

Will 'n Shakespeare Episode one: Barred from Stratford - The
Final Chapter

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BLACK SCREEN

SUPER: "Stratford on Avon, England - 1587 A.D."

FADE IN:

INT. WILL'S HOUSE - DAY

A single ray of light illuminates WILL (20's,) on a stool, in Shakespearean tights and belted tunic. Will, with parchment and quill in hand, ponders.

WILL
To be or not to be, that is the
question. Whether tis nobler-

MUM (O.S.)
(Cockney accent)
It's TWO!

MUM (40's, a male actor plays this role) throws open a shutter. Light fills their tiny hovel revealing unbelievable dust and squalor.

WILL
(Cockney accent)
You sure?

MUM
Sure, I'm sure.

INSERT - CROSSWORD PUZZLE

Will fills in the squares.

WILL
N-o-b-b-l-e-r: nobler.

BACK TO WILL'S HOUSE

WILL
You're right! It fits.

DAD (30's) plods in showing signs he's been hard at work.

DAD
(Scottish accent)
Of course it fits... too bad it's
wrong!

Mum prepares breakfast. There are jars on the shelf marked "BEEF," "PORK," "CHICKEN," "GOAT" and a shorter jar marked "CHEF'S SURPRISE".

Mum scoops out some "BEEF" and struggles with the prospect of cooking in a wooden kettle over an open flame.

DAD

The answer is cobbler. **C...**
C-o-B-B-l-e-r! Cobbler.

WILL

Cobbler? What like
blueberry? blackberry? Dad, those
are desserts! Not 'one who sizes
shoes.' Apparently you've never
read a little story called
"Cinderella."

Dad starts to protest. Will stops him with a hand.

WILL (cont'd)

And though HE was a prince, I
believe, technically, all nobility
can do it... kings, lords, dukes,
even barons. And it's NOT limited
to just noblemen...

Dad eyes a pair of raggedy pants on the breakfast table and hangs them on Will's outstretched hand.

WILL (cont'd)

...noblewomen also have that skill
set... WHICH is why I use nobler...
n-o-**B-B-l-e-r**, nobler... to
en-noble all nobility regardless of
gender.

Dad brushes aside Will's hand and finger thumps him.

DAD

You're just making words up. Get
dressed.

Will's hand drops along with the pants. He bends over revealing long johns, the old red union suit complete with buttoned panel - sans one button.

Will attempts to dress himself without undoing his "belted" tunic.

WILL

If a common man, or woman, can be a
commoner, then I see no reason why
a noble man, or woman, can't be a
nobler.

Dad finger thumps Will; undoes the belt; stuffs Will's shirt tail in Will's mouth; and threads the belt through the belt loops.

DAD

Well, son, technically, that damn prince only had the one shoe and he wasn't sizing IT. He was sizing the foot.

He removes the shirt tail from Will's mouth, tucks it in and tightens the belt... roughly.

WILL

But...

Dad stops him with a finger thump to the head.

DAD

Look, I'm not having have this... this... podiadactical argument-

WILL

Whose making up words, now?

DAD

Someone who knows how to dress himself.

Another finger thump.

WILL

Thanks, Dad.

Mum serves breakfast.

WILL (cont'd)

Mum? Could you read the last clue for me?

MUM

Twelve down. You need a four letter word for a "breakfast food."

WILL

Eggses??

MUM

No, it has to end with a t... TA... TA.

WILL
What? Like grits?

MUM
No, grits ends with an s. you need
a t... Ta... Ta... like boat.

WILL
You can't eat a boat. But you can
eat grits.

MUM
But that's five letters and it ends
with an s.

WILL
What if you only eat one?

DAD
"What if you only eat one?" You
might as well put down "tea and
crumpets."

WILL
I don't think that ends with t.

DAD
It does if you eat the crumpets
first!

Dad laughs and chokes on his food.

DAD
Good God, woman! What do you call
this?

MUM
Right now, I calls it "breakfast."
In a little while I'll call it
"lunch." After that it's "supper."
It's not me fault that I only got
one pot. I didn't ask to be poor.

DAD
And I didn't ask to be served shit
for breakfast!

WILL
Shit! How do you spell that?

DAD
T-H-A-T

Dad, hysterical, bangs his spoon on the table with a: KNOCK
KNOCK Mum's head pops up at the sound.

She shoots a glance to the front door.

MUM
Who could that be?

WILL
(focused on his crossword)
Hello?

MUM
How many times have I told you,
open the door first, then say,
"Hello."

WILL
I got it!

MUM
Thank you, sweetie.

WILL
Four letters... T-H-A-... ends with
t. Breakfast food...

MUM
What about the door?

WILL
What? For breakfast? It's not made
of gingerbread you know.

Mum rolls her eyes and opens the door. Vacant, she shrugs.

DAD
No shit.

Mum takes a large wooden spoon from the wall and goes out.

EXT. WILL'S SQUALID HOVEL - DAY

Mum trudges a few feet through the muck that is their front
yard to the adjoining cow pasture.

WILL (O.S.)
Right! That's the answer Four
letters! A breakfast food! Ends
with t, How do you spell it, Dad?

DAD (O.S.)

i - t.

INT. WILL'S SQUALID HOVEL - CONTINUOUS

WILL

i - t.

Will starts to write.

WILL (cont'd)

i - t?

DAD

i - t.

EXT. THE COW PASTURE - CONTINUOUS

Mum spoons up some cow manure.

WILL (O.S.)

I thought there was more.

INT. WILL'S SQUALID HOVEL - CONTINUOUS

Mum places the manure in the Jar marked "BEEF".

MUM

Look, son, I know you want to be a playwright and all, but you're nothing but a peasant--

DAD

He's nothing but a twit!

MUM

--and always will be. So, I think it's time you started acting like one.

WILL

What? Act like a twit?

MUM

No, like a peasant, you tw.... Look, your dad's decided to take ole Bessie to the market. You know what that means...

WILL

No more fresh breakfastses?

MUM

Well, yes--but also, I want you to go, too.

WILL

No! Mum! No! -PLEASE, don't sell me. I promise I'll be good.

DAD

I tried that... he just wants the cow.

WILL

Oh, sorry Mum. We'll miss you.

MUM

Not me, you twit! Bessie!

WILL

Right! I knew that.

MUM

Look, it's simple: Dad's going to the market. I want you to go with him.

DAD

He's not going with me! The boy drives me nutty with all those stories he keeps going on about.

MUM

Fine. You go on. Will can take the cow-

WILL

Bessie!

MUM

Right, Bessie... the cow... at twelve o'clock.

WILL

Midnight?

MUM

No, ninny, NOON!

WILL

Right.

DAD
Look, why don't I just-

MUM
HE can DO this.

WILL
It's not rockette surgery, you
know.

DAD
Rockette?

MUM
Rockettes... small rocks. You know,
pebbles.

DAD
Oh, great, another made-up word.

WILL
All words are made up. It's not
like they're found in nature.

DAD
Why would anyone do surgery on a
pebble?

WILL
It's an expression. Rocks are hard,
even the little ones. It just means
this wouldn't be as hard as slicing
little pebbles. Any twit can take a
stupid cow to market.

DAD
Well, you're not just any twit...
you're the twit that thinks you
could do surgery on a pebble.

WILL
You're missing the point! You can't
do rockette surgery. It's too hard.

DAD
It's not hard. It's impossible.
Where do you come up with this?

MUM
Forget it! Can you just take the
cow to the market?

WILL
 Sure, Mum. First thing tomorrow-

DAD
 Today! AT LUNCH! Not after...
 AT! AT NOON!

WILL
 -at lunch...NOON, I take Bessie,
 THE COW, to the market in the town
 over... there.

Will points in the wrong direction Mum quickly corrects him... not before dad notices. He flings a final finger thump.

DAD
 You're lucky "rockette surgeons"
 don't use pea brains to practice
 on... not that you'd miss yours
 (to MUM)
 You know, we're never going to see
 that cow again.

EXT. ON THE ROAD TO MARKET - DAY

Will, with the oldest cow imaginable, practices his ABCs writing them on the parchment using the rear of the cow for support as they walk.

From behind a bush the MAGICIAN OF VENUS, a back alley salesperson, makes a noise.

MAGICIAN OF VENUS
 Psst.

WILL
 Hello?

MAGICIAN OF VENUS
 Psst.

Will looks about.

MAGICIAN OF VENUS (cont'd)
 (Brooklyn/Italian accent)
 Come here.

Will points to himself and mouthing a silent "Who me?"

MAGICIAN OF VENUS (cont'd)
 Over here.

WILL
Who? Me?

MAGICIAN OF VENUS
Yes, you.

Will moves a bit closer keeping one eye on Bessie.

MAGICIAN OF VENUS (cont'd)
There's nobody else is there?

WILL
No.

MAGICIAN OF VENUS
You want to buy a book?

WILL
A BOOK!

MAGICIAN OF VENUS
SHH! You want to buy a book?

WILL
I can't read.

MAGICIAN OF VENUS
Of course you can't - that's why
you need a book.

WILL
I do?

MAGICIAN OF VENUS
Sure. You want to be literate,
don't you?

WILL
Littering is against the law. And
why would I buy a book when I can't
read?

MAGICIAN OF VENUS
It's magic.

WILL
MAGIC?!

MAGICIAN OF VENUS
Shh! You want the whole town to
know?

WILL
Gee, what kind of magic?

MAGICIAN OF VENUS
Words magic.

WILL
You mean Magic Words?

MAGICIAN OF VENUS
I mean "words magic".

WILL
Show me.

MAGICIAN OF VENUS
You speak French?

WILL
Not likely.

MAGICIAN OF VENUS
Shh.

Magician of Venus opens the book and recites the incantation.

MAGICIAN OF VENUS (cont'd)
Michelle, my belle.
Sont des mots qui vont très bien
ensemble,
Très bien ensemble.

He closes the book.

MAGICIAN OF VENUS (cont'd)
You do now.

WILL
I do?

MAGICIAN OF VENUS
Sure, ask me my name in French.

WILL
How?

MAGICIAN OF VENUS
Think French and just talk.

WILL
BOOM SHAGGA lagga BOOM!

MAGICIAN OF VENUS
Shh. Look, you got to concentrate.
You just asked me for a glass of
milk.

WILL
Sorry.

MAGICIAN OF VENUS
Try again.

WILL
Yabba dabba doo?

MAGICIAN OF VENUS
Voila! Perfect! Allow me to
introduce myself.

He produces a card.

MAGICIAN OF VENUS (cont'd)
Mario, the Magician of Venus.

WILL
WOW! I can talk French!

MAGICIAN OF VENUS
Sh... That's nothing. Would you
like to be able to read and write?

WILL
To read and write?

MAGICIAN OF VENUS
Read and write. It's all here in
this book...and more.

WILL
Give it to me.

MAGICIAN OF VENUS
I can't give it to you... but... I
could sell it to you.

WILL
I don't have any money.

MAGICIAN OF VENUS
Sh... You got a cow.

WILL
Yeah, Me dad wants to sell her.

MAGICIAN OF VENUS

Perfect! I give you the book and you give me the cow. Consider her sold.

WILL

I don't know...

MAGICIAN OF VENUS

Think of how happy your dad will be when you walk up to him and say "Dad, I sold our cow." Think of all the haggling you'll save him. And when you show him this book... trust me... he'll be beside himself.

WILL

I don't know...

MAGICIAN OF VENUS

It's a good deal.

WILL

I'm not sure.

MAGICIAN OF VENUS

Tell you what I'm gonna do. I'm not supposed to do this...but you look like a good kid...I'm gonna go ahead and read the magic words for writing.

He starts flipping through the book.

WILL

I already know me ABC's.

MAGICIAN OF VENUS

Oh, well... then you'll just need the spell for spelling.

WILL

So I can do me own spells?

MAGICIAN OF VENUS

No... so you can form words and sentences using all those letters you already know.

WILL

Oh, right, a writing spelling spell.

MAGICIAN OF VENUS

Yeah...

He mumbles an incantation.

MAGICIAN OF VENUS

It's done.

WILL

You mean I can write, right now?

MAGICIAN OF VENUS

Right.

WILL

What shall I write?

MAGICIAN OF VENUS

Start simple. You know "Mary Had A Little Lamb"?

WILL

Sure.

MAGICIAN OF VENUS

Write it.

WILL

How?

MAGICIAN OF VENUS

Just like with the French. Just think about the words and start writing. Think words... write letters.

WILL

Let's see

He writes as he 'thinks' aloud.

WILL

Mary had a little lamb whose fleece was white as snow...

He continues the writing in silence.

MAGICIAN OF VENUS

See how easy it is. Let's see what you got. Ah! This is perfect. So do we have a deal?

WILL
I'm not a twit. I don't need your
book now. This is all I've ever
wanted.

MAGICIAN OF VENUS
Hmm... Okay, fair enough...

The Magician turns to leave; hesitates.

MAGICIAN OF VENUS
Just do me a little favor. Read
this.

He hands Will his poem. Will stares at his writing...
nothing.

WILL
Right, where do you want the cow
delivered.

MAGICIAN OF VENUS
I'll take the cow now... here's
your book.

WILL
Could you read the reading spell
for me?

Magician of Venus gives Will an icy stare.

WILL (cont'd)
Right, I just get me mum to do
that. Thank you, sir... a pleasure
doing business with you, sir...
nothing like dealing with an honest
man, I always say.

INT. WILL'S HOUSE - DAY

Dad drags Will in by the scruff of his neck.

DAD
CLAUDIA!

Mum comes running into the room

MUM
Did my little boy sell his first
cow?

DAD

Oh, He sold the cow. Know what he got for it?

MUM

It wasn't beans... was it?

WILL

That's silly.

DAD

I wish.

MUM

A few quid?

DAD

No.

MUM

Was it... two bob?

WILL

Two what?

DAD

BOB! Two bob or not two bob? THAT was the question.

Dad finger thumps Will.

WILL

Not two bob.

Will stands calm and proud. Dad is, as predicted, beside himself. He finger thumps Will at every opportunity.

WILL

I got a magic-

MUM

NOT BEANS. You said it wasn't beans.

DAD

You're right we didn't get beans for dear ol' Bessie. No...WE got a BOOK.

WILL

A MAGIC book... from a real magician.

DAD
He wasn't a magician.

WILL
He had a card.

DAD
A what?

WILL
A card. A Magician's Guild Card:
"The Magician of Venus".

Will produces the card which dad promptly snatches.

DAD
MERCHANT! You idiot! That's
Merchant of Venice.

WILL
But what about all those magic
words?

DAD
Latin, you twit. Like what the
Catholics use.

WILL
But when he read the magic words I
suddenly knew how to speak
French. Moo Goo Gai Pan.

DAD
That's gibberish!

WILL
You're just saying that because you
don't know French.

MUM
What did you say, hon?

WILL
I don't know exactly. He just read
the spell for speaking French; not
for hearing it. It's complicated.

DAD
It's stupid is what it is.

WILL
But that's not all. He said it had
a spell for reading and writing. He

(MORE)

WILL (cont'd)
 even gave me a free sample. I can
 write now.

DAD
 You can WHAT right now?

WILL
 Write.

DAD
 Write what?

WILL
 I wrote this.

DAD
 And what's that?

WILL
 It's a pastoral piece that reflects
 the beauty and tranquility of
 nature in harmony with a little
 girl who...

Dad grabs the paper and reads.

DAD
 "Twas Brillig and the slithy toves
 Did gyre and gimble in the wabe
 All mimsy were the barogoves
 And the mome raths outgrabe-

WILL
 Here, that's not what I wrote. Are
 you sure you can read? Does it
 mention a lamb?

DAD
 No.

WILL
 I thought so, there must be some
 kind of mistake.

DAD
 Oh, there is... and WE made it
 years ago. OUT! Get out and stay
 out... And don't come back. You're
 BARRED!

WILL

What? Barred from Stratford on Avon.

MUM

Wait! Where will he go?

DAD

He can go to hell... or London, not that there's much difference.

MUM

What will he do?

DAD

Don't know. Don't want to know. He can sell dead cats for all I care.

WILL

I like cats.

MUM

Well that's hard field to get into, son... and... you'll need a guild card! ...and inventory. What kind of cat would you even sell?

WILL

I'd love to sell Cheshire cats but I've never actually seen one... sneaky little devils, they are.

MUM

You should probably pick one that you've seen.

WILL

I've seen tons of calicoes and tabbies.

MUM

Look, in today's market you need to specialize.

Will mulls over the "big decision."

DAD

Just pick one... either one... doesn't really matter... plenty of each.

WILL

Tabbies or not tabbies that is the question!

MUM

JUST PICK ONE! YOU TWIT!

WILL

Right, tabbies it bees. Now, where can I find some dead tabbies?

MUM

Well, you start with live ones... and... you make them dead.

WILL

Ooh! Maybe I should try something else. I've always wanted to be a playwright. I've got tons of ideas just waiting to be put to manuscript.

DAD

I hears there's a big demand in London for playwrights... what can't write!

WILL

And if worse comes to worse I could always...

He glances hopefully toward dad.

WILL (cont'd)

...borrow enough to get by for a few years.

DAD

Not from me you don't.

WILL

Oh... I suppose you'd like to see me on the streets of London just begging for a living?

DAD

Begging is a fine profession.

MUM

You have to have a guild card for that, too. But, your Uncle Omelet runs the Beggars Guild. That might be a good option.

DAD

Fine! It's settled. You won't be needing this.

Dad tosses the book to the floor. He gathers Will's stuff, which he throws out the door followed by Will.

DAD

Good bye son. Be sure and write!

Dad waves goodbye. Behind him, a giant beanstalk rises up.

EXT. ON THE ROAD TO LONDON - DAY

A long dry stretch of road lies behind Will.

WILL

Look Mum, I appreciate that you want to come to London with me but... but you're slowing me down.

MUM (O.S.)

Look, I'm not letting you go off to London on your own.

WILL

Then you'll need to pick up the pace... oh, and you dropped my set of quills.

Will bends down, picks up the quills, walks over to Mum and places them in a pouch.

Mum, laden down like a pack mule, slumps a tad more under the added weight.

MUM

We need a cart.

EXT. PUCK'S USED CARTS - DAY

They stand in front of Puck's Used Carts staring at the sign. The *t* has lost its top nail and hangs upside down.

WILL

And what will we use for money?

MUM

I've been putting a little behind for emergencies.

WILL
 I know Dad has a nest egg
 squirreled away somewhere. But
 where could you hide anything like
 that from dad?

Mum produces the "CHEF'S SURPRISE" pot. It's a bed pan.

WILL (cont'd)
 Uh...this looks affordable.

Will walks up to the worst looking cart in the place. It has
 a sign that reads: "Kindling Kart - Cheap". He kicks the
 wheel. It turns into a pile of kindling. PUCK (late forties)
 comes out of his shanty.

PUCK
 (Irish accent)
 You like that? It's a new invention
 of mine. It's a cart! It's
 kindling! It's kindling that carts
 itself! It's held together by fairy
 dust.

Puck takes the sign and rips off the "kart" part and places
 it on the pile.

PUCK (cont'd)
 Now, what can I help you with?

WILL
 We need something cheap to get us
 to London.

PUCK
 I have just the thing.

EXT. PUCK'S USED CARTS - LATER

Mum, on an ox cart, finishes stowing their load. Will and
 Puck assess the situation.

WILL
 Where's the ox?

PUCK
 Oh, we don't sell oxen here. For
 that you need to go to London. Me
 half brother does sell sheep
 though.

Points to the sign on the next lot: "PHUCK'S EWES" further
 on are other signs "SHUCK'S CORN," "CHUCK'S WOOD," "BUCK'S
 TEETH - DENTIST" and more.

WILL

What!?!

PUCK

You're right sheep would never work. But, just because it's an ox cart, doesn't mean you have to have an ox... any old cow can pull it.

WILL

I'm not going to have me Mum pull this thing all the way to London.

MUM

Thanks, son.

WILL

There's got to be some old nag available... surely?

PUCK

Well, yeah, but she's home fixing me supper and her name's not Shirley it's Mum.

WILL

Hey! Me mum's name is Mum!

MUM

Isn't there something you could do?

Mum pulls a coin from the bedpan and tosses it to Puck. Puck bites the muck covered coin.

PUCK

Well....

EXT. ON THE ROAD TO LONDON - DAY

A jackass pulls the oxcart. Mum bangs half a coconut shell on the buckboard in time with the ass' gait. She reigns in the ass. Will pulls off the ass head.

WILL

What now?

MUM

Look, son, a hummingbird!

Will takes a closer look at the flying object hovering over a rose.

WILL

You sure? How can you tell? It could be two bees..or not two bees. That is the question.

MUM

What question?

WILL

I don't know. Dad said I should ask you about the birds and the bees... but, he never said what to ask.

The two bees land on Will's nose.

WILL

Ow! Ow! Ow!

EXT. LONDON BRIDGE - NIGHT

Will, on the buckboard, sharpens his quills as Mum, wearing the ass' head, pulls the cart. They approach London Bridge. The cart bumps the chair of the sleeping SHERIFF THAME, a big ox of a man, spilling him onto the pavement.

SHERIFF THAME

Here! Where do you think you're going?

WILL

I think I'm going to London.

SHERIFF THAME

Oh, what have we here? A drunk and an asshole?

WILL

I'm not drunk.

Sheriff Thame gets in Will's face and stares at his nose. Will looks cross-eyed at his own red, swollen nose.

WILL

I'm not drunk, I got bit by a double-winged hummingbird... and me Mum isn't an ass-HOLE she's an AssHEAD.

Mum removes the ass head.

MUM

Is there a problem, Sheriff?

SHERIFF THAME

Nothing a little head can't fix.

EXT. OTHER END OF THE BRIDGE - NIGHT

Will and Mum, on foot, cross the bridge. Will carries the ass head.

WILL

I still don't know why you didn't just give him the head. Instead, he takes everything else!

MUM

Taking it and giving it is two different things... you'll have to ask your dad about that. And he didn't take everything. I got to keep this.

Mum produces the "Chef's Surprise" bed pan.

EXT. LONDON CITY STREETS - DAY

London is a cramped maze full of clutter, characters, chaos, and crud.

Will and Mum navigate through the various street vendors.

STRAWBERRY VENDOR

Strawberries! Strawberries!

CHESTNUT VENDOR

Chestnuts! Get your Hot Chestnuts!... Chestnuts, roasting on an open fire.

RAGS VENDOR

RAGS! New Rags for old! Get your New rags!

DEAD CATS VENDOR

Cats! Dead CATS for live! Get your Dead cats!

They approach MCBETH, a fish and chips vendor with a golden arches theme. Will is about to speak when McBeth yells.

MCBETH

Lunches, Hot Lunches! Get your Hot lunches!

WILL
What have you got?

MCBETH
I got a menu. Would you like to see one?

WILL
I can't read.

MCBETH
Not a problem because all we got's is FISH! FISH and CHIPS!

WILL
Right. Well then, I'd like to order.

MCBETH
Oh! His highness would like to order now. It's not Buckingham Palace you know. You'll have to take a number like everyone else and wait your turn.

WILL
But there's nobody here.

MCBETH
Take a number.

WILL
Oh, very well.

Will takes number fifty.

MCBETH
Stop! Thief! Help!

A crowd gathers.

WILL
What?

MCBETH
He stole one of me numbers!

WILL
I did not.

STRAWBERRY VENDOR
What have we here?

MCBETH

A thief. A criminal. A major
underworld figure. A kingpin of the
numbers racket!

WILL

I am not!

Sheriff Thame parts the crowd as he approaches Will.

SHERIFF THAME

Here, what's this?

Grabs the number and proudly displays it to the gathering
crowd.

CROWD

Oh... ahhh.

CHESTNUT VENDOR

Looks like a number, Sheriff.

SHERIFF THAME

Exactly, a fifty to be precise. Do
you know the penalty for stealing?

Will shakes his head. Overexcited Chestnut Vendor waves hand
and Strawberry Vendor points him out.

CHESTNUT VENDOR

A pound of flesh! a pound of flesh.

SHERIFF THAME

No, no. that's not the penalty for
stealing. That's your...

Juliet (female, late 20's) steps forward with her hands
clasped behind her back and a scholarly look about her.

JULIET

... substantial interest penalty
for early withdrawal.

SHERIFF THAME

Ah! One learned in the ways of the
law.

JULIET

I have some familiarity with the
inner workings of the legal system.

SHERIFF THAME
 (Testing)
 Habeas corpus?

JULIET
 Coitus Interuptus

SHERIFF THAME
 (thrown by this unfamiliar
 legal term)
 Right. Where were we?

CHESTNUT VENDOR
 Early withdrawal?

SHERIFF THAME
 No! We were looking for the penalty
 for stealing.

RAGS VENDOR
 Burn 'em!

CROWD
 Burn 'em! Burn 'em!

SHERIFF THAME
 Right!

JULIET
 Wrong.

SHERIFF THAME
 Right... Wrong. Burning... is...
 for...

JULIET
 Witches

WILL
 There's no such thing as witches.

SHERIFF THAME
 But there are thieves and for
 stealing we...? ? ?

JULIET
 Break their fingers.

MCBETH
 Break their fingers?

SHERIFF THAME
Break their fingers.

MCBETH

You sure?

JULIET
Positive.

MCBETH
Go on.

Juliet places one hand over her heart and raises her other, mangled hand.

JULIET
I swear.

MCBETH
Well, I wouldn't want that.

JULIET
So, why did you take his number?

WILL
He told me to.

JULIET
And if he told you to jump off a bridge would you have done that?

WILL
No, that's silly... I can't swim.

JULIET
Did you tell him to take a number?

Mcbeth mulls over his answer.

SHERIFF THAME
Well?

MCBETH
Just having a little fun with me customer... sorta gives the place a little character.

JULIET
A twit, like you, is all the character this place needs.

WILL
I'm not a twit... and I'm nothing
like him.

Crowds eyes shift to Will.

MUM
She wasn't talking about you.

SHERIFF THAME
Wait, I know you.

MUM
Uh... I'm going to the IHOP.

The Sheriff's gaze turns to Mum as she leaves. Will notices everyone looking at him.

WILL
He's the twit. Not me.

Eyes shift to Mcbeth.

MCBETH
Why, thank you. Now then,
(to the crowd)
Number forty-nine. Now serving
number forty-nine.

SHERIFF THAME
All right, nothing to see here.
(to Will)
I got my eyes on you.

As the crowd disperses, Juliet lifts the ticket from Sheriff. Sheriff eyes Mum entering the IHOP and follows.

WILL
49? But there's nobody here?

JULIET
Well, I like that!

WILL
I'm sorry. Did you have number
forty-nine?

JULIET
No, but that doesn't make me a
nobody.

MCBETH
Number fifty. Now calling...

Will starts to turn away from Juliet and toward McBeth.

JULIET
Does it?

MCBETH
... number fifty. Five Oh??

WILL
(He gives Juliet's answer to
Mcbeth)
No!

WILL (cont'd)
(He gives McBeth's answer to
Juliet)
Yes

MCBETH AND JULIET
Are you sure?

WILL
(to Juliet)
No!

WILL (cont'd)
(to Mcbeth)
Yes!

MCBETH
I'll have to ask you, on behalf of
the management, to refrain from
taking a number unless you intend
to make a purchase.

WILL
I do intend to make a purchase.

MCBETH
Oh great, then let's get on with
it. Now serving number fifty-one...
Five One, anyone?

WILL
Wait. I'm fifty.

MCBETH
Ticket?

WILL
I don't have me ticket.

MCBETH
Sorry, company policy-

WILL
That's it. I'm going to IHOP.

MCBETH
Just messing with you. What'll it be?

WILL
Fish and Chips.

MCBETH
Cocktail sauce, tartar sauce, or Malt vinegar?

WILL
The vinegar.

MCBETH
Regular or diet chips.

WILL
What's the difference?

MCBETH
The regular is potato wedges.

WILL
... and the diet?

MCBETH
Organically produced cow chips.

JULIET
Ewww.

MCBETH
Just kidding mum. We don't sell cow chips.

WILL
Oh... you don't???

MCBETH
No. We just use 'em to keep the fish warm.

JULIET
I think I'll join your Mum at the
IHOP.

WILL
Wait! What's your name?

JULIET
It's Juliet.

WILL
Juliet what?

Juliet searches for a quick suggestion and finds "Cap-U-Lets
- Haberdashery Rentals" signage.

JULIET
Capulet... Juliet Capulet.

WILL
Well, that's catchy. Juliet
Capulet. I like it. I'm Will, me
lady.

JULIET
Will Melady... well, that's not
very catchy.

MONTAGE - WILL AND JULIET FALL IN LOVE.

Will and Juliet take a short stroll to the IHOP, stopping to
play at a few "Shakespearean" themed businesses and flirt
with each other and fall in love. Among them are:

They watch as Nick's Bottomless cup-'o-tea receives a new
shipment of teacups... all with no bottom.

"Cap-U-Lets" and have fun trying on hats, caps, and helmets.
Their first kiss is thwarted by faceplates.

Ophello: bifocals in a century. Will discovers "reading"
glasses. He frantically looks for a matching pair of
"writing" glasses.

"Shylock's - Haircuts for the bashful." A barber transforms
Will's ragged haircut to match the historical Shakespeare.
Will buys an appropriate goatee.

"Elmer's Mount-to-Glue - We buy dead Nags." Juliet buys glue
and applies the goatee... their first kiss.

"Rose 'n Crap - everything from flowers to manure." Juliet
exits with a flower and Will munches on a snack pack of Cow
Chips. Will tries for that second kiss. Juliet declines.

END MONTAGE.

EXT IHOP - DAY

Will and Juliet, hand in hand, approach an Elizabethan version of IHOP, The Breakfast Shoppe.

INT. IHOP - DAY

The Sheriff is parked at the pastry counter. Mum, at a table, stares at the menu on the wall.

INSERT - THE WALL MENU, which reads:

"IHOP - Iago's House of Porridge: peas porridge hot - peas porridge cold - peas porridge in the pot - and ask about our 'nine days old' value meal."

BACK TO IHOP

Juliet and Will join Mum.

JULIET

Did you get the porridge?

MUM

I was tempted, but I've always promised myself that if I ever got a chance to order a fancy breakfast that I was going to have an omelet. So, that's what I ordered.

JULIET

Good for you!

A waiter brings out a designer cake diorama of a small English hamlet and places it before Mum. Will checks out the hamlet.

MUM

What's this?

IHOP WAITER

You did order the hamlet, didn't you?

MUM

No! Not 'amlet! Omelet. A French Omelet.

IHOP WAITER

I'm sorry madam but we don't make French hamlets here. I suggest you go to... FRANCE for those.

MUM

It's not the French part of the omelet I don't want. It's the hamlet part of the omelet I-

Will pulls off a miniature outhouse and pops it into his mouth.

WILL

This tastes like... oh, I like this!

MUM

Never mind... this will do.

IHOP Waiter leaves only to be stopped a few tables away by DINER #1 (old woman) stops him.

HUNGRY DINER

I'll have what she's having.

IHOP WAITER

Sorry miss, we're all out of hamlets, we do have a few gingerbread houses left... and one small village made out of waffles... but... it's not English... it's Belgian.

DINER #1

Damn.

LATER:

Mum, Will, and Juliet finish off the last bit of the hamlet. The waiter approaches.

IHOP WAITER

And how is the hamlet?

WILL

This is a great hamlet.

MUM

OMELET!

IHOP WAITER

You say po-ta-to, I say po-tat-o. What's the-

MUM

No, No! Look, Will, it's your Uncle Omelet!

A patron in line at the counter, OMELET (36), turns to the commotion.

OMELET
Claudia?? Will??

WILL
Omelet? You're me Uncle Omelet?

OMELET
I'm not just your Uncle... Am I...
Auntie Mum?

MUM
Don't call me that.

OMELET
And why not? you are me father's
sister aren't you... MUM!

MUM
I told you not to call me that.

WILL
MUM? Did he just say, "MUM!"?

Sheriff Thame steps up to intervene.

SHERIFF THAME
Is this beggar bothering you, Mum?

WILL
Did he just call you Mum, too? How
many children do you have?

IHOP WAITER
I believe he meant "Ma'am."

WILL
Thank gawd.

IHOP WAITER
Who?

WILL
Never mind.

OMELET
I'm not a beggar. I just run
the Guild.

MUM
He's not bothering me. He's me son.

WILL
What!?!

MUM
I been meaning to tell you-

SHERIFF THAME
Well, I'll let you have your family
reunion. MA'AM.

Sheriff gives her a disappointing look and the "eyes on you" gesture to Omelet. He leaves with a large bag of baked goods.

MUM
Look, it's not easy-

OMELET
Nobody seemed to have any trouble
telling me that my maternal and
paternal grandfather were one and
the same.

WILL
Wait. You only got one grandfather?

OMELET
Well, yes I do.

WILL
Mum! Why didn't you tell me Omelet
was an Episco-pagan?

MUM
He's not Episcopalian. He's your
half-brother.

OMELET
More like three-quarter brother.
Not to mention your dad is also me
step-dad. Your grandfather, my
dad, is our dear ol' Mum's brother.

WILL
If you're me three-quarter brother
and dad is your half brother does
that make me dad my three-quarters
of a half brother?

Juliet, using half fingers and knuckles, does the math.

JULIET

Six sixteenths of a brother... but still all dad.

WILL

You'd think being so extra related he wouldn't be so mad at me all the time.

MUM

Oh, he's not mad at you, Hon. He's mad at me.

WILL

You? Why?

MUM

Your grandfather, Hamlet, my brother, was about to marry Gertrude, your grandmother. And... well, he didn't know a damn thing about the "Birds and Bees."

WILL

What's to know? The bees are the nasty little stingy ones and the birds are the nice, big, tasty ones- except them damn, double-winged hummingbirds.

MUM

Those were bees, dear. But I'm talking about a different kind of "birds and bees." I'm talking about procreation.

WILL

Procreation? What's to talk about? Everyone is pro-creation. What? You think the world just evolved? All on its own? You might as well say, "Shit happens!"

OMELET

Well, it kind of does.

WILL

Does NOT. That's God punishing you... you, Epis-co-pagan, you.

MUM

No, I'm talking about carnal knowledge, copulation, making love,
(MORE)

MUM (cont'd)
 bumping uglies, bugging, fu...
 fu... fornication.

WILL
 Oh, that sinful stuff. There's a
 reason why we don't talk about that
 stuff. It's nasty.

MUM
 Yeah, which is why I thought it
 would be easier to just show him.

OMELET
 Which is how she got knocked up
 with me the night before Hamlet
 knocked up your granny with YOUR
 dad. Hamlet's wife, your Granny
 Gertie, my aunt, said she would
 raise us both as her own... as
 twins. So she became me stepmum.

MUM
 With ONE condition.

WILL
 What was that?

MUM
 She refused to call him Hamlet.
 Said the mixed up bastard had to be
 called Omelet.

WILL
 Hamlet and Omelet those are good
 names for a pair of twins... wait,
 dad's name isn't Hamlet.

MUM
 It could have been except Gertrude,
 being Catholic, was a big rule
 follower No! Second sons have no
 birthright. So she named your dad
 Pat.

WILL
 Ah! Short for Patrick? A fine saint
 he was... even if he was Irish-

OMELET
 No, short for Patricide. She was a
 bit peeved with Mum and Dad... what
 being brother and sister getting it

(MORE)

OMELET (cont'd)
on and all... having a baby, me...
But Dad never knew my name wasn't
Hamlet. He thought Gertie just had
a strong accent. And he sure as
hell didn't know what patricide
meant or he'd have been a little
more careful around your dad, my
half-brother.

WILL
Patricide?

MUM
Father murdering.

WILL
eeeww.

OMELET
Which he did!

WILL
Did what?

OMELET
Murder his dad.

MUM
It was an accident!

OMELET
Right... How do you accidentally
poison someone in the ear?

MUM
Gertrude was a pig. Her house was
infested with all kinds of vermin.
I gave Pat a bit of poison to put
about. It was strong stuff.

OMELET
So, he used it to kill my dad!

MUM
No, he was just twelve.

TRANSITION TO FLASHBACK:

INT. HUT - DAY

YOUNG PAT (12) stalks a single fly with a tube pump.
GERTRUDE and HAMLET quietly enjoy a meal.

MUM (V.O.)
He didn't know.

A fly lands atop a hutch. Young Pat pulls back the plunger.

MUM (V.O.) (cont'd)
He sprayed a bit about the house...

Young Pat sprays an infinitesimal amount at the fly.

MUM (V.O.) (cont'd)
... and it killed all the
houseflies.

SWOOSH! A million and a half dead flies drop from the ceiling blanketing everything below. The diners look up and gaze upon the open sky and exposed rafters.

GERTRUDE
I told you that "hatched" roof idea
of yours would never fly. Now get
me a proper thatched roof.

They continue their meal.

CUT TO PRESENT

MUM
They also had a little problem with
bedbugs.

CUT TO FLASHBACK

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

The bedspread is a beautiful black and white Escheresque pattern. Young Pat, armed with his spray pump, sneaks up on the bed.

MUM (V.O.)
He sprayed a bit on the bed...

Again a small spray and Young Pat jumps back expecting something similar to the fly episode... waits... nothing. Slowly he creeps around the bed, lifts the spread and peaks underneath. As he lifts the pattern slides off and onto the floor. Young Pat's head pops out from under the raised bedspread. Looks about. Sees nothing.

CUT TO PRESENT

MUM

... and he killed all the bedbugs.
A few weeks later, your dad thinks
he might have an earwig problem...

CUT TO FLASHBACK

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

A stealthy Young Pat, with sprayer in hand, approaches a sleeping Hamlet.

MUM (V.O.)

Pat didn't exactly know what an
earwig was but he had a good idea
of where they would hide.

Young Pat sneaks up on Hamlet.

MUM (V.O.) (cont'd)

I'm sure it was just a drop, or
two, in his ear...

Young Pat places nozzle in Hamlet's ear and pushes the
plunger in fully and with gusto. Spray comes out the
opposite ear. Young Pat smiles and marches off triumphantly.

CUT TO PRESENT

OMELET

...but it killed him!

CUT TO FLASHBACK

Hamlet dies.

CUT TO PRESENT

MUM

He didn't know that.

CUT TO FLASHBACK

INT. OUTSIDE THE BEDROOM - DAY

Young Pat, about to enter the bedroom, sees the GHOST of
Hamlet, wearing a thigh length nightshirt, leave.

YOUNG PAT

Dad! You're not dressed! Get back
here.

Ghost ignores Young Pat and floats out.

GERTRUDE (O.S.)

HAMLET!

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Young Pat rushes in completely unaware of the contorted corpse.

YOUNG PAT

Mum! What happened to dad?

GERTRUDE

Your dad is... dea... He's dea-

YOUNG PAT

Deaf?

GERTRUDE

He's gone.

YOUNG PAT

Gone where?

GERTRUDE

To meet his maker.

YOUNG PAT

What?

GERTRUDE

He bought the farm.

YOUNG PAT

What for?

GERTRUDE

He's pushing up daisies.

YOUNG PAT

Dad's a migrant farmer?!?

CUT TO PRESENT

MUM

Gertrude cleared up the confusion but the entire episode left her with what she told Pat was... "butterflies in her stomach." Pat made her a "special" cup of tea-

OMELET

Thank God, I never complained about
the damn COCK-roaches!

MUM

Okay, so that wasn't a very good
week for Pat... losing both parents
to some-

Mum waves a finger of warning to both Omelet and Will.

MUM (cont'd)

-unknown disease. I felt bad for
the boy. I wanted to adopt him but
I couldn't cause I wasn't
married... so I married him
instead.

INSERT - FLIP BOOK OF RENAISSANCE STYLE PAINTINGS DEPICTING
TWELVE YEAR OLD PAT AND CLAUDIA'S WEDDING.

END OF FLASHBACK

INT. IHOP - DAY

WILL

You married your own nephew?

OMELET

Yeah, that's when I left me old
INCEST-rial home and headed off to
London.

WILL

So, me dad is me dad and me cousin
and me half uncle. Is there any
chance I could end up being me own
grandpa.

MUM

No, honey, that's silly.

JULIET

It's mathematically impossible...
unless... no... wait.... if...

WILL

Oh this would make a great play!

MUM

Don't even think about it.

WILL
 Don't worry Mum... I'll change the
 names.

INT. HALL OUTSIDE THE BEGGARS GUILD - DAY

Will, Juliet and Mum climb the stairs to the hall. They approach two doors opposite each other. Will looks at the sign on the door.

WILL
 Two B or...

He turns to the opposite door.

INSERT - DOOR NUMBER, it reads:
 "2B" with a red circle and slash.

A sign on a hook hangs below.

INSERT - SIGN, it reads:
 "No Inquiries"

He sifts his eyes from one to the other then stops on "not" 2b, shakes his head, and enters 2B.

INT. BEGGARS GUILD - CONTINUOUS

Will, Juliet, and Mum watch as ANDRE, the costume designer, calls after LEGLESS BEGGAR who is walking across the floor in baggy pants. Legless Beggar looks like Toulouse Lautrec.

ANDRE
 (in heavy French accent)
 Toulouse! Toulouse!
 (a little louder)
 ... Lautrec...

LEGLASS BEGGAR
 THE

ANDRE
 Pardon?

LEGLASS BEGGAR
 THE... the trick... Not la trick...
 geez.

ANDRE
 Right, Zee trick

LEGLASS BEGGAR

Look, you're not even French so why
the accent?

ANDRE

(in cockney accent)

I work in wardrobe. I thought we
had to talk like that.

LEGLASS BEGGAR

No, you don't have to talk like
that.

ANDRE

Well, that's a relief. It was
tiresome... such an ugly language.
So much nasal...

LEGLASS BEGGAR

Yeah, I know, but you don't have to
be French... you can be gay.

ANDRE

(in even heavier French
accent)

Fine. ZEE trick is to give ZEE
illusion that you're actually
afflicted. What I see here is a man
trying to hide his affliction with
excessively baggy pantaloons. This
is... how you say... deceit...

LEGLASS BEGGAR

deceit.

ANDRE

exact-i-mum. DECEIT! This won't do.
You've got to really sell zee no
legs look by showing you've got
nothing to hide.

Legless Beggar stands up exposing full length legs.

LEGLASS BEGGAR

But I've got to hide these.

ANDRE

I've got just zee thing.

Costume Designer goes to a mannequin next to Omelet's desk.
He removes some rags.

ANDRE (cont'd)
Bring zee mannequin.

Legless Beggar takes the mannequin. It reveals Ghost.

Omelet stares at a skull. He contemplates.

OMELET
To be or not to be that is the
question. Whether tis...

Ghost floats in and looks over Omelet's shoulder

GHOST
Twooo!

OMELET
DAD! Don't do that.

GHOST
But, it's two.

OMELET
you sure?

GHOST
Hobbler H-o-b-b-l-e-r two b's.

OMELET
Right, two b's.

GHOST
But, hobbler? Seriously? That is so
lame.

Omelet writes "hobbler" on a piece of paper, pops open the top of the skull, and tosses it in.

OMELET
That should do it.

Juliet hangs back while Will and Mum walk up to Omelet. Ghost, invisible to women, sandwiched between Mum and Omelet, has his back to Mum.

MUM
Do what?

Ghost, startled, zooms straight to the rafters. Will's eyes follow him.

OMELET
 We needed to add another
 affliction. The guild is expanding
 today.

Omelet looks to the rafters and smiles.

OMELET
 Right, dad?

Will's eyes go slowly from the rafters to Omelet.

WILL
 Why is the Beggars Guild expanding?

MUM
 A new batch of wretched just get
 in?

Omelet hands the skull to Mum, walks over and puts his arm
 around Will.

OMELET
 Nope, Will is our "expansion."
 Besides, we don't use those people
 anymore.

WILL
 Yeah, I noticed your guild seems to
 be awfully healthy and not very
 destitute. No cripples... or
 crazies.

Mum opens the skull and reads the bits of paper.

MUM
 And not one dismembered or blind or
 any of the afflictions you keep
 under your little skull here... and
 your members don't seem to be very
 poor.

OMELET
 Okay, people! Line up for your
 assignments.

During the following exchange guild members walk up, draw an
 assignment, and show it to Omelet, who writes it on the
 board.

OMELET
 First of all, the poor have to join
 the Panhandlers Guild. We don't
 tolerate freeloaders here.

MUM

But you don't have any afflicted
either!

The guild members, as they transform into "beggars," take a dart and throw at a map of London. Their affliction hampers their throwing ability (i.e. "blind" beggar enlists the aid of his fellow beggars for "aiming" purposes).

OMELET

Look we tried that. It didn't work.
We had them poor wretches lining
the streets. They couldn't handle
the pressure. Oh sure, they were
great at getting the donations.
Those pitiful people sitting in the
muck with their twisted limbs and
various afflictions pleading for a
tuppence or two.

Omelet checks each dart for the assigned location and writes that on the board.

WILL

So, what happened?

OMELET

They couldn't hold onto it. The
blind had more taken out than put
in. Have you ever tried to chase
down a petty thief with just one
leg. As for the loonies... couldn't
keep them from eating the coins.
And once a leper gets his hands on
some change... whose gonna touch
that! They realized something had
to be done. So, they formed a guild
and hired me to run it.

MUM

So how's that going?

OMELET

Great since I got rid of all those
low lifes and replaced them with
quality personnel. Okay, people, I
got two spots left and
first up is....Tuberculosis? TB or
not TB? That is the question?

WILL

Eww, I don't want that?

PHLEGM BEGGAR

I'll do it if I get a new jar of phlegm? I don't want the old one. It's turned green.

OMELET

It's supposed to be green.

PHLEGM BEGGAR

Really?

Phlegm Beggar takes a drink.

You're right this is fine.

OMELET

Okay then, the new kid gets the last one.

(whispers)

Don't tell anyone you're me nephew, you understand?

Will nods and pulls out the last slip of paper.

Insert - Will's slip of paper which reads:

"Leper".

Off on his own he tries to sound out the letters.

WILL

El ee pee ee ar... l ee per. Oh, leaper. Ah, my character is someone who seeks to elicit donations by threatening to jump off a building. Hello! How am I supposed to get money from people on the streets if I'm on top of a building...

GHOST

You could jump off a bridge.

WILL

I could jump off a...Omelet? Where am I supposed to do this.

OMELET

Throw the dart.

WILL

Right.

Will takes a dart and flings it at the map. It lands on London Bridge

WILL

Damn.

He checks to see if Juliet saw his dart then slinks out.

INT. BEGGARS GUILD - CONTINUOUS

GHOST

Here's a head's up

Ghost tosses Omelet the skull.

GHOST

The Sheriff is cracking down
on bogus guilds. You better be
careful. I hear he's already closed
down the Wrestler's Guild.

OMELET

Don't worry. My men are
professionals. They can handle the
sheriff.

GHOST

What about that idiot nephew of
yours?

OMELET

You mean your grandson? Oh, right.
Keep an eye on him for me, will ya?

GHOST

Oh sure, like I got nothing better
to do.

OMELET

Which you don't. If word gets out I
hire relatives, one, we'd get
swamped with other people's
kinfolk, which neither of us want,
and two, I'd get sacked. They don't
allow nepotism here.

GHOST

You hired me.

OMELET

That's different. That's
"necrotism." Cause you're dead.

GHOST

Am not.

OMELET

Not what?

GHOST

Not dead.

OMELET

Not dead? You're a blooming ghost.
You got to be dead.

GHOST

But I'm not.

OMELET

Look, I'm not going to argue.
You're dead and that's final.

GHOST

If it's so final then why am I
still here?

OMELET

Because you're a ghost.

GHOST

How can you tell?

OMELET

Just look at yourself... your skin
is so white it's almost bluish
green.

GHOST

I don't get out much. You know how
easily I burn.

OMELET

Well, that explains the smoke.

GHOST

I been trying to cut down...

OMELET raises an eyebrow.

GHOST (CONT.)

I'm down to two packs.

OMELET

This is ridiculous. I can prove
you're a ghost.

GHOST

How?

OMELET

I've got a test

GHOST

You're not going to test your dear old dad, are you?

OMELET

Sure, I'll give you me pop test. Here do this.

Omelet jumps up and makes a loud thump when he lands.

OMELET (cont'd)

If you're alive with a body and all you'll go "thump" when you land.

Ghost jumps up and lands without a sound.

OMELET (cont'd)

Well?

GHOST

Don't have me boots on.

Omelet gives him a look. Ghost jumps again and lands, again, without a sound.

GHOST (cont'd)

THUMP!

OMELET

Not with your mouth - with your feet.

GHOST

(Silence..then calmly)
My feet don't talk.

OMELET

And they don't go "thump" cause you got no body.

GHOST

Do to.

OMELET

Do not! You're nothing but ectoplasm.

GHOST
I'm your own flesh and blood...
with flesh and blood.

OMELET
What happened to it?

GHOST
Been on a diet.

OMELET
You been dead is what you've been.
Look, if you had a body and all,
then I wouldn't be able to do this.

Omelet grabs a sword-shaped letter opener and stabs Ghost in the back. No reaction from Ghost till he looks down and sees the pointy end.

GHOST
Come, tears, confound;
Out, sword, and wound

He touches the tip of the sword. Omelet lets go and it drops to the floor.

GHOST (cont'd)
Thus die I, thus, thus, thus.
Now am I dead,
Now am I fled;
My soul is in the sky:
Tongue, lose thy light;
Moon take thy flight
Now die, die, die, die, die.

He dies... again.

OMELET
Oh, don't be such a baby. Come on
get up. Get UP!

Omelet starts to walk off.

GHOST
You've killed me. Me own son.
Stabbed in the back...

Omelet hesitates... walks a little slower.

GHOST (cont'd)
Stabs his own dear old dad and
leaves me... me, WHO has never been
dead before... dying. Bleeding to
death... a death which-

OMELET
You're not bleeding.

GHOST
What?

OMELET
You're not bleeding.

GHOST
Of course I am.

OMELET
Where's the blood?

GHOST
Didn't want to mess the floor.

OMELET
You're not suggesting you can
control involuntary bodily
functions... the flow of blood and
all!

GHOST
It's just a little prick and I've
got thick blood.

OMELET
You're NOT DYING!

GHOST
Right! I feel much better. Back to
work.

OMELET
You're not dying because you're
already dead.

GHOST
Am not.

OMELET
Alright, you're not dead. BUT!
You've been... accidentally...
mortally wounded by me, your son.
You're dying.

GHOST
But-

OMELET
You ARE dying.

GHOST
Bu-

OMELET
DYING. Dying. Dead. Okay, we'll let
you be dead awhile

Omelet taps foot and waits a bit.

OMELET (cont'd)
Right. Now you're back to being a
ghost and I can get back to work.

They are interrupted by a woman's voice. Juliet approaches.

JULIET
Excuse me?

OMELET
Assignments and schedules are
posted on the board...

JULIET
Excuse me.

OMELET
Can I help you?

JULIET
I want to work the streets.

OMELET
Can you beg?

JULIET
Please! Please! Put me on the
streets, I'll do anything. I need a
job.

Juliet grovels.

OMELET
I meant professionally?

JULIET
Oh... no. Don't tell Will but... I
was a member of the Prostitutes
Guild. Generally speaking it was
the customers who did all the
begging.

OMELET

So degrading... I can see why a beautiful thing like you would want to quit.

JULIET

I didn't quit. I got sacked. Apparently letting a few nice gentlemen have their way without charge is a big guild violation.

OMELET

Well, that's a shame. They wouldn't give you a second chance?

JULIET

No. They caught me with a Cricket team. I blew my second chance, and third, and fourth, and was just about to blow my...

OMELET

I got the picture.

JULIET

I still need a job... if you'll give me a job I'll give...

Juliet makes a slight hand job motion which goes unseen by Omelet.

OMELET

Right! I wonder if you could fill this out.

Omelet rummages through desk drawers.

JULIET

I can if it's a dress.

OMELET

It's not a dress. It's a form.

JULIET

Me form's already filled out.

OMELET

Great! Let's see it.

JULIET

(teasingly)

Now?

In a most business-like manner, Omelet adjusts papers. He doesn't look up

OMELET

Now.

JULIET

Right! I don't think you'll be disappointed...

Juliet starts to undress showing quite a bosom. ...some parts are more filled out than others.

OMELET

Hello! What are you doing?

JULIET

Showing you me form.

OMELET

Not that form. The application form. Look, there are a few things we need to discuss first. You understand?

She nods her head yes, but clearly doesn't.

OMELET (CONT)

Just a few preliminary procedures.

JULIET

Oh! Foreplay.

OMELET

No. For work. Do you take dictation?

JULIET

Yes?!? Weren't you listening. That's what got me kicked out of the last guild.

OMELET

Ah, so your shorthand is sufficient?

Juliet stretches out both hands showing one apparently shorter than the other. She makes a weak hand job motion. Smiles and declares.

JULIET
I think me short hand is the best.

OMELET
Excellent! Now we're getting
somewhere. So, how's your spelling?

JULIET
I can't spell.

Omelet does a double take and has a quizzical look on his face.

JULIET (cont'd)
But I've seen it done!

OMELET
What?!?

JULIET
Oh, there's not much to it.-
"Double, double toil and trouble
fire burn and cauldron bubble" - of
course, it helps if you're a witch.

OMELET
I thought you had clerical skills.

JULIET
I never said I was a nun.

OMELET
Not that kind of cleric.

JULIET
In fact, I seem to recall telling
you I was pretty much the opposite
of a nun.

OMELET
Look, just put down your name and
where I can get in touch with you.

JULIET
You can touch me most anywhere, I
won't even charge... me name's
Juliet.

OMELET
Fine. Wonderful. Just sign your
name where it says, "Applicant."

Hands Juliet the form. Juliet looks at the form... upside
down...

JULIET
Where it says, "Applicant"...?

OMELET
Right.

JULIET
I can't write.

OMELET
What?!?

JULIET
I can barely read.

OMELET
Can't write but can barely read?
How is that even possible? You said
you could take dictation.

JULIET
Can take it or leave it... Not one
me favorites... Seems to be popular
though.

OMELET
How do you manage your shorthand?

Omelet watches Juliet make the weak hand gesture.

JULIET
Well???

OMELET
What can you do?

Juliet brightens up a bit then apprehensive

JULIET
I can count.

OMELET
Are you sure?

JULIET
I think so.

OMELET
All right, lets have a go.

JULIET
Now?

OMELET

NOW.

JULIET

All of them?

OMELET

No, just to ten. That shouldn't be too hard. Should it?

JULIET

Oh no. I'll start with one.

She indicates with her index finger.

OMELET

Great! Great! That's a good idea. That way, when you reach ten, you'll have ten little numbers. Funny how it works out that way, isn't it?

Ignoring the sarcasm Juliet prepares to count.

JULIET

One, two, three-

OMELET

Do you have to count on your fingers?

JULIET

Oh, no! That's the beauty of mathematics. It's so universal. You can use anybody's fingers... or toes... or just about anything.

OMELET

Count.

On her fingers.

JULIET

One... two... three... five... no four...

Despite the verbally back tracked, Juliet, having used all the fingers on one hand, moves on to the next.

JULIET (cont'd)

then five, seven, eight, nine, ten.

Juliet proudly displays all ten fingers and a big smile.

OMELET

That's about what I expected. Just one little thing... what about..

Omelet gestures with his thumb inadvertently motioning towards a large armoire.

JULIET

What?

Omelet still making the motion.

OMELET

What about six?

JULIET

Sex?

OMELET

Yes! How about six?

JULIET

Well if you hadn't wasted so much time with these silly questions... But, if you insist on dictation I'm going to have to charge you. And I don't go all the way!

OMELET

Wait a minute. I know you. You're name isn't Juliet. You're Anne "Half-Way" Hathaway, the virgin prostitute. You didn't get kicked out for doing... you got kicked out for not doing...

JULIET

Please, promise you won't tell Will. I kind of like me new name. Will thinks he could build a play around it.

EXT. IN THE STREETS OF LONDON - DAY

Will, looking for a spot to set up his "leaping" act, passes other guild members already starting the day's work.

He walks to London Bridge. Ghost follows, closely. Will takes out his card.

WILL

Damn, why is reading so hard?

GHOST
It's not that hard.

Will doesn't turn to see who is talking. It's almost as if he's having this conversation in his head... which is how it appears to those he passes.

WILL
Maybe not for them that can read
but for those who can't it's...
well, it's just confusing.

GHOST
In what way?

WILL
I been trying to teach myself to
read. I thought I'd start with some
histories. I figured, if I read
something that I've already heard
about, it might be easier.

GHOST
Was it?

WILL
Not hardly! I found a book that had
a picture of a king, a big ol'
table and some bloody sword. I gave
it a shot but it was about some
king I never heard of... King Aye
Art Huer and his Ka-nig-its.

GHOST
That's King Arthur. *T* and *h*
together make a "th" sound. Like
"thump". Like what you do with your
feet.

WILL
Me dad, never thumped with his
feet. He always used his fingers.

GHOST
I wish I had thought of that.

WILL
T, *h*, "TH"... "TH"... hmmm.

As they approach the bridge, Will eyes his ox cart and runs to it.

WILL
This is perfect!

GHOST
You're not going to like that spot.

WILL
Why not?

GHOST
Wait! You can hear me?

WILL
I may be a little dumb but I'm not deaf.

GHOST
I was told I was dead.

WILL
No, they bury dead people, and I can see you're not buried.

GHOST
You can see me?

WILL
Trust me, I can see you.

GHOST
Why should I trust you?

WILL
Aren't you Uncle Hamlet, me grandfather?

GHOST
Well, yes.

WILL
Then I trust you.

GHOST
You trust me?

WILL
Of course. Look, I'll show you how much I trust you. You stand there and I'll stand here and I'll fall backwards and you catch me.

GHOST

I don't know.

WILL

Look, you need to know that I trust you, so let's just do it.

GHOST

Okay.

Will faces away from Ghost and starts to fall back. Ghost holds out his hands. Will falls through Ghost's hands, waist, and legs. He lies flat on his back looking directly at Ghost's butt.

WILL

Okay... there's a good chance that you might be dead after all.

GHOST

Yeah... Sorry.

WILL

Oh, that's all right... in fact I think me dad might have been the one what killed you.

GHOST

Yeah, I figured that one out. But, look here, this is Tubby Tim's spot.

WILL

Who's Tubby Tim?

GHOST

Used to be Tiny Tim till old man Scrooge took him under his wing, fattened him up, and made him Sheriff. Now, he keeps an eye out on Scrooge's street vendors and his fat thumb on everyone else.

As Will begins to speak, Sheriff Thame walks up behind him and listens.

WILL

I'm not letting some fat-assed sheriff named Tubby push me around.

SHERIFF THAME

Here! Who are you? What are you doing here? And who are you calling "Tubby?"

Will, startled, turns to face "Tubby" Tim.

WILL

I'm Will. I'm... uh... barred from Stratford.

SHERIFF THAME

A writer?

WILL

Well, I hope to be when I learn to read and... How'd you know?

SHERIFF THAME

You just told me, you... twit! Look, just answer the question.

WILL

Which one?

Sheriff Thame grabs Will by the scuff of his neck.

SHERIFF THAME

Tubby or not Tubby... that is the question.

He pushes Will to his knees and holds his head just above a pile of horse shit.

WILL

We weren't talking about you Sheriff...

Will looks up at the sheriff's badge. It reads Sheriff Thame. Will silently mouths out the name Thammie.

SHERIFF THAME

Who were you calling Tubby?

He pushes Will's face into the pile. Will pulls back and swallows.

WILL

In fact, we were just singing your praises...

He releases Will. Will pops up in blackface and makes a sweeping gesture.

WILL (cont'd)

Settle down. You ain't heard nothing, yet... Sheriff Thammie!

The street scene transforms into a big production musical spoof of Mammy from "The Jolson Story".

WILL

Everything is lovely When you start
to roam; The birds are singin', the
day that you stray, But later, when
you are further away, Things won't
seem so lovely When you're all
alone; Here's what you'll keep
saying when you're far from home:

Thammy, Thammy, The sun shines
east, the sun shines west, I know
where the sun shines best-- Thammy,
My little Thammy, My heartstrings
are tangled around Sheriff Thammy.
I'm comin', Sorry that I made you
wait. I'm comin', Hope and trust
that I'm not late, oh oh oh Thammy,
My little Thammy, I'd walk a
million miles For one of your
smiles, My Thammy! Oh oh oh...

(spoken)

Thammy... My little Thammy. The sun
shines east-- the sun shines west--
I know where-- the sun shines best!
It's on my Thammy I'm talkin'
about, nobody else!

(sung)

My little Thammy, My heartstrings
are tangled around Sheriff Thammy.

(spoken)

Thammy-- Thammy, I'm comin'-- I'm
so sorry that I made you wait!
Thammy-- Thammy, I'm comin'! Oh
God, I hope I'm not late! Look at
me, Thammy! Don't you know me? I'm
your little baby!

(sung)

I'd walk a million miles For one of
your smiles, My Thammy!

Long pause. Sheriff Thame points to his name badge.

SHERIFF THAME

It's pronounced: Tim.

WILL

Thank, God. I was afraid your mum
might've had a bit of a lisp.

WILL thinking he's off the hook, cleans his face, and starts going through some "acting" warm-ups.

SHERIFF THAME
Here! What are you doing?

WILL
I'm with the Beggars Guild.

SHERIFF THAME
You don't look afflicted.

WILL
I'm not yet. I've got to get into character.

SHERIFF THAME
Character?

WILL
Right, it seems I'm suicidal.

SHERIFF THAME
Suicidal?

WILL
Well, technically, I've just got to leap off something.

Will jumps onto the ox cart.

WILL (cont'd)
I can get people to donate money to stop me. Or I could get paid if I just do a really good leap... Whether I actually kill myself is up to me own artistic interpretation.

SHERIFF THAME
I got that. But why are you suicidal?

WILL
Luck of the draw. I got this.

He hands the sheriff his card.

SHERIFF THAME
LEPER!

WILL
Where?

SHERIFF THAME

Stand back! We have a leper! Clear
the streets!

Sheriff Thame looks about to see blind men looking for a place to hide, cripples running, and the wretched becoming un-wretched.

SHERIFF THAME (cont'd)

Wait a minute! The beggars are
fakes! Arrest the beggars! They're
all cons!

The Sheriff starts to move the crowds.

Will runs off.

The Sheriff gives chase.

Will darts between people, hides behind objects, constantly moving. Those annoying Bobby WHISTLES fill the air.

The Sheriff bumbles around, careening into people and objects, looking for Will. His wheezing is the source of all the WHISTLING sounds.

INT. BEGGARS GUILD - DAY

Omelet, Juliet and Mum are playing cards. Ghost helps Omelet cheat.

Will rushes in, slams the door shut and braces against it.

WILL

I wouldn't go out there right now.

OMELET

Why not?

WILL

There's a leper on the loose.

OMELET

Not anymore. He's here.

WILL

Aughh! Where?

Sheriff Thame breaks in the door.

WILL (cont'd)

He's the leper!?!

OMELET

No! You twit. You drew the leper gig.

WILL

Not me, I drew that leaper thing.

OMELET

Leaper? We don't have a leaper. Where's your card?

Sheriff Thame produces the card.

OMELET (cont'd)

Where'd you get that?

WILL

Well, I gave it to him...but I distinctly remember it saying "leaper" l - e - p - e - r.

OMELET

That's leper, you twit--wait! You gave him the card?

WILL

Right, that's when he began going on about a leper. So I ran. He was yelling that we were all cons...I think he meant contagious. He was going on about having to isolate? Incubate?

SHERIFF THAME

Incarcerate?

WILL

Right, incarcerate. Sorry, I'm not a surgeon.

OMELET

You've been looking for any excuse to close this place down.

SHERIFF THAME

Well, fraud's a pretty good excuse, if you ask me.

OMELET

It's not fraud. They were simply... paid for their performances.

SHERIFF THAME

They were begging under false pretenses.

OMELET

What gave you the impression they were beggars?

Sheriff Thame points to the large sign that reads: "BEGGARS GUILD".

OMELET (cont'd)

Oh...that. They've been gone for weeks. We're Thespians now.

Sheriff Thame stares at Will.

OMELET (cont'd)

Well, except him...and who knows what the hell's wrong with him.

JULIET

They're really very good. That "stubby" one had me going. Real talent there. You should see our play.

SHERIFF THAME

I intend to... in a fortnight.

OMELET

Fine, me and my men will have a hit show in--

SHERIFF THAME

Your men were begging. They'll be in prison...unless you can post bail?

EXT. IN THE STREETS OF LONDON - NIGHT

Juliet, Omelet, Ghost, Will, Mum, and Andre walk the streets and alleys. They come upon The Black Fryers Pub.

OMELET

This place looks alright...

MUM

And interesting.

JULIET

I don't know...

WILL
Not afraid of a little food poison,
are you?

JULIET
No. It's... just... that I'm a
Vegan.

WILL
So, I'm an Aries.

They enter.

INT. THE BLACK FRYERS PUB - NIGHT

The pub has kept the old black friar motif. The MAITRE D', a petite black man (60's) with an Old South accent. and Shakespeare, a black male (30's) with a haughty elegance that exudes everything from regal to scholarly, are dressed in robes. They form a two man procession, banging menus on their forehead.

MAITRE D'
(chanting)
Tries our stinky cheese plate.
Tries our stinky cheese plate.
Tries our stinky cheese plate.

They approach the group.

MAITRE D'
Hi ya'll, Welcome to the Black
Fryers' Club. This here is the
cook, Sabola Raekwon.

MUM
He's not from around here, now is
he?

MAITRE D'
He's from... France.

WILL
Doesn't sound French.

MAITRE D'
Taint. It's Swahili... means:
"quick to anger; not one to shake a
spear at."

Omelet pushes to the front.

OMELET

Right. Mind if we calls him
Shakespeare? It's a bit easier on
the tongue.

Not wanting a reply Omelet looks about for a table.

SHAKESPEARE

Good name in man and woman, dear
lord, is the immediate jewel of
their souls: Who steals my purse
steals trash; Tis something,
nothing; 'twas mine, tis his, and
has been slave to thousands;-

Omelet spies a suitable table and moves toward it.

SHAKESPEARE (cont'd)

-But he that flinches from me my
good name robs me of that which not
enriches him, and makes me poor
indeed.

JULIET

I don't think he means anything by
it.

SHAKESPEARE

Patience, thou young and
rose-lipp'd cherub... and smooth as
monumental alabaster.

WILL

That's me girlfriend you're talking
to... Mister... Master... uh, Sir
Shakespeare?

JULIET

I'm sure Shakespeare will be fine.

SHAKESPEARE

What's in a name? That which we
call a rose by any other name would
smell as sweet.

The group has followed Omelet to a large table and found
their seats.

WILL

Right... so what have we got here?

MUM
Spam? All they got is SPAM!

JULIET
Well, there's the "Tongue 'n
Cheek"? Appetizer?

Shakespeare snatches the menu. Rubs it vigorously.

SHAKESPEARE
Out damn spot!

He returns the menu.

JULIET
Tongue and Cheese. Stinky cheese I
presume?

MAITRE D'
Yes, madam. And not just spam,
lots of folk got spam. Our
spam be FRIED. we gots:
Country fried spam, French
fried spam--

WILL
I thought France was a country?

MAITRE D'
chicken fried spam, re-fried spam,
twice-fried spam. And New World,
Kentucky fried spam... original
recipe and extra crispy! We gots
your deep-fried spam, skillet fried
spam, batter-fried spam, pan fried
spam, and spam fingers and spam
fried rice... and for dessert, spam
fritters and fried spam pies... Ala
mode???

(pronounced mode)

GHOST
Mud?
(pronounced mood)

WILL
I'm sure it's a fine mud... not too
earthy, with just a hint of
compost. Nothing you should be
afraid of.

JULIET
 Actually, it's a dairy product.
 I'll have the country fried spam.

WILL
 Which country?

MUM
 So, is the spam any good?

MAITRE D'
 So, so.

SHAKESPEARE
 "So so" is good, very good, very
 excellent good: and yet it is not;
 it is but so so.

MUM
 What?

JULIET
 He says it's great, fantastic
 spam... but it's still spam.

Maitre D' gets everyone's order. Shakespeare "attends" to
 Juliet. Omelet, at the head, stares off into space.

OMELET
 (aside)
 The Beggars Guild is officially
 closed.

JULIET
 Who's he talking to?

MUM
 His dad, I think.

ANDRE
 I thought his dad was dead?

OMELET
 (aside)
 Now I've got two weeks to put
 together a show.

GHOST
 He's not talking to me.

GHOST walks up behind OMELET and stares off into the same
 space as OMELET.

OMELET

(aside)

Granted I can get new actors,
but...

SHAKESPEARE

Out Damn Spot!

A SHUTTERING then the light on Omelet's face goes out.
Shakespeare rolls his eyes and stares down at a small dog.

SHAKESPEARE (cont'd)

Out Damn Spot!

DAMN SPOT runs around the table and hides behind Juliet.

WILL

See Spot. See spot run.

ANDRE

Have you considered writing a book?

WILL

That's a novel idea.

Juliet gives Damn Spot a tiny morsel.

MAITRE D'

It's the mutts name. Come, Damn
Spot, let's go get you a nice, big
bowl of spaghetti.

GHOST

Aside from himself he doesn't
appear to be talking to anyone.

ANDRE

It may just be... how do you say?

SHAKESPEARE

Aside?... a remark or passage in a
play that is intended to be heard
by the audience but is supposed to
be unheard by the other characters
in the play.

ANDRE

Oui! Aside!

WILL

Well, me dad's an asshole, and Mum
and I have been ass heads. Could he
be an ass side? It does run in the
family.

OMELET (V.O.)

Where am I going to get a play...

MUM

Damn, now he's doing it without moving his lips.

JULIET

I've heard of men who do that during sex... it's creepy... going on about cricket or some such nonsense.

OMELET (V.O.)

... and what kind of play?

ANDRE

What about an allegory?

MUM

Ooh! I like an all gory play. The gorier the better and scary, too, with witches and ghosts.

Maitre d' sees Ghost. His eyes bug-out. His hair pops. He grabs his chest.

SHAKESPEARE

Why do thou yield to that suggestion? Whose horrid image doth unfix thy hair? And make thy seated heart knock at thy ribs against the use of nature? Present fears are less than horrible imaginings.

WILL

What a baby! Easily scared is he?

SHAKESPEARE

Distill'd almost to jelly with the act of fear.

Maitre d' flees.

MUM

So, about this all gory play?

ANDRE

No, no. Not all gory, but... how you say?

SHAKESPEARE

Allegory: a story, poem, or picture which can be interpreted to reveal a hidden meaning, typically a moral or political one.

ANDRE

Oui, allegory. You know, a morality play.

MUM

Like what the Catholics put on?

JULIET

Remember Everyman?

WILL

Oh God, that was horrible! Why would anyone go see that damn thing?

MUM

Talk about a cash cow!

WILL

It's too soon. I'd rather not.

MUM

No, no! I'm sure your dad's over that. I'm talking about the Catholics when they did away with the traditional three "Our Fathers" and three "Hail Marys" and made you go see Everyman.

JULIET

Or a dozen self-flagellations... which only an idiot would do.

Matre'd returns with their orders cautiously avoiding ghost.

WILL

The worst penance I ever got was when me dad caught me self flagellating.

SHAKESPEARE

An itching palm?

WILL

No.

MUM

Okay, that wasn't flagellation...
but it was a sin and if he hadn't
stopped you, you'd be blind by now.
And then where would your writing
career be?

ANDRE

About where it is now?

WILL

I thought it felt too good to be a
penance. Yeah, the Everyman
thing... that was penance.

OMELET

Well, we need some kind of hook.
Something that fill the seats...
and not the street crowd but high
society.

WILL

I've lots of plays in my head...
I've just got to write them down...
soon as I learns to write, that is.

OMELET

We can't wait for that, but I could
hire a writer.

SHAKESPEARE

All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely
players;
They have their exits and their
entrances,
And this man in his time plays many
parts.

OMELET

What?

JULIET

He's saying he's not just a fry
cook and a waiter but a writer,
too.

WILL

Great! I got this one idea, about a
beggar named Lear, he's a
crippled...

SHAKESPEARE

When beggars die there are no
comets seen;
The heavens themselves blaze forth
the death of princes.

WILL

What?

JULIET

He's right! Nobody cares about
beggars. You need a nobleman

WILL

Oh, right. A nobler! A king then...
King Lear, The Cripple!

OMELET

We might want to lay off the
crippled thing for a while.

WILL

Right...

Will ponders.

MUM

I'd still like a gory one... with
witches and ghosts.

WILL

I've got another, Hamelot. Its got
a ghost.

GHOST

Can I play the ghost?

OMELET

No! No ghosts.

MUM

He's got one with witches. It's
called McBeth.

JULIET

What? Like the fish and chips
vendor? Oh, that's real upscale.

MUM

Well, it's not written in stone--

WILL

--not even on paper yet.

MUM

Could add an a. Call it Macbeth.
Make it about Scottish royalty
instead of corporate greed.

OMELET

That's fine but we still need
something to elevate it above
street performance status.
Something that sets it apart.
Something that will appeal to the
wealthy.

JULIET

Oh, you mean something that nobody
understands... like ballet or
opera.

OMELET

Okay, I give you that nobody
understands ballet but a lot of
people understand opera... well,
those who speak German and Italian.

JULIET

Even when eight or nine of 'em are
singing at the same time?

Everyone looks at Juliet.

JULIET (cont'd)

What!? Look, I had a fancy
gentleman, who had a private box-

Everyone, except clueless Will, giggles and smirks. Juliet
rolls her eyes.

JULIET (cont'd)

Opera bored him stiff. I went to
take care of the stiff part...
and... eliminate the boredom.

MUM

Well, that's not a service we can
provide to an entire audience and
unless Will knows German or Italian
I don't think opera is an option.

WILL

Well, I can speak French... but I don't hear it... or read... or write it.

MUM

Ix nay on the ench fray.

WILL

Mum! I didn't know you knew French!

A pained look from Mum. Confusion from the rest.

WILL

It's complicated.

SHAKESPEARE

Unquiet meals make ill digestion.

OMELET

What?

JULIET

I think he wants us to shut up and eat. They need the table.

Juliet tosses a look toward a line of waiting DINERS.

OMELET

Look, I haven't understood a word you've said all night.

SHAKESPEARE

Tis not my speech that you do mislike, But tis my presence that doth trouble ye.

OMELET

What?

ANDRE

I think he just called you a racist.

OMELET

Me? A racist? I don't even own a horse. I ate one once... it was a stewball.

WILL

I don't think...

OMELET

And just as well... What the hell
is he speaking?

JULIET

It's Ebonics.

OMELET

What the hell is that?

JULIET

It's an anachronism.

OMELET

Go on!

JULIET

Seriously, E-B-O-N-I-C-S: English,
But Only, Never Intentionally
Correctly Spoken.

ANDRE

No, that's a... um... .

SHAKESPEARE

Acronym: an abbreviation formed
from the initial letters of other
words and pronounced as a word.

WILL

I love acronyms. Stratford's
dentist has a big one on his sign:
A man, a plan, a canal... Panama!

MUM

No, that's an anagram.

SHAKESPEARE

Anagram: a word, phrase, or
sentence formed from another by
rearranging its letters

JULIET

So it's not an anagram?

ANDRE

No, it's a... a...

SHAKESPEARE

Palindrome: a word, phrase, or
sequence that reads the same
backwards as forwards.

ANDRE

You can't make up a words, like panama, just to complete a palindrome.

WILL

First, all words are made up. It's not like they're found in nature. Panama happens to be the doctor's name... and this root canal thing he's working on will be a major breakthrough for dentistry. Soon British teeth will be the envy of the world.

JULIET

So, what did I say?

ANDRE

What you said was a... a... .

SHAKESPEARE

Malapropism.

ANDRE

Oui! Malapropism: a fine French eponym.

SHAKESPEARE

Malapropism: the mistaken use of a word in place of a similar-sounding one, often with an amusing effect.

ANDRE

Malapropism: a fine French... uh-

SHAKESPEARE

Eponym: a word based on or derived from a person's name.

WILL

Blimey, Andre! You sure know your words. Perhaps, you should be my writer.

OMELET

Yeah, right. Shakespeare, if Will, here, were to tell you what to write, could you re-phrase it in that Elizabethan Ebonics of yours?

SHAKESPEARE

I could drown the stage with tears,
And cleave the general ear with
horrid speech, Make mad the guilty,
and appall the free, Confound the
ignorant, and amaze indeed The very
faculties of eyes and ears.

OMELET, lost, looks to Juliet.

JULIET

That'd be a yes.

OMELET

Great... I was thinking we might
have to convert a barn... but, a
barn is no place for high drama.
Now this place... this is classy.

Omelet addresses the waiting diners.

OMELET (cont'd)

Sorry folks, we're closed for now.
Come back in a fortnight and see a
play by Will'n Shakespeare!

SHAKESPEARE

I do now let loose my opinion, hold
it no longer: Asses are made to
bear, and so are you.

WILL

Did he just say Uncle Omelet was
bare assed?

Juliet shakes her head and waves off the notion.

SHAKESPEARE

There is no other writer hereabout:
misery acquaints a man with strange
bedfellows.

Omelet looks to Juliet, who nods.

OMELET

Oh, that's great stuff - just what
we need. Will, you and Shakespeare
here get together and write the
thing. I've got a theatrical troupe
to put together.

SHAKESPEARE

Now join our hands and with our
hands our hearts...

OMELET waits for Juliet's interpretation.

JULIET

He wants to shake hands on the
deal.

OMELET

I love this chap.

They shake hands.

The waiting diners begin this intellectual discourse as they
disperse:

IMPATIENT DINER

Who's William Shakespeare?

HUNGRY DINER

I think it's that black fellow.

IMPATIENT DINER

I've never heard of a black
playwright.

THIN DINER

Who do you think writes black
comedies? ...Twit.

HUNGRY DINER

I know of a French playwright that
was black.

THIN DINER

I remember him. Had some horrid
African name... what was his name?

HUNGRY DINER

The French couldn't pronounce it...
They used to tease him about his
hair. Said it look like something
you'd find on a wart or a mole...
They called him Molier.

IMPATIENT DINER

I think it's the same guy.

THIN DINER

Could be. I hear France is where he
learned to cook.

HUNGRY DINER

If you can call frying cooking.
Real cooking is boiling.

IMPATIENT DINER

No! Baking! That's real cooking!

THIN DINER

Right, let's all go down to the
"bakery" and get us some "cookies."

HUNGRY DINER

What? .. oh, you mean biscuits.
Sounds good to me. I got a bit of a
sweet tooth.

IMPATIENT DINER

Well, then don't order the pudding.

INT. BLACK FRYERS PUB - DAY

It's a cattle call. Actors line up before Omelet and Juliet's table. Shakespeare writes at an adjoining table. Mum paces between them. Ghost floats about. Sheriff Thame walks in dragging Will behind him. Will is dressed (again) in "tights" and belted "tunic."

SHERIFF THAME

I caught this one running about
butt naked.

OMELET

What? he's not naked.

SHERIFF THAME

I didn't say he was naked. I said
his BUTT was naked.

Sheriff Thame spins Will around to reveal both buttons gone from the back panel and an exposed butt.

OMELET

Oh damn... another... wardrobe
malfunction. We'll fix that.

SHERIFF THAME

Wardrobe malfunction my ass. He's
running about in his underwear?

OMELET

No, that's not underwear. That's
his costume. And he wasn't running
about, he was doing... local

(MORE)

OMELET (cont'd)
 publicity... for our show *Hamalot*,
 that's how royalty dresses in...
 Denmark... back in the day.

WILL
 Wow, this is how princes dress?

SHERIFF THAME
 That's how a flasher dresses.

Omelet gives Will a "how about a little help, idiot" look
 and a finger thump to the head.

WILL
 I mean... This is how a prince
 dresses!

OMELET
 Right! And we have a great outfit
 made for a king but alas, no one
 with that majestic... that regal...
 that imperial continence has
 stepped forth to play the role
 of... wait... a... minute.

Omelet sizes up the sheriff.

OMELET (cont'd)
 We may have our--. Sheriff, that
 voice. It has such a commanding
 resonance. Have you ever done any
 stage work?

SHERIFF THAME
 No. I've done some scaffolding
 work, though. Basically the same
 concept, an elevated platform.

OMELET
 No! No! I mean theater. ACTING!

SHERIFF THAME
 Well, no.

OMELET
 Will. Isn't he perfect for that big
 part you just wrote?

WILL
 I can't write-

OMELET

-a part big enough for this man. Of course, you can. You just need to see and hear him in costume. Andre! Andre! I need that new Emperor's costume for the... uh, sheriff here.

Omelet whispers instructions to Andre

OMELET (CONT)

Andre here will get you all fitted up and then we'll need to do a sound test.

Omelet ushers Sheriff Thame and Andre out.

OMELET

No, go put your pants on and finish up with that script. NEXT!

MUM

And why can't I play Lady Macbeth?

OMELET

Look, the only guild that allows females is the Prostitutes Guild.

JULIET

And I hear there's an opening.

OMELET

Name?

MAGUIRE

(O.S.)

MaGuire.

MUM

So, it's illegal for a woman to play the female lead?

OMELET

Right! We're in enough trouble as it is. I don't want to give the sheriff any reason to close us down. ... Any acting experience?

MAGUIRE

(O.S.)

I used to wrestle.

MUM

Like that takes talent.

JULIET

So, what are we going to use?
Faeries?

MAGUIRE

I could play a fairy.

Pan up from table to reveal TOBIAS MAGUIRE in an Elizabethan version of a Spiderman wrestling costume.

OMELET

You? A fairy? Tobias Maguire: The Arachnid Assassin? The Scottish Spiderman? The Wicked Webber of Wrestling?

MAGUIRE

I could change me name... to...
Toby yeah, Toby... that has a nice friendly sound.

OMELET

Toby? Oh! Not Toby. That's out of the question. Will! You got a play with a wrestler in it?

MAGUIRE

I don't want to be a wrestler anymore... I want to be a fairy.

MUM

That's sweet. Will's got a play with faeries in it. A Midsummer's Night Dream he calls it. But it still needs a lot of work. He wants to break the record for a play within a play by adding a play within that play.

JULIET

Ooh, if he was to write a play about him writing a play that has a play within that play where the players in that play include something simple like a puppet play then that would be...

(counting on her fingers)

a play within a play within a play within a play. That's five levels of plays.

(holds up four fingers)

WILL

Wow! That's got to be a record.

OMELET

I'm not about to waste a marquee name like Tobias Maguire doing some fairy.

MAGUIRE

I don't want to do a fairy I just want to play one... to show me... versatility... as an artist.

OMELET

Oh great, he's definitely an actor.

WILL

I do have a play with a wrestler in it... and it's got a great role for you, Mum. Of course you'd have to disguise yourself as a guy so you could get the part of the girl who disguises herself as a boy who discovers that her lover is so in love with her that he's willing to have sex with that boy if the boy can pretend to be her... self!!!

MUM

Oh. I like this... Shakespeare! You getting all this?

SHAKESPEARE

As you like it.

MUM

Oh! I like it already.

OMELET

Well, that could work. If she can pull it off.

GHOST

What? She's too old to play that. What are you ninety? But I think... if you cleaned up a bit... you could play... one of them witches...

OMELET

If ladies were allowed.

GHOST

That's no lady that's me wife...
and/or me sister.

MAGUIRE

I want a four play contract... and
not four plays in a play.

JULIET

Foreplay... there's a contract for
that?!

MAGUIRE

No! Not that! And no wrestling
either. Wrestling is still
banned... as is begging so that
makes this non-negotiable.

OMELET

Oh, fine! Take this over there and
fill it out.

Omelet gives Maguire an application and sends him off. A
RENOWNED DRAMATIC ACTOR steps forward.

RENOWNED DRAMATIC ACTOR

The raging rocks
And shivering shocks
Shall break the locks
Of prison gates;
And Phibbus' car
Shall shine from far
And make and mar
The foolish Fates.
This was lofty! Now name the rest
of the players.

OMELET

Right. We already got ham in the
title. We don't need it in the
actors. Can you play the violin?

SHAKESPEARE

That will ask some tears in the
true performing of it. I would
rather
tear a cat in, to make all split.

OMELET

Oh... well, what about that?

Omelet's eyes' indicate another instrument.

RENOWNED DRAMATIC ACTOR

That? That's all you got for me?!

OMELET

Tuba or not tuba... that is the question.

RENOWNED DRAMATIC ACTOR

Fine, I'll take it.

OMELET

Great. NEXT!

PLOT DE VICE steps up and pushes the form under Omelet's nose.

INSERT - THE FORM, which reads:
"Plot Device"

BACK TO OMELET'S TABLE

OMELET (cont'd)

Plot Device???

PLOT DE VICE

It's pronounced: Plue Day Vichee

OMELET

It's not spelled that way. Are you trying to be funny? Is this supposed to be comic relief? 'Cause we don't need comic relief in a comedy.

Motions to some stage hands.

OMELET (cont'd)

What we need is plot.

Stage hands grab Plot de Vice. Omelet motions and they drag him off.

PLOT DE VICE

He needs me... he really needs me!!!

OMELET
Stupid French.

PLOT DE VICE
I'm Belgian!

OMELET
Stupid Belgiman. Doesn't even know
he's French.

FAMOUS FACE approaches the table.

OMELET (cont'd)
Name?

Famous Face strikes a pose in profile. Omelet is taken
aback. Famous Face gives a sidelong look to Omelet and a
knowing smile.

Anxiously, Omelet motions for the stagehands to gather
around.

OMELET (cont'd)
Sorry. No mimes!

Omelet gives a dismissal gesture and the stage hands drag
off Famous Face.

OMELET (cont'd)
NEXT!

A MIME, in white face, approaches. Omelet looks up and sees
him. Raises "stop" hand. Mime bumps into a "glass" wall.

Omelet extends his "Stop" hand out in staggered steps. Mime
reacts with each gesture as if his "box" was just pushed
back.

His arm full extended Omelet does a dismissal gesture (palm
down, fingers sweeping) and Mime, fighting the wind, exits.

OMELET (cont'd)
No Ghosts! How many times do I have
to tell you people: NO GHOSTS!

GHOST
I don't think he was a ghost.

OMELET
Right... and you're not dead... he
could have been your twin brother.

GHOST

Well, me brother is not really me
twin and he's not dead, now, are
you?

OMELET

NEXT!

Andre marches in and with a flourish:

ANDRE

I give you zee masterpiece.

Sheriff Thame, naked except for an ass head... which is on
backwards... enters.

SHAKESPEARE

But man, proud man, drest in a
little brief authority, most
ignorant of what he's most assur'd,
his glassy essence, like an angry
ape, plays such fantastic tricks
before high heaven as make the
angels weep.

OMELET

Andre! You've outdone yourself. Can
he be heard through that mask?

ANDRE

Perhaps. We should do a sound
check?

Omelet writes a line on a piece of paper.

OMELET

Here, read this.

ANDRE

Sorry, but zee eye holes aren't
quite... how do you say?...
aligned.

Omelet places the page into Sheriff Thame's two hands. The
sheriff, in a very deep voice, reads from inside his mask.

SHERIFF THAME

Look, I am your father.

OMELET

That's "LUKE." Try it again. A few
steps farther back.

Sheriff takes a few steps back.

SHERIFF THAME
 Look, I am farther?

OMELET
 "FATHER" not "FARTHER" - but a
 little further... and - once more.

Sheriff steps back some more.

SHERIFF THAME
 Luke, I am your father.

OMELET
 Further, father.

Sheriff Thame steps out the back door and Andre slams and locks the door.

OMELET (cont'd)
 Alright then, now lets have the
 young men, who are here to audition
 for the female roles.

A gaggle of women with fake beards approach.

OMELET (cont'd)
 No! No! We can't have bearded
 ladies. This isn't a circus.

GAGGLE SPOKESWOMAN
 We could shave.

GAGGLE
 Shave! Right! We could shave!

They turn around, remove their beards, and turn back.

OMELET
 Well, that's better.

MUM
 Wait a minute...

LATER

Juliet approaches the desk where Omelet was interviewing. Shakespeare writes as Will ponders.

JULIET
 Where's Omelet and your Mum?

WILL
 They's on the
 (finger quotes)
 "casting" couch... they're running
 (finger quotes)
 "lines".

JULIET
 What's???

She does "finger quotes".

WILL
 I just made that up. It's classier
 than "wink, wink, nudge, nudge,
 know what I mean?" Cute, huh?

JULIET
 Not really... Wait! They're on the
 (finger quotes)
 "casting" couch... they're running
 (finger quotes)
 "lines". Ewww they're still mother
 and son. Where's this casting
 couch?

WILL
 Its in Omelet's office... but she
 said not to disturb them.

JULIET
 I bet he did.

Juliet marches over to the office door. She hears rhythmic
 thumping noises and...

OMELET (O.S)
 Take my rod... gently, nice and
 smooth. It's a simple, rhythmic
 motion... oh that's it... bring it
 home baby... let it fly!!!

JULIET
 Not with your own son you don't!!!

Juliet kicks in the door and is immediately entangled in
 fishing line. Omelet and BEAUTY (a beautiful actress),
 dressed in fly fisherman gear straddle the arms of the
 couch. An oar lies between them.

OMELET
 I thought I said I wasn't to be
 disturbed!

JULIET

I... uh... was looking for Will's Mum.

OMELET

Oh. She's in the Auditioning Armoire with Toby.

Omelet motions to the large Wardrobe that is a-rocking. Juliet opens the door... and stifles a gag. Shakespeare and Will burst in. Shakespeare assesses the situation.

SHAKESPEARE

Ah, making the beast with two backs.

WILL

Mum, how could you?

MUM

Wait, Will... We were just rehearsing. We were faking it!

MAGUIRE

It's a lot like wrestling but with a lot less moves.

OMELET

But you're supposed to be passing yourself off as a guy portraying a girl disguised as a boy pretending to be HIS girlfriend.

SHAKESPEARE

The web of our life is of a mingled yarn.

OMELET

Exactly! Is this mingling even theatrically possible if we want to maintain the continuity of the premise?

MUM

Right! Will, should we be doing it doggy style?

WILL

Doggy? I'm still on birds and bees.

OMELET

Look, there's a reason why people do that kind of thing behind closed

(MORE)

OMELET (cont'd)
doors. It's... disgusting! This scene should be done offstage.

MAGUIRE
Onstage, offstage, backstage, I don't mind. This acting stuff is a lot better than wrestling ever was.

Shakespeare eyes Maguire's crotch.

SHAKESPEARE
You are a man whom Fortune hath cruelly scratched.

A suddenly deflated Maguire pulls the doors shut.

BEAUTY
I smell fish.

OMELET
Oh... don't go there.

BEAUTY
It's not coming from them. I think it's coming from him.

The sheriff, naked, stands in the doorway covered in filth (banana peels, fish bones, etc). He holds the ass head in front of his crotch.

OMELET
What have you done to our costume?

SHERIFF THAME
What costume? This is all I got!

OMELET
Well, I can't hire actors who can't even keep up with their costumes. I'll give you credit for the head but I'll have to deduct the rest of the costume from your deposit.

SHERIFF THAME
What deposit?

They walk toward the stage area.

OMELET
Andre!

They hear a CRASH.

SHAKESPEARE

Soft, what light in yonder window
breaks?

INT. STAGE - DAY

A motley crew prepares for the production. The poor sets are black and white. The amateurish costumes though well designed are wooden swords, paper hats, foil shields.

Omelet, Sheriff Thame, and Shakespeare trape in. Will, a few paces behind, still a bit shaken.

Andre comes running up.

OMELET

You did get a deposit for this
costume didn't you?

Andre shakes his head.

OMELET (cont'd)

Great. I should keep your street
clothes. But, it's not your fault
Andre forgot. Well, sheriff, it
looks like you've won this round!
Andre, get this man his clothes.

Sheriff Thame leaves with Andre.

SHAKESPEARE

We must not make a scarecrow of the
law, setting it up to fear the
birds of prey.

OMELET

Yeah, but it was just so easy. Do
you have our play?

SHAKESPEARE

Here are a few of the unpleasant'st
words that ever blotted paper.

He gives Omelet "The Play." They walk to the stage where the other actors are assembled.

SHAKESPEARE (cont'd)

Masters, here are your parts; and I
am to entreat you, request you, and
desire you, to con them by tomorrow
night; and by moonlight will We
meet; and here we may rehearse most
obscenely and courageously. Take

(MORE)

SHAKESPEARE (cont'd)
 pains; be perfect;. In the
 meantime, I will draw a bill of
 properties, such as our play wants.
 I pray you, fail me not. Adieu.

The sheriff marches in and surveys the scene.

SHERIFF THAME
 And I thought my costume was
 lacking. What's this?

Sheriff Thame snatches a copy of The Play from Shakespeare.
 He reads... and reads horribly.

SHERIFF THAME (cont'd)
 "Hung be the heavens with black,
 yield day to night! Comets,
 importing change of times and
 states, Brandish your crystal
 tresses in the sky, And with them
 scourge the bad revolting stars
 that have consented..."

SHAKESPEARE
 The true beginning of our end.

SHERIFF THAME
 Well, I'll give you that. Your
 stars, that have consented to be in
 this, are revolting... and bad...
 and definitely the scourge of
 thespians anywhere.

SHAKESPEARE
 And you should do it... too...
 terribly. You would fright the
 duchess and the ladies, that they
 would shriek; and that were enough
 to hang us all, every mother's son.

SHERIFF THAME
 You're crazy.

SHAKESPEARE
 Though this-

Shakespeare shakes the script at him.

SHAKESPEARE (cont'd)
 be madness, yet there is method in
 it.

SHERIFF THAME

If crap is your method.

SHAKESPEARE

I am not bound to please thee with my answer. But, for my own part? It was Greek?

SHERIFF THAME

Couldn't understand a word.

SHAKESPEARE

How well he's read, to reason against reading.

AN AUTHORITATIVE VOICE (O.S.)

I read it. I loved it!

SHERIFF THAME

Well, you can have it. I'll be back to close this ragtag production down soon enough.

WILL

Dad!?!

Dad approaches the stage with a copy of the script, a bulging burlap sack... tied at the neck, and a goose... also tied at the neck.

DAD

It's edgy. Quite Urban. I recognize the story. Isn't this yours?

SHAKESPEARE

It is a wise father that knows his own child.

WILL

It's my story but I had some help with the writing.

SHAKESPEARE

It is a tale told by an idiot, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing.

DAD

And where did you learn to write like this?

SHAKESPEARE

I find tongues in trees, books in
the running brooks, sermons in
stones, and good in everything.

OMELET

Don't you just love this guy.

DAD

You're going to be great.

SHAKESPEARE

I am not afraid of greatness: some
are born great, some achieve
greatness, and some have greatness
thrust upon them.

DAD

Aren't you afraid the twit is going
to get all the credit?

SHAKESPEARE

Expectation is the root of all
heartache. But O, how bitter a
thing it is to look into happiness
through another man's eyes.

DAD

The sheriff was right though, this
production is woeful. The costumes
put the rag into ragtag.

SHAKESPEARE

I wish that the fashion wore out
more apparel than the man. If to do
were as easy as to know what were
good to do, chapels had been
churches, and poor men's cottages
princes' palaces.

DAD

Well, I can fix that.

WILL

How?

DAD

All this thing needs to become a
success is a couple of golden
globes.

Dad opens the burlap sack and pulls out a golden egg.

DAD (cont'd)

And the first golden globe goes to Andre... for costume design, some fine fabrics and all the help you need to get it done by opening night.

ANDRE

Right! I think this look your son has could really work. It just needs a better fabric and some tightening up.

Andre pulls on the back of Will's long johns to demonstrate the "tights" look. A bit of a scowl crosses his face as he gazes at the crotch area.

ANDRE (cont'd)

We'll need some padding.

Andre grabs the golden egg, gathers up some sketch pads, measuring tapes, scissors and hurries out.

DAD

The next golden globe goes to props. Toby, find us some real swords and shields and get rid of all that fake stuff.

MAGUIRE

I'd like to accept this-

DAD

Get on with it! Omelet, if you want good actors, you'll have to pay for them. The golden globe for best actor...

All the nearby "loser" actors gather about.

DAD (cont'd)

goes to...

The "losers" are a twitter with anticipation.

DAD (cont'd)

that motley crew the sheriff has locked up. Take these down there and post their bail.

Dad hands Omelet a few balls. Omelet notes the disappointment on the faces of the "loser" actors.

OMELET

Look, we still need you guys. Will 'n Shakespeare's work is done so I'm putting them in charge of the dress rehearsal dinner. You can wait tables.

MONTAGE:

The ragtag production transforms into a Broadway caliber show. The black and white sets are now in blazing color.

The program is sent off to the printer who notices and corrects: "by William Shakespeare".

Will and Shakespeare prepare the rehearsal dinner. Will nixes spam and suggests... something special.

END OF MONTAGE

INT. STAGE - NIGHT

A feast, fit for a king, adorns the table. Omelet sits at the head. Will and Shakespeare are seated to his right. Mum and Dad across from them on Omelet's left. A large covered dish sits between them. The rest of the cast occupies the remainder of the long table.

WILL

I'd like to thank me Dad for saving the show. I knew you had a nest egg. but I never would have dreamed it was so much.

DAD

I've never had a nest egg. Didn't you notice all me gold was egg shaped? Son, I found a goose that lays golden eggs. If anything were to ever happen to him our goose would be...

Omelet lifts the cover to show a cooked goose.

WILL

... cooked.

Dad rises then sinks into his chair. He turns to Tobey.

DAD

Tobey? Those were real swords you got, weren't they?

MAGUIRE

Well, yes. Why do you ask?

DAD

'Cause I'm about to do rocket surgery on a pea brain!!

Pandemonium breaks out.

INT. STAGE - NIGHT

Will, in bandages, and Shakespeare are inspecting the new stage. They watch as STAGE HAND places candles in the footlights. There are spots for four candles in each footlight. The stage hand places three and leaves one empty.

WILL

Wait. What are you doing? You've only got three candles.

STAGE HAND

Yeah, we like to keep one candle in reserve... for emergencies.

SHAKESPEARE

How far that little candle throws its beams!

WILL

Three candles gives three shadows. Me dad paid for four candles so use all the damn candles. This is our inaugural performance. This is a FOUR SHADOW moment!

SHAKESPEARE

So shines a good deed in a naughty world.

INT. THE LOBBY - NIGHT

It's opening night. Mum and Dad are ushers as are Mime and Famous Face.

DAD

We're using these-

INSERT - NUMBERED TICKETS FROM MCBETH'S FISH AND CHIPS.

DAD (cont'd)

for the seated section. And these-

INSERT - A PEANUT

DAD (cont'd)
for the standing room only section.

MUM
Right, the ones with tickets get
seats... and the ones without are
in the... ah... the peanut gallery.

DAD
Well, It's not like you need
tickets to see who's... to be
(points to a well dressed
patron)
and who's... not to be...
(points to Street Vendor#1)
seated.

MUM
Here's a tough one. To be or not to
be... that is the question.

Enter Juliet dressed in a Red Riding Hood and long white
evening gloves. Juliet and Mum exchange a glance.

DAD
She doesn't fool me. Not to be
seated! There's nothing classy
under that hood... Excuse me, I
don't see your ticket?

JULIET
That's a shame considering what
big eyes you got.

DAD
I was told some might try to sneak
in.

JULIET
My, what big ears you have.

DAD
Look, do you have a ticket or not?

Dad flashes a big, albeit phony, smile.

JULIET
My what big teeth you have.

Juliet, with a flourish, produces her ticket... number
fifty.

INT. BACKSTAGE - NIGHT

Sheriff Thame, Will, Omelet, Dad, and Shakespeare are standing near a large exit.

SHERIFF THAME

Well, I did everything I could to close you down. Looks like the only thing that's going to stop you now is a bad review.

Sheriff Thame turns to leave. He opens the door. A gust of wind... then darkness.

OMELET

Not to worry folks. We have spare candles for just such an emergency.

WILL

Uh... hmmm...

DAD

What did you do?

WILL

Dad? Nooo!

INT. STAGE - NIGHT

NOISES offstage. Still in darkness, Dad tosses Will onto the stage. He lands with a thud and a sigh.

WILL

I wish I was dead.

GHOST (O.S.)

(Shouting)

It's not all it's cracked up TO BE!

SHAKESPEARE (O.S.)

To be? ...To be, or not to be...

Shakespeare goes to Will's side.

SHAKESPEARE

...that is the question:

WILL

Whether 'tis nobler...

A faint light from the audience illuminates Shakespeare's eyes and teeth.

SHAKESPEARE

In the mind, to suffer The slings
and arrows of outrageous fortune,

WILL

Or to take arms against a sea of
troubles,

SHAKESPEARE

And by opposing... end them?

WILL

To die?

SHAKESPEARE

To sleep,

WILL

No more?

The light grows ever so slightly as shadows form.

SHAKESPEARE

And, by a sleep, to say we end the
heart-ache and the thousand natural
shocks that flesh is heir to.

WILL

'Tis a consummation Devoutly to be
wished.

SHAKESPEARE

To die, to sleep?

WILL

To sleep, perchance to dream-

A little more light. The shadows gather shape.

SHAKESPEARE

- Ay, there's the rub:
For in that sleep of death what
dreams may come, when we have
shuffled off this mortal coil,

WILL

Must give us pause -

A little more light. The two shapes sharpen.

SHAKESPEARE

There's the respect That makes
calamity of so long life.

WILL

For who would bear the whips and
scorns of time The oppressor's
wrong,

A little more light and we recognize Will and Shakespeare.

SHAKESPEARE

The proud man's contumely,

JULIET (O.S.)

The pangs of despised love,

A little more light and Juliet goes to Will's side.

SHAKESPEARE

The law's delay,

A little more light and Omelet joins the group.

OMELET

The insolence of office, and the
spurns that patient merit of the
unworthy takes,

JULIET

When he himself might his quietus
make With a bare bodkin?

A little more light and Mum joins the group.

MUM

Who would fardels bear,

WILL

(mouthing silently)
Fardels?!?

A little more light and Dad joins the group.

MUM AND DAD

To grunt and sweat under a weary
life,

SHAKESPEARE

But that the dread of something
after death, the undiscovered
country from whose borne no
traveler returns

WILL

Puzzles the will,

The stage is practically glowing now.

SHAKESPEARE

And makes us rather bear those ills
we have than fly to others that we
know not of?

WILL

Thus conscience does make cowards
of us all

WILL AND SHAKESPEARE

And thus the native hue of
resolution is sicklied o'er with
the pale cast of thought, And
enterprises of great pith and
moment, with this regard their
currents turn awry, And lose the
name of action.

Thunderous applause from the audience as their BIC lighters
go out one by one and again: total darkness... and,
eventually silence.

SHAKESPEARE

Ah... the kingdom of perpetual
night...and a joyful silence.

SUPER: "...and the rest is... eventually, History."

WILL

I think we've just invented the
poliloquy... Hamelot's poliloquy!

DAD

Oh great, another made up word.

SHAKESPEARE

...or not to be.

FADE OUT.