

Borders Youth Theatre – Taming of the Shrew

Character	Description	Actor
Kate	The shrew. A fierce theatre director/actor. Physically needs to be small enough for Petrucio to lift onto his shoulder but bigger than Grumio.	A1
Grumio	A lowly actor who can't get the only two lines he has in Hamlet right. Ideally the actor needs to be a good bit smaller than Kate.	
Baptista	Kate's father, helps her run the theatre impresario. Part could be turned into Kate's mother if no suitable male available.	A2
Bianca	Kate's beautiful sister, much in demand as an actor and with more suitors than can be easily counted. Plays Juliet (R&J 2).	A3
Hortensio	Bianca's manager, treated like dirt.	
Waiters	Speaking/Non-speaking	
Reporters	Speaking/Non-speaking	
Women	Two women attendants to Baptista. Small speaking parts.	
Petrucio	The tamer. Or is he? An ego and an attitude to women that makes Donald Trump look like an evangelist for political correctness.	A4
Singer(s)	Two actors/singer(s) to do Brush Up Your Shakespeare (from Kiss Me Kate) and a few lines of dialogue	
R&J 1	Narrator in R&J	
R&J 2	Juliet (and others) in R&J (needs to be Bianca)	A3
R&J 3	Romeo (and others) in R&J	
R&J 4	Multi-part player in R&J	
R&J 5	Multi-part player in R&J	
History 1	Multi-part player in history plays	
History 2	Multi-part player in history plays	
History 3	Multi-part player in history plays	

There is potential for a cast of up to 30 actors within this piece, although it could be performed with as few as 10-12. There are speaking and non-speaking parts, with a range of very small to quite sizeable parts to accommodate any range of acting experience. There is plenty of potential for doubling up, although not in the case of those specifically identified above. If we can't find Singers, their parts can be easily edited out. Full script runs for about 65 minutes.

The script contains plenty of verbal and physical humour. There are two parts for actors who fancy doing a bit of simple singing on stage. Ideally, Kate needs to be able to sing, in tune, and with passion as the play has a 21st century twist to the denouement which involves her singing new words to the Proclaimers' most famous hit.

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Sound	Cue 1 The Cannery, runs until Kate throws down scripts
Scene 1	Kate the Warmonger
<p><i>Blank set, like a rehearsal space. Thrust stage on the level with the audience with audience seated in cafe theatre style or, if it's raked seating, spread around on three sides. Ideally set three cafe tables with seven chairs on some sort of slightly raised platform in amongst the audience. Best thing is portable staging, about 10cm-20cm off the ground.</i></p> <p><i>Cast enters from all around the auditorium talking amongst themselves. They gather on the stage and lounge around rather casually, with some animated conversation taking place, lots of laughter and no sign of them doing any work. Conversation needs to incorporate some snide references about Kate and her style of running rehearsals. Great opportunity for small part players to build some (apparently) improvised conversation. It will need 45 seconds or so of scripted, overlapping banter. It has to cascade, bounce around the group, incorporate some simple movement. It needs to sound like a group that knows each other are in an everyday conversation, so it can be topical and/or related to the lives of the individual actors. Like all such conversations, they will be multilateral rather than singular or bilateral. So it's an excuse for a lot of banter, energy and noise.</i></p> <p><i>Once the cast are all on stage Kate needs to enter from as far away as possible from the stage. She is carrying a clutch of scripts. She is dressed in black skirt and black top. Hair tied in a tight bun. No make-up. She looks angry. And is. She stands and glares at the mess in front of her.</i></p>	
Kate	<i>(Screaming like a maniac). You useless bunch of fatheads! (The snarling continues as music fades)</i>
<p><i>The group on stage instantly fall silent as they peer into the stage lights in the direction of where this scream came from. They know what's going to happen next. It happens at nearly every rehearsal.</i></p> <p><i>Kate starts marching quickly towards the stage, her eyes on Grumio, who is (preferably) small and standing CS holding an ample, loose-leafed script rather nervously. It's almost as if he knows what's coming. She snorts and mutters under her breath as she reaches the stage. She goes to Grumio, stands in front of him (with her back to the audience) snorting for what seems like an eternity, throws the scripts down, grabs him by the lapels, pulls him up to her eye level.</i></p>	
Kate	<i>(Building from a cold hiss to a fortissimo on "pillock") You are a breathtakingly incompetent pillock!</i>
<p><i>She drops Grumio and hits him very hard on the left side of his face. Paper flies everywhere. We'll need another cast member standing very close by to clap their hands very loudly to provide the effect of the slap. Kate will end up just brushing Grumio, who will "ride the blow". This will need a lot of rehearsal, but really sets Kate's character and gets the play off to an "impact" start</i></p>	
Grumio	<i>(Two second pause) You hit me!</i>
Kate	<i>You must be the worst actor put on God's earth. You've only got two lines in this play. Two simple lines. And you got both wrong. (Picks on someone else) And what are you looking so smug about? Hamlet is supposed to be a tragedy. Not a comedy. (Wild sweeping gestures</i>

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	<p><i>aimed at the rest of the cast</i>) And certainly not the farce you stupid cretins created last night.</p> <p>What sort of an idiot do you think I am? <i>(Someone on the edge of the group goes to answer her. She kills them with a stare and a pointy finger)</i> Don't even think about it, laddy!</p> <p><i>(Finally turning to face the audience)</i> This once great theatre company is now only capable of <i>(sweeping gesture indicating the audience)</i> playing to the terminally incontinent in some non-descript—rural—flee--pit.</p>
Grumio	<i>(Flustering, bending to try and pick up his scattered script)</i> Miss Minola, you're out of order. I'm sorry but I was only trying to.....
Kate	<i>(Coldly)</i> And you're sacked! No wonder this theatre doesn't pull in audiences. I can't keep pouring money into this place if the actors are incapable of remembering a couple of simple lines.
Grumio	You can't just sack me like that. It's very difficult, trying to remember just two lines in <i>(gesturing with the pile of papers he's just picked up)</i> all this lot. Frankly, I think I deserve an apology. <i>(Pauses)</i> Otherwise.....
Kate	<i>(Threateningly)</i> Otherwise?
Grumio	<i>(Drawing himself up to try and boost his waning self-confidence)</i> Otherwise, if we are to maintain a dignified, mature, grown-up relationship then.....
Kate	<i>(Screws up her face, the snorting starts again. Gestures at Grumio with her middle finger)</i> Ohhh <i>(starts to mouth a couple of obscenities)</i>swivel!
<p><i>Kate storms off in high dudgeon towards the area with the coffee tables in it. If she can get off there, great. Otherwise she just sits with the audience and immerse herself in some scripts.</i></p> <p><i>Grumio sighs, bends down and starts picking up the any remaining scattered papers. Baptista appears as if spirited from on high. He's seen this all before. Many times. Tight cue-to-cue in the following, but observe the pauses where indicated.</i></p>	
Baptista	Oh dear, has she lost it again?
Singer 1	I'm not sure she ever had it.
R&J 1	And if that's it, I don't think I really want it.
Grumio	<i>(Visibly distressed)</i> It's not my fault I keep getting it wrong <i>(Pause)</i> Is it?
R&J 4	Oh come on, you've only got two lines in the whole of Hamlet! And it's three hours before you need to come on!
History 1	Maybe that's the problem. By the time we get to Act Five we're all in danger of losing the plot.
History 2	It's bad enough for the audience.

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R&J 1	The more so for us as we know what's coming.
History 3	Or not, (<i>indicating Grumio</i>) in his case.
Singer 2	But we can't go on like this.
R&J 3	It's not exactly a barrel of laughs, is it?
Baptista	Someone needs to have a word with her. Get her to calm it down a bit. Even though Kate is my daughter, I'd be the first to say that she's not exactly in the RSC's league in terms of directorial ability, is she?
R&J 2	Do you want to tell her that?
Baptista	(<i>Nervously</i>) Well, I'm not sure I'm the right.....I mean, children never listen to parents, do they.....
Singer 1	(<i>Cutting him off</i>) If she knocks the crap out of poor little Grumio just for forgetting a couple of lines, what'll she do to anyone who criticises her personally?
Singer 2	They'd be lucky to escape with all their body parts still attached!
Grumio	(<i>Wincing</i>) You'd have to sew mine back on first.
<i>The next few lines must overlap each other and be accompanied by much head-shaking and tutting from those not involved in the dialogue.</i>	
R&J 1	(<i>Intake of breath</i>) Nasty, nasty.
Singer 1	(<i>Grimacing</i>) A fate worse than death.
R&J 2	(<i>Groaning</i>) They'd be lucky to act again.
Grumio	(<i>Nervously, but emphatically, drowning out the rest</i>) Well, I'm certainly not telling her.
<i>There's a pause. They all turn to look at Baptista. They gradually form a circle around him, arms folded. Baptista starts to stammer and mutter. He knows what's coming.</i>	
Baptista	(<i>Backing off, stammering, nervous</i>) No, no, absolutely not. Never in a million years! I'm too young for this! She'll kill me! I've got my whole life in front of me. You can't do this to me!
<i>They all gather up any remaining papers that are lying around and exit, half to one side and half to the other. These exits need to be at the opposite end from the coffee tables. The actors need to turn straight round and be ready to come back on. Lights to black.</i>	
Scene 2	Father meets daughter
Sound	Cue 2 Batty McFaddin, runs under text until marked
<i>Lights up.</i>	
<i>Kate appears from the same area to which she exited carrying another pile of scripts. She marches with intent towards the main stage. A procession of actors emerge in couples from each of the wings and entrances on the main stage heading in the opposite direction to her, The effect is to create a stream of couples that each part like the Red Sea when they see her approaching. They each gawp at her as she sweeps past and move on rapidly, ad-libbing about her ferocious approach to life and how angry she appears.</i>	

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<i>They need to double back and exit where they came on from. Baptista emerges out of this throng.</i>	
Baptista	<i>(Jovially, but clearly nervous)</i> Kate! Darling!
Kate	<i>(Stiffly)</i> Father.
Baptista	<i>(Grabs her gently but firmly by the arm, swivels her round and heads her in the direction of the rostrum with the table and chairs as he speaks, slightly through gritted teeth).</i> I thought Hamlet was wonderful last night, you all did so well.
Kate	<i>(sotto voce, as they walk)</i> Sod off. <i>(Fade out music)</i>
Baptista	No really, I thought it went surprisingly well, considering. Got a minute? <i>(Steers her firmly to the table. They sit. He signals to a waiter.)</i> A couple of insignificant lines missed from the script are just an occupational hazard. <i>(A waiter brings two coffees.)</i>
Kate	The whole thing was crap, and you know it.
Baptista	It's a tough business we're in. You'll get over it. <i>(There is a pregnant pause, Baptista sips his coffee, Kate absent-mindedly stirs hers)</i>
Kate	Well?
Baptista	Just an observation.....
Kate	<i>(Wearily)</i> Go on.
Baptistabut you've been working very hard of late. Burning the candle at both ends. Everyone's worried about you. Whilst the theatrical profession tolerates, even appreciates, a certain eccentricity in its leading directors, we were wondering whether perhaps you might consider taking on a little help.
Kate	<i>(Snidely)</i> Like what?
Baptista	<i>(Hesitantly)</i> An assistant, someone who could establish a rapport with your cast, help get the best out of them and so on. Might help you relax a bit more, get out, have a bit of time to build up a social life, you know the sort of thing. Like Bianca, for example.
Kate	<i>(Suspiciously)</i> What about her?
Baptista	Your sister's a very busy and successful actress.....
Kate	<i>(Hackles rising)</i> And?
Baptista and seems to have a nice, balanced life.
Kate	<i>(Starting to boil)</i> Your point is?
Baptista	Well, she never seems to be short of an attractive escort. One of them is sure to pop the question soon. <i>(Another pregnant pause.)</i> What about <i>(pause)</i> you? Had you thought of settling down? <i>(This clearly lights the blue touch paper as far as Kate is concerned)</i>
Kate	<i>(Becoming quiet and sinister)</i> Who with?

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Baptista	<i>(Looking a little blank and pausing for thought) Anyone.....</i>
Kate	<i>(Screws up her face, gestures at Baptista with her middle finger) Swivel, father! (Gets up, exits in high dudgeon, anywhere but towards that taken by the acting troupe)</i>
Baptista	<i>(Calling after her) I take it that's a "yes" then? To getting help I mean? (To himself). Why do I do this? And where will I find an idiot daft enough to take her on?</i>
<i>Baptista sighs and picks up the two coffee cups and exits in opposite direction to Kate. 3 waiters arrive and set 3 tables with table cloths, a 3 place setting at one and 2 place settings at the other two as.....</i>	
Scene 3	Bianca Jets In
Sound	Cue 3 – Bianca arrival, runs through scene (in background once dialogue starts)
<p><i>Scrum of journalists/fans appear on the main stage from stage left. Ideally 5-10 all with digital cameras or smartphones. Lots of excited chatter as Bianca enters stage right, looking drop dead gorgeous in some expensive clothing. She is carrying a tote bag and wearing designer shades. Behind her comes Hortensio, her downtrodden manager, struggling with about four or five suitcases – he needs to look comically over-burdened. The media and fan scrum gather round her, trying to catch her smile for their cameras. Hortensio lags two steps behind. All the while they are calling "Bianca, over here please", "Miss Minola, how was your flight", "Miss Bianca, how is the romance", and so on. Plenty of opportunity here for those involved to workshop the style of extemporised conversation they are going to deliver. Needs to run for about 15 seconds.</i></p> <p><i>Bianca milks this for all she is worth, replying coyly to each question and posing for a succession of photos as she comes slowly forward down centre stage, the "scrum" backing away all the time. This movement will have to be extemporised each night so will need rehearsal. They stop with the scrum having split up and perhaps backed into the audience, leaving Bianca in the centre of the main stage. Cameras need to continue to take pictures throughout the following conversation which needs to cascade (i.e. overlap).</i></p>	
Reporter 1	Loved your Broadway show, Miss Bianca
Bianca	Thank you, it was such a success.
Reporter 2	Are you planning to bring it to the UK?
Bianca	I'm thinking about that.....
Reporter 1	Wouldn't you just love a West End hit, Miss Bianca?
<i>Insert names of actors currently in the news for any of the following or use as scripted.</i>	
Reporter 2	<i>(Starting to get a bit "catty")</i> That would put Jennifer Lawrence back in her box.
Reporter 1	<i>(In dialogue with Reporter 2 and ignoring Bianca)</i> And Scarlett Johansson....
Reporter 2	Not to mention Melissa McCarthy

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Reporter 1	<i>(Getting quite “sisterly” now with Reporter 2)</i> And that Brie Larson, well , she needs taking down a peg or two.
Reporter 2	Tell me about it....
Bianca	<i>(Somewhat taken aback that she’s being ignored – gives a quick flounce of her flowing locks)</i> Excuse me, ladies, but I’ve got a luncheon to get.....
Reporter 4	<i>(Cutting her off)</i> Miss Bianca, we hear that your sister needs a star to keep her theatre going. <i>(This remark provokes a few titters and mutterings in the crowd)</i>
Bianca	I’m sorry?
Reporter 3	Will you be appearing in one of her shows?
Bianca	Well....
Reporter 2She’s having trouble finding actors for her next show.
Reporter 1	Everyone thinks she’s a gorgon.
Hortensio	<i>(Struggling to put down the baggage)</i> Even she thinks she’s a gorgon.
Bianca	<i>(Bianca is not quite sure what to make of this, and it shows on her face)</i> Excuse me..... <i>(Fade sound)</i>
<i>Bianca moves elegantly through the scrum towards the coffee tables. The scrum retreat back to main stage and exit stage right snapping all the time (and picking up the luggage) as Bianca is greeted by a waiter and shown to her table at the restaurant. During the melee greeting Bianca, two other couples (can be any combination of m/f) have entered from somewhere that won’t cause a distraction and sat themselves at the tables. They gawp in admiration at Bianca’s arrival. Two waiters attend, one to each couple, taking their orders. Two other waiters dance attendance on Bianca, clearly delighted to be serving her. They pose for selfies.</i>	
Scene 4	The Restaurant
Sound	Cue 4 – Amazing Plan, plays until Kate is seated
<i>As the first waiter serving Bianca is posing for their selfie, Kate bustles in from the same place that the scrum exited. A waiter moves to greet her. She pushes him aside (her hand hard on his chest), sits herself down next to Bianca, consults a menu at the same time as the second waiter (now positioned between Bianca and Kate) is posing for their selfie, whacks the waiter with it, causing him to topple over backwards, mobile still in hand. Kate barks an order at the other waiter. This can be extemporised but needs to be one word, e.g. fish, chicken, beef. The waiters attending Kate and Bianca exit. A waiter remains attending the other two couples.</i>	
Bianca	<i>(Oozing charm)</i> Well, sister mine, how are things in your neck of the woods?
Kate	<i>(Bitterly)</i> My father’s a wimp, I’ve got dorks backstage, a cast that can’t string two lines together and a theatre that eats money. And no audience.
Hortensio	Situation normal then?

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<i>Kate directs a withering glance at Hortensio as the waiter returns with three plates of food.</i>	
Bianca	<i>(Starting to shove food around the plate whilst Kate begins eating)</i> So what's the plan?
Kate	<i>(Heavy with sarcasm, speaking whilst mouth is still part full)</i> My dear father, has again helpfully suggested that I relax a little, take on help, get a social life, even get married. I said to him that there's just one problemo Svengali.....
Bianca	Yes, never mind getting shackled - who on earth would want to work for a gorgon like you?
Kate	Quite. <i>(Bianca laughs, slightly manically)</i> Even if I wanted help, which I don't, I'd probably end up with some useless moron that didn't know his exit from his entrance. <i>(Resumes eating whilst talking)</i> And marriage, that's a laugh.
<i>Waiter attending the two other couples approaches the table and addresses Bianca</i>	
Waiter 1	<i>(With a French accent if possible, or Italian)</i> Excuse me madam. The couple at the table over there <i>(indicates the couple who wave demurely at Bianca who turns, looks and waves back)</i> , they were wondering if you would be kind enough to oblige with an autograph <i>(hands over paper and a card)</i> . They were keen to emphasise that if it's any kind of imposition then.....
Bianca	<i>(Taking card and pen and beginning to sign)</i> . Of course not, I'd love to....
Kate	<i>(Cutting her off)</i> No, I'm sorry, it's bang out of order.
Bianca	<i>(Puzzled)</i> What is?
Kate	Don't sign anything.
Waiter 1	I apologise. Please excuse me.....
Kate	<i>(Rising as she says this)</i> I come here for a quiet lunch with my sister who I rarely see.....
Waiter 1	<i>(By now looking concerned and very apologetic)</i> Of course....
Kate	<i>(Leaning over the table threateningly at the waiter)</i>only to get harangued and bombarded and pestered by people that don't even damn well know us – they just think they do.
Waiter 1	<i>(Now very apologetic)</i> I'm sorry, please, but I'm simply passing....
Bianca	It's quite alright. Here you are. <i>(Hands autograph and pen to waiter)</i> It's really is no trouble to me at all.
Waiter 1	<i>(To Kate)</i> Sorry. <i>(To Bianca)</i> Sorry. And thank you madam - you are most kind. <i>(Backing away, as Kate continues to smoulder)</i> Sorry, sorry. <i>(Turns and goes back to couple, hands autograph over and comes back to Bianca and Kate)</i>
Hortensio	<i>(Hisses)</i> Kate, sit down. Everyone's watching.

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Sound	Cue 5 – Gustav Sting, play until Scene 4 is ready to go and Petrucio enters.
<p><i>Kate stands, rapidly coming to the boil, upends the table sending everything flying. Screams and general cries of shock and anguish can be heard from the other restaurant guests. This needs to last a total of 9 seconds. As the music changes to ragtime, waiters appear from the main stage area and rush to clean up the mess. One is carrying a metal tray that Kate sends flying from his hands as she flounces off. It needs to make a big clang as it falls.</i></p> <p><i>The waiters strip Bianca and Kate’s table, clean up any spilt food and put a fresh cloth on the table. Any remaining guests exit as unobtrusively as possible but muttering to themselves about what they’ve just seen in a gossipy, slightly catty tone providing a “buzz” to the dialogue below which needs to be tightly cued, even overlapping. It just needs to cover the clean-up process.</i></p>	
Sound	Music on cue 5 on low volume
Waiter 2	Did you see that?
Waiter 3	Would you credit it?
Waiter 2	<i>(Hands on hips, pouting)</i> It’s not as if she’s an “A” list celebrity like her sister.
Waiter 3	<i>(Arms folded, frumpily)</i> She wouldn’t even make it to my “Z” list.
Waiter 2	No, not like her sister at all. Clearly had a “charm bypass” has our Kate.
Waiter 3	I’m a real fan of Bianca Minola’s work.
Waiter 2	<i>(Stopping to reflect)</i> She oozes class and she’s such a nice wee soul.
Waiter 3	How that little cow of a sister of hers gets people to work for her I will never know. They must be pretty desperate actors.
Waiter 2	They’re desperate alright! Haven’t you seen the latest lot to fall for her charms?
Waiter 3	<i>(Gathering up the last of the broken china)</i> Ah well, another trip to the recycling coming up. Come on, let’s get moving.
<i>Lights to black to cover scene change</i>	
Sound	Volume on cue 5 up to cover scene change. Fade as Petrucio enters.
Scene 5	Baptista recruits an assistant
<p><i>On the main stage, Baptista is sat at his desk, surrounded by paperwork. He’s in (mimed) conversation with two women who are standing close to the desk but away from the entrance being used by Petrucio. The women should be anything but demur, i.e. “Essex girl” tarts, chewing gum, wearing high heels and so on.</i></p> <p><i>Petrucio enters like a tornado, almost yanks Baptista from his chair, grabs his hand and greets him like a long lost friend. Baptista recoils and tries to recover his composure.</i></p>	
Baptista	Good morning. And you are?
Petrucio	<i>(Surprised)</i> You don’t know who I am?

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Baptista	<i>(Dryly)</i> That would appear to be the thrust of my intimation.
Petrucio	<i>(Clearly full of himself and loud)</i> I'm Petrucio. Surely everyone's heard of me?
Baptista	<i>(Glances at the two women, who shrug their shoulders to indicate they haven't a clue who this idiot is)</i> Clearly not.
Petrucio	I'm responding to your advert. The one that said you're looking for a director to work with Miss Katherine Minola.
Baptista	<i>(Raises eyebrows, as do the women)</i> Ah, really.....
Petrucio	And.....
Baptista	<i>(Demurring)</i> We might have been better off advertising for a lion-tamer. Miss Minola can be something of a fiery lady.
Petrucio	<i>(Sounding as though he would relish this challenge)</i> Tell me more.....
Baptista	Even Donald Trump would struggle to tame our Miss Minola.
Woman 1	Rumour had it he tried.....
Woman 2	<i>(Knowingly)</i> And failed.
Petrucio	Well, I'm made of sterner stuff than that wuss. <i>(Preening)</i> There ain't a woman out there strong enough to resist my charms.
Baptista	<i>(Sounding doubtful)</i> Really?
Petrucio	<i>(Hubris has taken hold)</i> Beautiful women are automatically attracted to me and I'm automatically attracted to beautiful women. I just want to start kissing them. <i>(Approaches Woman 1)</i> How about it, darling?
Woman 1	<i>(Coarsely)</i> On yer bike.
Petrucio	<i>(Moving to Woman 2, grabbing her and throwing her into the position where he can passionately kiss her – it needs to be real commedia dell'arte stuff)</i> Come on, sweetheart, you know you want these lips of mine. <i>(Makes to kiss her, lip to lip)</i>
Woman 2	<i>(Flailing at him with whatever limbs remain unpinned and landing a sharp slap to the side of Petrucio's face)</i> Gerroff, you randy git! I'm not that sort of a girl. <i>(Recovers her composure and smooths down any clothing that's been ruffled)</i>
Baptista	<i>(Dryly)</i> Well, Mr Petrucio, I think you said your name was, that's one of the more unusual job interview approaches I've come across. However, I'm not sure how Miss Minola would react to such tactics. And I should re-emphasise the importance of the " Miss " in Miss Minola. She's not so much unmarried as unknissed.
Petrucio	<i>(Grabs a chair, sits and slams his feet on the desk during this speech)</i> I love a challenge. I could do with getting married and wiving it wealthy here in Padua. And if wealthy, then happily in Padua. Is

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	she rich? Doesn't need to be anything else really. Just rich. And female, (<i>pause</i>) preferably.
Baptista	Well....she's got money but (<i>short pause</i>) I'm not sure how well she scores on the woman front. She's, erm, an acquired taste.
Petrucio	(<i>Getting more interested</i>) Come on, come on, what's she like?
Baptista	Well.... she's bad tempered. Always firing actors and staff. Face like a demented troll.
Petrucio	So when can I meet her?
Baptista	(<i>Sounding a bit doubtful</i>) Look, she's an ugly, bad tempered, puerile, violent, sad, weird, egotistical screw-up with problems.
Petrucio	Sounds like my kind of girl. (<i>Making it clear he's quoting from the Bard</i>) I will board her though she chide as loud as thunder when the clouds in autumn crack.
Baptista	(<i>Looking dubiously at him</i>) You do have a way with words, don't you? But I'd advise against trying to "out-Bard" her, quotation-wise. She's got an ego as high as London's Shard and her idea of directing is "her way or no way". Rehearsals usually end in chaos. Or tears. Or both.
Petrucio	I love a challenge. Come on, let's tame the bitch!
Sound	Cue 6 Scheming Weasel, plays until Kate starts speaking
<p><i>Baptista, Women and Petrucio exit. The Women will need to come straight back on, assuming they are part of the acting troupe.</i></p> <p><i>Actors emerge from both sides of the main stage, clear the set of the furniture that is on it, and Kate stomps on and starts to organise a rehearsal.</i></p>	
Scene 6	Kate annoys the company
Kate	Right you morons. Listen up - I am not wasting my breath repeating myself for the hard of thinking. (<i>Almost to herself</i>) Why I'm working with you bunch of ham-fisted amateurs I will never know. (<i>To the cast, heavy with sarcasm</i>) So, following last night's latest Hamlet cock up, we need to go over it again and try, just try for once to get-it-right .
Grumio	(<i>A bundle of nerves</i>) What went wrong with my bit last night?
Kate	(<i>Through gritted teeth</i>) Where do I start? (<i>Starts with sweet sarcasm, then boils up nicely</i>) Look, the Priest doesn't come on until Act Five, Scene One, and then he only has two speeches, one of which is one line long and the other one we've reduced to a single sentence in deference to your appalling memory! I could have auditioned and trained a member of the audience to do the part in the time it takes you to cock it up each night. And each night you get something different wrong. We've had missing bits of costume, the wrong props, the wrong lines, the right lines but in the wrong order, syntax like it's been put through a mangle and a variety of accents none of which comes remotely close (<i>building up to a shout</i>) to the gentle, urbane man of the cloth I sent you away to master!!

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Grumio	<i>(Short pause)</i> But, apart from that, it's OK?
<i>There is an ominous silence, during which it is evident that a volcano is about to erupt. Which it does. Spectacularly.</i>	
Kate	<i>(Screaming, then rampaging around, chasing all the actors off the stage)</i> You're a bunch of half-witted, over-paid, bone idle wasters! Go to hell all of you! And stay there! <i>(Puts her head in her hands, screams in frustration, maybe as she bunny hops around the stage or some other movement that creates the effect of a toddler in the midst of a tantrum)</i>
<i>Petrucio enters the rehearsal space and stands watching the toddler tantrum. This needs to run for about 5 seconds before Kate realises someone is there and stops. She looks at him, snarling.</i>	
Petrucio	Kate!
Kate	<i>(Snarling)</i> Katherine!
Petrucio	Nah, I prefer Kate.
Kate	Do you.
Petrucio	Suits you, Kate. Kate, Kate, my sort of Kate. <i>(Tenderly)</i> Kate, bonny Kate, and sometimes Kate the curst but, Kate, the prettiest Kate in Christendom, Kate of Kate Hall, my super-dainty Kate.
Kate	And you are?
Petrucio	I've <i>(gesticulates around empty stage)</i> been given the job of sorting this mess out.
Kate	What?
Petrucio	And then I think I might marry you.
Kate	You're going to what?
Petrucio	<i>(Turning on the sleaze to full blast)</i> I'm automatically attracted to beautiful women like you. I see someone I've never clapped eyes on before and "ping", in a flash I know, right there, that I can love them, work with them, make their life a joy.
Kate	<i>(This builds to a crescendo on "certifiable lunatic", then calms rapidly)</i> Really? OK. Well, it's been a delight and a pleasure but whilst I can think that there would be nothing finer than to spend the rest of my life with a certifiable lunatic , I have things to do, a show to put on, people to organise, so if you'll excuse me. <i>(Makes to leave)</i>
Petrucio	There is...
Kate	Yes, what?
Petrucioreally something quite alluring about the way you move your lips when you snarl.
Kate	<i>(Snarling)</i> What?
Petrucio	Talk. Say something, go on.

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Kate	Oh, for God's sake! Has that fathead of a father of mine put you up to this? Don't tell me you're the "help" that I didn't ask for.
Petrucio	Oh Kate, you have no idea how tempting those lips of yours are to a man like me. <i>(Moves in close to her as if to kiss her)</i>
<i>Kate slaps him very firmly on the cheek, he doesn't flinch or avert his gaze</i>	
Petrucio	<i>(Eye to eye contact and whispered)</i> You hit me again and I'll hit you back. Harder. <i>(Kate moves as if to head butt him but stops an inch from his face. Petrucio laughs, and backs off). Kate.....</i>
Kate	Miss Minola to you.
Petrucio	...I like everything you do. I like everything about you. I'm serious. And I want to marry you.
Kate	<i>(Coldly)</i> Who are you?
<i>Baptista enters EXACTLY on "You're plucky".</i>	
Petrucio	I was told you were horrible, disgusting and obnoxious. You're nothing of the kind! You're plucky, fun, exciting, sexy. Marry me!
<i>There is a moment when Petrucio looks lovingly into Kate's eyes. He has actually fallen for her. She is not quite sure what to make of it, and neither melts nor erupts. It's the first sign that she might be tamed. Baptista looks gobsmacked.</i>	
Baptista	<i>(Quizzically)</i> Oh, you've met.
Petrucio	Oh, yes, we've met. And we're going to be married.
Kate	<i>(Smiling sarcastically and sotto voce)</i> In your dreams mush.
Petrucio	<i>(Moving away from her towards Baptista, blows an extravagant kiss to her)</i> Kiss me Kate.
Kate	Up yours, weirdo. <i>(She moves away to the opposite side of the stage, out of earshot)</i>
Petrucio	<i>(To Baptista)</i> Once I've sorted out this mess. Now, what seems to be the problem?
Baptista	<i>(Sotto voce)</i> How long have you got? She won't listen, flies off the handle all the time and expects the actors to just do everything they're told without question. And to be telepathic.
Petrucio	Right.
Baptista	And the way she presents the material is too staid. That's why the cast are keen on doing a "Shakespeare's Shorts" show. Shakespeare wrote some wonderful stuff, but she takes all the life and energy out of it. We end up playing to a handful of the hard of hearing who've come in here because it's warm and dry and they can doze off. <i>(Gestures to audience)</i> See what I mean?
Petrucio	You mean make Shakespeare more accessible. Do something that makes his works attractive to all ages.

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Baptista	Yes. But my daughter's an academic purist. And that ensures anyone else's ideas don't work. Perhaps if we got the cast in here, they could explain what I mean.
Petrucio	Right! Fancy some fun? <i>(Sudden change of mood, to that of a loud RSM)</i> Where----are----the----ac-tors? Come on now, where are you? <i>(A couple of bodies peek out from off stage, curious to know what is going on).</i> Get ye thither. Bring a table, chairs for we must confer.
<i>Actors fly on from both sides, bringing a long table and enough chairs for them all to sit on. There is a lot of activity and extemporised noise, with phrases like "what's going on?", "who's this guy?", "what does she want this time?" and so on. Kate enters quietly on the opposite side of the stage from the action.</i>	
Petrucio	Set the table centre and the chairs around it thus. <i>(Cuffs one actor firmly on the back of the head)</i> Make haste you oaf, I will not tarry awhile. <i>(Once the table and chairs are set out he barks instructions for them to line up, as though for an inspection of the guard)</i>
Petrucio	Right, line up! <i>(The actors, puzzled, shuffle into a makeshift line along the front of the stage)</i>
Kate	Now just a.....
Petrucio	<i>(Inspecting the line, with his back to the audience)</i> Now, what have we here? NAME!
R&J 1	<i>(Give their own name)</i>
Petrucio	<i>(Repeats the name loudly followed hard by)..... Sir!</i>
R&J 1	<i>(Gives their own name, followed by "Sir", e.g. Alan, Sir!)</i>
Petrucio	You! <i>(Starts walking along the line, eyeballing each actor)</i>
R&J 3	<i>(Gives own name and adds an emphatic "Sir" on the end of it)</i>
R&J 4	<i>(Gives own name and adds an emphatic "Sir" on the end of it)</i>
R&J 5	<i>(Gives own name and adds an emphatic "Sir" on the end of it)</i>
History 1	<i>(Gives own name and adds an emphatic "Sir" on the end of it)</i>
History 2	<i>(Gives own name and adds an emphatic "Sir" on the end of it)</i>
History 3	<i>(Gives own name and adds an emphatic "Sir" on the end of it)</i>
Singer 1	<i>(Gives own name and adds a whimpering "Sir" on the end of it and continues to whimper)</i>
Singer 2	<i>(Gives own name and adds an emphatic "Sir" on the end of it)</i>
Grumio	<i>(Nervous, hesitates)</i> Erm, um, erm.....
Kate	<i>(From the other side of the stage, loudly)</i> Prompt. For God's sake give him a prompt – he can't even get his own name right!
Petrucio	Ah, Mr Grumio, I presume. <i>(Grumio smiles wanly and nods)</i>
<i>The whole effect of the above needs to sound like a startled bunch of new recruits on a military parade, so needs to be done rapid fire as Petrucio walks along the line.</i>	

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Petrucio	<p>Go hence you rascals and fetch us food. <i>(The actors look bewildered)</i> GO! <i>(The shoot off, some stage right, some stage left. Petrucio sits at the SR end of the table, putting his feet onto it)</i></p> <p><i>(Gently musing)</i> Where is the life that late I led? Where are those..... <i>(Cordially and looking at Kate)</i> Sit you down Kate and welcome. <i>(She sits at the SL end of table. Petrucio bangs the table with his fist)</i> FOOD!! Food, food, food, food, food.</p>
<p><i>An assortment of food, evidently from their lunch boxes, is rushed to the table by the still bewildered actors</i></p>	
Petrucio	<p>Nay, good sweet Kate, be merry. Off with my boots, you rogues! <i>(R&J 1, who has now twigged what is going on, comes forward, turns to the others and tapping his nose and starts to take off Petrucio's shoes. The others look at each other with furrowed brows).</i> It was the friar of orders grey, as he forth walked on his way.</p> <p><i>(History 1, knowing what is coming next, winks to the others and exits to get water).</i></p> <p>Out, you rogue! You pluck my foot awry; take that, <i>(strikes a now compliant R&J 1 sending him spinning head over heels backwards)</i> and mend the plucking off the other. Be merry, Kate. Some water here, ho! Where---are---my---slippers?</p>
<p><i>By now, the rest of the cast have cottoned on and are chuckling quietly to themselves and exchanging knowing glances. Kate, meanwhile, has also guessed what Petrucio is up to and has folded her arms and is looking decidedly un-amused.</i></p>	
Petrucio	<p>Shall I have some water? Come, Kate, and wash, and welcome heartily.</p>
<p><i>History 1 enters on the word "water" and needs to be at Petrucio's right hand on the word "heartily". Petrucio gestures wildly with his right hand sending the water into History 1's face.</i></p>	
Petrucio	<p>You whoreson villain, will you let it fall? <i>(Hits him, sending him sprawling. The rest of the cast continue to titter. Kate rises and comes over to Petrucio. Popocatepetl is about to erupt again when Petrucio rises and grabs Kate firmly by the right forearm with his left hand. She squirms.)</i> Kate, I know you have stomach. <i>(He picks on a piece of food)</i> What is this, horse?</p>
History 2	<p>Ay sir.</p>
Petrucio	<p>Who brought it?</p>
History 2	<p>I</p>
Petrucio	<p><i>(Still holding Kate's arm)</i> 'Tis burnt; and so is all the meat. How durst you villains serve it thus to me that love it not? There, take it, trenchers, cups, and all. <i>(Sweeps and/or throws food wildly off the table and at Kate).</i> T'was burnt sweet Kate,</p>
Kate	<p><i>(Struggling to get free and hissing at him).</i> Let go of me. You are not going to make a fool out of me.</p>

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Petrucio	<i>(Loudly and back to normal Petrucio voice)</i> And you are not going to make one of me, sweet Kate.
Kate	<i>(Struggling and wriggling as she tries to free herself from Petrucio's grasp)</i> Look, this is my theatre company and I will direct it as I please. All my life, everything I have ever done, everything I have ever tried to achieve with this lot, I don't want you swiping it away. I'm not becoming one of those sad fools who gets remembered for all the wrong reasons. Oh, yes, there's Katherine Minola. She was tipped for the top until she got involved with that half wit of a producer. Now look at her.
Petrucio	<i>(Loudly, to the assembled company and back in character)</i> Be patient Kate; to-morrow it shall be mended. And for this night we'll fast for company. Come, I will bring thee to thy chamber.
<i>Petrucio releases Kate's right arm, smacks her firmly on the bum with his now free left hand. She spins round so she is facing him. She makes to slap his face, he ducks and uses her momentum to throw her over his left shoulder and marches off through the audience. Kate is writhing and squirming the whole time. The cast look on agog and break into applause. Once off stage, or behind the audience, there is a shriek from Kate.</i>	
Petrucio	<i>(Off stage, firmly)</i> Wait there! Move and I'll come back and clap you in the stocks.
<i>There is another loud shriek from Kate. Petrucio returns. The cast look on agog as he rejoins them and moves amongst them during this speech.</i>	
Petrucio	<i>(Moving through the audience and engaging them in the first part of this speech)</i> Thus have I politically begun my reign and 'tis my hope to end successfully. And amid this hurly I intend that all is done in reverend care of her.
Kate	<i>(Off stage, shrieking)</i> Let me out of here..... NOW!!!
Petrucio	<i>(Pausing to let the shriek dies away. Then, very calmly.)</i> This is a way to kill a wife with kindness and thus I'll curb her mad and headstrong humour. He that knows better how to tame a shrew, now let him speak; 'tis charity to show.
<i>Cast break into laughter and applause again and gather round the table, eager to find out more about this shrew tamer.</i>	
R&J 1	That's going to set the cat amongst the pigeons.
History 3	Just make sure I'm not in the room when you release her from back there.
Petrucio	Panic not. What are you? Mice or men?
Singer 1	<i>(Looking round and sotto voce)</i> OK, where's the cheese?
Singer 2	It's just that she can be so, erm, well.....violent.
History 2	And loud.
R&J 3	We've all got the best interests of the company at heart. We all want jobs as actors. But things need to change.

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History 1	And fast, before she does more damage to us, and our reputations.
Singer 2	What's left of them.
Petrucio	What do we need to do?
R&J 1	Try out this Shakespeare's Shorts idea for a start. Make Shakespeare fun, not just for the purists.
R&J 3	<i>(Indicating R&J 1)</i> The two of us have a ten minute knock-about version of Romeo and Juliet ready to roll - fast paced, slap-stick, funny.
R&J 1 History 2	But trout features isn't interested in making it work. And we've got this great idea about using sport to convey Shakespeare's histories.
History 3	But we can't get her off the tragedies. <i>(Indicating singers)</i> And as for these two, if I hear "Brush Up Your Shakespeare" again, I'll go nuts.
Singers 1 and 2	<i>(Leaping up and straight into their routine)</i> Brush up your Shakespeare Start quoting him now Brush up your Shakespeare And the women you will wow
History 1	<i>(Blows a whistle loudly somewhere about the third line)</i> Not now boys, not now.
History 3	They've been desperate to get this thing aired, haven't you boys?
Singers 1 and 2	<i>(Sounding desperate)</i> We have!
Petrucio	Let's make it happen then. Tonight!
History 3	What? Just who's going to tell the gorgon?
Petrucio	Leave little Miss Kate Minola to me. She may indeed need a bit of taming, but her sweet sister has a face that could launch a thousand ships. Or, in our case, put lots of bums on seats, if I can persuade her to join us. <i>(To R&J 1 and R&J 3)</i> A fairer Juliet I can't imagine, can you?
R&J 1	You reckon you can get Bianca Minola to play a comedy Juliet?
Petrucio	Why not?
R&J 3	That would pull the punters in.
R&J 1	Bet you can't do it!
Petrucio	<i>(Shaking R&J 1's hand and taking the bet)</i> £100! Prepare to join the ranks of the poor, my friend!
Kate	<i>(Offstage, shrieking, stamping feet, etc)</i> What are you doing in there? Leave my theatre alone!!

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Petrucio	<i>(To actors on stage)</i> Looks like I've got my hands full with this one. Until tonight! <i>(Calling to Kate)</i> How now, Kate my love. I will attend thee directly.
<i>The actors head offstage to prepare. Petrucio heads through the audience to pick up Kate. As he does so, we hear a shriek and chuckle from Bianca who has found Kate offstage. Bianca enters, laughing and greets Petrucio.</i>	
Bianca	<i>(Indicating offstage to where Kate is "held")</i> That must have taken some doing!
Petrucio	She's not the easiest to work with.
Bianca	Tell that to her company!
Petrucio	We need to show dear Kate that there's a different way of doing things. She needs to work with the talent in her team, rather than rant at them. They've got great ideas that just need an audience. Look, I'll cut to the chase. Your name would really pull punters in so would you be up for a role in tonight's show? This isn't Broadway but these guys need a break. They need a big name star like you to boost their confidence.
<i>Kate appears from wherever in the audience she was dumped. Her hands and ankles are tied. She bunny hops across to where Petrucio and Bianca are in conversation. There is an increasing amount of noise coming from her as she approaches. Bianca and Petrucio studiously ignore her.</i>	
Bianca	What's the role?
Petrucio	Juliet, in a ten minute version of Romeo and Juliet.
Bianca	I know the unexpurgated version. <i>(Sounding anxious)</i> How long have I got? What about costume? Will it work?
Petrucio	<i>(Calming her)</i> Trust me. <i>(Finally acknowledges Kate's arrival, patronisingly)</i> Ah, Kate, my dear, sweet Kate. Come, kiss me Kate.
Kate	Kiss you? Why don't you just disappear in a puff of smoke up your own backside.... fast!
Petrucio	<i>(Continuing the patronising)</i> Well dear Kate, I don't think you're in much of a position to order anyone around right now, so why don't you just chill here <i>(guides her to a vacant chair)</i> whilst we see if we can't rustle up an audience for tonight's show.
Kate	What show?
Petrucio	Let's keep that as a little surprise for you shall we?
Kate	What-are-you-doing-to-my-theatre?
Petrucio	<i>(Clamping his hand gently over Kate's mouth)</i> Kate, hold your piece. Trust me. You will enjoy this!
<i>Bianca exits with Petrucio. Lights go to black.</i>	
Sound	Cue 7 Need something to indicate the passage of time

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Scene 7	Shakespeare's Shorts
<i>Lights come up on stage. Petrucio enters from SR and moves to CS</i>	
Petrucio	<i>(Smoothly)</i> Good evening ladies and gentlemen and how nice to see so many of you here! Welcome to Shakespeare's Shorts, fast and fun Shakespeare, featuring our very special guest star, Miss Bianca Minola. So let's brush up on our Shakespeare.
<i>Petrucio exits SR. He makes his way from off SR to the audience, where he joins Kate. Whilst he is doing this, Singers 1 and 2 enter from SR.</i>	
Sound	Cue 8 Brush Up Your Shakespeare (backing track)
Singers 1 and 2	<p>http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=aSmZfnax1yw</p> <p><i>Starts on G</i></p> <p>Music goes.....</p> <p>Da, da, da, da</p> <p>Da da da da da da daa daa</p> <p><i>(Singers survey the audience, apprehensively)</i></p> <p>Music then goes, which they can sing along to if they want</p> <p>Oom cha cha, oom cha cha</p> <p>Oom cha cha, oom cha cha</p> <p>The girls today in society go for classical poetry So to win their hearts one must quote with ease Aeschylus [<i>pronounced Escalus</i>] and Euripides One must know Homer, and believe me, Beau Sophocles, also Sappho-ho [<i>pronounced Saff ho ho</i>] Unless you know Shelley and Keats and Pope Dainty Debbies will call you a dope But the poet of them all Who will start 'em simply ravin' Is the poet people call The Bard of Stratford on Avon</p> <p>Brush up your Shakespeare Start quoting him now Brush up your Shakespeare And the women you will wow</p>
Singer 1	Just declaim a few lines from Othella And they'll think you're a hell of a fella
Singer 2	If your blonde won't respond when you flatter 'er Tell her what Tony told Cleopatterer
Singers 1 and 2	If she fights when her clothes you are musing What are clothes? Much Ado About Nothing Brush up your Shakespeare And they'll all kow-tow
<i>Singers 1 and 2 take an extravagant bow or two, using their arms to milk the applause in the manner of opera divas. They turn to go off but swiftly turn back for more applause, whether</i>	

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<i>or not the audience is still applauding! Once the clapping is starting to die away, there is a raucous cry of “Get off” from the wings. They sheepishly turn and sidle off SR.</i>	
<i>History 1, 2 and 3 bound onto the stage from SR. History 1 has a script with him. He and History 2 gather CS whilst History 3 hangs around DSR carrying a crown.</i>	
History 1	OK guys, here we go. Troilus and Cressida at a gallop. Let’s check out the plot. <i>(Opens a script and reads)</i> . Troilus, younger son of Priam, King of Troy...
History 3	OK, you be Troilus, King of Troy. <i>(Puts crown on History 1)</i>
History 1loves Cressida....
<i>Pause. History 1 and History 2 look hard at History 3 who knows what’s coming</i>	
History 3	<i>(Resigned to his fate)</i> I’ll get the wig. <i>(Exits to find the wig which should be long and flowing, preferably curly and brunette)</i>
History 2	Alright, good.
History 1and has arranged with their Uncle Pandorus for a meeting. Now, although she feigns indifference, she is attracted to him. Meanwhile, Agamemnon, the Greek....
History 2	<i>(This bit needs doing direct to the audience)</i> Agamemnon? Come on, kids hate to study this sort of stuff at school because it’s SO boring.
History 3	<i>(Re-entering, wearing wig)</i> Boring! Boring! Boring! You said Agamemnon and I felt like falling asleep back there.
History 1	No, it’s really interesting. Listen.....
History 3	Look, when we agreed to do this show in..... <i>(turns to audience)</i> where are we? Oh, Galashiels..... <i>(turns back to History 1)</i> I said I will not do dry, boring Shakespeare for these folks. <i>(To audience)</i> No, it will just turn you off. I bet when you were kids in school being taught this stuff, you’d be looking out of the window at the other kids playing football or rugby and you’d be saying to yourself why can’t this Shakespeare stuff be more like sport?
<i>History 1 and History 2 look at him in disbelief</i>	
History 2	Shakespeare like sport?
History 3	Yes, sport’s fun, with lots of action. I mean look at Shakespeare’s histories. In the histories, you’ve got all these kings, they’re killing each other off, passing the throne from one generation to the next - it’s exactly like rugby. Only you do it with a <i>(pause)</i> crown. Not a ball. <i>(He ends rather limply, wondering whether the others are going to pick up on this. They do).</i>
History 1	<i>(Springing into action)</i> You know, they are rather similar.
History 2	<i>(Over the top of History 1)</i> He’s right, let’s set this up.
<i>The three of them tear round the stage, clearing it of any props, except for the crown. There needs to be a bit of noise as they do this, exchange banter with themselves. History 1 lines up as if he is about to put the ball in at a line-out. History 2 and History 3 form the line out.</i>	

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History 1	<i>(As if calling out the codes for a throw in) 15, 94, Richard 3, Henry 6 Part 1, 2, 3. Gooooo...</i>
<p><i>She lobs the crown. The heavier of History 2 and History 3 lifts the other in the manor of a forward lift at a rugby line out so that they catch the crown and land on their feet. Whoever has caught it shields the crown and passes it out to the other and they link arms in a maul, driving the crown as if towards an imaginary try line. Lots of noise!</i></p> <p><i>History 1 grabs a toy sword, assumes a position CS and is talking us through the action in commentator style using the sword as a mike.</i></p> <p><i>They break out of the maul and History 2 and History 3 exchange passes, so the crown is with History 2 as she runs across in front of History 1 just in time to get crunch tackled</i></p>	
History 1	<i>(During the above action) And the crown is slipped to Richard II, that well known 14th Century monarch. He feints inside and is looking for an heir to pass to but there's a crunching tackle from King John. (History 1 bear hugs History 2 to the ground CS)</i>
History 2	<i>Ahhhh! My gross flesh seeks..... (As he is tackled, he manages to offload the crown to History 3 to the side of him. History 1 resumes his commentating role)</i>
History 1	The crown is in the air but Henry VI comes up with it.
History 3	<i>(Donning the crown, stands DSR his arms raised in triumph). Victory is mine!</i>
<p><i>History 3 turns up to CS where he's crunched by History 1 using the toy sword in his hand. History 3 falls to the floor with a death scream. History 1 now mimes "cutting" Henry VI into three parts.</i></p>	
History 2	<i>(Taking up the commentary from USR during the dialogue above) But he's immediately pole axed with a stiff arm from King John, who is dividing Henry VI into three parts.</i>
<p><i>History 1 grabs the crown from History 3 and mimes running for the try line SL (he will need to run on the spot in an exaggerated style). History 3 slinks off towards SR where he takes up the commentary.</i></p>	
History 2	This could be the end of the War of the Roses cycle.
History 3	King John is in the clear....
History 1	My soul hath elbow-room. It would not out.....
History 3	This looks like a breakaway try, he's over half way, past the 40 metre line, over the 22 now, dummies Richard III at full back, he's going to score.....
<p><i>On "over the 22" History 2 mimes running very fast up behind History 1. On "score" he clamps his hand across History 1's mouth as if poisoning him.</i></p>	
History 3	<i>Oh my goodness! He's been poisoned 5 metres short of the try line! (History 1 mimes being poisoned and lobs the crown high in the air and slightly behind him. He runs off upstage centre. History 2 catches the crown) That's him out of the game. But what's this, a late substitution with Number 21, King Lear, entering the fray.</i>

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History 2	<i>(As King Lear. Gravely)</i> Divide we our kingdom in three. Cordelia, you take the next kick.
<i>History 1 rushes on blowing a whistle and making the sign for a TV replay. He puts his hand to his ear as if listening to a voice in an earpiece.</i>	
History 3	Hold on, hold on, looks like they're going to be pulled back for a penalty. <i>(History 1 makes the sign for "not releasing the ball when tackled")</i> Yes, I thought so. Not releasing the stage. Fictional character on the field of play. <i>(History 1 waves a yellow card at History 2)</i> Lear is sin binned.
History 2	Nnaahhhhh!!! <i>(Slams the crown on the ground and storms off UC and loops back down to SR in a huff. History 1 picks up the crown)</i>
History 2	So, they've opted for the scrum and it's that family team of Henry IV and Prince Hal. <i>(A scrum of History 1 and History 3 is set up facing SL. The crown is on the ground at the feet of History 1 who, from the front of the scrum, kicks the crown back to History 3. History 3 breaks from the scrum, running on the spot towards SR. History 1 goes UC and takes up the commentary).</i>
History 1	The number 8 breaks out, flips a pass to the full back <i>(History 3 mimes passing the crown)</i> who passes to the hunchback <i>(History 2 steps up a pace behind History 3, catches the crown and "hunches" across the stage, groaning)</i> . But it looks like that limp is giving Richard III trouble again.
History 2	A horse, a horse, my kingdom for a horse. <i>(He falls)</i>
History 1	Oh, and he's fallen short of the try line.
<i>History 1 grabs a fluffy toy animal and lobs it at History 2 from upstage. They all stop and stare at the fluffy toy that's been thrown on.</i>	
History 2	<i>(Breaks out of character)</i> That's not a horse, no way does that look like a horse!
History 1	Give me a break! It's a low budget production – I had to use my favourite teddy from home!
<i>All three shrug their shoulders in resignation. History 2 lobs the crown from SL to SR where History 3 catches it</i>	
History 1	And Henry VIII has rucked the crown from Richard and dummies the stand-off. He's clean through and it looks like a try for the Tudors. He's heading for the try line, pausing only to behead a couple of his wives <i>(History 3 mimes chopping off heads with a slashing movement)</i> and he's over the line for the match winning try.
<i>History 3 needs to mime a "Chris Ashton style" try celebration (that involves a signal to the crowd with the right hand, crown tucked under the left arm, and an extravagant dive into the air where he will be caught by History 1 and History 2 and lowered to the ground. They all stand and cheer loudly.</i>	
History 1	And that's the story of Shakespeare's histories.

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History 1, 2 and 3	<i>(In a rugby style chant)</i> John, Pericles, Richard 2, Richard 3, Henry 4, Henry 5, Henry 6, 1, 2 3 and Henry 8. Ladies and gentlemen, The Histories!!
<i>They all come centre stage and take an extravagant bow, milking the applause for all it's worth. Eventually they exit, potentially up through the audience.</i>	
Petrucio	Now, Kate, don't tell me that didn't have energy and humour? Come on, I even caught you smiling at one point! And did you clock that applause?
Kate	<i>(Still grumpy)</i> All right, all right. Maybe, just maybe , you have a point.
<i>Singers 1 and 2 to enter from SR.</i>	
Sound	Cue 9 Brush Up Your Shakespeare (backing track)
Singers 1 and 2	Brush up your Shakespeare Start quoting him now Brush up your Shakespeare And the women you will wow
Singer 2	With the wife of the British ambessida Try a crack out of Troilus and Cressida
Singer 1	If she says she won't buy it or take it Make her take it, what's more As You Like It
Singers 1 and 2	If she says your behaviour is heinous Kick her right in the Coriolanus Brush up your Shakespeare And they'll all kow-tow
<i>Singers 1 and 2 take an extravagant bow or two, using their arms to milk the applause in the manor of opera divas. They turn to go off but swiftly turn back for more applause, whether or not the audience is still applauding! Someone appears in black shorts and top, looking like a referee, blows a whistle, shows them a red card. Singers sheepishly turn and sidle off SR.</i>	
Petrucio	Give the people what they want. It works every time.
Kate	<i>(Bitterly)</i> I hate you! <i>(A degree of resignation)</i> I hate the fact that you might actually be right.
Petrucio	Hush, my sweet Kate and feast your eyes! What follows will marvel you.
<i>R&J 1 sidles onto the stage clutching a script. He brings with him a chair which he places DSR. He sits. He's a bit full of himself – fancies himself as a suave Shakespeare scholar and addresses the audience accordingly. The character dialogue throughout needs to be conducted at pretty much breakneck speed throughout and each entrance and exit (except where specified) is conducted at a brisk trot. Many entrances and exits are from opposite sides of the stage, so can overlap. The effect is as much an assault on the audience senses as anything else.</i>	
R&J 1	All the world's a stage and all the men and women merely players. They have their entrances and their exits and one man, in his time, plays many parts. Or in this case, four people in a short time will play many parts as we present for you an abridged version of the play

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	featuring two of Shakespeare’s most beloved characters, Romeo and Juliet.
<i>R&J 2-5 bounce onto the stage from USL and perform a couple of running circles and some appropriate limbering up exercises as R&J1 continues. These can include stretching hamstrings, touching toes, etc., and if there is someone who can do the splits and/or some simple gymnastics, so much the better.</i>	
R&J 1	<p>Now (<i>announces actor’s real names</i>) are going to assist me by playing all the main characters while I fill in with bits of crucial narration. And Shakespeare plays are often played out in a modern setting to help the audience follow what are often quite complex plots. So we’ve set this in Glasgow in the 1980’s during the ice-cream wars that raged between competing sets of Italian immigrants - now an endearing part of our pre-Brexit heritage of course. It’s the clash of the cones as Capulets and Montagues battle it out, with one or two characters being a flake short of a 99, so to speak. Get it, flake short of a 99? Oh, please yourselves!</p> <p><i>(He’s really getting into this narrator role now, and becoming rather verbose. R&J 2-5 stop exercising at this point, fold their arms and all glare at R&J 1 in an effort to shut him up. He ploughs on)</i></p> <p>The complexity of Romeo and Juliet meant that Shakespeare wrote most of the play in the fifth degree of intentionality which means, of course, he must have been capable of thinking in at least the sixth.....</p>
R&J 2	<i>(Cutting R&J 1 off)</i> Hang on, hang on. This lot (<i>indicates audience</i>) haven’t come all the way here to [Galashiels] just to hear you waffling on like some woolly old professor.
R&J 4	So can we cut the academic piffle and get to the juicy bits.
R&J 1	<i>(Clearing his throat to restore his dignity)</i> We begin with the prologue. <i>R&J 2 and R&J 3 come forward in step CS. They stand legs apart.</i>
R&J 2 and R&J 3	<p><i>(This speech will be animated by the actors)</i> Two households, both alike in dignity in fair Glasgow where we lay our scene, from ancient grudge break to new mutiny, feuding foes wage war to out sell the other in ice-cream. From forth the ice-cream vans of Capulet and Montague, a pair of star-crossed lovers dice with ice, whose misadventure piteous overthrows do with their apparent death bury their parents’ strife.</p> <p>Thank you <i>(Extravagant bows left and right, exit at a run USR)</i></p>
R&J 1	<i>(Reading)</i> Act 1, Scene 1. In the street, meet two men, tall and handsome. One, Benvolio, the other named Sampson, their hatred fuelled by ice-cream that won’t set, for one serves Montague, the other Capulet.
<i>R&J 4 and R&J 5 enter humming different songs in tandem. Anything will suffice. They come together DSC then split, R&J 4 to SR and R&J 5 to SL. They are both carrying an ice-cream cone (different colour for each).</i>	

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<i>They stop singing immediately they reach their stage positions and turn and point at each other as they say (in tandem)</i>	
R&J 4	Oh, it's him, I hate his guts, I hate him all
R&J 5	Oh, it's him, I hate him, I hate his dog, I hate him all
<i>They turn towards each other and bow extravagantly and with a complete lack of sincerity. They cross to opposite sides of the stage and as they do, R&J 5 waves his ice-cream under R&J 4's nose as he starts to say.....</i>	
R&J 5	<i>(Slowly)</i> Do you lick at me, sir?
<i>By now they are both CS, walking in a tight circle, glaring into each other's eyes, licking their ice-cream when not speaking.</i>	
R&J 4	<i>(Deliberately)</i> I do lick, sir.
R&J 5	<i>(Circling R&J 4)</i> Do you lick at me, sir?
R&J 4	<i>(Circling R&J 5)</i> No, sir, I do not lick at you, sir. But I lick, sir.
<i>They go through another two cycles of this exchange, circling each other faster and faster and getting louder and louder. At the end of the third cycle they stop and eyeball each other.</i>	
R&J 2	<i>(Entering rapidly)</i> Rebellious subjects.....
R&J 5	Oh, oh! It's the Prince.
R&J 2enemies to the peace, profaners of this neighbour-stained steel. <i>(Looking at R&J 5)</i> You Capulet shall go along with me. <i>(Grabs R&J 4 by the lapels)</i> Benvolio, come you this afternoon, to know our farther pleasure in this case <i>("throws" R&J 4 to the floor and exits UCS)</i> .
R&J 4	<i>(Kneeling)</i> Oh, where is Romeo? <i>(Gets up and goes to front row of audience)</i> Saw you him to-day? Right glad I am he was not at this fray. <i>(Retreating back to DSR)</i> . But see, he comes.
<i>R&J 3 enters balletically, clutching a rose between his teeth, moves CS and poses for the audience. It should look and feel like complete pastiche.</i>	
R&J 4	<i>(To audience)</i> Romeo, I'll know his grievance or be much denied. Good morrow, Cuzz.
R&J 3 (as Romeo)	<i>(Getting a bit on the wuss side of camp)</i> . Is the day so young?
R&J 4	But new struck nine.
<i>R&J 3 moves DSR balletically on the next line as R&J 4 moves DSL.</i>	
R&J 3	Sad hours seem long.
<i>R&J 3 and R&J 4 swop sides of the stage in balletic movements during the next two lines</i>	
R&J 4	What sadness lengthens Romeo's hours?
R&J 3	Not having that which having makes them short.
R&J 4	In love?
R&J 3	<i>(Hand on brow, melodramatically)</i> With fair Rosaline. I've written her an ode....

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R&J 1	<p><i>(Sounding wary)</i> Oh yes. Give it to me and I will declaim it. <i>(Romeo hands it to him. He reads)</i></p> <p><i>When first I saw her standing there My heart sang like a trumpet (To audience) Oh yes, brace yourselves So fine a face, so fair a form A wondrous piece of</i></p>
R&J 3	I was lost for a rhyme there.
R&J 1	<i>(Indicating audience)</i> Well, I'm sure this lot could have helped you out. Filthy minds, some of them.
<i>R&J 3 and R&J 4 repeat their stage crossing move in the next two lines</i>	
R&J 4	Go to the feast of Capulet. There sups the fair Rosaline. Compare her face with some that I shall show and I will make thee think thy swan a crow. <i>(Exits, like a ballerina).</i>
R&J 3	I'll go along, no such sight to be shown, but to rejoice in splendour of my own. <i>(Exits to the opposite side, like a ballerina. There's a massive crash offstage, made by someone dropping a load of tin trays)</i>
R&J 1	And so much for Act 1. <i>(Encourage the audience to applaud at this point and then cut them off with an ad-lib along the lines of "It wasn't that good" or "Please, don't encourage them").</i> Now to the feast of Capulet – time to meet our Juliet. But not for her romance, it seems, she'll use Romeo to realise her dreams : domination of all things ice-cream.
<i>Enter R&J 2 as Juliet USL dressed as a business woman, carrying a shoulder bag, which contains an FT, a long roll of paper in the form of a pre-nuptial contract and a pen. She has a mobile phone (brick sized) glued to her ear. She paces briskly around the stage as she talks. R&J 3 follows her like an obedient poodle, a pace behind, tongue hanging out.</i>	
R&J 2	<i>(To phone as much as the audience)</i> Look, I want to be P A C on this. <i>(Pause)</i> P A C , you dummy, perfectly, absolutely clear! Don't you do TLAs? <i>(Pause)</i> TLAs! <i>(Pause)</i> Three letter acronyms. <i>(Pause, then quickly)</i> Now listen, the Fed's in a swither on rates. Carney doesn't know his QE from his elbow, China's stalling and there's going to be a race towards stealth devaluation. We've got to short sterling post Brexit and wash it all out offshore. <i>(Small pause. Then, to a member of the audience)</i> Got that?
R&J 3	Did my heart love till now? I ne'er saw true beauty till this night. <i>(Kneels before R&J 2 and grabs her hand)</i> My lips, two blushing pilgrims, ready stand to smooth that rough touch with a tender kiss.
R&J 2	<i>(Looking at him as if he's just landed from the planet Zog)</i> You what? <i>(She rolls the FT into the shape of a truncheon)</i>
R&J 3	My lips, two blushing pilgrims, ready stand to smooth that rough touch with a tender kiss.
R&J 2	Are you off your trolley?

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R&J 3	Have not saints' lips, and holy palmers too? <i>(Attempts to kiss R&J 2 who whacks him hard on the head with the rolled up FT)</i>
R&J 2	Get off, you great dollop!
R&J 3	<i>(Continuing to attempt to kiss R&J 2)</i> My prayer's effect I take again. <i>(Grabs R&J 2 and attempts to plant a kiss).</i>
R&J 2	<i>(Whacking R&J 3 with even more force this time, breaking out of character)</i> Look, I don't want to kiss you, right?
R&J 3	<i>(Continuing to struggle with R&J 2)</i> It's in the script!
R&J 2	<i>(As they struggle)</i> Look, I don't care! It's not in my contract!
R&J 3	What? It's just acting! <i>(R&J 2 knees him painfully amidst hips causing R&J 3 to crumple in "mock" pain to the floor, groaning mildly. R&J 2 smiles in embarrassment to the audience)</i>
R&J 2	<i>(Moving DSR and continuing to laugh at the embarrassment caused)</i> You kiss by the book. <i>(Cups hand as if hearing something)</i> Oh, coming mother!
R&J 3	<i>(Still bent double, DSL)</i> Is she a Capulet? Aye, so I fear, the more is my unrest.
<i>R&J 2 spins around and motions to R&J 1 to stand up. R&J 2 stands on R&J 1's chair and pulls a long plain piece of cloth out of her shoulder bag which she drapes over the top of R&J 1's head. The effect is quite ridiculous.</i>	
R&J 2	<i>(To R&J 1 as the material descends over him)</i> Just pretend you're not there. <i>(R&J 2 rests her hands on top of R&J 1's head)</i>
R&J 3	<i>(Looking up with incredulity)</i> What are you doing?
R&J 2	It's the balcony scene.
R&J 3	Oh...um... <i>(Recovers composure and stands)</i> But soft! What light through yonder window breaks?
R&J 2	<i>(Mono-tonally and with no pause for breath)</i> O Romeo, Romeo! Wherefore art thou Romeo? Deny thy father and refuse thy name! Or, if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love, and I'll no longer be a Capulet. <i>(Aside)</i> OK, what's in a name anyway? <i>(Back to character)</i> . Romeo, doff thy name and take all myself.
R&J 3	<i>(Advancing towards the balcony)</i> With love's light wings I leap these walls. <i>(Makes to clamber up onto chair)</i>
R&J 2	<i>(Giving him a firm tap on the head with her FT)</i> Not so fast, lover-boy! If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully.
R&J 3	Lady, by yonder blessed moon I swear.....
R&J 2	Swear not by the moon.
R&J 3	<i>(Puzzled)</i> What shall I swear by?
R&J 2	<i>(Puts FT into bag and pulls out a legal looking document and a pen)</i> Well, how about using this little pre-nup I've prepared in anticipation of

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	the joining of our families. <i>(Aside to audience)</i> And my gaining control of the Montague empire and becoming Glasgow's ice-cream queen.
R&J 3	What's a pre-nup?
R&J 2	<i>(Aside, to audience)</i> The means by which I secure the Montague ice-cream empire. This idiot will never read the small print! <i>(To Romeo, condescendingly)</i> Nothing for you to worry your pretty little head about, my dear. Just sign here.
Romeo	<i>(Doubtfully)</i> It is too rash, too unadvised, too sudden.
Juliet	<i>(Firmly)</i> Will you leave me so unsatisfied?
<i>Juliet takes the document and pen from Romeo, grabs his right hand, draws an "X" on it and presses Romeo's right hand on to it. She holds the document up and nods to herself.</i>	
Juliet	<i>(Inspecting signature)</i> Good enough!
Romeo	What satisfaction canst thou have tonight?
Juliet	<i>(Firmly)</i> Three words, dear Romeo. Thy purpose marriage, <i>(Counts words out on her fingers)</i> send word tomorrow.
Romeo	<i>(Smitten again)</i> What time tomorrow shall I send to thee?
Juliet	By the hour of nine. <i>(In triumph)</i> Goodnight, goodnight. Parting is such sweet sorrow. Bye!! <i>(Exits USL)</i>
R&J 2	<i>(Blowing kisses to departing Juliet)</i> Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in thy breast! <i>(Clearly thinking he's "in" with Juliet)</i> Would I were sleep and peace, so sweet to rest! <i>(Exits rapidly, opposite side to Juliet)</i>
R&J 1	<i>(Observing this somewhat curiously)</i> Looks like Romeo is well in love, by Cupid he'd been crippled. But Juliet had a nasty cuzz, who goes by the name of Tybalt!
<i>R&J 4 enters from one side dressed as Tybalt, carrying two swords. R&J 3 enters from side he just exited.</i>	
R&J 4	Romeo, the love I bear thee can afford no better term than this: thou art a villain! Therefore turn and draw.
R&J 3	I do protest I never injured thee, but love thee better than thou canst devise.
R&J 4	<i>(Throws R&J 3 a sword. R&J 3 grabs the handle and holds it out to his right side, faces the audience and covers his eyes)</i> O thou wretched boy I am for you. <i>(R&J 4 walks onto sword so it goes under his left arm pit as he says, deadpan)</i> O, I am slane! <i>(Shrugs shoulders at audience and walks off SR, carrying his own sword and with the other one clutched under the left armpit.)</i>
R&J 1	Moving rapidly along. From Tybalt's death onwards, the lovers are cursed, despite the best efforts of Friar and Nurse. Their fate pursues them, they can't seem to duck it, <i>(pauses, as he's clearly driven</i>

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	<i>himself up a blind alley here with the poetry).....but at the end of Act 5, will they both kick the bucket?</i>
R&J 2	<i>(Calculating) Come, night, come civil night. Come gentle night, come loving, black-browed night. Come Romeo, thou day in night. Come, into my web, says this spider to her gullible little fly.</i>
<i>R&J 5 enters dressed as Nurse, if possible with balloons as false boobs and a bonnet. "She" is hysterical.</i>	
R&J 5	<i>(Using a high pitched voice and leaping up and down in panic) Ah, he's dead, he's dead, he's dead! We are undone, lady, we are undone! Alack the day! He's gone, he's killed, he's dead. (Pause) Dead.</i>
R&J 2	Who....?
R&J 5	<i>(Big audible intake of breath as she gets up and starts off again) I saw the wound, here on his manly breast (demonstrates), a piteous corpse, all bedaubed in raspberry ripple. I swooned at the sight. Tybalt, Tybalt, the best friend I ever had. Dead, dead, (pause) dead.</i>
R&J 2	Finished?
R&J 5	<i>(Getting up, smoothing herself down, adjusting her balloons) Yep.</i>
R&J 2	All I asked Romeo to do was be nice to Tybalt. Why do men always get it wrong?
<i>R&J 5 exits quickly whilst R&J 4 enters as Capulet from the opposite side of the stage.</i>	
R&J 4	Why now, how fares my daughter, Juliet?
R&J 2	<i>(Aside to audience) Up to my neck in ice-cream manoeuvres. (To R&J 4) Feeling so the loss of our Tybalt, father dear.</i>
R&J 4	Weep not for his death for I bring thee joyous news. Next Thursday, the noble gentleman Paris shall happily make thee a joyful bride. <i>(Exits)</i>
R&J 2	<i>(Calling after him) What? You must be joking! I've already married that drip Romeo to gain control of the Montague ice-cream empire. Marry Paris and I'd be a bigamist and only [insert actor's real age] years old.</i>
R&J 5	<i>(Dressed as the Friar, entering at a trot from the opposite side as R&J 4 leaves. Carries an ice-cream sundae consisting of a pot, tone cones and a meringue rammed in the top, plus a spoon) Don't panic! Help is at hand. (Hands R&J 2 ice-cream and produces a bottle labelled "Mickey Finn") Get Paris over here for an ice-cream treat, lace his with this potion and through his veins shall run a cold and drowsy humour. ("Pours" few drops from "Mickey Finn" bottle over the ice-cream)</i>
<i>R&J 5 rushes back off the way he came on as R&J 4 comes running on from the opposite side as Paris</i>	

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R&J 4	<i>(Spots R&J 2 with the ice-cream)</i> Oh goody, a snack. <i>(Grabs ice-cream and pretends to eat)</i> Delicious.
R&J 2	<i>(Matter of factly)</i> He'll soon a cold and drowsy humour feel running through his veins.
R&J 4	<i>(As R&J 2 starts on "drowsy humour")</i> This is superb. <i>(Stuffs a spoonful into R&J 2's mouth as she says "veins")</i>
R&J 2	Ooops! <i>(Puts down ice-cream CS)</i>
<i>Both now starts gagging in an exaggerated fashion, as if about to be sick. They rush around the auditorium pretending to throw-up into the laps of 2 or 3 members of the audience before performing some type of wild death spiral CS and collapsing. They say, as they fall.....</i>	
R&J 4 / R&J 2	Just say no, children!!!
<i>R&J 3 dashes back in as Romeo. He spies R&J 2 (Juliet) "dead" on the floor, melodramatically puts his hand to his brow and goes and kneels beside her.</i>	
R&J 3	Shall I believe that unsubstantial death is amorous to keep thee here in the dark to be my paramour? <i>(Picks up ice-cream)</i> Here's to my love. <i>(Eats chunk of meringue)</i> Thus, with a kiss, I die <i>(Kisses R&J 2)</i> O true apothecary! Thy drugs are quick. <i>(Meringue should fly over R&J 2)</i>
R&J 1	Not quick enough! Get on with it!
R&J 3	<i>(Turning on the melodrama, spraying more meringue around)</i> Thus with another kiss, I die. <i>(Collapses in a heap)</i>
<i>R&J 3 dies and, at the same time, R&J 2 leaps up having "awoken" from her sleep.</i>	
R&J 2	<i>(Cheerily, to audience)</i> Good morning! <i>(Sees Paris and Romeo is out cold)</i> Oh, for pity's sake! Two men overdosed on melodrama without a brain cell between them. Still, at least I'm now the Queen of ice-cream in Scotland.
R&J 1	Too late for that! We've already got someone that thinks she's Queen of everything she surveys. Yep, that's Nicola for you.
<i>R&J 1 moves CS, R&J 2 to his left, R&J 3 to his right. R&J 4 lines up with R&J 2 and R&J 5 with R&J 3</i>	
R&J 1	And so the path of true love has run its full course Juliet can now live with her chap And whilst this ending's perverse You must have heard worse So come on now and give us a clap
<i>All bow solemnly to the audience and exit as the applause dies away. Petrucio and Kate emerge from the audience</i>	
Petrucio	<i>(Looking at her, intently)</i> Give the audience what they want. Like I say, it works. Then, once you've got their trust, introduce new material that they might appreciate. Listen, try different things, adapt. You're in the entertainment business.

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Kate	<i>(Remorse apparently kicking in)</i> It moves me to say it, but you might be right. And a woman moved is like a fountain troubled, so should I feel ashamed that I appear so simple - to offer war where I should kneel for peace
Petrucio	Why, there's a wench!
Kate	Should I seek for rule, supremacy, and sway, and am I bound to serve, love, and obey?
Petrucio	<i>(Not spotting the twist)</i> Come on and kiss me, Kate.
Kate	<i>(Cold as ice, menacing)</i> Me? Kiss you? Why?
Petrucio	<i>(Starting to sound quite the misogynist)</i> Because I'm simply irresistible to a woman like you. To all women like you. <i>(Now really oily, as he makes to grab her in a passionate embrace)</i> To all women.
Kate	<i>(Exploding and kneeing Petrucio amidships)</i> You delusional creep!! Do you honestly think that any self-respecting twenty-first century woman is going to fall for that misogynistic, patronising, condescending crap?
Petrucio	<i>(Gasping, staggering, looking genuinely surprised)</i> Was it something I said?
Sound	Cue 10 Proclaimers – I'm Gonna Go (backing track) (original key Eb major)
Kate	<p>When I wake up the time is five thirty-three Yes I'm the woman who is working hard, it's true Then I get up and make a lovely cuppa tea Yes I'm the woman who has such a lot to do Picking actors, is a job that's just for me You need a woman, because men don't have a clue When I'm on set, it's clear for everyone to see Yes I'm the woman who has got more brains than you</p> <p>And Kate the Shrew will not be tamed I won't give in to you no more I will be the girl who lights the flame For women's rights for ever more</p> <p>Independence, that is what this woman wants And not obedience to one man's honest will No duty, does this subject owe her prince Nor his body should I serve, love or obey With you I'll bandy, every single word and frown I am a girl that just does not do backing down Male supremacy, it no more is holding sway It is this woman who is going to win the day</p> <p>And Kate the Shrew will not be tamed I won't give in to you no more I will be the girl who lights the flame For women's rights for ever more</p>

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	<p>Independence, independence That is what this woman's really fighting for Independence, independence That is what this woman wants for ever more</p>
<p><i>Lights to black. Exeunt all, quickly. It looks like we've finished. Cue applause so that audience start clapping.</i></p> <p><i>Singers 1 and 2 appear again from SR. They check that the stage is clear before bouncing onto the stage.</i></p>	
Singer 1	Come on! <i>(To the tech box)</i> Lights! Music! At last we've got the stage to ourselves.
Singer 2	And our public love us! Just listen to that applause.
Sound	Cue 11 Brush Up Your Shakespeare (backing track)
Singers 1 and 2	Brush up your Shakespeare
<p><i>Lights go to black abruptly and sound cuts instantly at the end of the word "Shakespeare"</i></p>	
Singers 1 and 2	Dooohhhh! <i>(Exit in high dudgeon, muttering about not getting a chance to display their talents)</i>
Sound	Cue 12 Brush Up Your Shakespeare (backing track)
<p><i>Lights up. Curtain call</i></p>	