODD: Baptista is the father? That sounds like a girl's name!

TEACHER: Thank you for volunteering for the part, Slightly Odd.

STUDENTS laugh.

TEACHER: You have a lot going on, with all these men chasing your daughters and your daughters being... Well... your daughters. Oh, and you also double as Sly.

SLIGHTLY ODD: Who's Sly?

TEACHER: You are.

NERD: (*Slyly.*) I've always thought so.

SLIGHTLY ODD: No, I mean who's *Sly*?

TEACHER: You'll see. Bianca—you're as beautiful as you are manipulative. Half the men in town are after you, and you like it that way. (*Looks up.*) Any takers?

COMPLAINER: (*Resigned.*) There's nothing else to do.

JOCK'S FRIEND and GOOD OL' BOY recoil in horror.

TEACHER: Grumio and Germio. One of you is a servant, and the other's an old man looking for one last love affair before you settle down. You sort of act as sidekicks to Petruccio and Hortensio. Okay, who'll it be?

SILLY 1: Are you thinking what I'm thinking?

SILLY 2: I don't know. Are you thinking what *I'm* thinking?

SILLY 1: Well... if you knew what I was thinking—

SILLY 2: And if I knew what you were thinking—

MELLOW: I think all we get it. Thanks, guys. Let's move this along.

NERD: I don't have a part yet!

TEACHER: How about... Tranio—you'd be Lucentio's servant.

NERD: I have to play a *servant*?

TEACHER: You're smarter than your master. Sort of a Jeeves and Wooster thing. And you get to impersonate your master sometimes, too. You'll like it.

NERD: Oh, well. Okay.

TEACHER: Then there's the Saucy Widow—She's beautiful and flirtatious. Let's see, who's left?

COMPLAINER: Just them. (*Gestures toward PROPS, STUDENT, and EXTRAS.*)

TEACHER: You be the Saucy Widow, Shy Girl.

ALL STUDENTS laugh, snort, cough, etc.

MELLOW: Wait, there's still one more part. Another servant.

STUDENT: I guess I can do it.

MELLOW: Okay, Student. You also double as The Hostess. Good.

Right. What do we do now?

TEACHER: Now you direct it.

MELLOW: Oh! Okay. So, I guess... everybody get ready to do your parts.

During following discussion, STUDENTS "rummage" around in the pile of props found during their foray into the house, then take places along the edges of the stage.

JOCK: Look. It says here I have a strong attraction to Kate. (*Looks at DRAMA QUEEN, wiggling eyebrows.*) What's up?

ALL STUDENTS: Ooooooooooooo!

TEACHER: Yes, and if I remember correctly, you'll have to throw her over your shoulder and carry her out at one point—

DRAMA QUEEN: What! No. Just... no. If you even dare touch me—

JOCK: Hey, I didn't write it!

TEACHER: In case anybody missed it, Kate, you're the shrew. Petruchio, you're the man who's going to try to tame her.

JOCK: ...try? No try about it. This is *happening*.

DRAMA QUEEN: Ugh.

MELLOW: Okay, great. It looks like... Kate, you and Bianca basically fight all the time, but your dad Baptista favors her anyway.

COMPLAINER: Of course.

DRAMA QUEEN: Of course!

SHY GIRL: Wait—this says I have to do some serious... flirting?

MELLOW: I'm sure it'll be fine.

NERD: Don't worry. It's called *acting* for a *reason*.

MELLOW: Okay... I guess everybody look over your parts. Will you be our audience, Teacher?

TEACHER: Actually I was going to check to see if I could get better service somewhere else in the house. Behave yourselves until I get back. (*Pauses.*) Or else.

SFX: THUNDER ROLLS. TEACHER exits.

MELLOW: Okay. Well, you heard her. Let's get on with it.

SFX: THUNDER

BLACKOUT

ACT ONE, SCENE 2

AT START: *MELLOW* off stage left. *STUDENTS* sit along the outer edges of the set or along the front of the stage, feet dangling. But their heads/upper bodies must be turned and all attention trained on the action at all times, ready to hop up and take their places in the play within a play.

MELLOW: Right! We start with the Induction. It's like an introduction to the play. Hostess and Sly, you're on!

HOSTESS: A pair of stocks, you rogue!

SLY: You are a baggage: the Slys are no rogues!

HOSTESS: You will not pay for the glasses you have burst?

SLY: No!

LORD: *(Entering, speaking back over his shoulder.)* Huntsman, I charge thee, tender well my hounds! *(Nears SLY.)* What's here? One dead or drunk? See, doth he breathe?

MELLOW: Sly, you're supposed to be on the ground passed out!

SLIGHTLY ODD falls to the ground abruptly.

LORD: How like a swine he lies! I will practice on this drunken man.
What think you, if he were convey'd to bed,
wrapped in sweet clothes, rings put upon his fingers,
A most delicious banquet by his bed,
and brave attendants near him when he wakes,
Would not the beggar then forget himself?
Take him up and manage well the jest.

STUDENTS drag *SLY* away by the feet.

SLIGHTLY ODD: Hey, what's going on?

NERD: You're getting dragged off and dressed up like a nobleman.

Don't worry; you come back in a few minutes when the play starts.

They're playing a prank on you.

SLIGHTLY ODD: Wait. What play?

MELLOW: *The Taming of the Shrew.*

JOCK'S FRIEND: I thought that's what we were doing.

MELLOW: Well, sort of. This is the introduction—

NERD: The *Induction*.

MELLOW: —the *induction* to the play. *The Taming of the Shrew* hasn't started yet.

JOCK'S FRIEND: It hasn't?

MELLOW: Well, it has, but—

JOCK'S FRIEND: So this is, like... *another* play?

NERD: No. It's the *Induction*. *The Taming of the Shrew* is actually a play-within-a-play.

JOCK'S FRIEND: That's weird.

MELLOW: *Okay*, moving on... This is where the players come in.

JOCK'S FRIEND: What players?

MELLOW: The ones who will act in *The Taming of the Shrew*.

JOCK'S FRIEND: ...*what??*

MELLOW: Just trust me. Players, you're up.

SILLY 1: Who are the players?

MELLOW: I guess that's all of you, but just a few of you get up for now.

STUDENTS stand and enter as PLAYERS.

LORD: Now, fellows, you are welcome!

HORTENSIO: We thank your honor.

LORD: You are come to me in happy time;

For yet his honor never heard a play.

PETRUCHIO: Fear not, my Lord:

We can contain ourselves.

LORD: (*To the HOSTESS.*) Let them want nothing that my house affords.

LORD exits with HOSTESS, SLY returns newly "dressed."

LORD: Will it please your lordship to drink?

SLY: I am Christopher Sly; call me not 'lordship.'

LORD: O, that a mighty man of such descent,
Should be infused with so foul a spirit!

SLY: What, would you make me mad?
Am I not Christopher Sly, old Sly's son?

LORD: Thou art a lord, and nothing but a lord!
O, how we joy to see your wit restored!
O, that once more you knew but what you are!
These fifteen years you have been in a dream.

SLY: These fifteen years! By my fay, a goodly nap!

LORD: Your honor's players, hearing your amendment,
Are come to play a pleasant comedy;
For so your doctors hold it very meet,
Therefore they thought it good you hear a play
And frame your mind to mirth and merriment,
Which bars a thousand harms and lengthens life.

SLY: Marry, I will, let them play it.

MELLOW: Good! Okay. That's it for the induction! Now let's get down to the play within the play. Now. Theoretically Sly and the Lord would be off to the side watching all this, but since you've got other parts in the main play, we'll just set that aside for now.

STUDENTS switch costume, if necessary, and bustle to position. Center stage: LUCENTIO, BAPTISTA, TRANIO, KATE, HORTENSIO, and BIANCA.

MELLOW: Okay, guys, whenever you're ready. Lucentio, you and Tranio are about to meet Baptista and see Bianca for the first time.

JOCK'S FRIEND: Lucky us.

(As LUCENTIO.) Tranio, since for the great desire I had
To see fair Padua, nursery of arts,
I am arrived for fruitful Lombardy,
The pleasant garden of great Italy;
And by my father's leave am arm'd
With his good will and thy good company.
But stay a while: what company is this?

TRANIO: Master, some show to welcome us to town.

BAPTISTA: Importune me no further,
 For how I frimly am resolved you know;
 That is, not to bestow my youngest daughter
 Before I have a husband for the elder.
 If either of you both love Katherina,
 Because I know you well and love you well,
 Leave shall you have to court her at your pleasure.

(Pause, then as SLIGHTLY ODD.) I have no idea what I just said.

MELLOW: It doesn't *matter*. The important thing is that you just keep going.

NERD: *(To JOCK'S FRIEND.)* We have to "stand by" now?

JOCK'S FRIEND: Why?

NERD: I don't know, but it says to in the script.

NERD and JOCK'S FRIEND go to crouch behind the TEACHER'S chair.

MELLOW: I think you just said you want someone to marry your daughter Katherina. That's you, Kate.

GREMIO: To cart her rather: she's too rough for me.
 There, there, Hortensio, will you any wife?

KATE: *(To BAPTISTA.)* I pray you, sir, is it your will
 To make a stale of me amongst these mates?

HORTENSIO: Mates, maid! How mean you that? No mates for you,
 Unless you were of gentler, milder mould.

DRAMA QUEEN: *(Incredulous.)* I'm supposed to throw a *stool* at him?

MELLOW: Let's skip it. Just pretend.

KATE: Eeeeeeeeah!

KATE enthusiastically throws invisible stool while HORTENSIO throws up hands and a leg in mock terror, emitting a shrill girl scream.

HORTENSIO: From all such devils, good Lord deliver us!

GREMIO: And me too, good Lord!

TRANIO: Hush, master.

BAPTISTA: Gentlemen, that I may soon make good
 What I have said, Bianca, get you in.
 And let it not displease thee, good Bianca.

KATE: A pretty peat! It is best
 Put finger in the eye, an she knew why.

BIANCA: Sister, content you in my discontent. (*Exits.*)

BAPTISTA: And for I know she taketh most delight
 In music, instruments and poetry,
 Schoolmasters will I keep within my house,
 Fit to instruct her youth. If you, Hortensio,
 Or Signior Gremio, you, know any such
 Prefer him hither; for to cunning men
 I will be very kind, and liberal
 To mine own children in good bringing up:
 And so farewell. Katherina, you may stay,
 For I have more to commune with Bianca.

KATE: Why, and I trust I may go too, may I not? What, shall I be
 appointed hours; as though, belike, I knew not what to take, and
 what to leave, ha?

MELLOW: Okay, You girls exit (*To KATE and BAPTISTA.*) and you
 two come out of hiding. (*Gestures at LUCENTIO and TRANIO.*)

JOCK'S FRIEND: What's happening?

NERD: You've seen Bianca and fallen in love with her.

JOCK'S FRIEND: Oh, I have?

JOCK'S FRIEND gives COMPLAINER a look. She gags.

TRANIO: I pray sir, tell me, is it possible
 That love should of a sudden take such hold?

LUCENTIO: O Tranio, till I found it to be true,
 I never thought it possible or likely;
 But see, while idly I stood looking on,
 I found the effect of love in idleness:
 And now in plainness do confess to thee:
 Tranio, I burn, I pine, I perish, Tranio,
 If I achieve not this young modest girl!
 Counsel me, Tranio, for I know thou canst.
 Assist me, Tranio, for I know thou wilt.

TRANIO: I pray you, awake, sir. If you love the maid,
 Bend thoughts and wits to achieve her. Thus it stands:
 Her elder sister is so curst and shrewd
 That till the father rid his hands of her,
 Master, your love must live a maid at home.

And therefore has he closely mew'ed her up—

JOCK'S FRIEND: What does that mean, “mewed her up”?

NERD: I think it means he locks her up in the house.

JOCK'S FRIEND: Ah.

TRANIO: (*Continuing.*) And therefore has he closely mew'ed her up
 Because she will not be annoyed with suitors.

JOCK'S FRIEND: What's a suitor?

NERD: It's like a boyfriend. Don't you know anything?

JOCK'S FRIEND: I don't get my part at all.

NERD: We could switch.

JOCK'S FRIEND: I don't want to play a servant.

NERD: The lines are easier.

JOCK'S FRIEND: Okay.

NERD and JOCK'S FRIEND begin switching costumes and scripts.

MELLOW: Um, hello. Hey. Excuse me. Does nobody care what the
 director thinks?

ALL STUDENTS: (*Ad lib.*) NO! Not so much. Etc.

DRAMA QUEEN: I still don't understand who made *you* the director—

MELLOW: Are we really gonna go into this again?

DRAMA QUEEN: (*Ready to rumble.*) We can go whenever you want
 to go.

COMPLAINER: Get over yourself, Drama Queen.

DRAMA QUEEN: Oh, you want a piece of this too??

COMPLAINER: Look, Drama Queen, when the box said to Bring Your
 Own Drama, I really don't think this is what it meant—

DRAMA QUEEN: Oh, no, you are not even—

*DRAMA QUEEN and COMPLAINER are nose-to-nose with MELLOW
 holding them apart.*

MELLOW: A little help?

SLIGHTLY ODD: (*Setting up four his special kick.*) Don't worry, guys.
I've got this.

STUDENTS help pull DRAMA QUEEN and COMPLAINER to opposite sides of the room before the cat fight gets out of hand. Enter TEACHER.

TEACHER: What is happening?

STUDENTS disperse.

JOCK: Nothing, nothing, nothing to see here.

JOCK'S FRIEND: We're all fine.

JOCK: Yes, that's right. It's fine. Everything is fine.

TEACHER: Really? Because you all seemed pretty worked up a second ago.

NERD: Um, well—actually—

JOCK: Actually, we were all just really... *excited...* about... about... this play! And about how much we were *behaving ourselves!* Right, guys?

ALL STUDENTS: Yeah! We were so good, etc.

TEACHER: Yeah, I'll bet.

MELLOW: But anyway, we were just about to go to the next scene.
Right, guys?

ALL STUDENTS: (*Ad lib.*) Yes, that's right, oh yes, etc.

TEACHER: Perfect.

TEACHER sits.

MELLOW: Moving along, then... Okay. Lucentio is trying to figure out how to see Bianca again. Tranio tells Lucentio to dress up and pretend to be a tutor.

TRANIO: Now 'tis plotted!

You will be schoolmaster and undertake the teaching of the maid!

LUCENTIO: Content thee, for I have it full!

We have not yet been seen in any house,
Nor can we be distinguished by our faces.

Thou shalt be master, Tranio, in my stead,
I will some other be.

'Tis hatched and shall be so. Tranio, at once
Uncase thee: take my colored hat and cloak.

JOCK'S FRIEND: What are we doing?

NERD: Switching costumes.

JOCK'S FRIEND: But we just *switched*!

NERD: This time it's written in the script.

JOCK'S FRIEND: I don't understand what's happening.

NERD: Just do it!

MELLOW: Okay, we're moving on. Now we're on the street in front of Hortensio's house. Grumio, this part starts out with a play on words. Petruchio asks you to knock on a door, but you act like you think he wants you to knock some heads together.

JOCK strides confidently center stage, enjoying the flow of his "cape" behind him.

PETRUCHIO: Verona, for a while I take my leave,
To see my friends in Padua, but of all
My best beloved and approved friend,
Hortensio; and I trow this is his house.
Here, sirrah Grumio; knock, I say.

GRUMIO: Knock, sir! Whom should I knock? (*Looks for someone to beat up.*)

PETRUCHIO: (*Pointing to HORTENSIO'S imaginary door.*) Villian, I say, knock me here soundly.

GRUMIO: Knock you here, sir! Why, sir, what am I, sir, that I should knock you here, sir!

PETRUCHIO: Villain, I say, knock me at this gate
And rap me well, or I'll knock your knave's pate.
(*As JOCK.*) What's a pate?

NERD: I think it's, like, your head.

GRUMIO: My master has grown quarrelsome. I should knock you first,
And then I know after who comes by the worst.
(As *SILLY*.) That *rhymed*.

PETRUCHIO: Will it not be? Faith, sirrah, and you'll not knock, I'll ring
it.

I'll try how you can sol, fa, and sing it.
(As *THE JOCK*.) Hey. That *rhymed too*.

MELLOW: Anyway... Petruccio, you're supposed to grab Grumio by
the ears.

SILLY 1: What!

MELLOW: Just do it!

GRUMIO: Help, masters, help! My master is mad! (As *SILLY*.) Stop
pinching!

PETRUCHIO: Now knock when I bid you, sirrah villain!

HORTENSIO: How now! What's the matter? My old friend Grumio!
And my good friend Petruccio! How do you all at Verona!

PETRUCHIO: Signior Hortensio! Come you to part the fray?

*HORTENSIO and PETRUCHIO exchange a complicated,
unconventional modern handshake.*

MELLOW: Um, guys, I doubt that's the way Shakespeare meant you
to—

JOCK: You did say have fun, right?

MELLOW: Well, yes, but—

NERD: (*Snootily*.) Well, what's fun for *some*—

MELLOW: Never mind! Just keep going. Grumio, you were just about
to whine about how Petruccio's treating you.

SILLY 1: Grumio does *not* whine. (*Then, as GRUMIO, whining*.) He
bid me knock him and rap him soundly, sir: well, was it fit for a
servant to use his master thus?

PETRUCHIO: A senseless villain! Good Hortensio,
I bade the rascal knock upon your *gate*
And could not get him to do it.

GRUMIO: Knock at the *gate*? Oh heavens! Spake you not these words
plain, "Sirrah, knock me here, rap me here, knock me well, and
knock me soundly"? And come you now with "Knocking at the
gate"? (As *SILLY, disgusted*.) What a whiner.

PETRUCHIO: Sirrah, be gone, or talk not, I advise you.

PETRUCHIO lifts hand to slap GRUMIO, but HORTENSIO stops him.

HORTENSIO: Petruchio, patience.

And tell me now, what happy gale blows you to Padua here from old Verona?

PETRUCHIO: Such wind as scatters young men throughout the world.

Crowns in my purse I have, and goods at home,
And so am come abroad to see the world.

JOCK'S FRIEND: Dude. You carry a purse.

NERD: All men did. It means his wallet.

JOCK: Yeah, it means my wallet!

JOCK'S FRIEND: *Sure* it does.

MELLOW: Okay, enough. Get on with it.

HORTENSIO: Petruchio, shall I then come roundly to thee

And wish thee to a shrewd ill-favor'd wife?

I'll promise thee she shall be rich

And very rich: but thou'rt too much my friend,

And I'll not wish thee to her.

PETRUCHIO: Signior Hortensio, 'twixt such friends as we

Few words suffice; and therefore, if thou know

One rich enough to be Petruchio's wife,

Be she foul, old, or worse—

HORTENSIO: I can, Petruchio, help thee to a wife

With wealth enough and young and beauteous

Brought up as best becomes a gentlewoman:

Her only fault, and that is faults enough,

Is that she is intolerable curst

And shrewd and froward, so beyond all measure

That, were my state far worser than it is,

I would not wed her for a mine of gold.

PETRUCHIO: Hortensio, peace! Thou knowest not gold's effect! Tell me her name and 'tis enough.

HORTENSIO: Her father is Baptista.

Her name is Katharina,

Renown'd in Padua for her scolding tongue.

PETRUCHIO: I will not sleep, Hortensio, till I see her!

JOCK'S FRIEND: (*Aside.*) Bet she'll love his purse.

STUDENTS snicker.

HORTENSIO: Now shall my friend Petruchio do me grace,
 And offer me disguised in somber robes
 To old Baptista as a schoolmaster
 Well seen in music, to instruct Bianca;
 That so I may, by this device, at least
 Have leave and leisure to speak love to her
 And unsuspected court her by herself.

More complicated handshakes.

GOOD OL' BOY: ...So, we're dressin' up like tutors and sneakin' in to
 get the girls?

MELLOW: That seems to be the plan. Gremio, you're on.

GREMIO leaps up in a TA-DA fashion.

HORTENSIO: God save you, Signior Gremio.

GREMIO: And you are well met, Signior Hortensio.

Trow you whither I am going? To Baptista.
 I promised to inquire carefully
 About a schoolmaster for the fair Bianca:
 And by good fortune I have lighted well
 On this young man, well read in poetry
 And other books, good ones.

HORTENSIO: 'Tis well. Here is a gentleman whom by chance I met

Upon agreement from us to his liking,
 Will undertake to woo curst Katherine,
 Yea, and marry her, if dowry please.
 (*As GOOD OL' BOY.*) To... Woo?

NERD: Yes, to woo.

JOCK: (*Waving hands over head, as if riding a roller coaster.*)
 Woooooooooo!

NERD: No, not like that! To woo means to, like, court. To date. To get
 someone to like you.

ALL STUDENTS: (*ad lib*) Ah, I see, etc.

GREMIO: So said, so done, is well.

HORTENSIO: Have you told him *all* her faults?

PETRUCHIO: I know she is an irksome brawling scold;

If that be all, masters, I hear no alarm.

GREMIO: Hortensio, hark:

This gentleman is happily arrived,

My mind presumes, for his own good and ours.

HORTENSIO: I promised we would be contributors

And bear his charging of wooing, whatsoever.

GREMIO: And so we will, provided that he win her.

GRUMIO: I would I were as sure of a good dinner.

SILLY 1 and SILLY 2: (*In tandem.*) Hey, that rhymed!

MELLOW: Yes, yes, sometimes the lines rhyme. Let's all get over it.

SFX: THUNDER, LIGHTNING, and LIGHTS OUT. STUDENTS scream. TEACHER switches on flashlight, holding it out pointing back toward herself so that students can see her. Once they recognize her, she sweeps flashlight around as she talks.

TEACHER: Everyone calm down. I think I saw a circuit breaker in the other room. I'm going to go out and see what I can do.

JOCK: Want me to go, Teacher?

TEACHER: No. Just stay here and behave yourselves until I get back.

Behave yourselves. Or else. Does everyone understand?

ALL STUDENTS: Yes, ma'am.

TEACHER: Good.

TEACHER snaps off flashlight.

ACT ONE, SCENE 3

AT START: LIGHTS flicker and come UP.

SLIGHTLY ODD: Wow, that was quick.

MELLOW: Next scene! Next Scene! We're in Padua, people, at Baptista's house. Katherine and Bianca are fighting!

KATE grabs BIANCA by the hair.

JOCK'S FRIEND: (*Nudging JOCK.*) Dude. Chick fight.

JOCK: Excellent.

ALL GUYS paying strict attention, very keen.

BIANCA: Good sister, wrong me not, nor wrong yourself, to make a bondmaid and a slave of me! (*As COMPLAINER.*) Ow! No need to yank it!

DRAMA QUEEN: Sorry!

COMPLAINER: Fine, whatever. Just don't do it again.

MELLOW: Girls, may I remind you that you're supposed to be fighting. Like, really fighting.

JOCK'S FRIEND: Yeah! Come on, ladies!

JOCK: Where's the *real* hair-pulling?

GOOD OL' BOY: The slappin'?

SILLY 1: Go on, rip her weave out!

DRAMA QUEEN: I don't have a weave!

SILLY 2: Sure you don't.

JOCK'S FRIEND: Finish her!!!!

The GIRLS and the NERD stare at them, disgusted.

JOCK: Ladies, I have to say, this is a disappointment.

DRAMA QUEEN: Sorry!

COMPLAINER: You're all disgusting.

NERD: Oh, the plebian tastes of the masses.

DRAMA QUEEN: All right, where were we?

MELLOW: The part where you ask her if there's any guys that she likes.

KATE: Of all thy suitors, here I charge thee, tell
Who thou lovest best: see thou dissemble not.

BIANCA: (*Bored.*) Believe me, sister, of all the men alive
I never yet beheld that special face which I could fancy more than
any other.

MELLOW: Complainer, I don't think that's quite how Bianca would've—

COMPLAINER: Do you want to do it yourself? (*Offers book.*)

MELLOW: Well, no, but—

DRAMA QUEEN: Excuse me, I have a line here! (*Continuing as KATE.*) Minion, thou liest. Is't not Hortensio? If that be jest, then all the rest was so. (*As DRAMA QUEEN.*) It says I slap you.

COMPLAINER: Try it and see what happens.

JOCK: (*Hopeful.*) ...Chick fight?

JOCK'S FRIEND: Chick fight!!!!

ALL GUYS: (*Chanting.*) Chick FIGHT! Chick FIGHT! Chick FIGHT!

DRAMA QUEEN: Oh, you wanna see a chick *fight*? I'll show you a *chick* fight!

DRAMA QUEEN goes at the guys, mostly PETRUCHIO, and is only just restrained by the GIRLS.

DRAMA QUEEN: LET ME AT HIM!

SHY GIRL: Drama Queen, no! He's not worth it!

DRAMA QUEEN: Of course he's not worth it. But I'm worth it!

COMPLAINER: Yeah!

SHY GIRL: Yeah!

ALL GIRLS: Yeah!

GIRLS release DRAMA QUEEN and array themselves behind her, looking threatening. GUYS take hasty steps back, clumping up and looking worried.

JOCK: Now, now, ladies. Let's all just calm down.

SILLY 1: Don't just stand there. Do something.

SILLY 2: You do something.

SLIGHTLY ODD: Don't worry guys, I've got this.

SLIGHTLY ODD begins setting up his special kick. JOCK'S FRIEND jumps into the middle of everything.

JOCK'S FRIEND: LET'S GET READY TO RUMB B B B L L L L L E E E E E E!

JOCK: Dude. Who's side are you on?

JOCK'S FRIEND: I don't know. I'm just excited.

TEACHER enters.

TEACHER: Did I miss something?

MELLOW: Um, about that—

TEACHER: Is something wrong?

JOCK: No! No! Everything's going great. It's all fine. Right, guys?
Right?

ALL STUDENTS: (*Ad lib.*) groans, yes, sure, whatever, etc.

ALL slowly back away from showdown and take their places on stage.

TEACHER: You *did* behave yourselves while I was gone, didn't you?

JOCK'S FRIEND: Of course we did!

MELLOW: We're just about to pick up at the scene with Baptista, Kate,
and Bianca talking about their marriage prospects.

TEACHER: (*Taking her seat.*) Sounds like I didn't miss much at all.

SILLY 1: No! You didn't miss much *at all*.

SILLY 2: Not *at all*.

MELLOW: Okay, go ahead, Baptista. Kate, remember, you're still
pulling Bianca's hair when your dad comes in.

BAPTISTA: Why, how now, dame! Whence grows this insolence?
Bianca, stand aside. Poor girl! She weeps! (*Angrily to KATE.*) For
shame, thou hiding of a devilish spirit,
Why dost thou wrong her that ne'er wronged thee? When did she
cross thee with a bitter word?

KATE: Her silence flouts me.

BAPTISTA: What, in *my* sight? Bianca, get thee in.

Exit BIANCA.

KATE: What, will you not suffer me? Nay, *now* I see
She is your treasure, *she* must have a husband;
I must dance bare-foot on her wedding day.

Talk not to me: I will go sit and weep

Till I can find occasion of *revenge*. (*Exits with a flounce.*)

BAPTISTA: Was ever a gentleman thus grieved as I? But who comes here?

Front door bangs open suddenly. SFX: LIGHTNING and THUNDER. Illuminated from behind by the flashing lightning is the DRIVER. ALL freeze in dramatic tableau, GIRLS crying out in shock.

TEACHER: It's all right, everyone. (*Stands and ushers the DRIVER into the light.*) Any luck with the bus?

DRIVER: Not yet. Had a look under the hood, but nothing obvious jumped out at me. It may be electrical.

TEACHER: Anything we can do to help?

DRIVER: Not unless you've found an engine diagnostic test kit lying around.

DRIVER laughs as if this is hilarious. ALL others exchange awkward glances.

JOCK'S FRIEND: Maybe Jock has one.

JOCK: Huh?

JOCK'S FRIEND: You know, in your purse.

JOCK: Enough with the purse! He means my wallet.

TEACHER: (*Long-sufferingly.*) Gentlemen—

DRIVER: Just came to see if you any luck with your cell. I've been trying to get a message through to a roadside assistance service, but—

TEACHER: I know, I know. Same here.

DRIVER: Tell you what. I may head up the road on foot. Seems to be I recall passing a store or some such a few miles back. Could be they'll have some way of helping us out.

TEACHER: Or at least a land line. Thanks. But be careful. That storm doesn't seem to be letting up.

DRIVER exits.

TEACHER: Looks like we'll be here a bit more, then. Carry on.

COMPLAINER: Do we have to?

MELLOW: Baptista, it's you.

BAPTISTA: Um... who comes here? Oh, yeah. The disguises.

HORTENSIO puts on his disguise to become "LITIO." GREMIO, PETRUCHIO, and TRANIO also leap into place.

GOOD OL' BOY: How do I look?

SILLY 2: So fantastic.

GOOD OL' BOY: Great!

GREMIO: Good morrow, neighbor Baptista.

BAPTISTA: Good morrow, neighbor Gremio! God save you, gentlemen!

PETRUCHIO: And you, good sir! Pray, have you not a daughter Call'd Katherina, fair and virtuous?

BAPTISTA: I have a daughter, sir... called Katherina.

GREMIO: You are too blunt!

PETRUCHIO: You wrong me, Signior Gremio.

(To BAPTISTA.) I am a gentleman of Verona, sir,
That, hearing of her beauty and wit,
Her affability and bashful modesty,
Am bold to show myself a forward guest
Within your house.
And, for entrance to my entertainment,
I do present you with a man of mine.

PETRUCHIO snaps for HORTENSIO, who is not paying attention.

PETRUCHIO: Cunning in music and the mathematics,
To instruct her fully in those sciences.
Accept of him, or else you do me wrong:
His name is... Litio.

JOCK'S FRIEND: I thought he was Hortensio!

NERD: He's in disguise now as a music tutor! Pay attention!

JOCK'S FRIEND: But—

MELLOW: Never mind! Just keep—

ALL STUDENTS: —going we know!

BAPTISTA: You are welcome, sir: and he.

GREMIO: Neighbor, this is a gift very grateful, I am sure of it.

To express the like kindness, myself,

That have been more kindly beholding to you than

Any, freely give unto you *this* young scholar (*Gestures for LUCENTIO.*)

That hath been long studying; as cunning in

Greek, Latin, and other languages, as the other

In music and mathematics; his name is... Cambio.

JOCK'S FRIEND: But I thought he's—

MELLOW: Shhhh!

BAPTISTA: Welcome, good Cambio.

JOCK'S FRIEND: I hate this play so much.

BAPTISTA: (*To TRANIO.*) But, gentle sir, methinks you walk like a stranger:

May I be so bold to know the cause of your coming?

TRANIO: Pardon me, sir, the boldness is mine own,

That, being a stranger in this city here,

Do make myself a suitor to your daughter,

Unto Bianca, fair and virtuous,

And, toward the education of your daughters,

I here bestow a simple instrument,

If you accept it, then its worth is great.

ALL wait.

MELLOW: Well, go ahead, then.

JOCK'S FRIEND: What?

MELLOW: Give the instrument to Baptista!

JOCK'S FRIEND: What instrument?

PROPS tosses JOCK'S FRIEND the "lute."

JOCK'S FRIEND: OH.

JOCK'S FRIEND hands it to BAPTISTA while ALL roll eyes.

BAPTISTA: (*Handing "lute" to servant.*) Sirrah, lead these gentlemen
To my daughters; and tell them both,
These are their tutors: bid them use them well.

SERVANT, HORTENSIO, and LUCENTIO exit.

PETRUCHIO: Signior Baptista, my business asketh haste,
And every day I cannot come to... woo... ahem. Wooooo—

NERD: Arugh!

PETRUCHIO: —ooooooooo!

Then tell me, if I get your daughter's love,
What dowry shall I have with her to wife?
(*To NERD.*) What's a dowry?

NERD: I think it's like money the dad pays to get someone to date his
daughter.

JOCK: Guys used to get *paid to date girls!*

JOCK'S FRIEND: Were they ugly?

JOCK: Who cares! Man. We were born in the wrong time.

MELLOW: Anyway!

BAPTISTA: (*Clears throat.*) After my death the one half of my lands,
And in possession twenty thousand crowns,
When the special thing is well obtained
That is, her love; for that is all in all.

JOCK'S FRIEND: What would he do with twenty thousand crowns;
wear a different one every day?

NERD: Honestly, is there anything going on inside your head at all?

DRAMA QUEEN: It means money, doofus.

JOCK'S FRIEND: Why doesn't he just say that??? Who wrote this,
anyway??

ALL STUDENTS: Shakespeare!!

JOCK'S FRIEND: ...who?

NERD: This is hopeless.

MELLOW: Can we just get on with the scene?

PETRUCHIO: Why, that is nothing: for I tell you, father,
 I am as peremptory as she proud-minded;
 And where two raging fires meet together
 They do consume the thing that feeds their fury.
 Though little fire grows great with little wind,
 Yet extreme gusts will blow out fire and all:
 So I to her and so she yields to me:
 For I am rough and wooooooooooooo not like a babe.

BAPTISTA: Well mayst thou woo—

JOCK: Wooooooooooooo!

ALL STUDENTS: Wooooooooooooo!

SLIGHTLY ODD: Hey! Do you mind? (*Continues as BAPTISTA.*)

Well mayst thou woo, and happy be thy speed!

But be thou arm'd for some unhappy words.

PETRUCHIO: Ay! To the proof!

A cry of pain from HORTENSIO, who enters with "lute" clutched to his head.

DRAMA QUEEN: What's *that*?

HORTENSIO: How should I know? MELLOW (*Gestures to MELLOW.*)
 just told me that I'd have to come in like this.

MELLOW: That's supposed to be a lute. Kate bashed it over his head.

HORTENSIO: Oh. (*Delayed reaction.*) Ow!

BAPTISTA: What, will my daughter prove a good musician?

HORTENSIO: I think she'll sooner prove a soldier!

BAPTISTA: Why, then thou canst not break her to the lute?

HORTENSIO: Why, no; for she hath broke the lute to me.

JOCK'S FRIEND: Hahahahhaa! Sorry. I got that.

HORTENSIO: (*Clearing throat.*) I did but tell her how to play the lute,
 And bowed her hand to teach her fingering;
 When, with no word, she struck me on the head!

PETRUCHIO: Now, by the world, it is a saucy wench;

I love her ten times more than e'er I did:

O, how I love to have some chat with her!

(*As JOCK.*) There's something wrong with this guy.

COMPLAINER: Yeah, no kidding.

BAPTISTA: (*To HORTENSIO.*) Proceed in practice with my younger daughter;

She's apt to learn and thankful for good turns.

Signior Petruchio, will you go with us,

Or shall I send my daughter Kate to you?

PETRUCHIO: I pray you do. I'll attend her here,
And woo—

ALL STUDENTS: Wooooooooooooooooooooo!

PETRUCHIO: —and woo her with some spirit when she comes.

But here she comes; and now, Petruchio, speak.

(*As JOCK.*) Why's he talking to himself?

GOOD OL' BOY: He's telling' himself it's time to man up.

JOCK: To *what*?

JOCK'S FRIEND: He's getting' his game face on!

JOCK: Oh!

PETRUCHIO rolls shoulders and cracks neck. He and KATE face off.

PETRUCHIO: Good morrow, Kate; for that is your name, I hear.

KATE: Well you have heard, but something hard of hearing:

They call me *Katherine* that do talk of me.

PETRUCHIO: You lie, I' faith. For you are call'd plain Kate,

And bonny Kate and sometimes Kate the curst;

But Kate, the prettiest Kate in Christendom!

Hearing thy mildness praised in every town,

Thy virtues spoke of, and thy beauty sounded,

Yet not so deeply as to thee belongs,

Myself am moved to (*Hesitates meaningfully.*) woo—

DRAMA QUEEN: Don't even.

PETRUCHIO: —woo thee for my wife.

KATE: Let him that moved you hither remove you hence! I knew you
at the first You were a movable.

PETRUCHIO: Why, what's a movable?

KATE: A join'd-stool.

PETRUCHIO: Thou hast hit it: come, sit on me. (*Pats his knee.*)

DRAMA QUEEN: Ugh. He is unbelievable.

JOCK: He's *awesome*. I mean, listen to him!

DRAMA QUEEN: He's a complete chauvinist!

JOCK: You know you like it.

ALL GIRLS ad lib alternate reactions, positive and negative.

MELLOW: Keep going!

PETRUCHIO: Come, come, you wasp; I'faith, you are too angry!

KATE: If I be waspish, best beware my sting!

PETRUCHIO: Nay, come again,
Good Kate, I am a gentleman.

KATE: That I'll try.

KATE slaps PETRUCHIO.

JOCK: She really slapped me!

SILLY 1: Give her a back kick!

SILLY 2: No, it's a *spinning* back kick!

SLIGHTLY ODD: It's a *Double Reverse Spinning Back Kick!* I keep telling you. And it's not that simple. First you go like this—then like this—then... wait. Let me start over.

MELLOW: Never mind! Just keep going! Petruchio, it's your line.

PETRUCHIO: I swear I'll cuff you, if you strike again.

KATE: So may you lose your arms.

PETRUCHIO: (*Caressingly.*) Nay, come Kate, come; you must not look so sour.

KATE: It is my fashion, when I see a crab.

PETRUCHIO: Why, here's no crab; and therefore look not sour.

KATE: There is, there is.

PETRUCHIO: Then show it me.

KATE: Had I a glass, I would.

PETRUCHIO: What, you mean my face?

KATE: Well aim'd of such a young one.

PETRUCHIO: Now, by Saint George, I am too young for you!

KATE: Yet you are withered.

PETRUCHIO: 'Tis with cares.

KATE: I care not.

PETRUCHIO: 'Twas told me you were rough and cold and sullen,
And now I find report a very liar;
For thou are pleasant, gamesome, passing courteous—

KATE: Where did you study all this goodly speech?

PETRUCHIO: It is extempore, from my mother-wit.

KATE: A witty mother! Witless else her son.

PETRUCHIO: Setting this chat aside,

Thus in plain terms: your father hath consented
That you shall be my wife; your dowry agreed on;
And will you, nill you, I will marry you.
Thou must be married to no man but me;
For I am he born to tame you, Kate,
And bring you from a wild Kate to a Kate
Conformable as other household Kates.
Here comes your father: never make denial;
I must and will have Katherine to my wife.

KATE and PETRUCHIO lock eyes as THUNDER rumbles.

BAPTISTA: (*Hustling up, oblivious.*) Now, Signior Petruchio, how speed you with my daughter?

PETRUCHIO: How but well, sir? How but well?

It were impossible I should speed amiss.
Father, we have 'greed so well together,
That upon Sunday is the wedding day.

KATE: I'll see thee HANG on Sunday first!

GREMIO: Hark, Petruchio; she says she'll see thee hang'd first!

PETRUCHIO: Be patient, gentlemen; I choose her for myself.

If she and I be pleased, what's that to you?
I tell you, 'tis incredible to believe
How much she loves me!
Give me thy hand, Kate: I will unto Venice,
To buy apparel 'gainst the wedding day.

SILLY 2: A pair o' what?

NERD: (*Longsuffering.*) No, apparel. Like clothes.

GOOD OL' BOY: Like a pair o' jeans?

MELLOW: Seriously?

SLIGHTLY ODD: *Anyway...* (*As BAPTISTA.*) I know not what to say:

But give me your hands;
God send you joy, Petruchio! 'tis a match!

BAPTISTA takes the hands of KATE and PETRUCHIO and joins them together.

MELLOW: Okay! Good. Baptista has declared Kate engaged to Petruchio! Now on with it!

GREMIO and TRANIO: Amen, say we! We will be witnesses!

PETRUCHIO: Father and wife, and gentlemen, adieu.

I will to Venice; Sunday comes apace.

We will have rings and things and fine array;

And kiss me, Kate, we will be married o'Sunday!

DRAMA QUEEN: Kiss me and die.

SFX: *THUNDER and LIGHTNING. BLACKOUT. General pandemonium.*

END OF ACT ONE

Do Not Copy

ACT TWO, SCENE 1

AT RISE: *Action begins with lights out. SFX: THUNDER and LIGHTNING continues. General thumping about.*

SILLY 1: Get off my foot!

STUDENT: Stop pushing!

DRAMA QUEEN: Wait, who is this?

COMPLAINER: It's me, now let go.

TEACHER: If everyone would just sit still for a minute—

JOCK: OW!

MELLOW: What is it?

JOCK: (*Outraged.*) I think—I think somebody just bit me!

SILLY 1: Well, you *did* say—

SFX: *THUNDER and LIGHTNING. Door crashes open, the DRIVER, backlit by pulses of lightning, is seen clutching a huge socket wrench in one hand and a flashlight in the other. DRIVER lifts flashlight to shine it directly under face while laughing an evil villain laugh. Screams and pandemonium.*

TEACHER: Oh! I wish you would stop doing that.

DRIVER: Sorry. Couldn't resist.

TEACHER: So? Any luck?

DRIVER: Got through to the roadside service. They're headed out this way, so we should be out of here soon.

ALL give feeble, groaning cheers.

TEACHER: Wonderful! Now why don't you come in out of the rain and join us! We're putting on *The Taming of the Shrew*, and I'm sure the kids would love to have you here to see it—

DRIVER: (*Edging away nervously.*) No way!—Um... What I mean to say is, I'm not much for the theatre. (*He pronounces it THEE-AY-tur.*) Besides, I figure somebody should be out by the road to flag the roadside service down. Thanks anyway! (*Exits.*)

COMPLAINER: You know, maybe he needs help out there. Why don't I just—

TEACHER: Don't even think about it.

SFX: *LIGHTS flicker and come back up.*

TEACHER: Oh, good. (*Pacing to center stage, holding up phone.*) I still keep hoping I'll get a signal so we can alert your parents, but so far nothing. (*Standing center stage, fiddling with phone.*)

MELLOW: Um. Teacher... If you don't mind?

TEACHER: Oh! Of course! Excuse me. (*She scoots out of the way.*)

MELLOW: Okay, everyone! We're back in Padua. Looks like we're picking up at Baptista's house. Lucentio and Hortensio have been fighting over Bianca, and even though she enjoys it, it's also starting to get tedious. So she's going to play them off against each other. Remember, you guys are posing as her music and Latin tutors, so try to look intelligent.

LUCENTIO and HORTENSIO try.

BIANCA: Why, gentlemen, you do me double wrong,
To strive for that which resteth in my choice.
I am no breeching scholar in the schools.
I'll not be tied to hours nor 'pointed times,
But learn my lessons as I please myself.
And, to cut off all strife, here sit we down:
Take you your instrument, play you the whiles;
His lecture will be done ere you have tuned.

HORTENSIO: You'll leave his lecture when I am in tunes?

LUCENTIO: That will be never: tune your instrument.

HORTENSIO goes to the other side of the room.

NERD: Someone please pass me a Latin book.

PROPS tosses him a phone book.

BIANCA: Where left we last?

LUCENTIO: Here, Madam:

Hic ibat Simois; hic est Sigeia tellus.

Hic steterat Priami regia celsa senis.

HORTENSIO approaches.

HORTENSIO: Madam, my instrument's in tune.

BIANCA: Let's hear.

HORTENSIO hums a note.

BIANCA: Oh fie!

LUCENTIO: Tune again!

HORTENSIO steps back.

BIANCA: Now let me see if I can construe it. *Hic Ibat—*

HORTENSIO steps forward.

HORTENSIO: Madam, 'tis now in tune.

(To LUCENTIO.) You may go walk, and give me leave a while:

My lessons make no music in three parts.

LUCENTIO: Are you so formal, sir? Well, I must wait

And watch withal; for, but I be deceived,

Our fine musician groweth amorous.

LUCENTIO goes to the other side of the room.

GOOD OL' BOY: Groweth *what?*

TEACHER: *Amorous. Amor. Amore.*

SILLY 1: What's *amore?*

TEACHER: Love. Romance. You know *(Singing a bit.)* "When the moon hits your eye / Like a big pizza pie, that's *amore!*"

GOOD OL' BOY: Ooo, pizza...

ALL STUDENTS ad lib. general groaning, etc.

MELLOW: Anyway! It means romantic. Thanks, Teacher. Let's focus, people.

HORTENSIO: Madam, before you touch the instrument,
 To learn the order of my fingering,
 I must begin with rudiments of art;
 To teach you a gamut in a briefer sort,
 And there it is in writing, fairly drawn. (*Dramatically tossing off disguise.*)
 Hortensio!

HORTENSIO pauses while he waits for BIANCA to react. BIANCA now as COMPLAINER, just stares coldly at him.

MELLOW: Okay, Bianca, a little reaction here would be nice.

COMPLAINER: What do you want me to say? That I actually preferred him the other way, or— (*She gestures toward the far-flung bits of his disguise.*)

MELLOW: Okay, *never mind*. Just move on.

BIANCA: (*Unimpressed, continues.*) Gamut I am— (*As COMPLAINER.*) Wait, why am I calling myself a gamut?

GOOD OL' BOY: And what is a gamut anyway?

NERD: Don't look at me.

SILLY 1: You mean you don't *know*?

NERD: I don't know everything.

SILLY 2: Can I quote you on that?

TEACHER: The word gamut used to refer to a musical scale. You may have heard someone use the expression *run the gamut*? Well, that means play every note on the scale.

NERD: Such as... "when he saw her, his face expressed a gamut of emotions, from joy at the thought of meeting her to the pain of knowing she could never be his."

JOCK: (*Tapping NERD on the shoulder.*) What do you think my face is expressing right now?

TEACHER: Mellow, you want to move things along here?

MELLOW: Good idea. Go back and start that part again, Bianca. You're reading from the gamut. You're referring to it, not to yourself. And it says here you can sing the scale if you want.

COMPLAINER shoots *MELLOW* a look.

MELLOW: Okay, never mind.

BIANCA: Call you *THIS* a gamut? Tut, I like it not!

SERVANT: Mistress, your father prays you leave your books
And help to dress your sister's chamber up.
You know tomorrow is the wedding day.

BIANCA: Farewell, sweet masters, both! I must be gone.

LUCENTIO: Faith, mistress, then I have no cause to stay. *(Exits.)*

HORTENSIO: Methinks he looks as though he were in love:
Yet if thy thoughts, Bianca, be so humble
To cast thy wandering eyes on every stale,
Seize thee that list: if once I find thee ranging,
Hortensio will be quit with thee by changing.

MELLOW: All right, moving on! Looks like it's wedding day in Padua,
and we're still in Baptista's house.

BAPTISTA: This is the 'pointed day
That Katharina and Petruchio should be married.

KATE: I must, forsooth, be forced to give my hand opposed against
my heart
Unto a mad-brain rudesby full of spleen;
Who woo'd in haste and means to wed at leisure.

BAPTISTA: Go, girl; I cannot blame thee now to weep;
For such an injury would vex a very saint,
Much more a shrew of thy impatient humor.

MELLOW: Petruchio and Kate, you two should be holding hands.

DRAMA QUEEN: Do I have to?

MELLOW: Just do it.

DRAMA QUEEN and *THE JOCK* link pinkie fingers. *DRAMA QUEEN*
shudders in disgust. JOCK smirks at her.

PETRUCHIO: Gentlemen and friends, I thank you for your pains:
I know you think to dine with me today,
And have prepared great store of wedding cheer;
But so it is, my haste doth call me hence,
And therefore here I mean to take my leave.

BAPTISTA: Is't possible you will away tonight?

PETRUCHIO: I must away to-day before night come.

Honest company, I think you all,
That have beheld me give away myself
To this most patient, sweet and virtuous wife:
Dine with my father, drink health to me;
For I must hence; and farewell to you all.

TRANIO: Let us entreat you stay till after dinner.

PETRUCHIO: It may not be.

GREMIO: Let me entreat you.

PETRUCHIO: It cannot be.

KATE: Let *me* entreat you.

PETRUCHIO: I am content.

KATE: Are you content to stay?

PETRUCHIO: I am content you shall entreat me to stay;

But yet not stay, entreat me how you can.

KATE: Now, if you love me, stay.

SILLY 1: Is she blushing?

SILLY 2: I think she's blushing!

DRAMA QUEEN: Oh, please. Like he could make me blush.

JOCK: I bet I could.

MELLOW: Will you just read your lines already?!

JOCK: (*Having an original thought.*) Wait, I think I get what's going on here. She's playing games, is what she's doing. I mean you obviously loathe me—

DRAMA QUEEN: Oh, obviously.

JOCK: I mean Kate loathes Petruchio—

DRAMA QUEEN: Same thing—

JOCK: And then here she is with all this “if you love me, stay” business. It's like a challenge.

DRAMA QUEEN: Oh, and you don't think he's playing games, too? What sort of man abandons his bride right after the wedding? And all this talk about how sweet she is, when she's obviously...

JOCK: Well?

DRAMA QUEEN: Well So obviously *not*.

TEACHER: You've both got a good point. Relationships between men and women are always complicated. Shakespeare knew that. And he knew that a woman scorning a man on the surface didn't always mean she scorns him all the way down—

JOCK: Ah *ha!*

TEACHER: —then again sometimes she does.

DRAMA QUEEN: (*At JOCK, arms folded.*) HA.

TEACHER: (*Aside.*) But the lady doth protest too much, methinks.

MELLOW: We really are supposed to save all discussion for the end.

TEACHER looks at MELLOW with raised brows. ALL freeze, then STUDENTS “oooooooooooo!”

MELLOW: Um, I mean—I’m sorry, TEACHER. I didn’t mean to be rude or anything, but—

TEACHER: No, you are perfectly right. Carry on.

MELLOW: Okay, um, Petruchio, you’re getting ready to leave.

PETRUCHIO: Grumio, my horse!

GRUMIO: Ay, sir, they be ready: the oats have eaten the horses.

Everyone looks at GRUMIO.

GRUMIO: (*Reacts as SILLY.*) That’s what it says!

KATE: Nay, then

Do what thou canst. I will not go today

No, nor tomorrow, not till I please myself.

The door is open, sir; there lies your way;

PETRUCHIO: O Kate, content thee; prithee, be not angry.

KATE: I will be angry; what hast thou to do?

BAPTISTA: But wait a—

KATE: Father, be quiet. He shall stay my leisure.

GREMIO: Ay, marry, sir, now begins to work.

KATE: Gentlemen, forward to the bridal dinner.

I see a woman may be made a fool,

If she had not a spirit to resist.

PETRUCHIO: They shall go forward, Kate, at thy command.

Obey the bride, you that attend on her;

Go to the feast.

Be mad and merry, or go hang yourselves:

But for my bonny Kate, she must with me.

Nay, look not big, nor stamp, nor stare, nor fret.

I will be master of what is mine own. *(Stalks toward her.)*

She is my goods, my house, my field, my barn, my anything.

And here she stands, touch her whoever dare;

I'll bring mine action on the proudest he

That stops my way in Padua.

GOOD OL' BOY: Yee Haw!

PETRUCHIO: Grumio, draw forth thy weapon, we are beset with thieves! *(As JOCK.)* Wait—where did they come from?

MELLOW: Never mind, just get on with it!

GRUMIO jumps up, flings out a hand, and is thrown a toilet plunger from PROPS, along with a cane thrown to PETRUCHIO.

PETRUCHIO: Fear not, sweet wench, they shall not touch thee, Kate!
(Flings self in front of her, one arm outspread protectively, the other wielding the plunger.)

ALL GIRLS: Awwwww!

JOCK'S FRIEND: Where are the thieves?

JOCK: I don't know. I guess we scared them off.

MELLOW: Well, that's not—well—never mind. Okay, Kate and Petruchio, you're off.

JOCK: Where to?

MELLOW: I don't know—the honeymoon?

ALL STUDENTS: Ooooo!

DRAMA QUEEN: Don't even—

JOCK: You're not coming?

DRAMA QUEEN: Not if given a choice!

JOCK: Well, then. It's not like we didn't know this was coming...

DRAMA QUEEN: Wait—no—Jock—what—don't—no!

JOCK throws DRAMA QUEEN over his shoulder and carries her off.

MELLOW: Well, then. Tranio, your line.

TRANIO: Of all mad matches never was the like.

LUCENTIO: Mistress, what's your opinion of your sister?

BIANCA: That, being mad herself, she's madly mated.

GREMIO: I warrant him, Petruccio is Kated.

BAPTISTA: Come, gentlemen, let's go!

LIGHTS OUT.

ACT TWO, SCENE 2

MELLOW: Okay! Next scene! Verona. Petruccio's house.

PETRUCHIO drags KATE back to the room.

DRAMA QUEEN: Don't ever touch me again.

JOCK: Is that any way to talk to your husband, darling?

DRAMA QUEEN: Shut up.

MELLOW: Okay, you two, get on with it. This is the scene at dinner.

SERVANT, you're on.

SERVANT: Finally.

PETRUCHIO: Go, rascal, go. Fetch my supper in. Sit down, Kate.

Food! Food! Food! Food!

SERVANT approaches and offers some "meat" to PETRUCHIO who takes it in his hand.

PETRUCHIO: Come, Kate. Sit down; I know you have stomach.

Will you give thanks, sweet Kate, or shall I?

What's this? Mutton?

SERVANT: Ay.

JOCK: Looks like an old leather boot to me.

MELLOW: Would you just play along? It's mutton, okay?

PETRUCHIO: 'Tis burnt! And so is all the meat!

What dogs are these! Where is the rascal cook?

PETRUCHIO throws “meat” across the room.

PETRUCHIO: You heedless jolt heads and unmannered slaves!

KATE: I pray you, husband, be not so disquiet. The meat was well, if you were so contented.

PETRUCHIO: I tell thee, Kate, ‘twas burnt and dried away.
And better both of us did fast.

Come, I’ll bring thee to thy chamber. *(Leads her off.)*

DRAMA QUEEN: My what?

MELLOW: I’m sure it’s fine.

SERVANT and GRUMIO scamper off. PETRUCHIO returns to address the audience.

PETRUCHIO: Thus have I politically begun my reign,
‘Tis my hope to end successfully.
She eat no meat today, nor none shall eat;
Last night she slept not, nor tonight shall she not;
As with the meat, some undeserved fault I’ll find about the making
of the bed
And here I’ll fling the pillow, there the bolster,
This way the coverlet, another way the sheets.
Ay, and amid this hurly I intend
That all is done in reverend care of her;
And in conclusion she shall watch all night:
And if she chance to nod I’ll rail and brawl
And with the clamor keep her still awake.
This is a way to kill a wife with kindness;
And thus I’ll curb her mad and headstrong humor.

GOOD OL’ BOY: Well, that’ll never work!

PETRUCHIO: He that knows better how to tame a shrew,
Now let him speak; this charity to show.

GOOD OL’ BOY: Guys! I think Shakespeare heard me!

MELLOW: He didn’t hear you.

TEACHER: He *anticipated* you.

GOOD OL’ BOY: He *what?*

TEACHER: *(With eyes to MELLOW.)* I’ll explain after.

MELLOW: Okay! We're back at Baptista's house!

SILLY 1: Still looks like a deserted cabin to me.

SILLY 2: Me too!

MELLOW: (*Ignoring them.*) Go ahead, Lucentio.

LUCENTIO: Madam, we are rid of "Lito."

TRANIO: In faith, he'll have a saucy widow now,
That shall be woo'd—

ALL STUDENTS: WOOOOOOOO!

TRANIO: —and wedded in a day.

BIANCA: God give him joy!

TRANIO: Ay, and he'll tame her.

BIANCA: He says so, Tranio.

SILLY 2: Now that rhyme was just cheesy.

NERD: Quiet! We're on a roll!

TRANIO: Faith, he is gone unto the taming-school.

BIANCA: The taming school! What, is there such a place?

TRANIO: Ay, mistress, and Petruchio is the master.

To tame a shrew and charm her chattering tongue.

MELLOW: Next scene!

STUDENT: Already?

MELLOW: Back to Petruchio's!

SILLY 1: This is going really fast now.

STUDENTS scamper into place. TEACHER begins nodding off.

GRUMIO: No, no, forsooth; I dare not for my life.

KATE: What, did he marry me to famish me?

Beggars that come unto my father's door

Upon entreaty have a present alms;

But I, who never knew how to entreat,

Am starved for meat, giddy for lack of sleep,

With oaths kept waking and with brawling fed:

And that which spites me more than all these wants,

He does it under name of perfect love.

I prithee, go and get me some repast.

I care not what, so it be wholesome food.

GRUMIO: What say you to a piece of beef and mustard?

KATE: A dish that I do love to feed upon.

GRUMIO: Ay, but the mustard is too hot a little.

KATE: Go, get thee gone, though false deluding slave! (*Pauses and looks to MELLOW.*)

MELLOW: What is it?

KATE: I'm supposed to beat him.

MELLOW: Well? Go on, then.

KATE beats GRUMIO with her script. Enter HORTENSIO and PETRUCHIO with "meat" on a tray.

SLIGHTLY ODD: I wish everybody would just stop talking about food.

JOCK: I know, right?

GOOD OL' BOY: Beef and mustard...? That just ain't right. Steak and eggs, now—

ALL STUDENTS: (*Ad lib.*) Groans, stop it, etc.

GOOD OL' BOY: —get you some grits and corn bread—

DRAMA QUEEN: Just stop *talking* about it!

MELLOW: Guys, seriously, just—

DRAMA QUEEN: "Get on with it." *We know!*

STUDENTS force themselves back into character.

PETRUCHIO: How fares my Kate?

HORTENSIO: Mistress, what cheer?

KATE: Faith, as cold as can be.

PETRUCHIO: Here, love; thou see'st how diligent I am

To dress thy meat myself and bring it thee:

I am sure, sweet Kate, this kindness merits thanks. (*Pause.*)

What, not a word? Nay then, thou lovest it not.

Here, take this dish away.

KATE: I pray you, let it stand.

Enter SERVANT.

PETRUCHIO: (*To SERVANT.*) What news with you, sir?

SERVANT: Here is the gown your worship did bespeak.

SERVANT snaps his fingers to PROPS, who runs over to hand him a rain coat.

PETRUCHIO: Why, 'tis lewd and filthy! Away with it.

Come, let me have a bigger.

KATE: I'll have no *bigger*. (*Insulted.*) This doth fit the time,
And gentlewomen wear such gowns as these.

PETRUCHIO: When you are gentle, you shall have one too,
And not till then.

HORTENSIO: (*Aside.*) That will not be in haste.

KATE: Why, sir, I trust I may have leave to speak;

And speak I will; I am no child, no babe.

Your betters have endured me say my mind,
And if you cannot, best stop your ears.

My tongue will tell the anger of my heart

Or else my heart concealing it will break.

PETRUCHIO: (*Still talking about the gown.*)

O mercy! What is this? A sleeve?

KATE: I never saw a better-fashion'd gown

More quaint, more pleasing, nor more commendable:

JOCK: (*Looking up.*) It says I'm supposed to rip it up.

ALL STUDENTS: Go ahead! Well?, etc.

GOOD OL' BOY: Git 'er done.

PETRUCHIO strains to rip it, but can't.

HORTENSIO: I see she's like to have neither cap nor gown.

PETRUCHIO still straining.

SERVANT: (*Upset.*) You bid me make it orderly and well!

PETRUCHIO gives up.

PETRUCHIO: Very well, sir, in brief; the gown is not for me. (*Tosses gown over shoulder.*) Come, my Kate, we will go unto your father's. Our purses shall be proud, our garments poor; For 'tis the mind that makes the body rich. Let's see; I think 'tis now some seven o'clock And well we may come there by dinner-time.

COMPLAINER: Dinner.

ALL STUDENTS: Groans, complaints, etc.

GOOD OL' BOY: Cheeseburgers!

SILLY 1: French fries.

SILLY 2: Pizza.

SLIGHTLY ODD: Almond-crust ed pork medallions with sautéed mushrooms and capers.

ALL look at him.

SLIGHTLY ODD: *WHAT?!*

MELLOW: All right, everyone, we need to focus. Look, we're almost done!

COMPLAINER: Who cares? I'm hungry, I'm tired, and I don't really understand this play anyway.

NERD: I, for one, think that—

SILLY 1: (*Coughs the words.*) Nobody cares.

SILLY 2: Is she sleeping?

MELLOW: How could she sleep through all of this?

ALL look at TEACHER. Just then, SXF: LOUD BOOM THUNDER. TEACHER snorts awake.

TEACHER: No cell phones in class. (*Blinks.*) What?

SHY GIRL: Teacher, You've been sleeping again.

TEACHER: Surely not. I was just resting my eyes. My goodness, it's after midnight! Has the bus driver come back yet?

ALL STUDENTS: No, not yet, haven't seen him, etc.

TEACHER: Oh, dear. Well, have you finished the play?

NERD: Not quite. Do you want to see the end?

TEACHER: You know, I believe I would.

JOCK: (*Seriously.*) I don't know, Teacher. A lot has happened while you were slee—

ALL STUDENTS: Clearing throats, shaking heads, etc.

JOCK: —while you were resting your eyes. Do you want us to, like, you know—

NERD: Fill you in?

TEACHER: Oh, don't worry. I think I'll be able to keep up.

END OF ACT TWO

Do Not Copy

ACT THREE, SCENE 1

MELLOW: Okay, we're on to the banquet scene. (*Reading from script.*) It's given a few days later to celebrate the marriages of Lucentio and Bianca—

LUCENTIO grabs BIANCA'S hand and waves it above his head as if they've just won Olympic gold.

MELLOW: —and Hortensio and his Saucy Widow.

GOOD OL' BOY: Wait, I'm married now? (*Pauses to process.*) And...
to a salsa window?

NERD: (*Enunciating and pointing to script.*) Sau-cy... wi-dow.

GOOD OL' BOY: When'd that happen?

NERD: Keep up!

BOYS sit center stage on three wooden crates or barrels.

BAPTISTA: Now, in good sadness, son Petruccio,
I think thou hast the veriest shrew of all.

PETRUCCIO: Well, I say no: and therefore for assurance
Let's each of us send unto his wife;
And he whose wife is the most obedient
To come at first when he doth send for her,
Shall win.

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