

# FROM SHAKESPEARE WITH LOVE?

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A one-act comedy by  
Jonathan Dorf

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[www.youthplays.com](http://www.youthplays.com)  
[info@youthplays.com](mailto:info@youthplays.com)  
424-703-5315

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## CAST OF CHARACTERS

The Characters in the Airport

TITANIA

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE

ROMEO

VIOLA

From *A Midsummer Night's Dream*

OBERON

PUCK

BOTTOM

From *The Comedy of Errors*

LUCIANA

ADRIANA

DROMIO

From *Romeo and Juliet*

JULIET

NURSE

FRIAR LAWRENCE

From *Twelfth Night*

OLIVIA

DUKE ORSINO

The play, which was originally written to tour, may use as few as four actors, using the following multiple castings:

Titania/Luciana/Nurse/Olivia

Antipholus/Oberon/Friar

Romeo/Puck/Bottom/Dromio/Duke

Viola/Adriana/Juliet

In a small cast production, the non-speaking Bottom and the dead Paris can be recruited from among the audience to make the show more interactive.

#### ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

*From Shakespeare with Love?* was commissioned and first produced by the Walnut Street Theatre Outreach Program under its original title, *Shakespeare in Love?*.

*(The present. One in the morning. An airport gate. Four passengers wait amidst their bags for their plane: ROMEO, unconsciously shredding a tissue; TITANIA, reading a fashion magazine; ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE, pacing back and forth; and VIOLA, listening to an iPod or similar. A sign says "London – Delayed.")*

**ROMEO:** Juliet! Juliet!

*(He falls onto the floor and sobs.)*

**TITANIA:** Titania. My name is Titania.

**ROMEO:** I loved Juliet. And now she's dead.

**TITANIA:** As long as she doesn't fly in first class.

**ROMEO:** *(Shakes his head:)* She's dead back in Italy.

**TITANIA:** Anybody have a hankie for...

**ROMEO:** Romeo.

**TITANIA:** Anybody have a hankie for Romeo? He lost Juliet!

*(Antipholus stops pacing and pulls a handkerchief from his pocket.)*

**ROMEO:** Thanks.

**ANTIPHOLUS:** I lost my older brother, Antipholus of Ephesus, for almost twenty-five years. We got separated during a shipwreck.

**TITANIA:** *(Aside to Antipholus:)* She's –

*(Titania makes the sign for dead, perhaps the finger sliding across her throat.)*

**ANTIPHOLUS:** Oh. I'm so sorry.

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**TITANIA:** You said you're from Ephesus?

**ANTIPHOLUS:** Syracuse originally. I live in Ephesus now. Where I found my twin brother.

**TITANIA:** I think we stopped at both on my Mediterranean cruise.

*(Romeo renews his bawling.)*

**ANTIPHOLUS:** Any idea if this plane is boarding soon?

*(Viola overhears and comes over.)*

**VIOLA:** It hasn't even landed yet. *(Eyeing Romeo:)* Is he going to be all right?

**TITANIA:** I hope so. I don't know if I can take this for an entire flight.

**VIOLA:** Who is Juliet?

**ANTIPHOLUS:** Was.

**VIOLA:** Who was Juliet?

**TITANIA:** Wife? Girlfriend? Mother?

**VIOLA:** I don't think it's his mother.

**ANTIPHOLUS:** *(To Romeo:)* Who was Juliet?

**ROMEO:** Juliet is the sun. *(As if he sees Juliet:)* Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,

Who is already sick and pale with grief

That thou, her maid, art far more fair than she.

Be not her maid, since she is envious;

Her vestal livery is but sick and green,

And none but fools do wear it; cast it off.

It is my lady, O, it is my love!

**TITANIA:** I'm starting to get the picture.

**ROMEO:** She hangs upon the cheek of night  
As a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear —  
Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear!

**VIOLA:** He's so in love.

**TITANIA:** With a dead girl. Romeo, it's not healthy. *(Beat.)*  
It's good that you're going to London. Get away. Whenever  
Oberon — that's my husband — and I get into a fight, I run off  
with my entourage, go somewhere exotic.

**ANTIPHOLUS:** My faithful Dromio has been with me almost  
since birth. He's entourage enough for me.

**TITANIA:** Peaseblossom, Cobweb, Moth, Mustardseed...

**VIOLA:** Your entourage?

**TITANIA:** Out finding me a cappuccino. It's like they roll up  
the sidewalks at night in this airport.

**VIOLA:** It's one in the morning. *(Beat.)* I dressed up as a male  
servant once. It's how I met my husband.

**ANTIPHOLUS:** My wife mistook my brother for me. And he  
didn't even have to dress up. We're identical.

**VIOLA:** Dressed as a man I look a great deal like Sebastian,  
my twin.

**ROMEO:** I'm going to London to find the man who's  
responsible for Juliet's death. And when I find him, I'm going  
to challenge him to a duel and kill him.

*(Beat. Antipholus, Viola and Titania huddle:)*

**TITANIA:** Does he have any weapons?

**ANTIPHOLUS:** How would he get through the X-ray  
machine?

**VIOLA:** Can't you see he's out of his head with love?



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*(They turn back to Romeo:)*

**ANTIPHOLUS:** Do you know who he is, this man?

**ROMEO:** I know his name, and I know where he lives.

**TITANIA:** Who is it?

**ROMEO:** His name is William Shakespeare.

**TITANIA:** *(Beat.)* Oh.

**ANTIPHOLUS:** I thought he lived in Stratford-upon-Avon.

**VIOLA:** If you kill Shakespeare –

**ANTIPHOLUS:** Did I say that out loud?

**VIOLA:** If he kills Shakespeare –

**ROMEO:** He made me fall in love with Juliet, and then he let her die. He can't do that to a person.

**TITANIA:** I'm sure he didn't mean it.

**ROMEO:** Didn't mean it?!

**TITANIA:** To do it on purpose.

**ROMEO:** Why not?

**TITANIA:** Because Shakespeare loves love. And in his hands, love can be wonderful.

**VIOLA:** It really can.

**ANTIPHOLUS:** Confusing.

**TITANIA:** Confusing, exciting, tragic, absolutely humiliating – believe me, I know – and wonderful. *(Beat.)* Let me convince you.

**VIOLA:** Me too.

**ANTIPHOLUS:** All of us.

**TITANIA:** Let us convince you that William Shakespeare does indeed love love.

**ROMEO:** (*Beat.*) I'll give you 'til the plane arrives.

**TITANIA:** That could be any minute.

**ROMEO:** 'Til the plane arrives.

**TITANIA:** Fine. Listen.

*(A sound or light cue marks the change of scene. Antipholus becomes Oberon, perhaps by putting on a crown of leaves. He and Titania go to opposite edges of the stage and "enter.")*

**OBERON:** Ill met by moonlight, proud Titania.

**TITANIA:** What, jealous Oberon? Fairies, skip hence—I have forsworn his bed and company.

**OBERON:** Tarry, rash wanton! Am not I thy lord?  
Why should Titania cross her Oberon?  
I do but beg a little changeling boy,  
To be my henchman.

**TITANIA:** Set your heart at rest;  
The fairy land buys not the child of me.  
His mother was a vot'ress of my order,  
But she, being mortal, of that boy did die,  
And for her sake do I rear up her boy;  
And for her sake I will not part with him.

**OBERON:** How long within this wood intend you stay?

**TITANIA:** Perchance till after Theseus' wedding-day.  
If you will patiently dance in our round,  
And see our moonlight revels, go with us;  
If not, shun me, and I will spare your haunts.

**OBERON:** Give me that boy, and I will go with thee.

**TITANIA:** Not for thy fairy kingdom. Fairies, away!  
We shall chide downright, if I longer stay.

*(Titania exits.)*

**OBERON:** Well, go thy way. Thou shalt not from this grove  
Till I torment thee for this injury.  
My gentle Puck, come hither.

*(Viola gives Romeo a shove, and he steps into the scene as Puck,  
again putting on some distinguishing costume piece.)*

Mark'd I where the bolt of Cupid fell.  
It fell upon a little western flower.  
Fetch me that flow'r; the herb I showed thee once.  
The juice of it on sleeping eyelids laid  
Will make or man or woman madly dote  
Upon the next live creature that it sees.

**PUCK:** I'll put a girdle round about the earth  
In forty minutes.

*(Puck exits.)*

**OBERON:** Having once this juice,  
I'll watch Titania when she is asleep,  
And drop the liquor of it in her eyes.  
Ere I take this charm from off her sight  
I'll make her render up her page to me.

*(Sound or light cue, and we are back in the airport.)*

**ANTIPHOLUS:** So you're the fairy queen, huh?

**TITANIA:** Guilty.

**ANTIPHOLUS:** Impressive.

**ROMEO:** I think I may be adding Puck and Oberon to my list.

**VIOLA:** I'm sure the story gets better – doesn't it, Titania?

**ROMEO:** It'd better, or Shakespeare's going to have company.  
And who is this Puck person anyway?

*(Sound or light cue to signal we're out of the airport. Romeo gets back into his Puck costume, while Titania lies on the ground, asleep.)*

**PUCK:** I am that merry wanderer of the night.

*(Enter Antipholus as Oberon. Puck presents him with the flower, then exits, and Oberon approaches the sleeping Titania.)*

**OBERON:** What thou seest when thou dost wake,  
Do it for thy true-love take;  
Love and languish for his sake.  
Be it ounce, or cat, or bear,  
Pard, or boar with bristled hair,  
In thy eye that shall appear  
When thou wak'st, it is thy dear:  
Wake when some vile thing is near.

*(Oberon exits, and Romeo reenters as Bottom, wearing an ass head.)*

**BOTTOM:** *(Sings:)* The woosel cock so black of hue,  
With orange-tawny bill,  
The throstle with his note so true,  
The wren with little quill –

**TITANIA:** *(Awakes:)* What angel wakes me from my flow'ry bed?

**BOTTOM:** *(Sings:)* The finch, the sparrow, and the lark,  
The plain-song cuckoo grey,  
Whose note full many a man doth mark,  
And dares not answer nay –  
For indeed, who would set his wit to so foolish a bird? Who  
would give a bird the lie, though he cry "cuckoo" never so?

**TITANIA:** I pray thee, gentle mortal, sing again.  
Mine ear is much enamored of thy note;  
So is mine eye enthralled to thy shape;  
And thy fair virtue's force (perforce) doth move me  
On the first view to say, to swear, I love thee.

**BOTTOM:** Methinks, mistress, you should have little reason for that. And yet, to say the truth, reason and love keep little company together now-a-days. The more the pity that some honest neighbors will not make them friends.

**TITANIA:** Thou art as wise as thou art beautiful.

**BOTTOM:** Not so, neither; but if I had wit enough to get out of this wood, I have enough to serve mine owe turn.

**TITANIA:** Out of this wood do not desire to go;  
Thou shalt remain here, whether thou wilt or no.  
I am a spirit of no common rate;  
I'll give thee fairies to attend on thee;  
And they shall fetch thee jewels from the deep,  
And sing while thou on pressed flowers dost sleep.

*(She exits with Bottom. Enter Oberon.)*

**OBERON:** I wonder if Titania be awak'd;  
Then what it was that next came in her eye,  
Which she must dote on in extremity.

*(Enter Romeo as Puck this time.)*

Here comes my messenger. How now, mad spirit?  
What night-rule now about this haunted grove?

**PUCK:** My mistress with a monster is in love.  
Near to her close and consecrated bower,  
While she was in her dull and sleeping hour,  
A crew of patches, rude mechanicals,  
That work for bread upon Athenian stalls,

Were met together to rehearse a play  
Intended for great Theseus' nuptial day.  
The shallowest thick-skin of that barren sort,  
Who Pyramus presented, in their sport,  
Forsook his scene, and ent'red in a brake;  
When I did him at his advantage take,  
An ass's nole I fixed on his head.  
At his sight, away his fellows fly  
And left sweet Pyramus translated there.  
When in that moment (so it came to pass)  
Titania wak'd, and straightway lov'd an ass.

*(The airport cue.)*

**ROMEO:** Don't worry, Titania – I'll avenge you too.

**VIOLA:** *(To Romeo:)* Would you excuse us for a moment?

*(Viola huddles with Antipholus and Titania:)*

I thought we were trying to get Shakespeare off the hook.

**TITANIA:** We are.

**VIOLA:** So you're telling Romeo about how you fell in love  
with a man with a donkey's head?

**ANTIPHOLUS:** It doesn't seem like the best choice.

**TITANIA:** It works out in the end.

**VIOLA:** Then get to the end! The plane could be here any  
minute!

*(They break their huddle.)*

**ROMEO:** Do you have any idea where I'd find Puck and  
Oberon? After I finish with Shakespeare –

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**TITANIA:** Listen to the ending first, Romeo. (*To Viola and Antipholus:*) I'll skip the "O, how I love thee! How I dote on thee!" part in the bower.

*(Light or sound cue: exiting the airport. Antipholus costumes himself as Oberon, who drags Romeo, who becomes Puck, with him. Titania takes up position, asleep, nearby. It'd be great to pull a member of the audience onto the stage and put the ass head on him; he can be the sleeping Bottom.)*

**OBERON:** Her dotage now I do begin to pity.  
When I had at my pleasure taunted her,  
And she in mild terms begg'd my patience,  
I then did ask of her her changeling child;  
Which straight she gave me, and her fairy sent  
To bear him to my bower in fairy land.  
And now I have the boy, I will undo  
This hateful imperfection of her eyes.

*(Touching Titania's eyes:)*

Be as thou wast wont to be;  
See as thou wast wont to see.  
Dian's bud o'er Cupid's flower  
Hath such force and blessed power.  
Now, my Titania, wake you, my sweet queen.

**TITANIA:** My Oberon, what visions have I seen!  
Methought I was enamor'd of an ass.

**OBERON:** (*Points at the sleeping Bottom:*) There lies your love.

**TITANIA:** How came these things to pass?  
O, how mine eyes do loathe his visage now!

**OBERON:** Silence a while. Puck, take off this head. (*Puck removes the ass head from Bottom:*) Titania, music call, and strike more dead

Than common sleep of all these five the sense.

**TITANIA:** Music, ho, music, such as charmeth sleep!

*(Puck plays music.)*

**OBERON:** Now thou and I are new in amity,  
And will tomorrow midnight solemnly  
Dance in Duke Theseus' house triumphantly,  
And bless it to all fair prosperity.

**PUCK:** Fairy King, attend and mark;  
I do hear the morning lark.

**OBERON:** Then, my queen, in silence sad,  
Trip we after night's shade.  
We the globe can compass soon,  
Swifter than the wand'ring moon.

**TITANIA:** Come, my lord, and in our flight,  
Tell me how it came this night  
That I sleeping here was found,  
With these mortals on the ground.

*(Back in the airport. Romeo pulls out a small pad and a pen.)*

**ROMEO:** Puck is P-U-C-K, right? Could you spell Oberon?

**TITANIA:** Why?

**ROMEO:** O-B...

**TITANIA:** E-R-O-N. Why do you need the spelling?

**ROMEO:** They're on my list.

**TITANIA:** But it worked out! It was all a good laugh.

**ROMEO:** At your expense.

**TITANIA:** I laughed. *(More to the others than to Romeo:)*  
Eventually.



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**ANTIPHOLUS:** *(To Romeo:)* Would you excuse us one more time?

*(Romeo nods, and the others huddle.)*

Fairies sleeping on the ground with donkeys? That's the best you've got?

**TITANIA:** It was a donkey head. Bottom wasn't a donkey from head to toe.

**VIOLA:** Bottom?

**TITANIA:** Nick Bottom—the weaver. The mortal with the donkey head.

**ANTIPHOLUS:** The point is, your story didn't help.

**VIOLA:** And now Romeo wants revenge on Puck and Oberon too.

**TITANIA:** He'll never catch them. Mortals can never catch fairies, especially those two.

**ANTIPHOLUS:** One word: Tinkerbell.

**VIOLA:** Two words: landing imminent. We have to save them.

**ANTIPHOLUS:** *(Breaking from the huddle:)* Romeo, let's not go jumping to any conclusions just because of one little donkey head. Love did a lot of great things for me. The path was strange, but—I was in Ephesus with Dromio, my faithful attendant, looking for my long-lost brother, when two women I had never seen before approached us.

*(Sound or light cue. Romeo becomes Dromio of Syracuse, Titania becomes Adriana and Viola, Luciana.)*

**ADRIANA:** Ay, ay, Antipholus, look strange and frown,  
Some other mistress hath thy sweet aspects:

I am not Adriana, nor thy wife.  
 How comes it now, my husband, O, how comes it,  
 That thou art then estranged from thyself?  
 How dearly would it touch thee to the quick,  
 Shouldst thou but hear I were licentious,  
 And that this body, consecrate to thee,  
 By ruffian lust should be contaminate?  
 Wouldst thou not spit at me, and spurn at me,  
 And from my false hand cut the wedding-ring?

**ANTIPHOLUS:** Plead you to me, fair dame? I know you not:  
 In Ephesus I am but two hours old,  
 As strange unto your town as your talk,  
 Who, every word by all my wit being scann'd,  
 Wants wit in all one word to understand.

**LUCIANA:** Fie, brother, how the world is chang'd with you:  
 When were you wont to use my sister thus?  
 She sent for you by Dromio home to dinner.

**ANTIPHOLUS:** By Dromio?

**DROMIO:** By me?

**ADRIANA:** By thee, and this thou didst return from him,  
 That he did buffet thee, and in his blows  
 Denied my house for his, me for his wife.

**ANTIPHOLUS:** Did you converse, sir, with this  
 gentlewoman?  
 What is the course and drift of your compact?

**DROMIO:** I, sir? I never saw her till this time.

**ANTIPHOLUS:** Villain, thou liest, for even her very words  
 Didst thou deliver to me on the mart.

**DROMIO:** I never spake with her in all my life.

**ANTIPHOLUS:** How can she thus then call us by our names,

Unless it be by inspiration?

**ADRIANA:** How ill agrees it with your gravity  
To counterfeit thus grossly with your slave,  
Abetting him to thwart me in my mood!  
Be it my wrong you are from me exempt,  
But wrong not that wrong with a more contempt.  
Come, I will fasten on this sleeve of thine:  
Thou art an elm, my husband, I a vine.

**ANTIPHOLUS:** To me she speaks, she moves me for her  
theme:

What, was I married to her in my dream?  
Or sleep I now and think I hear all this?  
What error drives our eyes and ears amiss?  
Until I know this sure uncertainty,  
I'll entertain the offer'd fallacy.

**LUCIANA:** Dromio, go bid the servants spread for dinner.

**DROMIO:** O for my beads! I cross me for a sinner.  
This is the fairy land. O spite of spites!  
We talk with goblins, owls, and sprites;  
If we obey them not, this will ensue:  
They'll suck our breath, or pinch us black and blue.

**LUCIANA:** Why prat'st thou to thyself, and answer'st not?  
Dromio, thou drumble, thou snail, thou slug, thou sot!

**DROMIO:** I am transformed, master, am not I?

**ANTIPHOLUS:** I think so thou art in mind, and so am I.

**DROMIO:** Nay, master, both in mind and in my shape.

**ANTIPHOLUS:** Thou hast thine own form.

**DROMIO:** No, I am an ape.

**LUCIANA:** If thou art chang'd to aught, 'tis to an ass.

**DROMIO:** 'Tis true she rides me and I long for grass.  
'Tis so, I am an ass, else it could never be  
But I should know her as well as she knows me.

**ADRIANA:** Come, sir, to dinner. Dromio, keep the gate.  
Husband, I'll dine above with you to-day,  
And shrive you of a thousand idle pranks.  
Sirrah, if any ask you for your master,  
Say he dines forth, and let no creature enter.  
Come, sister. Dromio, play the porter well.

**ANTIPHOLUS:** Am I in earth, in heaven, or in hell?  
Sleeping or waking, mad or well-advis'd?  
Known unto these, and to myself disguis'd?  
I'll say as they say, and persevere so,  
And in this mist at all adventures go.

**DROMIO:** Master, shall I be porter at the gate?

**ADRIANA:** Ay, and let none enter, lest I break your pate.

**LUCIANA:** Come, come, Antipholus, we dine too late.

*(Sound or light cue.)*

**ROMEO:** Witches? Are all your love stories about fairies and  
witches?

**ANTIPHOLUS:** They weren't witches. Dromio and I were  
just a little confused. We didn't know that my twin brother—

**VIOLA:** Your identical twin brother—right?

**ANTIPHOLUS:** My identical twin brother. We didn't know  
that his wife had mistaken me for him, and my Dromio for his  
identical twin brother, also named Dromio.

**TITANIA:** Sounds wonderful.

**ROMEO:** Not to me.

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**ANTIPHOLUS:** Oh come on, Romeo. When I saw Luciana, my brother's wife's sister...

*(Brief pause while the others "do the math.")*

...it was love at first sight. Of course, she thought I was her sister's husband at the time—

*(Sound or light cue. Viola becomes Luciana again.)*

**LUCIANA:** And may it be that you have quite forgot  
A husband's office?

If you did wed my sister for her wealth,  
Then for her wealth's sake use her with more kindness:  
Or if you like elsewhere, do it by stealth,

**ANTIPHOLUS:** Sweet mistress—what your name is else, I  
know not.

Nor by what wonder you do hit of mine—  
Less in your knowledge and your grace you show not  
Than our earth's wonder, more than earth divine.  
But if that I am I, then well I know  
Your weeping sister is no wife of mine,  
Nor to her bed no homage do I owe:  
Far more, far more, to you do I decline.  
O, train me not, sweet mermaid, with thy note,  
To drown me in thy sister's flood of tears.  
Sing, siren, for thyself, and I will dote.

**LUCIANA:** O soft, sir, hold you still;  
I'll fetch my sister to get her good will.

*(Luciana exits. Enter Romeo on the run as Dromio.)*

**ANTIPHOLUS:** Why, how now, Dromio, where run'st thou so fast?

**DROMIO:** Do you know me, sir? Am I Dromio?  
Am I your man? Am I myself?

**ANTIPHOLUS:** Thou art Dromio, thou art my man, thou art thyself.

**DROMIO:** I am an ass, I am a woman's man, and besides myself.

**ANTIPHOLUS:** What woman's man, and how besides thyself?

**DROMIO:** Marry, sir, besides myself, I am due to a woman: one that claims me, one that haunts me, one that will have me.

**ANTIPHOLUS:** What claim lays she to thee?

**DROMIO:** Marry, sir, such claim as you would lay to your horse, and she would have me as a beast; not that, I being a beast, she would have me, but that she, being a very beastly creature, lays claim to me. This drudge or diviner call'd me Dromio, swore I was assur'd to her, told me what privy marks I had about me, as the mark of my shoulder, the mole in my neck, the great wart on my left arm, that I, amaz'd, ran from her as a witch.

**ANTIPHOLUS:** Go hie thee presently, post to the road,  
And if the wind blow any way from shore,  
I will not harbor in this town to-night.  
If any bark put forth, come to the mart,  
Where I will walk till thou return to me.  
If every one knows us, and we know none,  
'Tis time, I think, to trudge, pack, and be gone.

**DROMIO:** As from a bear a man would run for life,  
So fly I from her that would be my wife.

*(Exit Dromio.)*

**ANTIPHOLUS:** There's none but witches do inhabit here.

*(Sound or light cue.)*

**ROMEO:** You just said they were all witches.

**ANTIPHOLUS:** At the time, I thought they were witches.

**TITANIA:** They weren't witches.

**ANTIPHOLUS:** No.

**VIOLA:** Well?

**ANTIPHOLUS:** What?

**VIOLA:** What were they?

**ANTIPHOLUS:** (*Beat.*) Women.

**TITANIA:** That's it?

**ANTIPHOLUS:** No, that's not it. It had a happy ending, of course. (*Beat.*) Shakespeare wrote a play about it.

**ROMEO:** That explains the witches.

**ANTIPHOLUS:** There were no witches! He called it *The Comedy of Errors*. Comedy—as in happy ending, Romeo. (*Beat.*) What? I'm supposed to give a plot summary? (*Beat.*) The long and short of it is that Luciana, who is now my wife and her sister, Adriana, who was the wife of my identical twin brother, also named Antipholus, kept confusing me with my brother, and all of us confused my faithful servant, Dromio, with his identical twin brother, also named Dromio. My Dromio and I took refuge in an abbey. My brother and his Dromio escaped Luciana and Adriana, who thought he had gone crazy and tried to tie him up, and he ended up in front of the convent just as my Dromio and I came out. There we met for the first time since we had been separated as babies, and the Duke of Ephesus arrived to help us sort it all out. In the end, I was reunited with my brother, Dromio was reunited with his brother, the Abbess turned out to be my long-lost mother, the Duke spared the life of my father, who I hadn't

seen in my seven years of searching for my brother and who had come to Ephesus to look for me, I married Luciana, and we all lived happily ever after.

**ROMEO:** So love is comedy to you?

**ANTIPHOLUS:** I think you'll agree that in this case—

**ROMEO:** In this case? In this case? Let me tell you about love. Let me tell you all about love.

*(Sound or light cue. Viola becomes Juliet in the balcony scene.)*

She speaks, yet she says nothing; what of that?

Her eye discourses, I will answer it.

I am too bold, 'tis not to me she speaks.

Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven,

Having some business, do entreat her eyes

To twinkle in their spheres till they return.

See how she leans her cheek upon her hand!

O that I were a glove upon that hand,

That I might touch that cheek!

**JULIET:** Ay, me!

**ROMEO:** She speaks!

O, speak again, bright angel, for thou art

As glorious to this night, being o'er my head,

As is a winged messenger of heaven.

**JULIET:** 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.

**ROMEO:** *(Aside:)* Shall I hear more, or shall I speak at this?

**JULIET:** 'Tis but thy name that is my enemy;

Thou art thyself, though not a Montague.

What's Montague? It is nor hand nor foot,



Nor arm nor face, nor any other part  
Belonging to a man. O, be some other name!  
What's in a name? That which we call a rose  
By any other word would smell as sweet.  
So Romeo would, were he not Romeo call'd,  
Retain that dear perfection which he owes  
Without that title. Romeo, doff thy name,  
And for thy name, which is no part of thee,  
Take all thyself.

**ROMEO:** I take thee at thy word.  
Call me but love, and I'll be new baptiz'd;  
Henceforth I never will be Romeo.

**JULIET:** What man art thou that thus bescreen'd in night  
So stumblest on my counsel?

**ROMEO:** By a name  
I know not how to tell thee who I am.  
My name, dear saint, is hateful to myself,  
Because it is an enemy to thee;  
Had I it written, I would tear the word.

**JULIET:** My ears have yet not drunk a hundred words  
Of thy tongue's uttering, yet I know the sound.  
Art thou not Romeo, and a Montague?

**ROMEO:** Neither, fair maid, if either thee dislike.

**JULIET:** How camest thou hither, tell me, and wherefore?  
The orchard walls are high and hard to climb,  
And the place death, considering who thou art,  
If any of my kinsmen find thee here.

**ROMEO:** With love's light wings did I o'erperch these walls,  
For stony limits cannot hold love out,  
And what love can do, that dares love attempt;  
Therefore thy kinsmen are no stop to me.

**JULIET:** If they do see thee, they will murder thee.

**ROMEO:** Alack, there lies more peril in thine eye  
Than twenty of their swords! Look thou but sweet,  
And I am proof against their enmity.

**JULIET:** Thou knowest the mask of night is on my face,  
Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek  
For that which thou hast heard me speak to-night.  
O gentle Romeo,  
If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully.

**ROMEO:** Lady, by yonder blessed moon I vow,  
That tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops—

**JULIET:** O, swear not by the moon, th' inconstant moon,  
That monthly changes in her circled orb,  
Lest that thy love prove likewise variable.

**ROMEO:** What shall I swear by?

**JULIET:** Do not swear at all;  
Or if thou wilt, swear by thy gracious self,  
Which is the god of my idolatry,  
And I'll believe thee.

**ROMEO:** If my heart's dear love—

**JULIET:** Well, do not swear. Although I joy in thee,  
I have no joy of this contract to-night,  
It is too rash, too unadvis'd, too sudden,  
Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be  
Ere one can say it lightens. Sweet, good night!

**ROMEO:** O, wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied?

**JULIET:** What satisfaction canst thou have to-night?

**ROMEO:** Th' exchange of thy love's faithful vow for mine.

**JULIET:** I gave thee mine before thou didst request it;  
And yet I would it were to give again.

**ROMEO:** Wouldst thou withdraw it? For what purpose, love?

**JULIET:** But to be frank and give it thee again,

*(Titania becomes the Nurse but stays in the offstage area.)*

**NURSE:** Madam!

**JULIET:** I hear some noise within; dear love, adieu!  
Anon, good nurse!

**NURSE:** Madam!

**JULIET:** Good night, good night! Parting is such sweet  
sorrow,  
That I shall say good night till it be morrow.

*(Exit Juliet. Sound and light cue: the airport.)*

**VIOLA:** She sounds lovely.

**ROMEO:** She was.

**VIOLA:** What happened?

**TITANIA:** *(to Viola:)* He'll get all depressed if we let him tell it.

**ROMEO:** Shakespeare.

*(Sound and light cue. Viola becomes Juliet and falls dead on the ground. In a small cast production, an audience member should be recruited as the dead PARIS. Romeo drops a bloody sword on the ground. He puts a dagger in his belt.)*

**ROMEO:** O my love, my wife,  
Death, that hath suck'd the honey of thy breath,  
Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty.  
Shall I believe  
That unsubstantial Death is amorous,  
And that the lean abhorred monster keeps

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Thee here in dark to be his paramour?  
For fear of that, I still will stay with thee,  
And never from this palace of dim night  
Depart again. Here, here will I remain  
With worms that are thy chambermaids.  
Eyes, look your last!  
Arms, take your last embrace! And, lips, O you  
The doors of breath, seal with a righteous kiss  
A dateless bargain to engrossing death!  
Here's to my love!

*(He drinks poison.)*

O true apothecary!  
Thy drugs are quick. Thus with a kiss I die.

*(Romeo falls, dead. Enter Antipholus as Friar Lawrence.)*

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