

# THE PLAYHOUSE

By Kristen Doherty

‘Totus Mundus Agit Histrionem’ - The Whole World Is a Playhouse

CHARACTERS

MIRANDA - Determined. Passionate. Obsessed with Shakespeare.

QUINN - Terrified of everything, overwhelmed, highly strung, panicked, stressed.

BEX – A bit thick.

AUBREY - Eshay, bogan, mouthy, naughty.

JAMES– Shy, nerdy. Wants to fit in.

ENSEMBLE

TEACHER (Miss/Sir)– Suffering through this.

STUDENTS 1-3

HEMINGES – Theatre Manager

BURBAGE – Famous Shakespearean actor

HIGGINS – Burbage’s Manservant

MOTHER - Groundling

CHILD 1-3 – Junior Groundlings

APPLE SELLER – A Hawker on the Streets

HAWKER 1-3 – Selling their wares.

PURATIN – Protesting the morality of theatre.

LONDONERS 1- 3

GROUNDLINGS 1-3

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

ORLANDO, OLIVER and ADAM - Actors on the stage at the Globe Theatre.

ENSEMBLE – Students, people of ‘Ye Old London Town - Theatregoers, Groundlings, Hawkers, Waifs, Pickpockets, Gentry.

Suggestions for double-ups for the ensemble roles for a 12-actor cast:

- Actor 1 - Teacher, Child 3, Hawker, Orlando.
- Actor 2 - Student, Heminges, Londoner, Adam.
- Actor 3 - Student, Mother, Burbage, Londoner.
- Actor 4 - Student, Child 1, Higgins, Hawker.
- Actor 5 - Child 2, Shakespeare, Hawker.
- Actor 6 – Puritan, Groundling, Oliver.
- Actor 7 – Apple Seller, Londoner, Groundling.

## SCENE 1- THE NEW GLOBE THEATRE

*The New Globe Theatre. London.*

*Time - Now.*

*The Foyer - A group of students gather with their teacher, who is readying them to see a performance of Shakespeare's, 'As You Like It'*

TEACHER. Right then. We will be going in soon. You are to be on your best behaviour. Do I make myself clear?...

*(Some mumble their compliance)*

STUDENT 1. Yeah. Yeah.

MIRANDA. Of course, Miss.

TEACHER. Aubrey?

AUBREY. What did I do?

TEACHER. Behaviour! Am I clear?

AUBREY. *(attitude)* Crystal.

TEACHER. We do not want a repeat of the National Gallery incident, now do we, Quinn?

QUINN. But Miss, that was totally not my fault.

STUDENT 1. You can't blame her for eating her lunch, Miss.

QUINN. My blood sugar was low, Miss.

TEACHER. Yes, but tomato soup, Quinn?

QUINN. The plexiglass saved 'The Sunflowers' painting, Miss... No actual harm done.

*(The teacher notices Bex videoing her with her phone)*

TEACHER. Bex! Are you recording me?

BEX. It's for my socials, Miss.

TEACHER. Turn it off! You were all given strict instructions not to bring your phones.

BEX. *(smirks)* As if.

TEACHER. Ok, hand it over.

BEX. No!

*(Bex starts hyperventilating)*

STUDENT 2. Miss! You can't take her phone. She actually has a dependency on it. You know? Like an emotional support animal? ... But a phone...

TEACHER. Put it in your pocket, Bex. *(hands phone back)* I do not want to see it again.

BEX. *(Suddenly perky again)* Thanks Miss!

TEACHER. Did anyone else bring their phones?

*(A few mumble "No", as they stash them in their pockets)*

TEACHER. Ok, it's almost time to go in. We are in the pit, so we'll be standing for a very long time--

*(Students groan)*

TEACHER. So, if you want to go to the bathroom now's your opportunity. Anyone?

*(Students distracted, ignore her)*

TEACHER. No? Alright. We are very lucky to have this opportunity. The Globe Theatre is the greatest living theatrical monument in British history. This building is an exact replica of Shakespeare's original Globe.

MIRANDA. Um... Not strictly, Miss. Although they did utilise many 16<sup>th</sup> century Elizabethan construction methods; they built this replica under modern building health and safety measures.

TEACHER. *(sigh)* Thank you, Miranda. Yes, true... but here, on this exact spot--

MIRANDA. Well, not actually the exact spot. We are about 400 yards from where the actual original location was.

TEACHER. *(sighs)* Thank you again, Miranda.

MIRANDA. You're very welcome, Miss.

TEACHER. Yes, the original was built in 1599

MIRANDA. It was actually built by Shakespeare himself! Along with The Lord Chamberlain's Men. They stole it!

STUDENT 3. They stole the Globe theatre?

STUDENT 2. As if!

MIRANDA. Actual true story. The landlord of ‘The Theatre’ where Shakespeare’s company performed, refused to renew the lease, so, in the dead of night, they dismantled it and smuggled it across the river, to rebuild it on this side. Can you imagine what it would have been like? Back then... Incredible...The original Globe burnt down in 1614.

TEACHER. Yes... All of those things... Ahem. This Globe re-creation was rebuilt in 1994.

MIRANDA. Wanamaker.

STUDENT 3. You what?

MIRANDA. Sam Wanamaker envisaged rebuilding The Globe as far back as 1970. It was his life’s mission to see The Globe re-constructed. Wannamaker was an American actor who-

TEACHER. Thank you, Miranda!... And, of course, we will be seeing ‘As You Like It’ which was the very first play ever performed at the Globe Theatre.

MIRANDA. Actually, it was *one* of the first plays that was performed at the Globe. The first was actually Julius Caesar.

TEACHER. You’ve done your homework, haven’t you, Miranda?

MIRANDA. You know me, Miss!

TEACHER. (*grimacing*) Yes, I certainly do. Okay, we are going in now. Remember, best behaviour.

*(The school group enter the theatre)*

*(SFX – Uplifting music)*

STUDENT 3. Whoah!

STUDENT 2. So beautiful.

*(All look around in awe. Miranda squeaks)*

*(SFX - Music soars)*

TEACHER. James! Turn that off.

JAMES. But Miss! I created a playlist specially.

TEACHER. I’m sure they have actual musicians here. No phones! Hand it over.

JAMES. But! Bex has her —

TEACHER. Now!

*(He snaps the music off and begrudgingly hands his phone over)*

STUDENT 1. This place is awesome.

MIRANDA. (*Points up*) Look at that. The heavens.

(*They all look up*)

STUDENT 2. There's no roof.

STUDENT 3. What happens when it rains?

TEACHER. You get wet.

STUDENT 3. Whoah.

MIRANDA. (*overcome*) I can't believe I'm here. I can't believe I'm here.

AUBREY. (*yawns loudly*) ... I'm bored.

TEACHER. Aubrey!

AUBREY. Yeah, nah, I gotta pee.

BEX. Actually, so do I. I did a cleanse this morning and it's gone right through me.

(*Aubrey elbows Quinn*)

QUINN. Oops, me too. Can we go before the show starts, Miss?

TEACHER. (*exasperated*) I just asked if there was any-- and as if I'm going to let any of you lot wander around by yourselves... Miranda, go with them.

MIRANDA. Miss! I don't want to miss the start of the show.

TEACHER. Go with them! I do not trust them as far as I can throw them... And I need a break from that lot, and you.

AUBREY. We are right here, you know?

MIRANDA. (*huffs*) Fine! Whatever!

(*The girls exit*)

TEACHER. Oh no, that door is to backstage. Backstage! Not to the toilets. James, go and get them.

JAMES. (*protests*) Miss!

TEACHER. Just go!

*(James stomps off after the girls)*

BLACKOUT.

## SCENE 2 – THE TIRING HOUSE

*The girls are backstage in the Tiring House; they look around in awe.*

BEX. This is so cool.

QUINN. I think we went the wrong way...

MIRANDA. *(sniffles)* It's incredible. Just incredible.

AUBREY. Are you crying?

MIRANDA. No!

BEX. You are! Awh...

MIRANDA. *(overcome)* It's just that I have always... Always--

*(James catches up with them)*

JAMES. Hey, you guys....

AUBREY. What do you want?

JAMES. The bathroom was the other door. Miss sent—

QUINN. I told you!

*(Miranda spies a rack of Elizabethan costumes)*

MIRANDA. Oh! Look at those costumes.

*(She squeals and runs over to the rack)*

MIRANDA. Oh, they are divine. I'm sorry... I can't help myself.

*(She picks one off and holds it against herself, blissing out. Meanwhile Aubrey has taken a regal-looking gown and is putting it on. The others are oblivious)*

QUINN. Miranda! Don't touch them.

MIRANDA. You don't understand. This is my dream.

QUINN. What if we get busted? Miss will kill us. Come on guys, let's go back before someone comes.

*(Aubrey steps forward dressed in the gown)*

AUBREY. *(screeches)* Ooorfff with her head!

QUINN. *(gasps)* Aubrey! What are you doing?!

AUBREY. Thou peasant! Darest thou address your queen as such? Forsooth, thou art a snivelling buffoon.

QUINN. Aubrey! Stop! You are going to get us in so much trouble.

*(Bex holds a peasant dress up)*

BEX. Ohh... What do you think? Casual slay? Bawdy wench is more my style.

AUBREY. Yas, queen!

QUINN. No! Stop. Please.

BEX. Gonna try one.

*(Bex, strips off school blazer and puts dress on. Unable to resist, Miranda rips her blazer off)*

MIRANDA. I'm sorry. I have to. I just have to. This is a once in a lifetime—

*(She grabs a gown puts it on)*

QUINN. *(hysterical)* Have you all lost control of your senses!?

*(James steps forward in a knight's helmet and sword)*

JAMES. Stand aside, pleb! Or I shall run you through!

AUBREY. Argh! I'll teach you to address me as sir. Knave!

*(Aubrey gleefully grabs another sword and together they sword fight. Miranda and Bex help each other into their dresses. Quinn freaks out)*

QUINN. No. No. No! Put them down. They're dangerous.

AUBREY. Yeah, sorry, Quinn's right. Games over.

*(Aubrey grabs the helmet and sword off James and puts them back)*

QUINN. Thank you, Aubrey.

AUBREY. You're very welcome, Quinn. Here James *(grabs a fancy frock)*  
Try this on instead!

QUINN/JAMES. No! No! No!

AUBREY/BEX/MIRANDA. Yes, yes, yes!

*(James is suddenly launched on by Aubrey, Bex and Miranda who force the costume on him)*

MIRANDA. It's only fitting. All the girls' roles were played by boys back in Shakespeare's day.

BEX. Wait, what, why?

MIRANDA. People thought it indecent for women to appear on stage. Theatres in general were seen as improper. The puritans had them all closed in 1642... That spelt the end of the Globe. They tore it down two years later to build tenement housing. *(sighs)* Sad...

QUINN. *(terse)* Well lucky they have this new one. Let's go!

*(She is ignored. James stumbles forward fully frocked up. The girls whoop him)*

AUBREY. Yes! This is perfection!

JAMES. Yeah, real funny, girls.

AUBREY. Come on, Quinn. Try one.

QUINN. *(gasps)* No way!

MIRANDA. Once in a lifetime, Quinn.

JAMES. If I have to, so do you.

BEX/AUBREY. Please.

*(Quinn looks at the pleading faces of her friends)*

QUINN. Fine! But when they catch us, I'm going to blame you.

AUBREY. You always do.

*(She huffs and pulls a black costume off the rack and puts it on. The others squeal and jump around excited. Quinn despite it all, is loving herself sick)*

QUINN. Look it twirls.

*(A voice offstage)*

VOICE. Oi! You lot. What do you think you're doing?

MIRANDA. Oh no!

QUINN. I told you! I told you! I told you!

BEX. Run!

*(They scramble and run offstage)*

*BLACKOUT.*

### SCENE 3 – THE PORTRAIT

*The students re-enter, exhausted from the chase. An enormous portrait of Shakespeare dominates the space*

AUBREY. I think we lost him.

QUINN. I can't believe you guys!

BEX. What is this room?

MIRANDA. It must be another part of the Tiring House.

BEX. It's creepy.

JAMES. Look! Is that...?

*(James points to the portrait. They all gather round the painting)*

MIRANDA. *(reverent)* William Shakespeare. The greatest playwright that ever existed.

BEX. It almost feels like he's here with us right now.

MIRANDA. *(whispers)* He is....

QUINN. Don't! You're creeping me out.

JAMES. *(shivers)* It's just a picture... Isn't it?

*(They all inspect closer. Suddenly Aubrey grabs James's arm)*

AUBREY. Rahh!

*(James screams! Aubrey and Bex fall apart laughing)*

JAMES. *(whiney)* Don't!

QUINN. Hey look, guys, on the bottom of his picture... What does it say? Totus mundas--

MIRANDA. It's Latin. It's the motto of the Globe. It means "The Whole World Is a Playhouse"

BEX. Kinda like that “All the world’s a stage” that Miss was telling us about.

MIRANDA. Yes, from ‘As You Like It’.... Can you imagine? What it would have been like... Back then. I wish... Oh, I wish I could have seen the very first performance. Been there... Here.

QUINN. Totus mun...dus...

JAMES. Totus mundas agit histrionem.

ALL. *(Together. Loud chanting)* Totus mundus agit histrionem. Totus mundus agit histrionem. Totus mundus agit histrionem.

*(LFX. All of a sudden the light lights flash and twirl)*

## SCENE 4 – THE OLD GLOBE THEATRE

*The Old Globe Theatre. London.*

*Time. 1599.*

*The Tiring House.*

*(Staging suggestion for time travel - In the flashing lights, the ensemble enter in Elizabethan costume, move some furniture pieces in slow motion, sweeping, stylistic movements, then exit)*

*There is a jolt. The group stumble and correct themselves, they do not realise yet that they have been transported back in time.*

AUBREY. Whoah! What the!?

QUINN. What was that?

JAMES. Something flashed... I didn’t think they used stage lighting here.

MIRANDA. They do nowadays. Not in the Tiring House though.

BEX. That was weird.

JAMES. I felt something.

MIRANDA. So, did I.

JAMES. This room looks different.... Does it?

QUINN. Wait, what?

*(The lights fade up. The room is very different. They look around, shocked)*

BEX. This room *is* different... The same, but different.

*(Quinn lets out a long, strangled squeak)*

AUBREY. What is happening?

JAMES. This is freaky.

QUINN. *(spirals into a panic)* Why? How? I don't understand. What do you mean different? Were those candles lit before? Were those candles *there* before? That chair? ... That... That?

MIRANDA. Chamber pot.

BEX. Ewh.

QUINN. *(eyes wide)* Was any of it here before?

MIRANDA. *(in wonder and awe)* No, it wasn't. Except William, of course.

*(She points to the portrait)*

AUBREY. What do you mean, Miranda?

QUINN. *(panicked)* Yeah! What do you mean, Miranda?!

MIRANDA. I wished it.

AUBREY. Wished what?

MIRANDA. I wished to go back to the very first production of 'As You Like It'.

*(They all are silent for a moment, then fall apart laughing)*

AUBREY. You're having a lend?

BEX. You're not serious, as if!

JAMES. Are you are saying we have gone back in time?

QUINN. Please no.

MIRANDA. That's exactly what I'm saying. Look around, will you? What other explanation could there be?

BEX. Aliens?

JAMES. *(scoffs)* Yeah, that makes more sense. Aliens in Shakespeare's Globe.

BEX. Oh, I know! We're dreaming.

JAMES. Pft! We're all having the same dream all at once?

BEX. (*gasps*) You're having the same dream too?

(*James groans and slaps himself in the head*)

QUINN. Guys, I am freaking out! We are going to be in so much trouble.

AUBREY. I think that's the least of our problems.

MIRANDA. Calm down everyone! This is the original Globe Theatre. This is an incredible opportunity to be here, to see this. I mean we have travelled through time. Doesn't that blow your mind?

BEX. Is that a side effect? Mind blowing up? I gotta live feed this.

(*She grabs out her phone*)

BEX. Oh boo! No coverage. Take them now, post them later.

(*Bex and Aubrey strike poses, taking multiple selfies*)

JAMES. Ok, so say we have travelled back to...

MIRANDA. 1599.

JAMES. 1599... How do we get back to *our* time?

QUINN. What he said!

MIRANDA. I have no idea. But I'm sure the way back must be through Shakespeare's portrait. That's how we got here, isn't it?

JAMES. Yeah, maybe it's some sort of porthole? Maybe if we chant the words together again it might take us back.

AUBREY. What's the rush? We might as well make the most of it, don't you think? Ohh, I know! Let's go out on the town!

BEX. Yeah! I bet we could go to an actual 'Ye olde tavern of ill repute', and they won't even card us.

QUINN. No way, guys. Are you crazy? Outside that door is Elizabethan London. You'll get eaten alive.

JAMES. I'm with Quinn... I'm not going out there... Especially like this. (*gestures to his frock*)

BEX. (*gasp*) Eaten alive?! There's Zombie's out there too?

MIRANDA. There might as well be... Back in this time, the streets were--

AUBREY. It's actually 'are.'

MIRANDA. You're right! The streets *are* dangerous. And so crowded. There was--

AUBREY. Is.

MIRANDA. So much poverty, there were--

AUBREY. Are.

MIRANDA. Beggars on every corner, pick pockets, hawkers. They had--

AUBREY. Have.

MIRANDA. No plumbing, so human waste--

BEX. Poop?

MIRANDA. Yes, poop, is thrown out on the street.

BEX. Ewh.

MIRANDA. So, of course disease was--

AUBREY. Is.

MIRANDA. Disease *is* rampant! Smallpox, sweating sickness.

BEX. (*wide-eyed*) The plague?

MIRANDA. Not yet... In about sixty years.

BEX. Phewf!

MIRANDA. But they executed people in the Tower of London until 1941.

AUBREY. That means now!

MIRANDA. That means now more than ever. They tortured their prisoners. Everything was a crime. And the punishment, more often than not, death!

QUINN. Death?!

BEX. Oh no!

QUINN. We cannot go out there!

ALL. Agreed!

MIRANDA. ...But I do also agree that we have to make the most of it...

QUINN/JAMES. What?!

MIRANDA. We need to at least have a look around the theatre, don't we? I mean we can't not have a peek at the stage. This is an opportunity of a lifetime! The very first production of 'As You Like It'. If we stay in the Globe, we'll be safe... I know it.

QUINN/JAMES. No!

AUBREY/BEX. Yes

AUBREY. I think we need to split up and scope out the place. We will look less sus if we aren't in a big group, if some Medieval geezer comes along.

MIRANDA. Not Medieval, Elizabethan. But yes, I agree, split up and try to blend in.

JAMES. *(incredulous)* Blend in?!

QUINN. No! We are not splitting up! They always spilt up in the movies, and the weak ones suffer! And I'm a weak one, Aubrey. I'm a weak one!

JAMES. I think we have to stay together at all costs, so if the proverbial hits the fan, we can run back to Shakespeare's porthole.

AUBREY. I can't believe the words that are coming out of your mouth.

## SCENE 5 – THE MEDIEVAL GEEZER

*Sure enough, theatre manager, John Heminges enters and sees the group huddled together.*

HEMINGES. What is this? A gathering of rabble in the Tiring House, when the stage is about to be graced?

BEX. *(gasps)* A Medieval geezer!

AUBREY. Told you we should have split up.

*(James and Aubrey duck behind the others as Heminges strides over)*

HEMINGES. *(irritated)* The performance shall begin upon the turning of the hour. You cannot be back here. You should be in the pit!

*(Bex and Aubrey step forward)*

BEX. The pit? Excuse you!

AUBREY. Yeah, I don't know who you think we are, but I don't belong in no pit.

HEMINGES. O' me lady, many a pardon.

*(He bows low to Aubrey)*

HEMINGES. I did not see you behind this... hoard.

AUBREY. You? I? (*feigning confidence*) ...Yes. You should bow low! How very dare you! I will not be seated in the pit.

HEMINGES. My sincerest apologies, M' Lady. Can I show you to your seat? I believe you are gracing the stage for today's performance.

AUBREY. The stage? You what? I'm a tech in Drama. I don't act.

HEMINGES. (*chortles*) Yes, of course you don't act, M' Lady, why that would be preposterous! A woman on the stage! Can you even imagine? No, you will be seated *on* the stage, in the royal box, right next to the action. They are the very best seats in the house. The other nobility have already taken their places. I shall show you there immediately, personally.

AUBREY. Halt! I have been offended, and I shall not accompany you... Um...My good man. I shall allow this, er, pleb, here (*grabs Bex*) to escort me to my seat instead.

HEMINGES. Of course, M' Lady.... Anything you wish. (*to Bex*) You! Earn the price of your ticket. Guide M' Lady to her seat. (*points offstage*)

BEX. Me? Ok. (*hams it up*) This way if you please, M' Lady...

MIRANDA. (*grabs them and whispers*) Avoid the pit if you can. The groundlings were also called the stinkards!

BEX. Ewh.

(*Aubrey and Bex run off*)

HEMINGES. Miss Quinn, why are you not at your station? Lord Burbage will be making his entry at curtain. Do you have his changes at the ready? Do you so soon forget what happened last time you weren't prepared for his lordship?

QUINN. I... You? I... Who? What? Quinn? Me?

HEMINGES. Oh! Why do I have to endure thy lady incompetence!?! You, girl, were given the position of costume mistress with much protest from myself, I confess it freely. So, I suggest you do the task for which you were employed for. Or back to the slops for you.

(*Quinn, terrified backs away*)

QUINN. I... I...No, not the slops!

(*She grabs James' arm and hisses*)

QUINN. How does he know my name, James? Who does he think we are?

JAMES. *(hisses back)* I don't know! Don't leave me!

QUINN. *(panicked)* Don't leave me!

MIRANDA. There must be some parallel time/space continuum.

JAMES. That makes absolutely no sense.

MIRANDA. Ok, Mr Star Wars, you explain it then.

QUINN. *(hysterical)* This is getting us nowhere!

HEMINGES. Miss Quinn! Your station! Immediately!

*(Heminges gives her an impatient wave in the direction he wants her to go. She scuttles off)*

HEMINGES. *(to Miranda with a sigh)* And as for you, miss, I persevere. No audience in the Tiring House. You will need to leave. The actors cannot be distracted. *(to James)* You have some time before the third act, sir. However, you have not had your face and wig done yet.

JAMES. I'm not doing it, I'm not acting.

HEMINGES. Beggin' your pardon, M' Lord.

JAMES. *(pleading)* I can't do it, Miranda. I'd rather take my chances on the streets of Ye Ol' London town!

MIRANDA. You have to do it! *(hisses)* Elizabethan slums are dangerous, James. Dangerous! You do not want to go out there!

HEMINGES. M' Lord, your part begins after interval. I suggest you ready yourself. The performance will be marred without the role of Phebe.

JAMES. Do you have the script? I mean scroll? ..."If it be, give it me, for I am slow of study."

MIRANDA. Wrong play.

HEMINGES. *(irritated, he hands James a scroll)* The ensemble make their entry anon, but you have some time before the third act, I suggest you use it well.

MIRANDA. You know I could play Phebe. I know her part... I know almost all the lines of every female Shakespearean character off by heart. Well, most of them.... I don't get into the Histories as much, too many Henries, I'm even confused. Me! Can you believe it? *(babbling)* I am obsessed with Shakespeare. Obsessed! And I could totally do Phebe. I could audition for you, right now. *(Launches into a dramatic rendition)*

(PHEBE) I would not be thy executioner:

I fly thee, for I would not injure thee.

Thou tell'st me there is murder in mine eye:

HEMINGES. Stop! Miss, I implore you.

MIRANDA. Maybe you need something stronger? Or with more emotional range?

Hermoine from a Winter's Tale?

(HERMOINE) Sir, spare your threats:

The bug which you fright me with, I seek.

To me can life be no commodity:

HEMINGES. Madam, desist. Your performance is strong, but a woman cannot grace the stage. It is illegal, and it is not your place.

MIRANDA. (*chuffed*) You think my performance is strong? How about some Lady Mac then!?

(LADY MACBETH) Out, damned spot! out, I say!

One: two: why, then, 'tis time to do't.

Hell is murky! Fie, my lord, fie!

HEMINGES. Stop!

MIRANDA. (JULIET) Romeo, Romeo, Wherefore Art thou Romeo.

HEMINGES. I said desist!

MIRANDA. (*implores*) Please, sir. No one need ever know. For me to have the opportunity to step out on *that* stage, at any time, let alone in *this* time... would... would... (*bursts into tears*)

HEMINGES. I have seen enough! Out! Throw her out on the street. She belongs in Bedlam. A woman on the stage!? Not in my lifetime. We have a performance starting in minutes and I will not endure a moment more of thy lady insanity. Out!

MIRANDA. No please. Not out there. Please...

HEMINGES. Out! Out!

*(Heminges pushes a resisting Miranda out of the door leading to the street)*

JAMES. (*cries out*) Miranda!

*(SFX. Door slam)*

BLACKOUT.

SCENE 6 – THE PIT

*Enter Aubrey and Bex hand in hand as they sneak away.*

AUBREY. I reckon if we go out this way, we might still be able to find our way out onto the street and to a Ye olde tavern of ill repute.

BEX. But how about the zombies and aliens?

*(Aubrey gives her a withering look)*

BEX. Ok... I'm up for the risk, as long as you promise they don't really make your brain melt... or eat it, or...

*(They enter the pit only to be rushed by a group of people)*

AUBREY. Oh no! They must be letting the audience in. I don't want to get stuck in the pit.

*(A Mother and her three children bustle past them)*

MOTHER. Get me near the stage Frankie, I need something to lean on with my tricky hip. The last one went for three ruddy hours.

CHILD 1. Muvva. I do not want to stand near the stage, last time a cabbage struck me right in the ear.

CHILD 2. And I got pigs blood all over me from the stabbing scene.

CHILD 3. That part was grand. I wanna be right at the front.

*(Bex and Aubrey are swept up with the hoard and forced off stage)*

BEX. Too late.

BEX/AUBREY. *(bellow)* Miranda!!

*BLACKOUT*

## SCENE 7 – THE COSTUME MISTRESS

*Quinn paces backstage, near the costume rack, beside herself with panic.*

QUINN. “Try this costume on”, they said. “We won't get in trouble”, they said! But I told them, and now look at us. Look at us!

*(Richard Burbage strides in with his man-servant Higgins. Quinn squeaks in despair and ducks behind a costume rack)*

BURBAGE. Where is my dresser? I swear, Higgins, if she is off galivanting with that usher boy again, I'll tan her hide.

HIGGINS. As well you should, Lord Burbage, I wouldn't trust that girl as far as I could throw her. Incompetent. I don't know why you keep her around.

QUINN. *(overwhelmed)* Oh my gosh, oh my gosh!

*(Quinn rushes to a rack of costumes, starts rifling through the tags)*

QUINN. Burbage? Burbage, where are you? *(locates the right costume)* Oh my gosh, here! Here it is! Breathe Quinn, breathe!

HIGGINS. Oh, here she is, M' Lord. You! Girl. I hope you aren't going to keep Lord Burbage waiting again!

*(Quinn turns, fake smile plastered on her face, holding his costume out)*

QUINN. *(Cockney accent)*. Not at all, 'iggins. Here you are me lord, all ready for ya.

BURBAGE. Stupid girl, you know that I must be made up before I adorn my costume.

*(He plonks himself down at the makeup chair)*

QUINN. Yes, yes, of course, silly me.

*(She puts the costume aside and grabs white face paint and starts smearing it thickly on Burbage's face)*

HIGGINS. Cheeks, girl. Rouge them and hurry up about it!

QUINN. Cheeks, yes, a little bit 'ere and a little more there.

BURBAGE. How do I look, Higgins?

HIGGINS. Very handsome, sir.

BURBAGE. Obviously, man!... I am referring to the girl's efforts.

HIGGINS. Yes, well... Surprisingly, good sire.

QUINN. I've been watching loads of Tik Tok's on even application and contouring techniques. And this pan-stick works surprisingly well on your combination, pox marked skin, M' Lord. Just fills in the gaps like putty... And done.

BURBAGE. *(sticks out his hand)* Looking glass.

*(Quinn scrambles to pick up a hand-held mirror and hands it to him, he inspects his face closely)*

BURBAGE. Yes, yes, I see what you mean. My nose looks much slimmer... And my jawline. Impressive, I must say.

HIGGINS. *(bitter)* Hmm...Surprisingly impressive.

*(Quinn makes a show of brushing Burbage down. She turns to grab his costume coat and holds it out, ready for him to slip into. He stands and does so)*

QUINN. Your jacket, M' Lord.

BURBAGE. I must say, I have seen a marked improvement in your work, Miss Quinn.

QUINN. Well, thank you, M'Lord. I try. *(smiles sweetly)*

HIGGINS. Hmph! Just make sure that you are ready for the next change after scene four.

QUINN. The next change? Oh yes, of course. I'm already ready.

*(Burbage and Higgins sweep out. Quinn collapses into the chair, relieved and overwhelmed)*

QUINN. Next change? Next change. Sweet Mary, mother of Joseph. *(bellows)* Miranda!

*BLACKOUT*

## SCENE 8 – THE STREETS OF YE OLD LONDON TOWN

*Miranda is trapped outside the Globe Theatre on the wild streets of Elizabethan London. People mill around everywhere - Theatregoers, Tramps, Pickpockets, Waifs and Hawkers selling their wares. Miranda takes a deep breath and looks around, excited but overwhelmed.*

*SFX. Noisy overlapping banter, a bell rings, a fiddle or a drum.*

HAWKER 1. Eel pies. Get your love-er-ly eel pies. Steaming 'ot just out of me Mrs' oven. Right over here Madam. Eel pie's get your eel pie's 'ere.

HAWKER 2. Bee-utiful flowers. Just tuppence a bunch. Picked 'em today. Come on sir. Don't cha lady deserve a nice bunch?

MIRANDA. Oh my gosh... Oh my gosh. I can't believe it... I can't believe it.

HAWKER 3. Dee-licious oranges. Sweet, sweet oranges. As sweet as a kiss from your sweetheart... Or from me. *(to a passing nobleman)* Come now, me Lord, don't be shy.

*(She puckers up. He scrambles off, she howls in laughter. An old Apple Seller approaches Miranda)*

APPLE SELLER. Apples! Apples. I got nice fresh ones ere. Rotten ones too, in case the actors are bad. *(cackles through missing teeth)* Just one pretty penny.

MIRANDA. I would... but I don't have any....

*(She roots around in her pocket)*

MIRANDA. Um... I have a Chapstick.

APPLE SELLER. Ohhh. Let's take a look-see at that now.

MIRANDA. It's like a lipstick. This one is Berry Blaster.

*(The Vendor snatches it off Miranda and starts smearing it on their mouth)*

VENDOR. Oh lovely. *(smacks lips together)* Oh and tasty. *(takes a bite)* Awh, delicious. Well worth the price of an apple.

*(The Vendor plonks a rotten apple in Miranda's hand, Miranda hands it back)*

MIRANDA. Um, thank you. You can keep that. I can't get in; I don't have a ticket.

PURATIN. *(bellows)* Close the theatres, close the theatres!

*(A Puritan steps onto an apple crate with a sign "Theatre is Sinful")*

PURITAN. This theatre is a den of iniquity, fit to corrupt the mind and the soul. These *(spits out)* 'plays' promote immorality and wickedness against our Lord. They are the work of the devil himself.

MIRANDA. It's people like you who will destroy this place.

PURITAN. You! Strumpet! You shouldn't be here.

MIRANDA: I wouldn't want to be anywhere else. This is the most incredible moment of my life.

PURATIN. This is a place of sin and debauchery.

MIRANDA. *(emotional, overwhelmed)* But don't you see? Theatre is a blessing. In this very theatre, the Globe Theatre, the heaven's look down upon the actors.

PURATIN. *(gasps)* Blasphemer!

MIRANDA. O for a Muse of fire, that would ascend  
The brightest heaven of invention,  
A kingdom for a stage, princes to act  
And monarchs to behold the swelling scene!  
This wooded O' majestic and wonderful.

PURATIN. *(gasps)* Abomination. This woman recites the words of a heathen. You miss, are heading down the path of damnation!

This play is not finished. Printable PDF scripts for perusal, classroom or rehearsal use are available for \$8 AUD / \$5 USD per copy, charged per student or participant. Email me at [kristencmdoherty@gmail.com](mailto:kristencmdoherty@gmail.com) to order.

