GUILDIE
The play, the play, you’re wasting the day.

WILL
Yet I must say, I need another day...
If I can put off to the morrow
I promise not to drink nor shall I wallow
’til I finish the lay—Just one more day, uh huh?

GUILDIE
UH-UH (meaning NO)

ROSIE
Uh-Uh.

WILL
Uh-Huh? (meaning yes)

BOTH R& G
Uh UHHH!

WILL
I feel the mood, I feel the fire
The larger the incentive, the stronger the desire.

ROSIE
That’s it. I’m tired. Time to get rough.
So here (puts knife to Will’s throat)---
Is THIS incentive enough?

WILL
I DO believe it is.

BOTH R& G
AAAA MENNN!

AS WILL scribbles on his papyrus-type paper, he reads aloud:

WILL
Our story begins in England—a poet, an inn and a beginning.

Will writes, then rises, walks to New Scene, takes off white wig to
reveal a younger Will.

We hear BOTH R & G
AMEN!

End of Song.

Lights come up on the HOGSHEAD INN, a larger version, Center Stage,
of the little pub we began with. Will ENTERS, sees a lute or guitar, picks
it up, sits at the table and begins to tinker.

WILL SINGS
PICK-A-BERRY
When I was but a little boy, lost and alone
Deep in the woods with no Daddy
A-shootin’ every boar in town the minute that he hit the ground
I opened up my mouth like a canary
A fiddle-dai-a-dee a pick-a-berry.
And I would shout, I would yell
’Til my imaginary canary could tell
That there weren’t no boar at all
I swear not a hare not a squirrel in a snare
But a boy who grew up with the trees...
Peacock or Pheasant with Feathers in his head
If a fiery dragon comes along, he’s gonna shoot him dead.
But comes a little girl with a goldie head of curls
And the little guy has got no place to go.
Until he becomes a Knighted Schmo, so.
Back to the village, where bullies rape and pillage,
And no one remembers which way to go...
The perfume of the Vine, the aging of the Wine
A-crawlin’ over fences in the moonlight
Stealin’ eggs and berries from the farmers, ohhh
When I was but a little boy, lost and alone
Deep in the woods with no Daddy
A-shootin’ every boar in town the minute that he hit the ground
I opened up my mouth like a canary
A fiddle-dai-a-dee a pick-a-berry
And all that I have sung... Imaginary Canary
Imaginary canary... Imaginary... CANARY!!

As he plays, the waitress sneaks in behind him and watches.
And at the finish, Will shouts out...

WILL
Innkeeper!

(She walks in front of him. He is slightly surprised.)

JULIET
Nicely played.

WILL
Thank you.

JULIET
Would you like something?

WILL
Ale... and FOOD.

JULIET (Smiles as she puts her breasts near his face)
Anything else? (WILL shrugs)
Whatever you wish.

WILL
(LoOks at her breasts)
THAT is more than I would expect.
JULIET
A good-looking man like yourself should expect more.

WILL
What is your name?

JULIET
Juliet.

WILL
Lovely. We had a stream that ran through our farm we called Jolliett.

JULIET
Did the trees also have names?

WILL
Just the stream.

JULIET
Pretty stream?

WILL
Loveliest in Stratford. And every morning when I looked out my window, I would see her lovely curves, wending her way through our farm. I miss her.

JULIET
You'll see her again.

WILL
I'm afraid not. They are damming her... with an M not an N.

JULIET
Dammimg. How sad; it's like a killing.

WILL
If you say so. Jolliett the Stream moved gave life, shared her bounty, spread her "ripples."

JULIET
I wish I knew her. Are you cold?

WILL
No, I shake a little. Nerves, I guess--a malady. How is the food here?

JULIET
Passable, except for the roast. He does a very good roast.
I'll have that. Is the stagecoach usually on time?

JULIET
Never. Have some ale.

A large head pops out of the kitchen. A huge man. It is THE COOK ~ whose name we shall learn later.

COOK
JOO LEE YETTTT! (He EXITS.)

JULIET
Coming! He's as slow as a pregnant mare; yet he wants me to be a race horse when he calls.

WILL
Your father?

JULIET
Old enough. Husband. (Whispers) I'll be in the barn ...

WILL
What?

JULIET
Tonight. At dusk. Like the stream ... Jolett!

She EXITS, sexily. She may sing that last line and do a little dance for her exit. REACTION by WilL as we hear a racket outside. The SOUNDS of a horse stopping, and the squeak of people getting off an old one-horse shay. A huge, dark man ENTERS, with the dignity of a King. He is followed by a pretty blonde woman as OTHELLO holds the door open for her. DESDEMONA almost "floats in" as Will's head swivels to look at her; he gulps loudly.

Last to enter is IAGO, Othello's aide. Iago wears one eye patch.

OTHELLO
Did you see that, Iago? Thirty-seven this week, and she still turns the head of a King (me) and a twenty-five year old (points to young Will).

IAGO
I saw the way he leered.

OTHELLO
Was that a Leer?

IAGO
Not a King but a Leer. (Drums: Bah da Bum!)

DES
Do you have to mention age?