

SHAKESPEARE AT STARLUCK'S

by Ken Sarkis and Michelle Strauss



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**SHAKESPEARE AT
STARLUCK'S**

(DRINK YOUR DESTINY)

By Ken Sarkis and Michelle Strauss

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Drink Your Destiny

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SYNOPSIS: This comic fantasy weaves Shakespearean characters and dialogue into an imaginative plot of love, intrigue, mischief and mayhem. Prospero, the CEO Wizard of Starluck's coffeehouse, adds one more magical item to his collection of wondrous coffee brews: his new "Frappe Ever After" elixir will end human misery and suffering and create an earthly Utopia. Ambitious villains, merrymaking sprites, dysfunctional nobles, feuding lovers, jesters, dolts, witches and fairies all play their parts in showing that Prospero's noble vision is no match for the power of genuine love.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(10 females, 14 males, 12 either; gender flexible)

PROLOGUE (MECHANICALS):

BOTTOM (m).....	Plays OTHELLO, part of the Starluck Corporation. Desdemona's fiancé. <i>(68 lines)</i>
QUINCE (m).....	Plays RICHARD III a store patron. <i>(55 lines)</i>
FLUTE (m/f).....	Plays IAGA a store patron. <i>(37 lines)</i>
STARVELING (m).....	Plays HAMLET. <i>(33 lines)</i>
SNUG (m/f).....	Plays KATE. <i>(30 lines)</i>
SNOUT (m).....	Plays PROSPERO, the CEO of Starluck Corporation. <i>(47 lines)</i>

STARLUCK CORPORATION:

DESDEMONA (f).....	Prospero's adopted daughter. <i>(49 lines)</i>
OBERON (m).....	Branch Manager. <i>(52 lines)</i>
PUCK (m/f).....	<i>(55 lines)</i>
ARIEL (f).....	<i>(41 lines)</i>
CALIBAN (m).....	<i>(35 lines)</i>

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WITCH 1 (m/f).....	(35 lines)
WITCH 2 (m/f).....	(30 lines)
WITCH 3 (m/f).....	(26 lines)

STORE PATRONS:

PEASBLOSSOM (m/f)	(22 lines)
COBWEB (m/f).....	(37 lines)
ROSEBUD (m/f)	(19 lines)
MOTH (m/f).....	(16 lines)
MUSTARDSEED (m/f)	(16 lines)
CASSIUS (m).....	(22 lines)
EGEUS (m)	(7 lines)
TOUCHSTONE (m/f).....	(8 lines)

OUT OF THE PLAYS:

W. SHAKESPEARE (m)	(<i>Non-Speaking</i>)
JULIET (f).....	(8 lines)
CAPULET (m)	(20 lines)
LADY CAPULET (f).....	(5 lines)
NURSE (f).....	(13 lines)
KING LEAR (m).....	(18 lines)
GONERIL (f)	(9 lines)
REGAN (f).....	(6 lines)
CORDELIA (f).....	(13 lines)
PETRUCHIO (m).....	(23 lines)
BIANCA (f)	(5 lines)
GERTRUDE (f).....	(26 lines)
DOCTOR (m).....	(21 lines)
GHOST OF HAMLET'S FATHER (m) ..	(6 lines)

COSTUMES

These are open to almost any interpretation. It is possible to produce the play in contemporary costume. The original production clothed characters in the mode suggested by Shakespeare's plays: Assius in toga, Hamlet in a doublet, Caliban in rags, Juliet in airy white, Prospero in magnificent wizardry, the Nobles in Elizabethan finery, the fairies in whimsical wings and sparkling makeup and wild hairdo's.

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PROPS

- Countertop coffeehouse paraphernalia (brewing machines, pitchers, a cash register, etc)
- Cellphone
- A rather large silver tea holder or something “antique” to indicate a magic drink sweetener
- Plain white cups to serve brews
- Plain white cups, each marked with a large black heart to indicate a “tainted” Frappe
- Plain white cups, each marked with a large red heart to indicate the pure drink of “Love”
- 3 king size goblets each marked with a large red heart for the 3 witches
- 1 king size goblet marked with a red heart for Puck to present to Lear
- Large size magic markers for the fairies
- A brief case for Prospero
- A waitress pad for Ariel
- A money pouch (with gold pieces) for Cassius
- “brew” pieces for the witches to throw into the pot

SET DESIGN

The original production utilized a coffeehouse setting with serving counter and 4 sets of table and chairs. The set included four entrances: from the street, into an office, into restrooms, and up to the brew room. The brew room was constructed on an upstage elevated platform 6 feet off the ground, and contained shelves for supplies and stock. In the center, was a 3-ft wide brewing pot over a hole in the platform floor. (the pot and hole were large enough to pass the villain Cassius through in the last scene). Two 20 x20 stages, down left and down right, extended into the audience, were used for flashbacks to scenes from Shakespeare's plays. On these extensions, cubes were used to arrange simple suggestion of set pieces for each scene. To the rear of the audience was a 6x6 platform 6 feet high to elevate the Ghost of Hamlet's father.

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PROLOGUE

AT RISE: *Lights up on main stage where QUINCE, BOTTOM, FLUTE, SNUG, SNOUT, and STARVELING appear together.*

BOTTOM: *(To the audience.)* Are we all met?

QUINCE: Here's a marvelous convenient place for our play. This Stardust Theater shall make a good stage, this fine set as good as any for rehearsal.

FLUTE: Peter Quince?

QUINCE: What say'st thou?

FLUTE: Say what the play's about.

QUINCE: Marry; our play is a comedy about the lives of forty-three people uniquely affected by the powerful magic of caffeine.

BOTTOM: Peter Quince, there are things in the comedy of coffee and crime that will never please.

QUINCE: Like what?

BOTTOM: Malice Macchiato? Dysfunctional Decafs? Caramel Kamikaze? This would not, by many, be a choice of drink. How answer you that?

SNUG: Should not there be a better drink that won't bring fear?

STARVELING: *(In his dumb, deep, slow voice – he is a nerdy pansy.)* I believe we must leave the bad drinks out, when all is done.

BOTTOM: Not a whit. I have a device to make all well. Write me a prologue, and let me say in the prologue, we will do not harm with our drinks. This will put the audience out of fear.

QUINCE: The prologue is written.

FLUTE: I have heard there is a sense of poisoning.

STARVELING: I fear, they will fear the scene of poisoning.

SNUG: Cannot the death be by some other means less frightful?

QUINCE: How so?

SNUG: As death by looking, for as they say, looks can kill.

STARVELING: Or better explained, for those thinkers in our audience, that death is "a necessary end that comes when it will come."

BOTTOM: Nay! My prologue will explain it thus "Fair Ladies and Gentlemen. . . or . . . Gentle Ladies and Fair Men. . . or. . . or. . .

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Fairly Gentle Lady Men. . . or some such! The poisoning of which we speak this night is only make believe and shall not happen. So, turn off your cell phones.”

STARVELING: Your prologue is silly.

BOTTOM: Well, if not in prologue, then in the play itself. When he, who is to be poisoned, (*Lying down on the ground.*) is poisoned, he will rise up thus (*Sitting up.*) and discourse plainly. Fair Ladies and Gentlemen (*Goes through some of the same motions again.*) – the poison I have drunk is tea. The gasp I will make is air. The spirit rising from my dead body is special effects.

QUINCE: Friends, although poisoning be in this play, no one in this play dies of poison.

BOTTOM: Zounds!

QUINCE: Now, can we begin please! Is all our company here?

BOTTOM: (*Jumping up.*) Good Peter Quince, call forth you actors by the script. Masters, spread yourselves.

QUINCE: Answer as I call you. Nick Bottom, the Weaver.

BOTTOM: (*Jumping forward.*) Ready! Name what part I am for, and proceed!

QUINCE: You, Nick Bottom, are set down for Othello. Frances Flute.

..

BOTTOM: (*Cutting him off.*) What is Othello? A lover? Or a Homey?

QUINCE: In this play, Othello is a lover. Frances Flute. . .

BOTTOM: (*Cutting him off again.*) That will make some tears in the true performing of it. If I do it, let the audience look to their eyes. I will move storms. Yet, I'm more suited to play a homey.

Break it down!

Yo! Lo! Gentle Friends!

I'm a mellow fine fellow.

Can you tell? I'm Othello.

Give a “hello” to Othello.

Thou must follow this odd fellow,

Thy swell pal, Othello.

To Othello, give a “hello.”

Hello, hello, Othello.

Hello, hello, Othello. . . (*Fading out.*)

Word!

This was lofty. Now name the rest of the players.

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QUINCE: Frances Flute? The Bellows-Mender.

FLUTE: Here, Peter Quince.

QUINCE: Flute, you must take laga on.

FLUTE: What is laga, a wandering knight?

QUINCE: It is a wicked woman. . .

FLUTE: What!?

QUINCE: . . . who tries to ruin Othello. Robin Starveling. . .

FLUTE: Nay, let me not play a woman. I have a beard coming.

QUINCE: Not to worry! You may play it in a mask and use a falsetto voice. Robin Starveling. . .

BOTTOM: (*Jumping up.*) Let me play laga, too. I will speak in a monstrous falsetto. (*In falsetto voice.*) I spurn thee, Othello, my muling little maggot. (*Deeper voice.*) Nooo. laga, have pity on my humble love. (*Falsetto voice.*) Away thou blubbering boil brain. (*Deeper voice.*) Mercy, my mayfly, mercy. (*Falsetto.*) A vaunt thou pasty-faced bladder bag!

QUINCE: No! No! You will play Othello! And Flute, you laga! Zounds!

BOTTOM: (*Miffed.*) Proceed.

QUINCE: Robin Starveling, the Tailor.

STARVELING: Here, Peter Quince.

QUINCE: Robin Starveling, you must play Hamlet.

STARVELING: Hamlet. Prince of Denmark.

QUINCE: The very one.

STARVELING: To be or not to be. That is the question.

QUINCE: We've cut that line, but there are others. Tom Snout, the Tinker. (*No response.*) Tom Snout, the Tinker!!

SNOUT steps forward, wimpish and silent.

SNOUT: Heeeeere Puh, Puh, Puh, Peter Quince. (*He sees the audience and screams.*)

QUINCE: You have the part of Prospero.

SNOUT: Puh, Puh, Puh, Prospero?

QUINCE: Prospero! A magnificent magician! Prospero! Who controls one of the largest, most successful corporate giants in the entire world. Prospero! A respected, brilliant man of grand stature who (*Looking at SNOUT, then shrugging.*) . . . I will play

the part of Richard III, the hunchback. And Snug, you will play Kate, the shrew. . .

SNUG: . . . the Shrew!?

QUINCE: (*Ignoring SNUG.*) . . . and I hope here's a play well fitted. (*Handing out the scripts.*) Masters, here are your scripts. . .

BOTTOM: (*Cutting him off.*) Let me play Richard the hunchback, too. I can hunch over like an ape (*He imitates a hunchback.*) and quirk my eye (*He quirks his eye.*) and crank my neck (*He crinks his neck.*). And limp, dragging my foot (*He limps, dragging his foot.*) And glue stage hair on my knuckles (*Miming the gluing.*) and speak with a French accent. (*Now speaking in a French accent.*) Come with me to the cathedral tower.

QUINCE: (*Fed-up.*) He's a king!

BOTTOM: Oh.

QUINCE: You can play no part but Othello, a young virtuous, loyal, lover, who . . .

BOTTOM: (*Cutting him off.*) And shall I wear a beard? Prithee, let me wear a beard. Never have I worn a beard in a play. Thus shall I appear older, distinguished, more manly, as if developing hormones. (*Grabs himself.*) As if. . .

QUINCE: You will play it BAREFACED! Masters, here are your parts. Know them by April 28th and meet me here by moonlight. There will we rehearse. Until then, farewell.

As they prepare to leave.

BOTTOM: Players. (*They stop.*) Commit thy lines to memory. (*They go.*) And, (*They stop.*) throw forth thy manly voice (*They go.*) And, to boot, (*They stop.*) break thy leg! (*They exit.*)

Lights down, black out, music starts, lights up in Starluck's. Entire cast is present and positioned for opening musical number. When finished, blackout.

ACT ONE, SCENE 1
OPENING STARLUCK'S

AT RISE: *Scene opens inside Starluck's, a coffee café, in the early hours of the morning. PUCK and ARIEL are preparing to open the café.*

PUCK: *(Approaching the door.)*

The sun just now extinguishes its golden ray! *(He pauses.)*

Too early to begin this course of day!

ARIEL: *(Setting up the counter.)* The fault's not mine, dear Puck. By Oberon are regulations set. 'Tis he who makes this early opening. Unlatch the door.

PUCK:

The morning clock not yet strikes eight,

And here I must unlock the gate.

WITCH 1, WITCH 2, and WITCH 3 enter. They are dirty, sloppy hags. CALIBAN follows them from a distance onto the stage.

WITCH 1: We've much to do. . .

WITCH 2: and more to brew. . .

WITCH 3: yet let me, too.

They gather items from the counter and mime consulting each other.

CALIBAN: Hags! The three of you.

ARIEL: Caliban!

CALIBAN grunts

Mark ye, Caliban. 'Tis soiled, the table by the door.

CALIBAN: Nay for I with rag have sloshed it.

ARIEL: It shall be cleansed once more. And shall as well the restroom floor.

WITCH 1: *(To CALIBAN.)* Clean it!

CALIBAN: That foul and fetid den of excrement.

ARIEL: Yet, slubbering clodpole, thou shall clean it.

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WITCH 2: *(To CALIBAN.)* Clodpole!

PUCK: *(Opening the door.)* And thus the realm of toil and drudgery is ope!

WITCH 1: Ariel?

ARIEL: What is it?

WITCH 1: A word.

WITCH 2: *(Asking ARIEL.)* When shall we three mix again?

WITCH 3: At nine and then at ten?

WITCH 2: After heating every bun?

ARIEL: When the set-up is all done.

WITCH 1: The Carmel Kamikaze has a rancid taste.

ARIEL: As it is brewed too much in haste.

WITCH 3: Both the Carmel Kamikaze. . .

WITCH 2: And the Malice Macciato. . .

WITCH 1, 2, and 3: Have need of sweetening.

ARIEL: See to it as fit.

WITCH 1: Follow, sisters, follow!

ARIEL: *(Shouting.)* Caliban!

CALIBAN grunts, ARIEL points.

Restrooms!

WITCH 2: Fair is fowl,

WITCH 3: And foul is fair,

WITCH 1, 2, and 3: Hover through the fog and filthy air!

WITCHES exit the main shop area and reappear in the upper back room where they begin their brewing preparations.

CALIBAN: *(As he is exiting to clean the restrooms, he grumbles and grunts.)* A pox of rank and reeky toilet turds. . .

PUCK: And what of Oberon? Is he so high in his esteem that cannot labor in this scene?

ARIEL: Oberon prepares for meeting.

PUCK: To what purpose?

ARIEL: I know not! Yet can I guess its urgency, for he hath commanded tables and the restroom floor and all the space herein be utmost clean.

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PUCK: That speaks of some importance.

Enter OBERON, cell phone at his ear.

ARIEL: Of much importance. For cleanliness gives to Starlucks, godliness over mortals. Godliness to exercise our power.

OBERON: Ariel! (*Speaking into the cell phone.*) Tis all the greater cause for gratitude, my Lord. . . O certain, Sire. Certain! (*Gesturing wildly to ARIEL.*) His limousine approaches. . . (*Into the cell phone.*) It shall be as thou say'st, Sire. Within the quarter hour. (*To ARIEL.*) Call a meeting! (*Into the cell phone.*) So shall it be, Sire. Far thee well. (*Clicking off the cell phone.*) Oh prodigious day!

ARIEL runs off to call a meeting, but is stopped by PUCK.

PUCK: What news, Oberon?

OBERON: The CEO, of sudden moment, has arrived. He is but minutes away.

PUCK: What CEO?

ARIEL: Sir Prospero.

OBERON: The very one!

PUCK: Sir Prospero?

OBERON: Stand not upon the idle repetition of his name. But hence! And call the others!

ARIEL: Caliban! (*To PUCK.*) Therein the answer to this early urgency.

OBERON: O, that we with wine and words might win his heart!

ARIEL: (*To PUCK.*) Do thou fetch the hags!

PUCK exits, running off to the brewroom.

OBERON: That this, our Starluck franchise may find favor with him!

CALIBAN: Who him?

OBERON: Prospero! President and CEO!

CALIBAN: (*Sarcastically.*) Oh wonder of wonder! Mighty Prospero comes to lay but one more dreaded dismal drudge upon poor Caliban!

OBERON: Cease thy griping in the guts!

CALIBAN makes a raspberry noise with his lips.

He who wields the Starluck scepter enters neath our canopy.

CALIBAN: He who wields the Starluck whip comes to beat me!

OBERON: Oh Starluck fortune!

CALIBAN: Oh my misfortune!

A trumpet sounds, a drum rolls, the three WITCHES enter with PUCK.

WITCH 1: A drum!

WITCH 2: A drum!

WITCH 3: Prospero doth come!

OBERON: *(To the WITCHES.)* Conceal your calloused hands.

WITCH 1, 2, and 3: *(Looking at their hands, flustered.)* Ooooh, calloused hands, calloused hands!

OBERON: Sire *(Turning.)* Caliban has just. . .

Looks to CALIBAN who has a plunger in his hand and a finger in his nose.

Finger from your nose, thou bunch-backed toad! Is everything clean?

CALIBAN: Thou canst ladle from the bottom of the bowl.

ARIEL: *(To Caliban.)* None of thy mischief!

ACT ONE, SCENE 2 ARRIVAL OF PROSPERO

AT RISE: *A bugle/trumpet sounds – enter PROSPERO with DESDEMONA and OTHELLO.*

OBERON: Sir Prospero! *(Crossing to shake hands, WITCHES start circling PROSPERO as they speak.)*

WITCH 1: Hail!

WITCH 2: Hail!

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WITCH 3: Hail!

WITCH 1: Hail to thee Duke of Marketing!

WITCH 2: Thayne of Management!

WITCH 3: Hail to thee, oh wonder-working CEO forever!

All applaud.

PROSPERO: All the worlds a stage, and all the player's mystic coffee drinkers. Swallowing whatever way of life we mix for them. *(He turns and speaks through the entrance to the audience.)*

Great is the mixture in the Starluck cup
Giving all who drink, their heart's desire;
One chooses latte cold, to fire him up,
Another craves it hot to cool a fire.

The teacher that would bubble up his brain,
Alike the student who would dare the same,
The trucker that all night will drive the road,
Or boy at Von's who bears a heavy load,
The writer's quests, a perfect poem to make
And lawyers that would have the jury shake.

Lovers, traitors, all who counsel, fight,
Money lend or borrow, bore, delight,
Who nobly keep the peace, both young and old; *(He gestures towards CALIBAN.)*

All slaves, and masters who the power hold.
The clown, the ignoramus, and the fool
The governed and the governors who rule.

All awakened from the sludge of sleep
The rendezvous with destiny to keep.

Such is the Starluck power of our sway
O'er caffeine'd actor's living in this play.

OBERON: My lord, all this we do know. But, to what purpose are you come this day to grace our store?

CALIBAN "thumbs" his teeth in a disrespectful gesture towards PROSPERO when he's not looking.

PROSPERO: Hear me, magic makers! (*Gesturing with arms held out.*) My purpose here is twofold. I have noted late our goodly world doth wallow in the muck and mire of wars and plagues and pestilence of mind, and deeds unkind, with may blind to mercy, gentlemen, and truth, those gracious virtues that light our way to joy. Such a hell needs now a soothing of celestial magic. And so shall Starluck's, apothecary to the world, give gladness back to those who've lost it. I come to bring a marvel to our menu. (*Holding up recipe.*) The power that's within the beans and creams and herbs and sweets and spices of this new brew shall make the world anew.

ARIEL: But sir! We have a lengthy list of magic brews, for customers their destinies to choose.

PUCK: Lamenting Lover's Latte for those who are apart.

WITCH 1: And Malice Macchiato for the villains twisted heart.

ARIEL: For mean and angry ladies, Shrew Brew to taste.

WITCH 2: And Merry Mochachino puts on a happy face.

WITCH 3: Mango, Banana, Orange, Sweet Pea. . .

ARIEL, PUCK, and WITCH 1, 2, and 3: Thirty-one choices of peppermint tea!

PROSPERO: And to this wondrous list we fix, one more wondrous drink to mix. Behold the recipe for Frappe-Ever-After! (*Presenting the recipe to OBERON with a big gesture.*) Those who drink this potion shall celebrate the joy of life!

All react positively.

Brewmaster, upon this very minute are you charged to mix this brew, and early come in one full week, shall I to see it done.

OBERON: It shall be done, Sir Prospero. And what of your second purpose?

PROSPERO: Alas, consumed with thoughts of Frappe-Ever-After, have I forgot my child. Now, to that business. (*Gestures towards his daughter.*) My daughter, Desdemona, have betrothed to wed this man, Othello, shall having merged her fortune to his manly—

OTHELLO grins stupidly and starts playing girlishly with his hair, making PROSPERO pause.

—virtues, receive the right to manage all the corporate realm. Together merged in marriage shall they with wisdom, counsel, and decide, calculate and development, yea, execute all corporate power. They possess a business master's degree of excellence to match their own excelling degree of mastered love.

DESDEMONA slaps at OTHELLO, giving him an exasperated, then loving look.

And to that purpose, are they here to be well schooled in all affairs of kindly coffee commerce.

OBERON: It shall be so, all mighty Prospero. We shall make haste to make the means with all for this pair, young in love, to soon be old in skill.

PROSPERO: (*Contemplating the recipe.*) There is a tide in the affairs of men which taken at the flood leads on to fortune.

ENTER CAPULET, EGEUS, KING LEAR, and SHAKESPEARE – CAPULET and EGEUS wait patiently at the counter and mime a conversation with each other, while LEAR and SHAKESPEARE sit at separate places, LEAR to ponder his poverty, SHAKESPEARE to write.

OBERON: On such a full sea are we now afloat and we must take the current when it serves. (*Handing the recipe to ARIEL.*) Lo, the customers approach. Make haste to prepare the Frappe-Ever-After. Be diligent. (*Claps hands.*) To work!

WITCH 1: To the cauldron, we retire.

WITCH 2: At the cauldron, kindle fire.

WITCH 3: (*To OTHELLO.*) Learn from us, oh noble sire.

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PROSPERO: *(To OTHELLO.)* Follow, good fellow!

PUCK: Nay! *(To the WITCHES.)* Othello shall the counter learn.
Desdemona to the brew pots!

DESDEMONA: Take me where you will! For I am ready and most apt
to learn!

EXIT DESDEMONA and WITCHES.

PUCK: *(To OTHELLO.)* Good fellow, Othello, I with lessons will thee
fill on how the clients pay the bill. *(To CALIBAN.)* Caliban, to the
cups!

CALIBAN: Nay, I have swept and sloshed and brushed the bowls. I
am weary!

PUCK: Look to the cups! Out, you mad-headed ape!

PROSPERO: A weasel hath not such a deal of spleen as he is
tossed with!

CALIBAN exits slowly, showing his reluctance.

ARIEL: MASTER OBERON! Problem within this formula, stays one
store we do not have in stock, for there is no organic love within.
What to be done?

OBERON: My clever Puck, come hither. *(To ARIEL.)* Let instruction
of Othello be thine whilst I the clever Puck employ to find organic
love. *(To PUCK.)* Thou knowest that tramp that loiters in the shop
each day?

*He indicates LEAR, LEAR coughs – ARIEL mimes instructions to
OTHELLO as SHE puts an apron around him, hands him a spray
bottle, etc.*

PUCK: The one called Lear?

PROSPERO: King Lear! He has a daughter of a pure and gentle
nature, who loves with true integrity.

OBERON: Within this daughter's heart, lies the love ingredient we
need for Frappe-Ever-After.

PUCK: I'll put a girdle round about the earth in timeless minutes, and
fetch it here to complete the recipe.

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PUCK exits magically.

PROSPERO: Having once this organic love from Cordelia's heart, thou shalt mix the brew and feed the liquor thereof to all our customers and change the world.

OBERON: Ariel, the customers are at the counter. Hence! (*Gestures and claps.*) To work!

PROSPERO: Thou art, Oberon, as I have always known, a good and faithful servant to the cause. And now, while you these worthy feats achieve, shall I from thee take leave. Farewell.

Exit PROSPERO.

ACT ONE, SCENE 3

CAPULET / EGEUS DYSFUNCTION

ARIEL: Othello, fine fellow, here's to do. Observe and learn. (*ARIEL straightens collar, etc. then turns to the customers at the counter.*) Good morrow to you both. What is your desire?

CAPULET: A Dysfunctional Decaf for me. Make it dry. [*"Dry" is a general coffee term for more foam and less milk.*]

EGEUS: And I'll the same.

ARIEL: Two Dysfunctional Decafs! (*Shouting towards the counter.*) Bone dry! My Lord, by what name are you called?

CAPULET: I am Capulet and he, Egeus.

ARIEL: (*To OTHELLO.*) Here, inscribe their names. (*She shows him.*) Capulet. Egeus.

CAPULET: (*Speaking to EGEUS as they sit at a table.*) Good Egeus, I know not what to do. Juliet is the hopeful lady of my earth. She hath not seen the change of fourteen years, yet plays the role of self-determined, independent woman who will not heed my will. The match I've made for her is perfect. He's a man of wax.

EGEUS: Thou speak'st of Paris, lieutenant Governor.

CAPULET: The hope of every woman's dream! Yesternorn, my wife the Lady Capulet, comes to me to say my daughter weeps within her room.

Light goes on left stage extension where LADY CAPULET is in JULIET's room with JULIET, who is crying, and her NURSE – CAPULET moves across the stage into the scene as he speaks.

How now, good wife. Have you delivered our decree?

LADY CAPULET: Aye sir! But she will none of Paris. I would the fool were married to her grave.

CAPULET: Soft? Take me with you! Take me with you! How? She will have none? (*Getting angrier and louder.*) Proud that we have wrought so worthy a gentleman to be her husband?

JULIET: Not proud you have, but thankful that you have. Proud can I never be of what I hate; but thankful even for hate that is meant love.

CAPULET: How now? Chop logic! What is this? “Proud” and “I thank you” and “I thank you not” and “yet not proud?” Mistress minion, thank me no thankings, nor proud me no prouds; but go with Paris to St. Peter’s Church or I will drag thee on a hurdle thither. Out you green sickness carrion! (*He violently pulls her off the bed to the floor.*) Out you baggage!

LADY CAPULET: Fie! Fie! What, are you mad? (*Trying to get in between CAPULET and JULIET.*)

JULIET: Good father, I beseech you on my knees. Hear me with patience but to speak a word.

CAPULET: Hand thee, you tallow face! Disobedient wretch! I tell thee what! Get thee to church on Thursday, or never after look me in the face!

JULIET: Sweet Father. . .

CAPULET: Speak not! Reply not!

JULIET: But Father. . .

CAPULET: Do not answer me! My fingers itch! (*He raises his hand as if to strike her.*)

NURSE: God in Heaven, bless her! You are to blame, my lord, to rate her so.

CAPULET: Hold your tongue, good prudence!

NURSE: I speak no treason!

CAPULET: Hold your tongue!

NURSE: Such abuse no thoughtful father shows.

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CAPULET: Go!

NURSE: I'll not go. No, not ! Tis' an unfair affair, unkind as well. And not according to the books, although I do not read. Yet I do bear a brain and can see what I see.

CAPULET: Smatter with your gossips! (*Aims a kick at NURSE but misses and hits the bed.*)

NURSE: May not one speak?

CAPULET: Peace, you mumbling fool!

LADY CAPULET: (*To CAPULET.*) You are too hot!

CAPULET: God's bread, it makes me mad! Having now provided a gentleman of noble parentage, of fair demise, youthful, and nobly lined, and then to have a wretched puking fool to answer, "I'll not wed, I pray you pardon me!" But if you do not wed, I'll pardon you!

JULIET: Is there not pity sitting in the clouds that sees into the bottom of my grief? Oh, sweet my mother, cast me not away. Delay this marriage for a month! A week!

LADY CAPULET: Talk not to me, for I'll not speak a word. Do as thou wilt, for I have done with thee!

CAPULET: Hand, beg, starve, die in the streets! For by my soul, you shall not house with me! Look to it, I do not use to jest! Trust to it, I'll not be foresworn!

CAPULET moves back into the coffee shop on the last line, returning to the table with EGEUS as the lights on the side stage dim, then go off – LADY CAPULET, NURSE, and JULIET exit through the portal.

EGEUS: Have you discovered reason that she cannot love the man? Could there be some other object of affection?

CAPULET: Who can say for she is like to fancy even Montagues that she might vex my patience.

EGEUS: Just so, my daughter Hermia. For I have picked a noble youth of strong and manly nature, Demetrius by name, for her to wed. But she has eyes for one Lysander, a muling poet balladeer who bawls beneath her window groaning love songs. How sharper than a serpents tooth it is, to have a thankless child.

CAPULET: It seems we needs must beat them with a stick that they may do our will.

ARIEL approaches their table.

ARIEL: Two Dysfunctional Decafs!

Slamming down the cups – lights dim left, up right.

ACT ONE, SCENE 4
LEAR'S DYSFUNCTION

LEAR: *(At a table stage right speaking to the audience.)* They talk'st of thankless children! Three daughters have I sired. Two profess their love for me and then betray me. The other, fair Cordelia, loves me with organic love. Yet, she is lost to me forever. For once upon a fateful day, I made provision for bequeathing my estate, my kingdom and my rule unto my daughters.

LEAR moves across to stage right to the now lit extension, joining CORDELIA, GONERIL and REGAN – CORDELIA comes to him and places a kingly cape and crown upon him lovingly. He changes from a crouching old bum to a king in full pride and stride. CAPULET and EGEUS exit in the dark during this time of shift in focus. LEAR, fully dressed now, addresses GONERIL who has a map in her hand.

Give me the map, there! Know that I, King Lear, have divided in three, my kingdom, and tis my intent to shake all cares from my age, confer them on younger strengths. Tell me, daughters, since I now divest these territories and the cares of state, which of you shall say doth love me the most? Goneril, my eldest born, speak first!

GONERIL: Sire, I love you more than word can wield the matter. *(Turning and speaking wickedly to REGAN.)* See how full of vile pride his old age! *(Turning back to LEAR.)* Dearer than eyesight, space, and liberty, no less than life, with grace, health, beauty, honor – as much as child ever loved. So I love thee, Father, dearest.

LEAR: Of all these bounds (*Pointing to the map.*) from this line to this, with shadowy forests, plenteous rivers, and wide skirted meadows, we make thee Lady!

REGAN: (*To GONERIL.*) Well performed, oh shrewd and cunning sister.

LEAR: What says my second daughter? What say you Regan?

REGAN: In my true heart, I find Goneril names my very deed of love, only she comes too short. (*To GONERIL.*) Nature stands in him on the very verge of breakdown! (*To LEAR.*) Father, I profess myself an enemy to all other joys and find I am alone felicitate in your dear Highness's love.

LEAR: To thee, Regan, ever remain this ample third of my fair kingdom.

GONERIL: (*To REGAN.*) A deceit well done.

LEAR: No less in space and value than that conferred on Goneril. (*Turning to CORDELIA.*) Now, Cordelia, my joy, although the last – not least, to whom I would give the vines of France and the milk of Burgundy.

GONERIL: (*To REGAN.*) He always loved our sister more!

LEAR: What can you say to draw this third, more opulent than your sisters?

REGAN: (*To GONERIL.*) The purest apple of his eye!

CORDELIA: Nothing, my lord.

LEAR: Nothing?

CORDELIA: Nothing.

GONERIL: (*To REGAN.*) This could prove fortuitous.

LEAR: Cordelia, daughter! Nothing will come of nothing! Speak again!

GONERIL: (*Snickering to REGAN.*) Something will come of nothing.

REGAN: (*Snickering to CORDELIA.*) Speak again, sister!

CORDELIA: Father, I cannot heave my heart into my mouth with false flattery. Mine is a heart of organic love. I love your majesty according to a daughter's true commitment. No more, no less.

LEAR: How now, Cordelia. Mend your speech a little, lest you mar your fortunes.

GONERIL: (*Looking at REGAN.*) Speak the same lest you mar our fortunes.

CORDELIA: Good my lord, you have begot me, bred me, loved me.
I return these duties back as are right fit. I obey you, love you,
and most honor you.

LEAR: So young and so untender?

CORDELIA: So young, my lord, and true.

PUCK enters magically through portal in the background unseen.

LEAR: (*Angry.*) Then let truth be thy dowry! As a stranger to my
heart, I hold thee forever. Better thou hadst not been born than
not to have pleased me better! Out of my sight!

*CORDELIA, as if struck, runs out. LEAR turns to REGAN and
GONERIL.*

Good and faithful daughters, now do I give thee for your spoken
love, the equal part. . . all my kingdom. (*He raises the map and
rips it in half.*)

GONERIL: Good Father, your humble daughter serves you.

REGAN: Noble sire, we thank you.

*PUCK magically freezes everyone with a gesture. A musical gong
sounds.*

PUCK:

Through the regions have I run.
Now my search for love is done.
There, a faithless child.
The one who hurt the father.
She is gone.
Here, two daughters of the king,
Show their heart a wondrous thing.
Virtue pure and goodness true
Shall I take from you (*Pointing to GONERIL.*)
Or you (*Pointing to REGAN.*)
Or you (*Pointing to GONERIL again, in confusion.*)
Or you (*Pointing back to REGAN again.*)
Or you, or you (*Miming confusion of choice.*)

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PUCK runs closer to the audience showing a nervous dilemma.

PUCK:

EEEEAAHH! *(In despair.)*

OOHHHHH! *(In figuring it out.)*

He takes the hearts from both REGAN and GONERIL.

Having more, I'll take the two!

And bring these back to make the brew!

PUCK exits, forgetting to unfreeze them. He is backstage and unseen when he realizes he has forgotten – the audience hears him exclaim

Ahhh Meee!

PUCK re-enters and unfreezes them with a gesture while a magical sound is heard, then exits back through to portal again. As LEAR sheds his kingly cape, REGAN is grabbing it viciously from him – he moves back across the stage – lights come up where he moves.

LEAR: They flattered me like a dog! Goneril and Regan! Having all, they gave me nothing in return. By such false love was I deceived.

REGAN: OUT OF MY HOUSE! Thou art cantankerous and vexed with rash mood. I will not stand it more!

LEAR: They gave me nothing in return. *(Removing his crown.)* Not even place to rest my uncrowned head.

GONERIL: *(Grabbing his crown and the other half of the map out of his hands.)* My house is little enough. Thou are an old man with much baggage. Thou cannot here be well bestowed.

LEAR: *(Wandering to a chair in the coffee shop and slumping down into it.)* Within the year, was I stripped of crown, castle, power, horses, and honor. I wander, homeless, longing to rest my weary heart in Cordelia's love.

ACT ONE, SCENE 5
SOBER FAIRIES

AT RISE: *As the lights go on in the coffee shop, the FAIRIES are spread around a table and on the floor – they are tired from their adventures, with a sated “hangover.”*

OTHELLO: *(Moving from behind the counter, he reads from the cups.)* Cobweb! Peaseblossom! Rosebud! *(Puts cups down on the table.)* Three Sober Soy Lattes with legs!

COBWEB: *(Rousing himself.)* Awake you pert and nimble spirits of mirth!

ARIEL: *(To Othello.)* Yet, two more. *(Puts two more cups on the table.)*

COBWEB: You misled night-wanderers! *(Poking Rosebud.)*

OTHELLO: *(Reading from the cups Ariel put on the table.)* Moth and Mustardseed!

Three villains enter – they are CASSIUS, IAGA, and KING RICHARD III – and mime placing their order with ARIEL, who is now back at the counter, they take seats at a table across the stage.

ROSEBUD: *(Stretching.)* Oh, lead me through the glimmering woods to dance our ringlets in the whistling wind.

COBWEB: *(Walking to the counter to get the drinks, then delivering them to his fellow fairies.)* You midnight vagabonds. Your Sober Soys are made.

PEASEBLOSSOM: *(Sitting on the ground, legs spread, unladylike, she speaks sarcastically, yet with mischievous humor.)* What Cobweb? Not playing on your pipes of corn to rouse the drunken troupes?

MOTH and MUSTARDSEED: *(They share every other word – this is the only way they ever speak throughout the entire play – as they begin, they stretch and yawn.)* Fetch. . . us. . . trifles. . . from. . . the. . . starlit. . . sky. . . And. . . we. . . will. . . utter. . . dulcet. . . and . . .harmonious. . . songs

COBWEB: (*Giving a drink to PEASEBLOSSOM.*) Either I mistake your shape and making quite, or else you are that lean and lanky sprite, called (*Reading from the cup.*) Peaseblossom.

PEASEBLOSSOM: (*Taking the cup, laughing.*) Let's meet as little as we caaaaaan.

COBWEB: When thou dost wake all this derision, shall seem a dream of fruitless vision.

PEASEBLOSSOM: You are a dry fool.

COBWEB: (*Giving a cup to ROSEBUD.*) And Rosebud, like the red, red rose, a red, red nose! (*Tweaking her nose.*)

ROSEBUD: (*Giggling.*) Scratch my face! Me thinks I am marvelous hairy about the face.

COBWEB: Mustardseed and Moth!

MOTH and MUSTARDSEED: Oh. . . how. . . full. . . of. . . thorns. . . is. . . this. . . work. . . day. . . world.

COBWEB: (*Tossing OTHELLO a hazelnut he pulled from his pocket.*) If we shadows have offended, take but this and all is mended. (*Turns back to the fairies.*)

ARIEL: Well served, Othello. You are rewarded.

OTHELLO: (*Holding up the hazelnut.*) A hazelnut?

COBWEB: A toast! (*Raising his drink.*)

OTHELLO: (*Still looking at the hazelnut.*) He has a quick wit, yet it cannot overtake his slow purse.

COBWEB: (*Toasting.*) Awake to do and clear to think. Sober fairies, to us we drink!

ARIEL: They are the best of the drunken night owls.

FAIRIES are drinking and making fairy noises, PEASEBLOSSOM starts making disgusting and startling sounds as she drinks because she doesn't like the taste – ARIEL reads from the new cups in her hand.

Richard! laga! Cassius! (*After handing the drinks to OTHELLO to deliver, she prepares to exit.*) I shall see to Desdemona. (*ARIEL exits.*)

PEASEBLOSSOM: Eeeeeewwww! (*Choking and sputtering.*) Black-venomed vinegar! (*More gestures.*) Give me some sweet!

ROSEBUD: Aaawww! (*Pointing to PEASEBLOSSOM's cup.*) Tis bitter?!

PEASEBLOSSOM: (*Sarcastically.*) Is vinegar bitter? (*To OTHELLO, who is serving the VILLAINS.*) Prithee, sir! Some sweetener!

OTHELLO: One moment, pray you!

ROSEBUD: (*Now standing and pretending to take something from the now sitting COBWEB's hair.*) From our Cobweb's head of meat, (*Sprinkling into PEASEBLOSSOM's drink.*) some fairy dust to sprinkle sweet. (*She giggles.*)

COBWEB: Nay, Rosebud. There is reason here. The drink needs sweetening.

OTHELLO: (*Approaching the FAIRIES.*) Pardon friends. (*He pulls a sieve from his pocket.*) This heart-shaped silver sweetening sieve, shall a taste of honey give. (*He sprinkles PEASEBLOSSOM's drink.*)

PEASEBLOSSOM: Sweetening sieve with silver twinkle, give my Sober Soy a sprinkle.

COBWEB: And mine as well, I pray. (*OTHELLO starts sprinkling COBWEB's drink.*)

OTHELLO: (*Looking at ROSEBUD.*) And thou, good sprite?

ROSEBUD: (*Covering her cup with her hand.*) She has it as it is!

MOTH and MUSTARDSEED: Oh. . . silver. . . heart. . . with. . . silver. . . shine . . . Sweeten. . . mine. . . and. . . sweeten. . . mine

OTHELLO sprinkles their drinks.

COBWEB: What story tells that precious-plated shaker? Tis a fine craftsman's work of beauty.

ACT ONE, SCENE 6

VILLAINS STEAL THE SILVER SIEVE

AT RISE: *Seated at a table across the stage, the VILLAINS are paying sinister attention.*

OTHELLO: Aahh! That finely crafted beauty, Desdemona, to honor our betrothal, gave it me as token of her love, (*Pause.*) our love.

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The FAIRIES sigh.

And looking to our wedding, thus I carry it to sweeten all with her
all sweet. Her father gave it her. Prospero.

FAIRIES: Prospero!?!

OTHELLO: *(Continuing.)* An heirloom from the aire of noble
generation. *(He clutches it to his heart.)* He to her, and she to me.

IAGA: *(In a loud and demanding voice.)* Servant boy!

The FAIRIES make frightened noises.

Bring me the silver sweetening sieve! This drink is sour!

OTHELLO: But madam, the mix is as it's meant to be. The
gentlemen, and you, drink the Malice Macchiato concocted with
the best of bitter herbs. The taste of malice is, as always,
pungent on the pallet.

IAGA: I prefer my malice sweetened. *(A pause.)* Bring it!

OTHELLO: As my lady doth desire. *(He crosses to her.)*

COBWEB: *(Aside to the other FAIRIES.)* I can not but wonder how
she treats her dogs.

IAGA: A very lovely silver sieve.

*The FAIRIES prepare to leave with their drinks. As OTHELLO is
sprinkling IAGA's drink, RICHARD speaks.*

RICHARD: You and Desdemona to be married: You, to Prospero's
daughter, married?

OTHELLO: Marry, married. *(Nodding.)* He hath come here. . .

The VILLAINS and FAIRIES look surprised.

ALL: How so?!

OTHELLO: *(Continuing while looking at the sieve.)* . . . that we
before our nuptial may learn the trade. *(The VILLAINS sit up
straighter.)*

CASSIUS: Prospero is here?

OTHELLO: *(Nodding again but paying more attention to the sieve.)*

Arrived today.

RICHARD: *(Offering his cup for sweetener.)* Here? Prospero?

OTHELLO: *(Sprinkling RICHARD's cup.)* Aye! To market new product. Tomorrow he returns to this café to assure the product will be made correctly.

RICHARD: *(Stroking his beard with a sinister expression.)*
Tomorrow.

OTHELLO: He comes as well, to assure that his daughter, Desdemona, and her true betrothed are being trained for corporate takeover.

IAGA: I know of Desdemona.

OTHELLO: How so?

IAGA: She was my pupil. I did, at university, instruct her in the art of management.

OTHELLO: And most excellent instruction. For she shall soon hold tight the corporate reins.

IAGA: The corporate reins. *(Pondering.)* So, *(With cunning expression.)* he who marries Desdemona shall have the chinks, as they say.

RICHARD: He who marries Desdemona shall inherit fortune.

Enter NURSE and JULIET. They approach the counter and mime a conversation with each other while waiting to be served.

OTHELLO: *(leaning forward on the table with the sieve.)* He who marries Desdemona shall inherit heaven!

FAIRIES are infatuated with this romantic dialogue and rush to a table next to the VILLAINS, eager to hear more – it is the same table LEAR is sitting at and as they listen to OTHELLO's dialogue, they play with LEAR's hair and poke at him enough to unsettle him – he crawls down under the table and moves out to another one.

For she is a bright angel to my upturned wondering eyes.

FAIRIES start singing in a high falsetto – “I believe I can fly” – OTHELLO puts the sieve on the table as he’s speaking, RICHARD grabs it as OTHELLO looks to the sky.

She doth teach the stars to burn bright. She is the rising sun
(*Gesturing more.*) that blinds me with the light of day.

The FAIRIES are now swaying in a daze as they sit at the table with silly smiles on their faces.

When she speaks, larks make music. And her hand upon mine
blesses my unworthy flesh. She is my saint. For earth to dear.
And together are we mild and honey. We shall feed the world.
She is my life. Without Desdemona this lonely ship would dash
against the rocks only to. . .

ARIEL: (*Coming from the brewroom.*) Othello! (*He is shaken out of his reverie.*) Customers are waiting to be served!

FAIRIES are shaken and disappointed that the romantic tale has so abruptly ended.

OTHELLO: (*Rushing to the counter, speaks to the NURSE.*)
Madame, I do beseech your pardon!

ARIEL gives OTHELLO a disgusted look.

IAGA: Such a dish of soft cheese.

VILLAINS rise and cross to stage right extension where they turn towards each other, plotting, then turn back to face the audience together. The FAIRIES rise and follow to the beginning edge of the extension, to eavesdrop.

NURSE: (*Babbling.*) My Juliet’s in somewhat of a topsy-turvy head
and needs a bit of comfort.

JULIET: Oh Nurse, how can I be given unto Paris having vowed in
marriage all my love to Romeo.

NURSE: Her father is a lunatic! What a state! What a state! Betrothed to one and married to the other. What a state! She'll the Lamenting Lover's Latte and I'll the Merry Mocha. Skinny, please.

OTHELLO mimes helping them as the focus shifts to the VILLAINS, whose backs are to the audience – RICHARD, then turns to face the audience and speaks – during the villain dialogue, JULIET and NURSE sit at a table and sip their drinks.

RICHARD: Now is the winter of our discontent, made glorious summer by this Prospero sunlight. He saves the world within his corporate office, but I, that am not born to manage millions, but I, that am rudely stamped, cheated of fair feature, deformed, unfinished, and so lamely and unfashionable, that dogs bark at me as I limp by them, I, that am deprived of corporate power, am now determined to prove a villain.

On the word "villain" the FAIRIES react to RICHARD's evil speech and run out of the café and off stage fearfully – RICHARD turns his back on the audience as CASSIUS turns to face the audience.

CASSIUS: Why man he doth bestride the corporate world like a colossus. And we, petty men, walk under his huge legs and peep about like dishonorable slaves. We are masters of our fates. The fault, dear Richard, is not in our stars but in ourselves that we are underlings.

RICHARD turns to face the audience as CASSIUS continues.

Prospero. Richard. What should be in that "Prospero?" Why should that name be sounded more than thine? On what meat does this Prospero feed that he has grown so great?

RICHARD: He feeds on integrity as we shall feed on trickery. *(Taking the silver sieve out from the folds of his cape, he begins to gesture with it as he speaks.)* Plots we'll lay that will conspire to quile the heiress heart of Prospero's only child and turn her

from this Othello. With treachery and cunning lies, in time shall we make heiress Desdemona mine.

IAGA now turns toward the audience.

IAGA: I hate her as I hate hell for while I spend my blood and sweat to earn still not an equal place among the fortune five, she the privileged Desdemona, darling idol of a dotting father, sits, free unburdened by ambitions toil, high upon a pedestal of power.

RICHARD: *(Still gesturing with the sieve.)* And thus shall we with slander strike her from her seat. We shall devise some ploy to plant this token on the person of that counter wench called Ariel to make it seem Othello fancies her.

The sieve is passed to CASSIUS.

In appearance, this will implicate Othello as disloyal to his Desdemona. In this way, will we open door to new suitor. *(Gestures to himself, arrogantly.)* Hail Richard, Lord of Desdemona, heir to Starluck fortune, CEO of Starluck power!

CASSIUS: And thou, dear lady, in a bond of sisterhood, can taint sweet Desdemona's unsuspecting love to make her see a traitor's infidelity.

IAGA: Easily done. For see how wondrous well they work together. *(Gesturing towards OTHELLO and ARIEL behind the counter.)* Breath to breath in one small private space.

OTHELLO and ARIEL mime the actions of IAGA's next words.

Observe her hand upon his willing shoulder
 And noses fairly touching face to face
 His grateful smile. Aye! Smile upon her! Do!
 With such a harmless gossamer as this
 Will I weave webs to snare that corporate dear.
 For while these two do paltry chores in bliss
 I'll pour a pestilence into the ear
 Of Desdemona. . . that he is unfaithful,
 That they are lovers

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Oh heavy woe that she will suffer so.

RICHARD: Aye, and in her sufferance shall she lean on me. Who will, by patient ear, compassion and good counsel, mask this rude deformity with kind performance of gentle words and tones. So much so that she by reason and by passion will perforce choose me to be her husband.

CASSIUS: But what of Prospero? He thinks too much to misperceive. Will he not ascertain our purpose? What if, not finding affection in your suit to Desdemona, he changes mind, and cut her off thus cutting off us all? Prospero who most obstructs our way must not live to see the light of day.

The VILLAINS ponder this.

NURSE: *(Leaving with JULIET.)* Faith, here it is. Romeo is banished. I think it best you marry Paris. He's a lovely gentleman. Romeo's a dishclout next to him!

JULIET: *(Angry in her motion and word.)* Thou has comforted me marvelous much!

NURSE: *(Chasing after her with their cups in her hand.)* Juliet! Juliet!

Exit NURSE and JULIET.

RICHARD: There is a bumbling clodpole works here.

CASSIUS: Caliban. To dirty to spit upon. And one easily influenced.

RICHARD: He hath an itchy palm.

CASSIUS: Indeed! Easily bribed. Would trade his mother, if he ever had one for a farthing.

RICHARD: What if, on the presentation of this new made product, Prospero's cup were dripped with foul contagion?

IAGA: Poison?

RICHARD: *(Pulling a vial from within his cape.)* Within this vial mortal unction steams so potent that if thou had'st the strength of twenty men, a droplet would dispatch thee straight.

IAGA: What's this to do with Caliban?

RICHARD: Thou, *(Turning to CASSIUS.)* Cassius here, with persuasive words, sweetened with persuasive coin shall offer bribes to Caliban to drip a drop of this in Prospero's drink.

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CASSIUS: Tis like he would accept. He is not here by his own will, but works to pay a debt to Prospero. This would end his servitude. When comes Prospero?

RICHARD: Tomorrow as he purposes.

CASSIUS: And when goes hence?

RICHARD: On tomorrow's morrow.

CASSIUS: Oh never shall sun that morrow see.

RICHARD: *(Snickering.)*

Noble Prospero we do love thee so,
That we will shortly send thy soul to heaven
And ere the box is buried when thou'st died
Desdemona shall be Richard's bride!

Most snickers from RICHARD – ARIEL comes in.

CASSIUS: Look, the wench returns!

IAGA: Strike while the iron is hot! *(Purposely spilling the drink on herself.)* Confusion now hath made this masterpiece! Oh what a rogue and peasant slave I am.

ARIEL comes running with a rag. During the following confusion, RICHARD signals CASSIUS to take the sieve and slip it into the pocket of ARIEL's apron.

ARIEL: How now, Madame? Wherefore storm you so?

IAGA: I have o'er shot myself!

ARIEL: Me thinks the lady doth protest too much.

IAGA: In one fell swoop!

ARIEL: What's done is done! Tis but a spot!

IAGA: One spot is one too many! Out spot! Out damn spot, I say!

ARIEL: Look how easy tis to wash this filthy witness from your frock.
(Wiping it away.)

IAGA: Here is the smell of Malice still. All the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little frock.

ARIEL: There! And it is done!

IAGA: Oh fool, I think I shall go mad!

ARIEL: Madame, tis not the end of the world. Wouldn't thou have a second Malice Macchiato to replace the spilt?

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IAGA: That I will. For I await to meet an old acquaintance. One Desdemona, daughter of Prospero.

RICHARD: We, however, take our leave. (*Standing up with the others.*)

ARIEL: (*To CASSIUS and RICHARD.*) Good day, then, to you both. (*To IAGA.*) Your Malice in a minute. (*She removes her frock as she goes to the counter, laying it there.*) And I'll fetch Desdemona.

RICHARD: (*To IAGA.*) We have it! It is gendered! Hell and night must bring this monstrous handy work to light. What wonder that the wheels of fate make fortune of such wicked . . . HATE!

ACT ONE, SCENE 7

PUCK RETURNS / DESDEMONA AND OTHELLO LOVE UNDONE

PUCK: LOVE! . . . (*Barging in magically with the hearts.*) Is a messenger that glides ten times faster than Apollo driving the chariot of fire across the sky. LOVE! . . . Is a nimble-feathered dove that sweeps and swoops on wings of wind.

OTHELLO: (*Shouting to the back.*) Puck's returned!

PUCK: LOVE! . . . Is an air-piercing arrow shot quick from Cupid's bow to slice the gossamer clouds.

OTHELLO: (*Speaking to PUCK while delivering Malice to IAGA, who is still sitting.*) Thou has it?

PUCK: (*Holding one heart in each hand.*)

Puck triumphant! Love comes!

Sound trumpet! Beat drums!

Fetch Oberon!

OTHELLO: (*Shouting as he exits.*) Oberon!

PUCK: (*Impersonating OBERON.*) Oh, excellent Puck! Marvelous much I am amazed! How swift thy wee feet fly!

OBERON: (*Enters, rushing in, followed by OTHELLO.*) Quite quick! Quite quick! (*Spotting PUCK with the hearts.*) Oh, excellent Puck! Marvelous much I am amazed how swift thy wee feet fly!

PUCK: (*Thumbs up to the audience, then turns to OBERON.*) Time for a triumph treat? A victory Venti? (*OBERON nods.*)

Enter DESDEMONA, followed by ARIEL.

DESDEMONA: At last! The clock struck nine when we did send thee, Puck! Now is the sun upon the high most hill of this day's journey. Three long hours. And now thou doth return? (*Everyone is stunned at the authoritative tone.*) Well, hast thou the prime ingredient?

PUCK nods sheepishly, holding up the hearts as she approaches him.

Hast thou, Oberon, the list? (*He hands it to her.*) Ariel? Carry this list (*Handing ARIEL the list.*) and this love (*Handing her the hearts.*) to the hags.

ARIEL: Yes, my lady. (*She bows.*)

DESDEMONA: Relate to them that, upon completion of the cleaning of the cauldron, they must gather, for mixing the Frappe, ingredients found upon the bottom pantry shelf.

ARIEL: Yes, my lady. (*Bowing again, she exits with items in her arms.*)

Shortly after her exit, she reappears in the brew room above where the WITCHES have gathered to work – all of this is “working” is done in mime.

OBERON: (*Impressed.*) Lady Desdemona, to see thee thus so strong and dutiful, with competence attending to the business of the hour, uplifts my business spirit.

DESDEMONA:

Labor's never lost to those who lead.

Therefore, good Oberon,

The breath of honest labor fills my sail

Or else before begun, this project fail.

OBERON: Thou doth quick digest the meat of matters, a student of keen mind with elements well skilled that make thee fit to rule.

DESDEMONA: May it be so, and if so, grateful am I that heaven makes it so. This vexation must I now remark: The brewing hags

toil not with diligence, but work haphazardly, careless with the measurements.

The WITCHES above in the brewroom mimic this.

They lack the mark of cleanliness, washing not their hands, and prating about on soiled feet unshod with shoes. On occasion, they are inadvertent to the drip of dry nose droppings into brews.

The WITCHES mimic dropping nose droppings into the brew pot, OBERON – who is not looking at them – makes a disgusted face. ARIEL sees none of this since the WITCHES do it when she isn't looking.

The paltry pantry is slovenly, about the shelves a beggarly account of empty boxes, moldy earthen pots, musty seeds, and flaky petals. All have I remedied for the now. To maintain good habits, they have need of thy good further counsel.

OBERON: Those good remedies, in good faith received, shall be in faith achieved. I go to speak with them. *(He prepares to leave.)*

DESDEMONA: One thing more.

OBERON: My lady?

DESDEMONA: The dreamer with the feather pen?

OBERON: *(Suddenly understanding.)* Will.

DESDEMONA: Will?

OBERON: Will Shakespeare. He observes. He writes.

DESDEMONA: A man of letters in our café. I am pleased.

OBERON EXITS while DESDEMONA turns to OTHELLO.

And now, sweet Othello, paragon of virtue. Friend of faith and husband to be, these hours are long apart from thee. How passes the day?

OTHELLO: If thou canst believe, as if in happy dance instruction. *(He moves as if dancing.)* The maiden, Ariel, most apt a mentor takes me by the hand to foot through every turn. She is most marvelous. Ounce by ounce, a master of measurement. Keeps exact, her ledger. Is well rehearsed with menu. Most recently

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and gentle with each customer. By my side in every task show me how the foam to dip, how the cream to whip. Much patient with my unschooled blunders. Blessed is any man to be a pupil in her school.

DESDEMONA: How fortunate for thee to be thus. . . cared for.

ARIEL: Othello! A word!

OTHELLO: I go.

DESDEMONA moves to kiss him, he quickly “air” kisses her and hurries to ARIEL’s bidding, she watches him move away with a pensive look on her face.

IAGA: Desdemona

DESDEMONA: Forgive me, madam. Are we acquainted?

IAGA: Dear pupil of mine, “World Economy 107, Shylock School of Merchandise.”

DESDEMONA: *(Recognizing her and sitting down at the table.)* Madame Iaga. How it warms my heart to see thee after many years.

IAGA: As it warms mine, my child, to see thee manage with such skill.

DESDEMONA: My father, Prospero, puts us here that we may master management.

IAGA: Thou show’st twinkle in your eye with that word “we.”

DESDEMONA: It twinkles for that man of fine feature at the counter. *(Gesturing towards OTHELLO.)* A friend, a lover and to be a husband.

IAGA: *(Suspiciously.)* Indeed! It gives me cause to wonder. . . that you say “husband.”

DESDEMONA: How so, Madam Iaga?

DESDEMONA looks at ARIEL and OTHELLO who are behind the counter – she doesn’t see OTHELLO drop a bunch of napkins prior to that - she keeps her eyes on them.

IAGA: That servant girl who whispers with him.

ARIEL and OTHELLO drop below the counter as DESDEMONA looks on.

Such looks and nods and smiles have I seen practiced on her,
t'would be more like THEY are lovers.

ARIEL and OTHELLO bounce up from below the counter with the napkins on the word "lovers" and DESDEMONA looks instantly shocked and suspicious.

DESDEMONA: *(Eyes remaining fixed on ARIEL and OTHELLO who still don't know she's watching them.)* Could such a thing be possible?

IAGA: My presumption would be but presumption had the girl not said so with her own loose tongue.

DESDEMONA: *(Turning quickly to IAGA.)* What said she?!

IAGA: More done, than said. In need of sweetener for my Malice, I called her to my table. From a lovely silver heart, fixed upon a silver stick, taken from the pocket of her frock, did she shake some sweetener in my drink. With many compliments, I marked the silver sieve and clutching it, she did boast it was a gift from him, you say to be your lover. Then, back she stuffed the silver sieve into her pocket. And with a happy sigh and twinkle in her own eye, went DANCING from the table.

ARIEL: *(Calling.)* Puck!

OTHELLO: *(Calling.)* Desdemona!

ARIEL: *(Calling.)* Caliban!

DESDEMONA: *(Standing up.)* I come anon! *(To IAGA.)* Prithee, honest laga, speak no further of this business.

IAGA: On my word, no ear shall know but thine..

Enter PUCK and CALIBAN.

ARIEL: *(To DESDEMONA.)* My lady, Puck and Caliban shall close café. The ingredients are prepared for brewing the Frappe-Ever-After. The hags await us. *(To OTHELLO, pointing to her frock.)* My frock, Othello, get my frock.



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