

THREE STORIES OF ENGLAND

by

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SYNOPSIS

Three short plays set in 16th-century England, each of them corresponding to a different theatrical genre: a morality play, a comedy and a tragedy.

In two of them, the audience will have to decide, at a crucial moment, the end of the story.

STORY 1: TRAITOR (*morality play*)

Robert, Queen Elizabeth's lover, is arrested as a traitor. Walsingham, the Queen's advisor, tries to convince her that he must die. Elizabeth, who is still in love with Robert, has a dilemma and must decide, with the help of the audience, whether she sentences Robert to death or not.

STORY 2: THE REHEARSAL (*comedy*)

Three actors rehearse a scene of a duel between two men, one rich and one poor, who dispute their honor over a woman. The rehearsal is a disaster, with some absurd situations happening.

STORY 3: FINDING ROMEO AND JULIET (*tragedy*)

A loving couple, Emily and Christopher, try to flee from England to the New World. The night before the trip, they hide in the theatre, where they find William Shakespeare, Christopher's rival, who is looking for the end of his new play. Emily's father is looking for them. With the help of the audience, William will have to decide if he helps them flee or warns the father.

CHARACTERS

PRESENTER One of the actors will present the plays at the beginning of each of them, introducing the audience to what they will see next.

STORY 1: TRAITOR

ELIZABETH Queen of England. She is stiff on the outside, fragile on the inside. She must decide if her lover Robert lives or dies.

WALSINGHAM Counselor and advisor to Queen Elizabeth. Middle-aged, man of action.

ROBERT Elizabeth's lover. He conspired against her. He is now Walsingham's prisoner.

STORY 2: THE REHEARSAL

DIRECTOR Good actor and director. He takes his job very seriously and seeks to make quality theatre but he has two very bad actors. Impatient, but not cruel. He plays an upper-class husband whose honour is offended.

ACTOR Overacting actor, uncouth and silly. He gets on the director's nerves. He plays a lower-class lover.

CHARACTERS (*continuation*)

DOROTHY Overacting actress, vulgar. She also gets on the director's nerves. She plays a refined upper-class lady.

ASSISTANT 1 Someone from the audience. Husband's witness. She/He holds a tray or cushion with the husband's gun.

ASSISTANT 2 Someone from the audience. Lover's witness. She/He holds a tray or cushion with the lover's gun.

STORY 3: FINDING ROMEO AND JULIET

EMILY Christopher's lover, younger than him. She wants to run away with Christopher to the New World. Afraid of her father. She is in love.

CHRISTOPHER Christopher Marlowe, playwright. William's rival, Emily's lover. He wants to escape with Emily to the New World.

WILLIAM William Shakespeare, playwright, middle-aged. He has trouble finding the ending to his new play. Passionate. Intense.

FATHER Emily's father. Possessive, severe. He is looking for his daughter and her lover to stop them and, if necessary, kill Christopher.

SETTING

STORY 1: TRAITOR

England. Interior of Queen Elizabeth's Palace.

STORY 2: THE REHEARSAL

A forest in England.

STORY 3: FINDING ROMEO AND JULIET

England. Backstage of William Shakespeare's theatre.

TIME

17th Century

STORY 1

TRAITOR

ACT ISCENE 1

(Morning. The Queen's palace)

WALSINGHAM

Good morning. My name is Francis Walsingham. I work for Queen Elizabeth, but I'm not a simple secretary. I'm also, and this is the best part of my job, master of spies. The thing is, this week a group of men have conspired to kill the Queen. Do you know what this kind of men are called? Do you know? Here in England we call them traitors. Traitors!! But don't worry...

(Pulls out a dagger)

... they're already dead. Me, I'm the man who did it!!

(Plays with the edge of the dagger running his finger along it)

Only one of them is still alive. Lord Robert. He is a prisoner now! What will happen to him? I don't know, the Queen must decide! Life... or death. The thing is, ladies and gentleman, that Lord Robert is

(Angry)

A traitor! But he is also...

(Disgustedly)

... the Queen's first love.

(A noise is heard)

WALSINGHAM

Now be quiet... The Queen is coming.

SCENE 2

(WALSINGHAM bows as ELIZABETH enters. During the scene ELIZABETH has a bracelet in her hands which she moves nervously between her fingers)

WALSINGHAM

Your Majesty.

ELIZABETH

Inform me, Walsingham.

WALSINGHAM

The traitors are already dead, Your Majesty. As you commanded.

(Brief silence)

ELIZABETH

(Tries not to show sadness. She squeezes the bracelet between her fingers)

What about... Robert?

WALSINGHAM

Not yet, Your Majesty. He is still alive. He is a prisoner now. He is expecting your final decision. Life or death.

ELIZABETH

Thank you Walsingham.

WALSINGHAM

Your Majesty.

(He bows and heads for the exit when ELIZABETH interrupts him)

ELIZABETH

Where is he now?

WALSINGHAM

Lord Robert? He's here, outside. In the cell. He will die right now.

(WALSINGHAM heads for the exit again)

ELIZABETH

Wait!

(WALSINGHAM stops and turns. ELIZABETH is silent for a moment.)

ELIZABETH

Bring him here.

WALSINGHAM

Are you sure you want to see him, Your Majesty?

(ELIZABETH, who had turned her back on WALSINGHAM, snaps her head around with a glare for questioning her)

WALSINGHAM (*keeps talking*)

(*He understands and bows*)

As you command, Your Majesty.

(*WALSINGHAM leaves the scene*)

SCENE 3

(ELIZABETH is left alone. She breathes with concern, without hiding it. She is restless. She walks from one side to the other, tightly squeezing the bracelet in her hands)

ELIZABETH

(To herself)

Be strong, Elizabeth... be strong.

SCENE 4

(WALSINGHAM enters leading Lord ROBERT hooded and handcuffed in front of him. WALSINGHAM shoves him away)

ROBERT

What is this place? Where am I? Wait! What is this place?

WALSINGHAM

Stay here!

WALSINGHAM

(He pushes ROBERT to kneel down)

On your knees! And quiet!

(Silence. ELIZABETH looks at him. Lord ROBERT doesn't even know where he is, with the hood he can't see anything. WALSINGHAM stands behind Lord ROBERT)

ROBERT

Where am I?

(To WALSINGHAM)

If you want to kill me, why haven't you done it yet? You bastard...!

(ELIZABETH, without taking her eyes off Lord ROBERT, motions for WALSINGHAM to remove his hood)

WALSINGHAM

Shut up...!

(WALSINGHAM removes Lord ROBERT's hood)

ROBERT

(He tries to get accustomed to the light. He is stunned to see ELIZABETH in front of him)

My love!

(Brief silence)

ELIZABETH

(Correcting him)

My Queen!

(Tense silence between Lord ROBERT and ELIZABETH staring at each other. Finally, Lord ROBERT bows his head. ROBERT and ELIZABETH freeze)

WALSINGHAM

(He walks through space, stands between ELIZABETH and ROBERT. He looks at the audience. To audience)

She is ELIZABETH, our queen, and he is Lord ROBERT, her lover. But Lord Robert is also a traitor. Now Lord Robert is our enemy. What we have here is a battle. Feelings against duty. To forgive a traitor or to kill the love of your life?

(He approaches Lord ROBERT. Threateningly)

Can I kill this snake, this rat, this miserable traitor?

(He moves away)

But first, I have to wait for the Queen, and her final decision.

(ELIZABETH and Lord ROBERT unfreeze)

ELIZABETH

(ELIZABETH angrily throws the bracelet that she had in her hands)

You are a traitor!

ROBERT

I'm very sorry about everything that happened, my love. I am sorry. Please, forgive me. I swear I am innocent, and I swear I love you... And... and I will be loyal to you, to England, to the Crown. Please, my love, please... do not do this, please...

(He picks up the bracelet that she has thrown on the floor)

The bracelet! The bracelet, I gave this to you, Elizabeth!

(ELIZABETH holds her gaze, hurt and severe)

ROBERT *(keeps talking)*

(Showing the bracelet)

Oh, Elizabeth I gave this to you to represent our love... This means you and me. This is our symbol. It is a symbol of our love. Of our eternal, neverending love.

(Brief silence)

Can't you remember our love? Darling..

Oh, I know you look at me and see a traitor... I know you think I'm a traitor, I know you all think that I am a traitor. But I am not! Please, I am innocent, I have done nothing wrong..

(Brief silence)

Please, my love, remember our time together...! Remember our weekend, remember my kisses...

WALSINGHAM

(He loses his patience, draws a dagger and threatens him)

Treat the Queen with respect! Do you understand me, traitor?!

ELIZABETH

Walsingham. Enough!

WALSINGHAM

But, Your Majesty...

ELIZABETH

I said enough!

(WALSINGHAM complies, releases him and walks away from Lord ROBERT)

ELIZABETH *(keeps talking)*
(Angrily)

Yes, Robert. I remember every day we spent together!

(She's hurt with contained anger. She approaches him as if to slap him but she ends up caressing him while she speaks)

ELIZABETH

(Change tone to sad)

I remember your words of love. How happy they made me and

(Changes to anger)

All the pain I feel now!

ROBERT

My love, please...!

(ELIZABETH doesn't know what to say, she turns her back on him, she's fidgety. They freeze)

WALSINGHAM

(WALSINGHAM looks at the audience)

How is that possible? The Queen doesn't know what she has to do?? Lord Robert has to pay. And he has to pay with his life!

(Brief silence)

I can see the Queen still loves Lord Robert. But this traitor cannot live! He must die! I have to convince the Queen that Lord Robert must die!

(ELIZABETH and Lord ROBERT unfreeze)

WALSINGHAM *(keeps talking)*

Your Majesty, may I speak to you with honesty?

ELIZABETH

Tell me, Walsingham.

WALSINGHAM

Your Majesty. As you know, my duty is to protect you.

(ELIZABETH is silent.)

WALSINGHAM *(keeps talking)*

I am here for your safety, your Majesty. I killed the men who conspired against you, because they were traitors. Killing traitors is my job. And, as you know, the Lord says that every traitor to England has to die. Lord Robert is a traitor...

ROBERT

I am not a traitor!

WALSINGHAM

And he has to pay.

ROBERT

No, I'm innocent, please...!

WALSINGHAM

You must order me to kill Sir Robert, Your Majesty. You MUST!

ELIZABETH

(Screaming)

Quiet! Remember your place, Walsingham! I am the Queen! And no one, no one can say 'YOU MUST' to me!

WALSINGHAM

Of course... I just...

ELIZABETH

(Screaming)

Silence!

WALSINGHAM

(Bows)

My apologies.

ROBERT

Elizabeth...

ELIZABETH

(Screaming)

Silence!

(ELIZABETH walks up and down in thought. ROBERT and WALSINGHAM freeze)

ELIZABETH

(To audience)

What should I do?! I... I have to make a decision... but it's so hard!

(Silence)

Robert... Robert said he loved me, and I believed him! I believed his words! But he is a traitor. The man I love is a traitor! So why? Why is it so hard to order his death?

(Brief silence)

The question is: do I love him? Yes. Yes, I still love him. And my heart tells me to forgive him. As a woman in love I forgive him... but I am not just a woman. I am the Queen. So what should I do? What should I do? My heart tells me one thing but my head... my head tells me a very different one. Can I forgive him for what he did? Can I? Kill him, or let him live...! I... I have to make a decision...

(They unfreeze. ROBERT is very affected, he can't stand the wait anymore while ELIZABETH talks to herself).

ROBERT

(Crying)

My love... My love, please... I beg you, let me live, please...! I'm innocent. Please, I beg your pardon...

WALSINGHAM

Ignore him, Your Majesty. This traitor is a liar!

ROBERT

No, they are not lies, I am an honest person, I'm being honest...

WALSINGHAM

Give me the order and I will kill him right now, Your Majesty.

ROBERT

My love... Please...

(ELIZABETH and ROBERT freeze)

WALSINGHAM

(To audience)

Now it's your turn. What should Elizabeth, the Queen, have to decide? What do you prefer? Life or death? Love or justice? Think well. It's very important. Alright now, everybody who wants Lord Robert to live, raise your hand. Alright. Now, everybody who wants Lord Robert to die, raise your hand.

OPTION ONE: DECISION TO LET ROBERT LIVE

WALSINGHAM

Your Majesty, I am waiting for your orders. What do I have to do with this damn traitor? Kill him? *(putting the dagger to his neck)*

ROBERT

My love...!

(Silence)

ELIZABETH

I made my decision. Robert.

(Brief silence. ELIZABETH motions to WALSINGHAM for ROBERT to stand up. ROBERT takes the bracelet and stands up)

ELIZABETH *(keeps talking)*

I let you live.

WALSINGHAM

Your Majesty!

ELIZABETH

I've not finished.

(Silence)

ELIZABETH

(To ROBERT)

I let you live because the mistake is mine.

WALSINGHAM

But Your Majesty! I don't understand... he has to pay!

ELIZABETH

And he will, Walsingham. Lord Robert, you will leave England and never come back. If you do... you will die. Am I clear?

ROBERT

Can you forgive me, someday?

ELIZABETH

(Brief silence)

Never. I will never forgive you Robert, and you will never see me again.

(Trying to contain her emotions)

Walsingham, take him away!

WALSINGHAM

As you command, Your Majesty.

(WALSINGHAM drags ROBERT)

ROBERT

No, wait a minute, please wait Elizabeth. I just want to say...

ELIZABETH

Walsingham, wait!

(WALSINGHAM stops. Silence)

ROBERT

You are the love of my life.

(ELIZABETH turns, and puts her hand on his face, holding back her tears)

WALSINGHAM

Come on, you bastard!

(WALSINGHAM pulls ROBERT, and the bracelet falls to the floor. ROBERT and WALSINGHAM exit)

SCENE 5

(ELIZABETH is left alone. She is trying to keep her composure. Enter WALSINGHAM and speak to the audience. The Queen is stoic and haughty)

WALSINGHAM

That was the Queen's decision. Easy? No. But that's what she decided to do. After that, Queen Elizabeth reigned and lived for many more years. She was a great queen. And she never spoke of Sir Robert again. But she never got married because she never loved another man. Never more.

(Silence)

And, many years later...

(ELIZABETH hunches over, mimicking an old woman)

WALSINGHAM *(keeps talking)*

When the Queen was in her last hours...

(She is looking at the audience. Looking at the floor where her bracelet is. She leans towards it with the effort of an old woman. She takes it and stares at it)

WALSINGHAM *(keeps talking)*

Before she died, she had one last word.

ELIZABETH

(Kissing the bracelet)

Robert...

(Kneeling, she drops her arms and her head, as if dead)

WALSINGHAM

That was the end of what was possibly the greatest Queen of England.

(He bows to ELIZABETH)

(Dark)

END OF OPTION ONE

OPTION TWO: DECISION TO LET ROBERT DIE

SCENE 4

WALSINGHAM

Your Majesty, I am awaiting your orders. What do I have to do with this damned traitor?

(Putting the dagger to his neck)

Kill him?

ROBERT

My love, please...! Please...

(Silence)

ELIZABETH

I made my decision. Robert.

(Short silence. ELIZABETH motions to WALSINGHAM for ROBERT to stand. ROBERT takes the bracelet and stands)

ELIZABETH

(To Robert)

You win.

WALSINGHAM

But... Your Majesty!

(ELIZABETH gives WALSHINGHAM a look for him to be quiet. WALSHINGHAM resists the urge to intervene and is silent. ELIZABETH walks over to ROBERT and takes his hand)

ELIZABETH

I admit it. I love you Robert. I love you and I will always love you. You are the only man I have ever loved. And I love you, Robert, because I'm human.

(ELIZABETH strokes Robert's cheek. She presses forehead to forehead gently for a moment, then backs away)

But I am also the Queen, I represent the Crown.

ROBERT

No, my love, please... Please no...

ELIZABETH

(Screaming)

And the Crown is England!

ROBERT

My love, please... I have to... please...!

ELIZABETH

And in England there is no place for traitors!!

(ROBERT drops the bracelet on the floor and ELIZABETH looks at him resentfully)

ROBERT

Please, my love, please...!!

ELIZABETH

And you are a traitor.

ROBERT

No, I am not a traitor!!

ELIZABETH

That's why you HAVE TO DIE!

ROBERT

No, my love!! Please...!

ELIZABETH

Walsingham. Take him to the Tower of London. The traitor will die.

WALSINGHAM

As you command.

ROBERT

Please! My love, please! I beg you, please! Let me live, please...!

(WALSINGHAM takes ROBERT and pulls him out as ROBERT screams for mercy)

ROBERT

Please... No, Walsingham...!

WALSINGHAM

Shut up!

ROBERT

Please, please...! Elizabeth! Elizabeth, wait! Just one last thing... Elizabeth, I understand that I have to die today... but I want you to know that you... you are still the love of my life.

WALSINGHAM

Come on, you bastard!

(ROBERT and WALSINGHAM exit)

SCENE 5

(ELIZABETH is left alone. She is trying to keep her composure. Enter WALSINGHAM and speak to the audience. The Queen is stoic and haughty)

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(Silence)

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(She is looking at the audience. Looking at the floor where her bracelet is. She leans towards it with the effort of an old woman. She takes it and stares at it)

WALSINGHAM *(keeps talking)*

Before she died, she had one last word.

ELIZABETH

(Kissing the bracelet)

Robert...

(Kneeling, she drops her arms and her head, as if dead)

WALSINGHAM

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(He bows to ELIZABETH)

(Dark)

END OF OPTION TWO

END OF STORY 1

STORY 2

THE REHEARSAL

ACT ISCENE 1

(The actor who will play the director presents the next short play. He enters trotting and waving)

PRESENTER

Oh, my God!! What a story we've seen, right, Ladies and gentlemen? Wow! The love story between Queen Elizabeth and Lord Robert. Oh, drama...! It's so exciting...! Anyway, ladies and gentlemen, let's forget – let's forget about the drama of love... let's forget, let's forget, forget, forget...! Shut up!! And let's forget that we are in the Queen's palace, because now, ladies and gentlemen – Oh my God!! – now we are... My God!! We are... Aaaaghh!! We are, ah! In the Globe Theatre... IN THE GLOBE THEATRE!! Oh, my God! Ladies and gentlemen, London! The Globe Theatre! What a place! The most important theatre in the world! Aagh!! Hey! So, ladies and gentlemen, please be quiet, this is very important! Using our imagination, let's, um, imagine a large column growing from here... and, um... oh, look! Ha! Another large column growing from here, isn't this exciting!? Aagh!! And, um... no, I'm not crazy, I'm just excited. Anyway, ladies and gentleman... and here, look please! From here, this is the stage of the Globe Theatre, where many actors – hello! – many actors, many actresses, have acted in front of audiences like you. Up there at the top, kings and queens – hello, hello – there, doctors, nobility, rich people – hello – and down here... well, um... poor people... um... beggars, prostitutes... Anyway, look... So! Ladies and gentlemen... I'll put this here. *(Off singing)* Oh, my God, my actors are ready! The rehearsal can begin! So, ladies and gentlemen, make sure to write down any mistakes you see, okay? Because this is a rehearsal of a play

we are opening tomorrow! Oh, my God, I'm about to have a heart attack!! Okay.. Anyway, thank you for coming! Thank you, bye!

(He runs off)

SCENE 2

(DOROTHY enters, chewing gum, walking relaxed, adjusts her wig, adjusts her dress, her tits, tries 3 times before being able to unfold the fan. She fans herself. She walks a little, looks everywhere)

DOROTHY

Yoohoo...! Where is everybody?

(She keeps walking and accidentally steps on horse manure)

Aaah...! It's shit!! I stepped on it...! Shit...

(She wipes her shoe by dragging it on the floor and pretends when the DIRECTOR rushes in, with papers in his hand, looking for a page. He is wearing a hat.)

SCENE 3

DIRECTOR

Ooh, I'm so excited...! Oh! Hi Dorothy...!

DOROTHY

Hi Director, hi...

(When the DIRECTOR walks in front of DOROTHY, she scratches her shoe on the floor again, and pretends again when the director turns around in a corner of the stage)

DIRECTOR

Yeah... Dorothy, please, stop flirting, we have people here today!

DOROTHY

Yes, my dear director...

DIRECTOR

And I am very nervous. So please be professional!

DOROTHY

Yes, director! Rrrrr...

(Playfully making a curl with her hair, insinuating)

DIRECTOR

Ok, Dorothy, stop it.

DOROTHY

(Making a gesture of a bite to the director)

Yeah... Rrrrrr...

DIRECTOR

Stop it... STOP IT!!

(He finds a page)

Okay... is, um... is everybody ready?

DOROTHY

Yes...!

DIRECTOR

I said, is everybody ready??

DOROTHY

Yes...!

DIRECTOR

I said

(Louder)

IS EVERYBODY READY??

ACTOR

(From behind the scenes)

Yes, yes, yes... I'm ready! I'm ready, yes, yes...

DIRECTOR

Okay. So, ladies and gentlemen, we are going to start today's rehearsal from scene number five, ok? It is the love scene, it is the passion scene, ok? So, get into positions please! Ok, scene number five. Silence, please! Silence, please... SHUT UP!! Go!!

(DOROTHY stands quickly on a point, recomposes herself and begins her performance. She plays a high-class woman. She overacts. She walks haughtily, fanning herself. The ACTOR enters, wearing a mask)

SCENE 4

ACTOR

(Overacting, very affected)

Oh, my love, here you are...

(He kneels down and takes her hand)

I love you, I lo...

(He interrupts, smells something, with disgust, stands up, takes off the mask)

Ugh...! What is that smell?

DIRECTOR

Stop, stop, stop! What happened?

DOROTHY

(Complaining)

It's this shit, and I stepped on it!!

ACTOR

And you're telling me now?

DOROTHY

I didn't see it, okay?

DIRECTOR

Oh, Dorothy, give me your foot...

DOROTHY

Yes, Director...

DIRECTOR

Just give me your foot!!

(The DIRECTOR grabs DOROTHY's foot to see her sole. He takes a handkerchief out of a pocket and wipes the sole, still crouching, without looking, gives the handkerchief to the ACTOR. The ACTOR picks it up with disgust, slowly, and throws it a couple of metres away. He wipes his hands on the pants quickly.)

DIRECTOR *(keeps talking)*

You, take this!

(The ACTOR is distracted with the audience)

DIRECTOR *(keeps talking)*

Take this! ... TAKE IT!!

ACTOR

Oh, oh, thank you dear director... Oh no...! Argggh...! Oh, God... ew...

DOROTHY

(Scoffs with a weird laugh)

Hip... hip... hip... hip

DIRECTOR

Ok, so... let's do the same scene again, ok? Get into positions!
Silence please... concentration... and... scene!

(DOROTHY walks like a high-class woman again, overacting. Now when she gets to the dung the DIRECTOR becomes tense, and when she avoids the dung the DIRECTOR relaxes. DOROTHY makes a gesture to him like 'I'm smart'. Enter the Actor)

ACTOR

(Overacting)

Oh My love, here you are ..

(He kneels down and takes her hand)

I love you, I love you...!

DIRECTOR

(The DIRECTOR now plays her husband. Surprises the couple. Pointing and moving towards the ACTOR)

Ha!! I knew it! Get your dirty hands off my wife!! You
bastard!! Ha! Ha! Ha...!

ACTOR

(He stands up, backs away from DIRECTOR's advance, and steps on the dung)

Ooooh...! Wait, wait, wait...!

(Scratches his shoe on the floor)

Ugh...

DIRECTOR

Oh, my God!! You!! What are you doing now?

ACTOR

I'm sorry dear director...

DIRECTOR

(Mocking him)

I'm-I'm-I'm- I'm sorry dear director – Shut up!! You and you! For the love of Christ! Watch out for that shit!

(Making a big circle with his hands as if it were something big, pointing to where the shit is)

Ok, again!

DOROTHY

Yes, dear director...

DIRECTOR

Positions! Positions, come on! Ah, sorry... and... Go!

ACTOR

(ACTOR kneels down taking DOROTHY's hand, who gives it to him in disgust)

I love you, I love you...!

DIRECTOR

(Pointing and moving towards the ACTOR)

Ha! I knew it! Get your dirty hands off my wife!! You bastard!! Ha! Ha! Ha...! Ha!...

(The ACTOR stands up, backs away from the DIRECTOR's advance, looking back, this time dodging the dung, and stops. The DIRECTOR takes out a glove and slaps him twice, challenging him to a duel)

ACTOR

Ouch! Ouch...!

DIRECTOR

OUCH!!?? What do you mean 'ouch'?

ACTOR

It hurts..

DIRECTOR

I don't care if it hurts!! You are a gentleman. And gentlemen don't say 'ouch'!

ACTOR

But it hurt...

DIRECTOR

Ah!! Positions!!

(To the audience)

Sorry, sorry... Ok, let's do it one more time. Ok, and... Scene!

ACTOR

(Overacting)

I love you, I love you...!

DIRECTOR

(Pointing and moving towards the ACTOR)

Ah!! I knew it! Get your dirty hands off my wife! You bastard!! Ha! Ha! Oh, Jesus, right... Ha! Ha!...

(The DIRECTOR takes out the glove and when he is going to slap him, the ACTOR ducks and runs behind DOROTHY to protect himself)

DOROTHY

Oooh...! He's here.

DIRECTOR

What are you doing now??

(Pointing at the ACTOR)

You! Come here!

ACTOR

(Looking around as if the Director were talking to someone else)

Me?

DIRECTOR

(Ironic)

No, my Mother!

ACTOR

(Relieved)

Ahhhh.

DIRECTOR

Yes, you!!! Come here.

ACTOR

No, no, no, no...

DIRECTOR

(Threateningly)

Come here.

ACTOR

(He approaches little by little)

I'm sorry, dear director...

DIRECTOR

It's ok. It's ok, don't worry, you're a bit nervous because there are people in the audience...

ACTOR

Of course, yes, yes...

DIRECTOR

(Hitting him with his hat)

You stupid, you bastard!!

ACTOR

Ouch... Ouch

DOROTHY

Hip... hip... hip... hip

(The DIRECTOR quickly turns to scold DOROTHY, who quickly stops and pretends.)

DIRECTOR

(To DOROTHY)

Okay, stop laughing!!

(To both)

You both! Ah...! We're going to take it from the next scene, ok? Scene number six. Come on, positions! Scene number six, ladies and gentlemen, it's the action scene, ok? Guns and...

(DIRECTOR searches through his pages. Meanwhile, the actors argue and recriminate each other, murmuring energetically)

DIRECTOR

(Finds the page)

Na, na, na, here it is...

DIRECTOR

(He looks at the actors in their discussion)

Ok, be quiet you two...!

(They don't stop and he raises his voice)

Be quiet...!

(They don't stop and he shouts)

SILENCE!!

(The ACTOR stops but the last sentence of DOROTHY is understood)

DOROTHY

And the Director is like a little monkey.

DIRECTOR

(Approaches DOROTHY)

What?

DOROTHY

Nothing, dear director...

DIRECTOR

(He turns quickly to the ACTOR)

You! Go and get the guns!

ACTOR

Oh, guns! Yes!

(ACTOR goes inside to get the guns)

DOROTHY

Oh, I love this part, Director... guns... grrr *(biting gesture to the director)*

DIRECTOR

SHUT UP!!

(The ACTOR comes back with the guns)

DIRECTOR *(keeps talking)*

(He covers the shit)

The shit! The shit!

ACTOR

(Testing gun, aiming, shakes it)

Er... We have a problem here.

DIRECTOR

What problem?

ACTOR

(Shaking the gun)

It doesn't work, dear director. Look... doesn't work...

DOROTHY

Oh. Oh yes. It's true.

DIRECTOR

Oh, my God... They're idiots, ladies and gentlemen, they're idiots! Of course they don't work, you morons!! They are props! They're not real guns, they're used specially for the theatre!

ACTOR and DOROTHY

(Realising)

Aaaaaaah...

DIRECTOR

(Mocking them)

Aaaaahh...!

ACTOR

Yeah, hahaha, of course...!

DOROTHY

But... but but but...

DIRECTOR

Why are you doing this to me? Why? What have I done?

DOROTHY

What about the sound?

DIRECTOR

What about the sound already? What about the sound!?

DOROTHY

The sound of the guns.

DIRECTOR

That's a very good question.

(The DIRECTOR searches the script)

DOROTHY

Yes, I'm so smart!

DIRECTOR

Ah! I got it...

(To the ACTOR)

Ok, the sound of the guns. So, Dorothy...

DOROTHY

Yeah?

DIRECTOR

...is going to count to five, ok? While she counts, what you have to do is walk that way. So it's one, two, three... that way, you idiot! That way... four, five. Then you turn around. Turn- Turn around! You look at me, I'll be standing there, you raise your arm, point your gun,

(The ACTOR points)

DIRECTOR *(keeps talking)*

And then you'll have to say 'Pum Pum'!

ACTOR

(The ACTOR freezes for a moment, pointing, then lowers his arm.)

Pum pum?

DIRECTOR

Yes. Um... it's... one, two, three, four, five...

(Points to the text)

'Pum Pum'.

ACTOR

Ah...

DIRECTOR

It's a very good script, yes? It's very well written... surprise...!
This is all me, I wrote it myself. Thank you, thank you. I'm
very excited! ...

ACTOR

But I prefer 'Bang Bang'.

DIRECTOR

You prefer 'Bang Bang'.

ACTOR

Yeah.

DIRECTOR

Ok, well, er... I'm the director...

ACTOR

Aha...

DIRECTOR

...and I'm the writer.

ACTOR

Aha...

DIRECTOR

And I wrote 'Pum Pum'.

ACTOR

Aha...

DIRECTOR

(Screaming)

And I'm telling you to say 'Pum Pum'!!!

(Containing anger)

So just... just, just, just say 'Pum Pum'

ACTOR

Pum Pum.

DIRECTOR

Pum Pum.

ACTOR

Okay, okay, okay, great, I got it.

DIRECTOR

Pum.

ACTOR

But 'Bang Bang' is better!

DIRECTOR

I don't care if you prefer 'Bang Bang', the word is 'Pum Pum', and it's in the script ok!?!??

ACTOR

Alright...

DIRECTOR

Ok??

ACTOR

But I think...

DIRECTOR

It's very easy!!

ACTOR

Take it easy...

DIRECTOR

Very easy!!

ACTOR

Easy... so... Bang Bang! Oh.. hahaha, no, no, no... Pum Pum! Pum...
Pum...

DIRECTOR

Ok, Dorothy, give me the gun please. Dorothy, give me the
gun... Oh Dorothy, Jesus Christ, just give me the gun, give me
the gun, GIVE ME THE GUN!! Where is the gun? Give me the gun!!

DOROTHY

Yes, dear director...

DIRECTOR

Aaargh!! Sorry... Ok! Let's do the scene.

ACTOR & DOROTHY

Yes!

DIRECTOR

Ok, stand there...

ACTOR

Aha.

DIRECTOR

And.. Sorry, Ladies and Gentlemen, I'm a bit nervous today.. And,
get into positions... silence please... and Dorothy... Go!

(The ACTOR and the DIRECTOR turn their backs to start the 5-step count)

DOROTHY

(DOROTHY counts from 1 to 5, each number one step)

One... two... three... four... and five.

DIRECTOR

What are you doing??

DOROTHY

Scratching..

DIRECTOR

What are you doing, Dorothy? You're scratching!

DOROTHY

Yes, and...?

DIRECTOR

And you are supposed to be a high class lady!! Uhh! And high class ladies -uuh- don't scratch!

DOROTHY

Really??

DIRECTOR

Oh, my God!!

DOROTHY

Isn't that weird? Yeah... but ok, dear director... no scratching...

DIRECTOR

No scratching!!

DOROTHY

Hahaha... yes...

DIRECTOR

Simple! It's not that complicated! Do it again!

ACTOR

Ok.

DIRECTOR

Concentration... and... scene!

DOROTHY

One, two, three, four, five!

ACTOR

(He moves around the stage shooting at the DIRECTOR)

Bang Bang Bang Bang Bang Bang Bang...!

(DIRECTOR is serious with his gun lowered watching the ACTOR shooting and bouncing around the stage)

ACTOR

(Little by little he slowly stops, realising that DIRECTOR is very serious)

Oooh, hehe, of course... Pum Pum, yes... Pum Pum... Pum... Pum...

(A short, passionless sound)

Pum

(Stops and takes off his mask and scratches his head with the gun.)

I... I'm sorry, director... was it 'Bang Bang' or 'Pum Pum'...?

(The DIRECTOR slowly approaches the ACTOR, breathes as if losing his nerves, threateningly, raises a finger as if to say something very mean, pointing at the ACTOR and stands right next to him)

ACTOR *(keeps talking)*

(Swallows and seems to have understood without the DIRECTOR saying anything)

Hehehe... Very clear, dear director, I got it.

(He takes the DIRECTOR's finger and closes it in his fist silent)

DIRECTOR

(To DOROTHY)

You got it?

DOROTHY

Yes.

DIRECTOR

Everyone, you understood what you have to do?

ACTOR

Yes, yes, yes... Bang Ba....eh...Pum Pum, Pum Pum Pum, yes...
Yeah, yeah, yeah, of course...

DIRECTOR

Let's get into positions... everyone relaxed and calm... and... GO!!!

DOROTHY

One, two, three, four, five!

(ACTOR and DIRECTOR move away from each other to the rhythm of the numbers. When they reach 5 they turn, aim and both shoot at the same time. This time it works)

DIRECTOR and ACTOR

PUM!

(Director falls to his knees. He puts a hand to his chest and pretends to see blood. The DIRECTOR dies. DOROTHY puts the back of her hand to her forehead, overacting from the shock)

DOROTHY

Oooh!

ACTOR

(The ACTOR looks at her, puts a hand to his stomach and drops to one knee)

Oh, my love!

DOROTHY

(DOROTHY does not react and continues with her hand on her forehead and her eyes closed, very affected)

Oooh!

ACTOR

My love!!

(He raises his voice, exaggerating as if to say 'now you have to come')

MY LOOOOVE!!

(DOROTHY realises, opens her eyes and reacts giddily, she runs to support him)

DIRECTOR

WHAT ARE YOU DOING?? He is calling you! He is saying 'my love!' You are his love! Go and save his life, go and save him! Do you know why? Do you know why?? Because I just shot him in the face! Go and save your love!! Aaaargh!!!

DOROTHY

Yes, director... he... hehe... what's he doing? It's water... it's just water...

ACTOR

Oh... oh... the director is thirsty...

DOROTHY

He's very nervous... nervous... hehehe... are you ready, director?

ACTOR

Yes... what a nice person you are, director...

DIRECTOR

Ok. One more time.

ACTOR

Yes. Yes...

DIRECTOR

Just one more time.

ACTOR

Just one more time.

DOROTHY

Yes.

DIRECTOR

Because if you do not do this properly, both of you...

ACTOR & DOROTHY

Aha?

DIRECTOR

I will personally get this gun and introduce it in a place where you don't want a gun to be introduced!

ACTOR

Ooh... Oh, oh, I understand...!

DIRECTOR

Ok? Silence!! Scene!!

DOROTHY

One... two... three... four... five

(The ACTOR and the DIRECTOR move away from each other to the rhythm of the numbers. When they reach 5 they turn, aim and both shoot at the same time)

DIRECTOR and ACTOR

PUM!

DIRECTOR

(The DIRECTOR falls to his knees. He puts his hand to his chest and pretends to see blood)

Ugh...

(The DIRECTOR dies)

DOROTHY

(DOROTHY puts the back of her hand to her forehead, overreacting from the shock)

Oooh!

ACTOR

(The ACTOR looks at her, puts a hand to his stomach, and drops to one knee. Overacting)

Oh, my love!

(DOROTHY runs to assist him)

ACTOR *(keeps talking)*

I'm dying...

DOROTHY

(Overacting)

Noooo!

ACTOR

I'm dying...!!

DOROTHY

Noooo!

ACTOR

(Overacting)

Yes, I'm dying!!

(The ACTOR dies)

DOROTHY

(As DOROTHY, not as a character, she realises what she has to do. She returns to her character, overacting)

Oh... nooo... my love... I will never forget you...!!

(DOROTHY and the ACTOR get up as if nothing had happened, look at the dead DIRECTOR and walk away from the stage)

DIRECTOR

Dorothy, come on, say the next line! Say the next line! What's the next line? Come on, you've got it! Dorothy, come on, 'I will never forget you, because I love you, and you are the love of my life'! Oh, Dorothy, Jesus, why don't you say the next line?? Oh... Why are you doing this to me?? Where are you? Please, where are you? We are opening the show tomorrow... Oh, I hate actors!! Oh... (...)

(He picks up the turd and leaves)

Oh, shit...!

END OF STORY 2

STORY 3

FINDING ROMEO AND JULIET

ACT ISCENE 1

PRESENTER

Wow, what a disaster that was! The director called it 'The Duel', but he should have called it 'The Rehearsal that Goes Wrong'. But it was fine, anyway. You should know, however, that here at the Globe, not only comedies were represented. Tragedies were also performed. Works by many many authors were shown here at the Globe Theatre. But I am sure that everybody knows who William Shakespeare was, right? The most famous writer of all time. Someone who wrote thirty-seven plays. What we are going to see next is him. We will see Shakespeare at the most crucial moment of his career. When he was about to finish one of his most famous works ever. And how, what he experienced, completely changed the end of it. So now, please, pay attention, because what may -or may not- happen now, will again depend completely on what you decide. Thank you.

(ACTOR leaves. Night. Backstage of WILLIAM's theatre. William is alone, sitting at a small table. There are some paper sheets, a quill, an inkwell, a small bottle and a glass. William is annoyed. He writes, he drinks, he tears the papers.)

WILLIAM

No... No... No! What'...To be or not to be, that is the...' No! Er... no! No... No!!

(Sighs. Writes again. Sighs again. Looks at the audience)

WILLIAM

Good evening... Good evening, ladies and gentlemen. My name is William Shakespeare. And I write theatre plays here at the Globe Theatre, in London. And it is my honour to show you my latest project, my new play,

(Shaking several sheets with his hand)

'Romeo and Juliet'. I think it's going to be great, um, but I have a problem, a big problem.

(Picks up the last sheet and looks at it)

I don't like the ending. No, it's, it's... it's too simple... It's, it's... it's boring...! Think! William, come on, think! The ending of a play, the ending is very important, it is the most important thing. And... I am blocked. Look at me, here I am...

(Pointing to the surroundings)

... working here in the Globe Theatre, alone. No, ladies and gentlemen, I have to finish this tonight. I have to finish 'Romeo and Juliet' tonight. But how? How?

(Reads muttering, crumples the paper and throws it away. A noise is heard, someone is heard speaking)

CHRISTOPHER

(Off)

Follow me, my love, follow me!

WILLIAM

(To audience)

Shhh! Silence! Someone is coming! Who can it be?

CHRISTOPHER

(Off)

Come with me. This way.

WILLIAM

At this time? I'm going to hide.

(WILLIAM hides in the audience)

SCENE 2

(CHRISTOPHER enters, carrying a suitcase, stealthily but agitatedly, checking that no one is there, and EMILY follows behind him. CHRISTOPHER puts the suitcase on the floor. He sees the bottle and drinks.)

CHRISTOPHER

Wait here.

(CHRISTOPHER goes out to the middle, goes back in, comes out the other way, goes back in, checking that no one is there)

CHRISTOPHER

Wait here... There is no one here, Emily. This is it. We will stay here until tomorrow.

EMILY

At the theatre?

CHRISTOPHER

Yes, I know it's not the best place, but...

EMILY

(Stroking CHRISTOPHER)

Don't worry, my love, it's okay.

CHRISTOPHER

It's the safest place in all London.

EMILY

Are you sure?

CHRISTOPHER

Yes, yes, I'm sure, I work here every day. Remember, my love...
theatre is my life...

WILLIAM

(Mocking CHRISTOPHER)

Oh, theatre is my life...!

CHRISTOPHER

I know this place very well.

EMILY

Sorry.

CHRISTOPHER

For what?

EMILY

(Looking at the theatre)

For all of this. Theatre is your life, and because of me you need to run away and leave all this behind.

(As he walks up and picks up one of the masks and looks at it wistfully)

CHRISTOPHER

(Caresses her)

Yes... Theatre is my life, but you... you are my passion.

WILLIAM

(Mocking him)

Oh, you are my passion, uh, oh...!

EMILY

My father...

CHRISTOPHER

Yes, I know. He will kill me, but he will never find us here.

EMILY

No! No, he won't! Because tomorrow we will be very far away from here, in the New World... America!! Do you have the passages?

CHRISTOPHER

Yes, I have them here.

(CHRISTOPHER takes out the bills and shows them to her. WILLIAM speaks from behind them, but CHRISTOPHER and EMILY don't hear him.)

WILLIAM

Oh, my God, I can't believe it!

CHRISTOPHER

Are you afraid?

EMILY

No! No, I'm excited. Oh Christopher! Finally we'll be together. I love you so much, my love! And I can't wait to see this whole new world with you.

WILLIAM

(WILLIAM speaks again without the two of them hearing him)

Oh, Christopher!! Christopher Marlowe, oh I hate him! He is such a bad writer!

EMILY

(EMILY sees the paper sheets on the table, she picks one up and reads it)

What is all this?

CHRISTOPHER

(CHRISTOPHER walks over and picks up another paper sheet from the table)

William Shakespeare! How miserable! He thinks he is better than me!

(They freeze while WILLIAM speaks. WILLIAM walks into the audience. He walks up on stage, while the other two characters remain frozen.)

WILLIAM

Do you understand?

(Addressing the audience and pointing at the suitcase)

They want to run away!! They want to leave England! Oh, Jesus Christ...!

(WILLIAM walks over to EMILY)

WILLIAM

Emily, what are you doing? With Christopher? Come on!! I know your father. Everyone in London knows your father, he is a very important man. Christopher, my friend... What are you doing? Are you crazy? He is going to kill you! Oh, you are so, so stupid... and, and, and arrogant! And pedantic. And you, you are a very bad writer! Never forget this, Christopher Marlowe, I, William Shakespeare, am much, much better than you will ever be.

WILLIAM

(To audience)

Ok, let's be quiet and see what else happens.

(Again WILLIAM hides in the audience. EMILY and CHRISTOPHER unfreeze, as if nothing had happened)

CHRISTOPHER

You are so beautiful. And this necklace?

(WILLIAM mocks him again.)

CHRISTOPHER *(keeps talking)*

(CHRISTOPHER caresses her and looks around)

Well, do you think you can sleep here?

EMILY

Yes, I think so... I just have to find a blanket to be more comfortable. I'll be right back. Wait for me here, my love.

(EMILY leaves)

SCENE 3

(CHRISTOPHER is left alone, he looks at the travel tickets)

WILLIAM

(To audience)

Ok, ladies and gentlemen, now it's my time!

(To CHRISTOPHER)

Good evening, dear friend...

CHRISTOPHER

(CHRISTOPHER is startled)

Who's there?

(He sees WILLIAM)

Oh, no! William!

WILLIAM

The one and only!

CHRISTOPHER

What are you doing here?!

WILLIAM

Nothing bad, Christopher... Nothing...

(Pointing at the suitcase)

...illegal

CHRISTOPHER

Oh, me too, me too... I was thinking about my next theatre play.

WILLIAM

Liar! I know that you want to run away with Emily!

CHRISTOPHER

I love her!

WILLIAM

Her father is looking for her.

CHRISTOPHER

Don't tell him! Don't tell him.

WILLIAM

I'm sorry, but I'm gonna go and find Emily's father, and tell him you want to run away.

CHRISTOPHER

No, no, no! William, please, don't do that! Help us!

WILLIAM

You don't deserve my help, Christopher!

CHRISTOPHER

I know we're not friends.

WILLIAM

Exactly, we're not friends.

CHRISTOPHER

I know you hate me... But now... I'm asking you to stop fighting, William, please.

WILLIAM

I'm sorry, I'm sorry, he has to know!

(WILLIAM goes to exit. But CHRISTOPHER grabs William by the arm to prevent him from leaving. William turns around and grabs CHRISTOPHER's shirt.)

CHRISTOPHER

No, no, no, William, you can't do that!

WILLIAM

(Grabbing him)

Why? Why, tell me why? Why should I help you?

SCENE 4

(EMILY enters slowly. She carries a dagger in her hands. She approaches William's back and puts the knife to his back. WILLIAM releases CHRISTOPHER and raises his hands.)

CHRISTOPHER

Emily, don't! Don't, my love.

WILLIAM

(EMILY lowers the knife)

Emily... Emily? You don't... you don't want to kill me, right?!

EMILY

No! No, I don't...! I just want you to understand!

CHRISTOPHER

Give me that, my love. You don't need this. Quickly, yes. Calm down... William wants to tell your father about our plans.

EMILY

No, no, William, please. Don't tell my father.

WILLIAM

Why?

EMILY

For... for love...

EMILY

(EMILY picks up the papers from the table)

You write about love, right?

WILLIAM

Yes. Yes, of course I do. I'm William Shakespeare, yes, of course I write about love.

EMILY

And I love Christopher, and my father doesn't understand our love. If I can't live with him, I'd rather die.

CHRISTOPHER

No, no, no, no, my love, don't ever say that again.

WILLIAM

Emily... Do you love Christopher that much?

EMILY

More than anything else in this world.

(WILLIAM doesn't know what to say)

EMILY *(keeps talking)*

I beg you, William. I beg you, please don't tell my father.

CHRISTOPHER

I beg you too, William.

(Brief silence)

WILLIAM

(To CHRISTOPHER)

How about you, Christopher? Hm? How about you? Do you love Emily the same way as she loves you?

CHRISTOPHER

Yes, I love her more than the sun loves the sky.

EMILY

William... Please, please don't tell my father we are here.

CHRISTOPHER

Please, William.

(CHRISTOPHER and EMILY are frozen while William speaks to the audience about his decision.)

WILLIAM

(To audience)

What should I do? Should I help them? I'm not gonna kill them. No, wait. Should I help them run away to America? Or should I go and tell Emily's father that they want to run away? No, ok, but wait. Think about this. Please, think about this. Emily, Emily is a lovely person, she's nice, Emily is young. Emily's got a whole life ahead of her! Oh, but Christopher... Christopher...!! I hate him, I hate him! He's a very bad writer!! Help me! What should I do? Yes, I'm not gonna kill them, why should I kill-no! No! Ladies and gentlemen, please...! Think of the morality! Think about poor Emily, why does she deserve this? Ok, wait, wait, wait, I've got an idea. Ladies and gentlemen, silence, one moment! This is a democracy. This is a democracy, so let's vote. Those of you who think I should help Christopher and Emily run away, raise your hand! Oh, come on, really? No... ok, ok. Now,

those of you who think that I should go and tell Emily's father, raise your hand! ... It's very tight... It's very tight! Yes, it is. Should I tell them? Yeah? Ok, I'll tell the father! Silence! Silence! Argh! Ok, ok, just forget I asked for anything. Argh!

OPTION ONE: WILLIAM DOESN'T HELP THEM

(CHRISTOPHER and EMILY unfreeze)

WILLIAM

I can do it for you Emily...

CHRISTOPHER

Really?

WILLIAM

But for you Christopher, it's impossible.

EMILY

What? Wait!

CHRISTOPHER

No, no, no, no! William, no, wait!

EMILY

William, wait!

CHRISTOPHER

No!

(WILLIAM leaves)

SCENE 5

CHRISTOPHER

William Shakespeare! Miserable traitor! Snake!

EMILY

Calm down, my love, calm down... We'll find a solution, we'll talk to my father.

CHRISTOPHER

Everything is my fault...

EMILY

No, it's not your fault, it's my father's.

CHRISTOPHER

Your father won't understand...

EMILY

He won't... he won't... we just... we just have to talk to him. You have to talk to him again, and find a solution.

CHRISTOPHER

Yes... I promise you, we will be together, forever!

EMILY

That's all I want.
(A noise is heard)

FATHER

(Off)

Emily!

CHRISTOPHER

Hide! Hide yourself!

EMILY

Be careful!

(EMILY hides)

FATHER

(Off)

Emily!

SCENE 6

(The FATHER enters, walking with a cane)

FATHER

You! That pretentious writer, William Shakespeare, told me my daughter is here. Where is she?

CHRISTOPHER

You see... I'm alone.

FATHER

Don't lie to me!

CHRISTOPHER

Of course not.

FATHER

(FATHER looks around, not seeing EMILY)

Where is she? Where is my daughter?

CHRISTOPHER

Emily is in good hands... with me.

FATHER

Emily is in danger with you!

CHRISTOPHER

Danger? If you let me explain, you can understand and...

FATHER

Silence! Where is she? Where is my daughter?

CHRISTOPHER

She loves me!

FATHER

Oh, she loves you, yes... She thinks she loves you!

CHRISTOPHER

I'm telling the truth.

FATHER

Ok, Christopher, from man to man... Tell me, honestly... What can you offer my daughter?

CHRISTOPHER

I love Emily. I can give her my eternal love. And I will make sure to take care of her for the rest of my life.

FATHER

Love... happiness...? You are all obsessed with love and happiness...! Love does not exist! Tell me where my daughter is!!

CHRISTOPHER

If you accept our love..

FATHER

(Pulls out a dagger, threatening)

I will never do that in my life! Tell me where she is!

CHRISTOPHER

No!

(FATHER attacks CHRISTOPHER. They struggle. EMILY, frightened, comes out of hiding and approaches the two men.)

FATHER

Where!?

CHRISTOPHER

I won't tell you...!

EMILY

No! Father! Stop!

FATHER

She is my daughter!

CHRISTOPHER

I won't tell you!

EMILY

Listen, listen!

(During the struggle, EMILY is inadvertently knocked over and she falls to the ground, hitting her head on the bench. CHRISTOPHER and her father look at EMILY.)

CHRISTOPHER

Emily!

FATHER

What have I done? What have I done??

CHRISTOPHER

Emily... Emily, don't... You killed your own daughter!! Emily...
Emily, no...

(FATHER looks at EMILY, despondent, walks offstage overwhelmed.)

SCENE 7

CHRISTOPHER

Emily, no, my love... No, no, don't leave me... don't leave me...!
Emily, don't...! Emily, I love you, please... don't leave me, don't
leave me... She's dead...!

WILLIAM

(Off)

Christopher! Christopher, Emily!

SCENE 8

(WILLIAM enters)

WILLIAM

I heard screaming, what happened?

CHRISTOPHER

You killed her!!

WILLIAM

No, how? Emily!

CHRISTOPHER

She is dead because of you! My love... The most wonderful being... the purest. My love, you are so beautiful...

(CHRISTOPHER kisses EMILY)

I promised you, my love, we will be together forever. Our love will never end. I'm coming to you, my love... my life.

(CHRISTOPHER takes the dagger and stabs himself, WILLIAM can't help it)

WILLIAM

No! Wait!!! What!?

(CHRISTOPHER falls dead. The two lovers are lying together. WILLIAM is in shock)

WILLIAM (*keeps talking*)

Christopher...!

(*EMILY moves slightly*)

WILLIAM (*keeps talking*)

Emily!?! Are you ok?! Emily...! Are you ok?

EMILY

(*EMILY wakes up and sees CHRISTOPHER*)

What is this!? Christopher? William!! What happened? My love...
My love... What happened? We just wanted to be happy together,
William... Nothing more... my love...

WILLIAM

I'm so sorry... I'm sorry! I didn't mean for this to happen, I'm
sorry. Please... I hope you can forgive me...

EMILY

Forgive you? You have to forgive yourself. You have my
forgiveness.

EMILY

(*EMILY looks at CHRISTOPHER*)

My love, I promised you that our love would never end. Our
love is infinite... I love you.

(*EMILY takes the dagger and stabs herself. EMILY dies*)

WILLIAM

(WILLIAM looks at the two lovers, dead.)

No! What are you doing!? Why... Emily... Christopher... I'm sorry.
Ladies and gentlemen, this... this here is how I, William Shakespeare, finally found the ending to my new play. This was my way of telling Christopher and Emily I am sorry. By immortalising their story, by immortalising their love, the love between Christopher and Emily, transformed into the love of my very own Romeo and Juliet.

END OF OPTION ONE

OPTION TWO: WILLIAM HELPS THEMSCENE 4

(CHRISTOPHER and EMILY unfreeze)

WILLIAM

I will help you.

CHRISTOPHER

Really?

WILLIAM

Your love is pure and noble.

EMILY

Thank you, thank you very much, William.

CHRISTOPHER

Yes! Thank you, William, thank you.

WILLIAM

I think I can talk to your father, Emily, to make him see reason.

EMILY

But my father is very hard to convince.

WILLIAM

Yes. I know that. But Emily, sometimes words can be more powerful than you think.

CHRISTOPHER

Are you sure?

WILLIAM

Yes. Now go. Go!

CHRISTOPHER

Let's go, Emily!

EMILY

Thank you, William.

(CHRISTOPHER leaves, EMILY follows him)

SCENE 5

WILLIAM

Emily, wait!

EMILY

(EMILY stops)

Tell me, William. My father is very hard to convince.

WILLIAM

I know. I'll need your mother's necklace.

EMILY

But...

WILLIAM

Trust me.

FATHER

(From behind the scenes)

Christopher Marlow... where are you bastard?

EMILY

Someone is coming! It's my dad!

WILLIAM

The necklace!

(EMILY takes it off and gives it to him)

WILLIAM *(keeps talking)*

Now go... come on... hurry up!

(EMILY leaves)

SCENE 6

WILLIAM

(To audience)

Ok... Now I need to find the correct words to try and convince Emily's father of their love... Wish me luck!

(FATHER enters, walking with a cane)

FATHER

Good night, sir. Excuse me, is this place yours?

WILLIAM

Yes, I'm William Shakespeare, owner of this theatre.

FATHER

Well, Mr. Shakespeare, I'm looking for someone and I know he's here.

WILLIAM

Christopher Marlow... right?

FATHER

Is he here? Tell me! Where is he?

WILLIAM

I have news for you, sir.

FATHER

What news do you have?

WILLIAM

It's about your daughter.

FATHER

Emily?! What news do you have?! What do you know about her?!
Speak!

WILLIAM

I know where Emily and Christopher are hiding.

FATHER

Where? Tell me, or I'll kill you too, bastard!

WILLIAM

Sir, your daughter loves Christopher with all her heart... a
love I've personally never seen before.

FATHER

She doesn't know what she really wants! She's young and
impressionable.

WILLIAM

I know Christopher, and yes, he's stupid, eccentric, and a
pretentious writer.

FATHER

Yes, he is!

WILLIAM

But...

FATHER

But what?

WILLIAM

But he loves Emily more than anything in this world, I can see it in his eyes. Sir... I have something for you.

(WILLIAM shows EMILY's mother's necklace)

FATHER

(FATHER takes the necklace)

My wife's necklace! How...

(Brief silence)

WILLIAM

Emily took it, as a memory from her mother, that was the reason. But Christopher asked me to give it back to you, sir.

FATHER

Christopher?

WILLIAM

Yes.

FATHER

Impossible!

WILLIAM

It's the truth.

FATHER

But... How... Christopher?... I can't...

WILLIAM

Christopher is honest, believe me. I have another question for you.

FATHER

What question?

WILLIAM

Emily is not happy because of another person.

FATHER

Who?

WILLIAM

You! It's you. Emily cries every day because you. If you accept Christopher, she will love you again.

(Brief silence)

FATHER

My Emily...

WILLIAM

Do you want to see Emily happy?

FATHER

Of course.

WILLIAM

Well, it depends on you.

FATHER

I understand... I see I was wrong.

(Gives WILLIAM the necklace)

Take this. Give it back to Emily.

(FATHER takes a bottle out of his pocket and leaves it on the table)

I think I won't need this anymore.

WILLIAM

(Takes the bottle and looks at it)

Whiskey?

FATHER

It's not whiskey. It is poison.

WILLIAM

(WILLIAM quickly leaves the bottle on the table)

Poison? For Christopher?

FATHER

Yes... but now... I don't need it... Mr Shakespeare, thanks for making me understand.

(FATHER leaves the scene)

SCENE 7

WILLIAM

Emily! Christopher!

EMILY

William!

WILLIAM

Your father has understood. He is a reasonable man, and he adores you.

EMILY

I can only say thank you, William.

*(WILLIAM gives her the necklace, and she puts it on.
CHRISTOPHER enters)*

SCENE 8

EMILY

My love!

CHRISTOPHER

(To William)

How was it?

EMILY

William has succeeded! We can be together, Christopher!

(CHRISTOPHER and EMILY hug)

EMILY

Thank you, William.

CHRISTOPHER

(Shaking WILLIAM's hand)

Thank you William, I'll never forget what you have done tonight.

(CHRISTOPHER takes the bottle of poison thinking it's whiskey, and uncaps it)

For our love!

(CHRISTOPHER drinks)

WILLIAM

No!

EMILY

(Taking the bottle from CHRISTOPHER's hand)

What's that?

WILLIAM

It's poison. Her father brought it...

EMILY

Poison?

CHRISTOPHER

What? I feel unwell...

(CHRISTOPHER gets dizzy and falls to the ground. He dies)

EMILY

No!!!!

(She hugs CHRISTOPHER)

Christopher, my love... Christopher, my dear, my love... don't...
Christopher... don't leave me... Christopher! The most wonderful
being... the purest. My love, you are so beautiful...

(Emily kisses CHRISTOPHER)

I promised you we would be together forever. Our love will
never end. I'm coming to you, my love... my life.

(EMILY takes the dagger and stabs herself, WILLIAM can't help her)

WILLIAM

No! Emily!!!

(EMILY drops dead. The two lovers are lying together. WILLIAM is in shock)

WILLIAM

Fate is tragic. Love and death have united them forever. They must be remembered for all eternity, because as long as someone remembers their love, they will not die... I had never seen in all my life a story so full of love, and that's why I, William Shakespeare, have decided to immortalise their story, their love, as a letter of condolence, in my new play, transforming Christopher and Emily into my Romeo and Juliet.

(Dark)

END OF OPTION TWO

END OF STORY 3

END OF THE PLAY