

TAKE ME BY THE TONGUE



HAND
ME
DOWN
THEATRE
COMPANY

A.OK Meeting

[*Libby centre stage sweeping around 8 chairs entre stage*]

[*Jess. L, Lizzy, Jade, Stephanie, Kirsty, Jess. J and Kayleigh filter through to centre stage*]

Libby: Therapist (Calm)

Stephanie: Monica (Alcoholic)

Jade: Erica (Shopping addict)

Jess.J: Rita (Passive aggressive)

Jess.L: Tina (OCD)

Lizzy: Sandra (Gambler)

Kirsty: Mary (Sex addict)

Kayleigh: Jessica (Sexier addict)

Therapist: Hello everybody and welcome to your first A-OK meeting. That's for you all to know that it's OK... addicts are OK. OK so if you'd like to go round the circle and tell us a bit about yourselves, why you're here today and what you want to achieve through being here. To the left, to the left...

All: [*Applause*]

Monica: I'm Monica, I like a drink. I don't see anything wrong with it. I just like a drink like anyone else does. So if I'm an addict- call me an addict. Guilty as charged.

All: [*Applause*]

Mary: I'm Mary. Lets talk about sex... I just like a good pounding. I like it all day, everyday. I'd be having it right now if I wasn't forced to come here, come here...

All: [*Applause*]

Therapist: [*Addressing Rita, as looking down*] Hello... is it me you're looking for?

Rita: Hello, I'm Rita. Basically I've been sent here by my probation officer, bastard. So he thinks I've got a violent problem. An addiction, he calls it. But my boyfriend says I'm a lover, not a fighter.

All: [*Applause*]

Erica: Hi I'm Erica. My family sent me here because I like to shop... a lot. I just can't help it. It just makes me feel so much happier. I like the handbags, the gladrags, the make-up, the shoes. I just like it all.

All: [Applause]

Sandra: I'm Sandra. I really like money, a lot. But money doesn't seem to like me, [laughter]. I tend to sort of, gamble it away... I used to have a little now I have a lot, actually now I have a little. Yesterday I had a lot, but I lost it all this morning. That's how quick it can come, and that's how quick it can go...

All: [Applause]

Tina: Hi I'm Tina. I'm here because I figured I should be as all of my exes have told me I've got a problem. Even though he never brushed up, no he never brushed up. Apparently I have some kind of 'disorder'. So what if I clean Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Saturday to Sunday.

All: [Applause]

Therapist: And last but not least, hello...

Jessica: Hello. My name is Jessica. I like to orgasm. My motto is fuck who you want, fuck who you like... I just love sex. Why deny yourself one of your most natural urges? I'm denying it right now through being here.

All: [Applause]

Therapist: Okay. Would anybody like to expand or share on any issues they feel they have today maybe?..

Monica: I just met you and this is crazy, so I'm going to pass on this one.

Sandra: I ain't paying my rent this month, I owe that... I lost it all this morning, rent was due a week ago. I don't have any money at all. I can't pay my rent, I can't pay my bills, I can't buy food, so I suppose what I'm saying is I need a dollar, dollar. Dollar is what I *need*.

Therapist: It's not *all* about the price tag though, is it Sandra.

Erica: Oh but it *is* all about the price tag, unless you haven't got the dollar.

Sandra: I need the dollar.

Erica: Dollar.

Sandra: Dollar is what I need.

Therapist: I see your problem here, and I think I know what you can do to solve it...

[Everyone look at Therapist in anticipation]

... mix your milk with my coco pops, milky milky coco, mix your milk with my coco pops, milky milky right.

Jessica: My milkshake brings all the boys to the yard and I indulge them.

Mary: Lets talk about sex. I will make love to you, if you want me to.

Tina: Dirty bit.

Therapist: Tina, are you okay? Do you want to expand on what you're feeling?

Tina: Don't touch this, you can't touch this.

Therapist: Okay, anybody else?.. Rita?

Rita: Me not working hard? Yeah right. Picture that with a Kodak. Or better yet, go to Times Square and get a picture of me with a Kodak. Took my life from negative to positive, I just want you all to know that.

Tina: THERE'S VOMIT ON HIS SWEATER ALREADY, MOM'S SPAGHETTI.

Monica: I get vomit on my sweater all of the time, and spaghetti. Just look up in the mirror, the mirror look at me. The mirror be like baby you the shit.

Erica: I wear your grandad's clothes, I look incredible.

Sandra: Take me by the tongue and I'll know you.

Jessica: Lucky that my breasts are small and humble, so you don't confuse them with mountains.

Sandra: We be in the club, bottles on deck and goddammit, goddammit. I'm feelin' myself.

Monica: BOTTLES ON DECK! BOTTLES ON DECK!

Mary: Dick?

Monica: DECK.

Mary: Dick?

Monica: DECK.

Therapist: No, no diggity!

Monica: La da dee, da dee, I like to party. I'm sorry I do, I love it. I love it all of the time. I really do.

Jessica: I really want aa-aahh. (x2)

Monica: I really want a drink. (x2)

Sandra: I really want a dollar. (x2)

Erica: I really want a dollar. (x2)

Tina: I really want to clean. (x2)

Rita: I really want to go. (x2)

Mary: I really want aa-aahh. (x2)

Jessica: I really, really, really want a zig-aahh-zig-aahh.

Mary: I drive these brother's crazy...

Monica: ... La da dee da dee...

Mary: ... I do it on the daily...

Sandra: ... La da dee da dee...

Mary: ... they treat me really nicely...

Therapist: ... La da dee da dee...

Mary: ... they buy me all these ices...

Erica: ... La da dee da dee...

Mary: ... my hump...

Jessica: ... La da dee da dee...

Mary: ... my hump...

Tina: ... La da dee da dee...

Mary: ... my hump...

Monica: ... Ooo...

Mary: ... my hump...

Sandra: ... Eee...

Mary: ... my hump...

Therapist: ... Ooo...

Mary: ... my hump...

Erica: ... Aaa-aaa...

Mary: ... my hump...

Jessica: ... TING...

Mary: ... MY HUMP...

Tina: ... TANG...

Mary: ... MY LOVELY LADY LUMPS...

Monica: ... WALLA WALLA BING BANG...

Mary: ... CHECK 'EM OUT!

Monica: Ooo na na, what's my name? A little bit of Monica in my life.

Erica: A little bit of Erica by my side.

Rita: A little bit of Rita is all I need.

Tina: A little bit of Tina is what I see.

Sandra: A little bit of Sandra in the sun.

Mary: A little bit of Mary all night long.

Jessica: A little bit of Jessica here I am.

Therapist: A little bit of you makes me your man.

[Stephanie, Jade, Kirsty and Jess. L return chairs to chair station]

[Kayleigh and Jess. J go to props station]

[Libby and Lizzy stay centre stage]

MURDER

[Lizzy goes to props station and gestures for Libby to join her, Libby follows her]

MacBeth = Lizzy

Caliban = Libby

MACBETH: If it were done when 'tis done, then 'twere well
It were done quickly:

CALIBAN: Why, as I told thee, 'tis a custom with him,
I' th' afternoon to sleep: there thou mayst brain him,

MACBETH: that but this blow
Might be the be-all and the end-all here,

CALIBAN: Remember
First to possess his books; for without them
He's but a sot, as I am, nor hath not
One spirit to command:

MACBETH: As I am his kinsman and his subject,
Strong both against the deed; then, as his host,
Who should against his murderer shut the door,
Not bear the knife myself.

CALIBAN: Burn but his books.
He has brave utensils,--for so he calls them--
Which when he has a house, he'll deck withal

MACBETH: Besides, this Duncan
Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been
So clear in his great office, that his virtues
Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against
The deep damnation of his taking-off;

CALIBAN: And that most deeply to consider is
The beauty of his daughter; he himself
Calls her a nonpareil:

[Stephanie, Kirsty, Jade, Jess. L, Kayleigh and Jess. J move to centre stage]

MACBETH: How now! what news?

POWER

[Jess. J and Stephanie stood opposite Kirsty and Jade centre stage]

[Kayleigh and Jess. L stood opposite Libby and Lizzy centre stage]

[Audio playing overhead and projection onto cyc]

My German countrymen, men and women (long pause) changes of Government have occurred frequently in history, and in the history of our people. It is certain, however, that never was a change of Government attended with such far-reaching results as that 8 years ago. At that time the Reich was desperate. We were called upon to take over the leadership of the nation. We were given power in circumstances of the greatest pressure, of the knowledge that, in the eyes of the noblest minds, this was a last attempt, while in the eyes of evil-wishers it should condemn the Movement to final failure. Unless the German nation could be saved, by a miracle, the situation was bound to end in disaster. For 15 years events had moved downwards without respite. On the other hand, this was only because of the World War: of the outcome of the World War, of our own internal, political, moral, and military collapse. For these reasons it is important on a day like this to think back to that entire national misfortune.

[Kirsty and Jade go to Station 2]

[Stephanie, Libby and Lizzy go to props station]

[Jess. J goes to costume station]

[Kayleigh and Jess. L goes to chair station]

CONTEMPLATION

[Kirsty and Jade at Station 2]

Hamlet = Kirsty

Titus = Jade

HAMLET: To be, or not to be: that is the question:

TITUS: If there were reason for these miseries,
Then into limits could I bind my woes:
When heaven doth weep, doth not the earth o'erflow?

HAMLET: To die: to sleep;

TITUS: If the winds rage, doth not the sea wax mad,
Threatening the welkin with his big-swoln face?

HAMLET: No more; and by a sleep to say we end
The heart-ache and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to, 'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd.

TITUS: And wilt thou have a reason for this coil?
I am the sea; hark, how her sighs do blow!

HAMLET: To die, to sleep;

TITUS: She is the weeping welkin, I the earth:
Then must my sea be moved with her sighs;

HAMLET: To sleep: perchance to dream:

TITUS: Then must my earth with her continual tears
Become a deluge, overflow'd and drown'd;

HAMLET: ay, there's the rub;
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all

TITUS: Then give me leave, for losers will have leave
To ease their stomachs with their bitter tongues.

‘EMPTY THREATS’

[*Jess J*]

I'll Be Back

[*Jess J and Libby*]

I'll Be Back

[*Jess J, Libby and Kayleigh*]

I'll Be Back

[*All*]

I'll Be Back (x2)

[*Kirsty*]

Say hello (Hello), say, say hello (Hello) x3

[*Libby and Jess J*]

To my little Friend X3

[*Jess J, Kayleigh and Jess*]

Ooooooh oh (x5)

[*Kirsty*]

You come to me on the day my daughter is to be married, and you ask me to do murder.

[*Libby*]

I'll get you my pretty and your little dog too (too, too, dog too, too) x3

[*Libby*]

I'll get you my pretty and your little dog too (too)

[*All*]

Sa, Sa, Mufasa. Sa, Sa, Mufasa. Sa, Sa, Mufasa. I killed Mufasa.

[*All*]

Welcome to fight club

The first rule of fight club is...don't talk about fight club! Don't talk about, don't talk about,
Fight club.

The second rule of fight club is, you do NOT.

Talk about fight club.

[*Jess J*]

I don't know who you are, I don't know what you want

[*Libby*]

If you're looking for ransom, I can tell you I don't have money (money, money, money)

[*Kirsty*]

But what I do have are a very particular set of skills.

[*Kayleigh*]

Skills I have acquired over a very long career

Skills that make me a nightmare for people like you (you)

[*Kirsty*]

If you let my daughter go now

[*All*]

That will be the end of it

I will not look for you

I will not pursue you.

But if you don't

I will look for you

I will find you.

[*Jess J*]

And I will kill you.

[All]
Good Luck.

BEAUTY

[*Kayleigh, Jess. J and Jade centre stage*]
[*Kirsty live feed Andy in tech box from chair station*]

Andy: Fame has a special burden, which I might as well state here and now. I don't mind being burdened with being glamorous and sexual. But what goes with it can be a burden. I feel that beauty and femininity are ageless and can't be contrived, and glamour, although the manufacturers won't like this, cannot be manufactured. Not real glamour; it's based on femininity. I think that sexuality is only attractive when it's natural and spontaneous. This is where a lot of them miss the boat. And then something I'd just like to spout off on. We are all born sexual creatures, thank God, but it's a pity so many people despise and crush this natural gift. Art, real art, comes from it, everything.

[*Kirsty ends live feed*]
[*Jess. J and Jade take chairs to chair station*]

INDULGENCE

[Kayleigh stays centre stage]

[Jess. L goes to centre stage]

Hamlet = Jess. L

Lear = Kayleigh

HAMLET: O, that this too too solid flesh would melt
Thaw and resolve itself into a dew!
Or that the Everlasting had not fix'd
His canon 'gainst self-slaughter! O God! God!

LEAR: O reason not the need! Our basest beggars
Are in the poorest thing superfluous.
Allow not nature more than nature needs,
Man's life is as cheap as beast's.

HAMLET: How weary, stale, flat and unprofitable,
Seem to me all the uses of this world!

LEAR: Thou art a lady:
If only to go warm were gorgeous,
Why, nature needs not what thou gorgeous wear'st,
Which scarcely keeps thee warm. But, for true need--
You heavens, give me that patience, patience I need.
You see me here, you gods, a poor old man,
As full of grief as age, wretched in both.

HAMLET: But two months dead: nay, not so much, not two:
So excellent a king; that was, to this,
Hyperion to a satyr; so loving to my mother
That he might not beteem the winds of heaven
Visit her face too roughly.

Heaven and earth!
Must I remember? why, she would hang on him,
As if increase of appetite had grown
By what it fed on: and yet, within a month--
Let me not think on't--Frailty, thy name is woman!—

LEAR: No, you unnatural hags!
I will have such revenges on you both

HAMLET: A little month, or ere those shoes were old
With which she follow'd my poor father's body,
Like Niobe, all tears:--

LEAR: That all the world shall—

HAMLET: why she, even she—

LEAR: I will do such things—

HAMLET: O, God! a beast, that wants discourse of reason,
Would have mourn'd longer—

LEAR: What they are, yet I know not; but they shall be
The terrors of the earth.

HAMLET: Ere yet the salt of most unrighteous tears

LEAR: You think I'll weep.

HAMLET: Had left the flushing in her galled eyes,

LEAR: No, I'll not weep.

HAMLET: But break, my heart; for I must hold my tongue.

[*Jess. L goes to props followed by Kayleigh*]

CRAZY

[*Stephanie and Jess. J at Station 1*]

Stephanie = Richard III

Jess. J = Richard III

Stephanie: Give me another horse!

Jess. J: What do I fear, myself? There's none else by.

Stephanie: Is there a murderer here? No, yes I am.
Then fly! What, from myself? Great reason why:

Jess. J: Lest I revenge, what myself upon myself?
Alack. I love myself. Wherefore for any good
that I myself have done unto myself?

Stephanie: O, no! Alas, I rather hate myself
For hateful deeds committed by myself.
I am a villain. Yet I lie. I am not.

Jess. J: Fool, of thyself speak well. Fool do not flatter.
My conscience hath a thousand several tongues,
And every tongue brings in a several tale,
And every tale condemns me for a villain.

Stephanie: Perjury, perjury in the highest degree;
Murder, stern murder, in the direst degree;
All several sins, all used in each degree,
Throng to the bar, crying all, "Guilty, guilty!"
I shall despair. There is no creature loves me,
And if I die no soul will pity me.

Jess. J: And wherefore should they, since that I myself
Find in myself no pity to myself?

Stephanie: Methought the souls of all I that I had murdered
Came to my tent, and everyone did threat
Tomorrow's vengeance on the head of Richard.

FEMINISM

[*Jess. L walks centre stage holding 'APPLAUSE' sign*]

[*Audio*] *Welcome to The Generation Game. Contestant N.o. 1: What do you think defines feminine beauty?*

[*lights on Libby and Stephanie on Station 2*]

Stephanie: For more than 200 years, feminists have been criticising the way that artificial images of feminine beauty are held up as the ideal to which women should aspire. From Mary Wollstonecraft's *A Vindication of the Rights of Women* in 1792, to Simone de Beauvoir's *The Second Sex* in 1949.

Libby: Yet far from fading away, they have become narrower and more powerful than ever.

Stephanie: What's more, throughout much of our society, the image of female perfection to which women are encouraged to aspire has become more and more defined by sexual allure.

Libby: Of course wanting to be sexually attractive has always and will always be a natural desire for both men and women, but in this generation a certain view of female sexuality has become celebrated throughout advertisements, music, television programmes, films and magazines.

Stephanie: It is modern feminism that created this rhetoric that foregrounds self-expression. Feminists encouraged women to cease seeing the good woman's life as defined through service to others, as it had been throughout the nineteenth century, and instead encouraged them to focus on their own desires and independence.

Libby: But that focus on independence and self-expression is now sold back to young women as the narrowest kind of consumerism and self-objectification.

[*lights off Libby and Stephanie on Station 2*]

[*Audio*] *Spiffing pins ladies. Contestant N.o. 2: Do you think young girls are simply products of consumerism?*

[*lights on Kirsty and Lizzy at chair station*]

Lizzy: Well hey there! It often seems now that the dolls are escaping from the toy shop and taking over girls' lives. Not only are little girls expected to play with dolls, they are expected to model themselves on their favourite playthings.

Kirsty: Like a Barbie doll mama?

Lizzy: Yes hunny bee! The glittering pink aesthetic now extends to almost every aspect of a girl's life. She can trip off to school with Barbies or Bratz on everything from her panties to her hair clips to her schoolbag...

Kirsty: And come home to look at her reflection in the mirror of a Disney princess dressing table!

Lizzy: Yes, baby! Living a doll's life seems to have become an aspiration for many young women, as they leave childhood behind only to embark on a project of grooming, dieting and shopping that aims to achieve the bleached, waxed, tinted look of a Bratz or Barbie doll. The celebrities they read about in fashion magazines are often women who are well known to have chosen extreme regimes, from punishing diets to plastic surgery, to achieve an airbrushed perfection. The fusion of the woman and the doll at times becomes almost surreal!

[lights off Kirsty and Lizzy at chair station]

[Audio] Isn't she a little doll. Contestant N.o. 3: Are consumerists to blame for the way that young girls view themselves in terms of sexuality?

[lights on Jess. J and Jade at costume station]

Jess: When you wander into a toy shop and find new, altogether more slutty and sultry ideal pouting up at you from a thousand figures, you realize that there has been a genuine change in the culture aimed at young girls.

Jade: While girls have always been encouraged to see self-decoration as a central part of their lives, today they are also exposed to a deluge of messages, even at an early [reem] age, about the importance of becoming sexually attractive.

Jess: These dolls are just a fragment *[nudges Jade, who is looking at jess confused, doll like face expression]*

Jade: ... of a much wider culture in which young women are encouraged to see their sexual allure...

Jess & Jade: ... as their primary passport to success.

[Audio] They really have been tangoed. Thank you for playing The Generation Game.

RELIGION

[Kayleigh walks from props station to Station 1]

Kayleigh: In the light of the moon a little egg lay on a leaf, one Sunday morning the warm sun came up and POP.

Out of the egg came a tiny and very hungry caterpillar, he started to look for some food.

On Monday he ate through one apple but he was still hungry.

On Tuesday he ate through two pears but he was still hungry.

On Wednesday he ate through three plums but he was still hungry.

[Everyone starts to slowly proceed from their stations towards Station 1]

On Thursday he ate through four strawberries but he was still hungry.

On Friday he ate through five oranges but he was still hungry.

On Saturday he ate through one piece of chocolate cake, one ice cream cone, one pickle, one slice of Swiss cheese, one slice of salami, one lollipop, one piece of cherry pie, one sausage, one cupcake and one slice of watermelon.

That night he had a stomach ache.

[Libby runs to Station 2]

[Jess. L, Stephanie, Lizzy, Kirsty, Jess. J and Jade fall to the ground]

The next day was Sunday again, the caterpillar ate through one nice green leaf, and after that he felt much better.

Now he wasn't hungry anymore and he wasn't a little caterpillar anymore, he was a big fat caterpillar.

He built a small house called a cocoon around himself.

He stayed inside for more than two weeks.

Then he nibbled a hole in the cocoon, pushed his way out, and he was a beautiful butterfly.

[Stephanie, Lizzy, Jess. L and Kayleigh go to props station]

[Kirsty, Jade and Jess. J go to costume station]

FAME

[*Libby at Station 2*]

[*Projection of celebrity video onto cyc*]

[*Libby*]

I never thought my life could be
Anything but catastrophe
But suddenly I begin to see
A bit of good luck for me

'Cause I've got a golden ticket
I've got a golden twinkle in my eye

I never had a chance to shine
Never a happy song to sing
But suddenly half the world is mine
What an amazing thing

'Cause I've got a golden ticket
It's ours, Charlie
I've got a golden sun up in the sky

I never thought I'd see the day
When I would face the world and say
Good morning, look at the sun
I never thought that I would be
Slap in the lap of luxury'
Cause I'd have said it couldn't be done
But it can be done

I never dreamed that I would climb
Over the moon in ecstasy
But nevertheless, it's there that I'm
Shortly about to be

'Cause I've got a golden ticket
I've got a golden chance to make my way
And with a golden ticket, it's a golden day

Good morning, look at the sun'
Cause I'd have said it couldn't be done
But it can be done

I never dreamed that I would climb
Over the moon in ecstasy
But nevertheless, it's there that I'm
Shortly about to be
'Cause I've got a golden ticket'
Cause I've got a golden ticket
I've got a golden chance to make my way
And with a golden ticket, it's a golden day

SHAKE THE WEEK

[Stephanie moves from props station to get MIC and place in front of cyc]

[Libby moves from Station 2 to get brush and brush round the audience]

[Lizzy, Jess. L and Kayleigh move from props station to in front of cyc]

[Kirsty, Jade and Jess. J move from costume station to in front of cyc]

Stephanie: Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you, trippingly on the tongue: but if you mouth it, as many of our players do, I had as lief the town-crier spoke. Nor do not saw the air too much with your hand, thus, but use all gently; for in the very torrent, tempest, and, as I may say, the whirlwind of passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance that may give it smoothness. O, it offends me to the soul to hear a robustious periwig-pated fellow tear a passion to tatters, to very rags, to split the ears of the groundlings, who for the most part are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumbshows and noise: pray you, avoid it.

[‘THE OTHER WOMAN’ *image appears on the cyc*]

Kirsty: What a piece of work is a man! How noble in reason.

Lizzy: Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?
Thou art more lovely and more temperate:
Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,
And summer's lease hath all too short a date:

Jess. J: Love is a smoke raised with the fume of sighs.

Lizzy: Sometimes too hot the eye of heaven shines,
And often is his gold complexion dimm'd;
And every fair from fair sometime declines,
By chance, or nature's changing course, untrimm'd;
But thy eternal summer shall not fade
Nor lose possession of that fair thou ow'st;
Nor shall Death brag thou wander'st in his shade,
When in eternal lines to time thou grow'st;
So long as men can breathe or eyes can see,
So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

Kayleigh: It is the green-eyed monster which doth mock.

[‘DIY’ *image appears on the cyc*]

Jade: For women are roses, whose fairer flower...

Kayleigh: Come, you spirits
That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here,
And fill me from the crown to the toe top-full
Of direst cruelty! Make thick my blood;
Stop up the access and passage to remorse,
That no compunctious visitings of nature
Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace between
The effect and it! Come to my woman's breasts,
And take my milk for gall, ~~you murdering ministers,~~
Wherever in your sightless substances
You wait on nature's mischief!

[‘WHAT NOT TO SAY ON A FIRST DATE’ *image appears on the cyc*]

Kirsty: Do not you love me?

Kayleigh: O that I were a glove upon that hand.

Jade: I love you more than words can wield the matter.

Lizzy: If music be the food of love, play on.

Jess. L: Tomorrow is Saint Valentine's day,
All in the morning betime,
And I a maid at your window,
To be your Valentine.

[‘PMS’ *image appears on the cyc*]

Jade: Thou tell'st me there is murder in mine eye:
'Tis pretty, sure, and very probable,

Jess J: I did say so, when first I raised the tempest.

Jess. L: If you tickle us, do we not laugh?

Lizzy: [Jess L and Lizzy shake heads]

Jade: Now I do frown on thee with all my heart;
And if mine eyes can wound, now let them kill thee:
Now counterfeit to swoon; why now fall down;
Or if thou canst not, O, for shame, for shame,
Lie not, to say mine eyes are murderers!

Kayleigh: The lady protests too much, me thinks.

[‘NEWLYWEDS’ *image appears on the cyc*]

Jess L: O, how I love thee! How I dote on thee!

Jess. J: Shall I speak ill of him that is my husband?
Ah, poor my lord, what tongue shall sooth thy name
When I, thy three hours wife, have mangled it?
Back, foolish tears, back to your native spring!
Your tributary drops belong to woe,
Which you, mistaking, offer up to joy.
All this is comfort; wherefore weep I then?

Jade: Love hath reason, reason none.

Jess J: and Romeo – banished!
That ‘banished’, that one word ‘banished’.
‘Romeo is banished’ –
There is no end, no limit, measure, bound,
In that word’s death; no words can that woe sound.

Kirsty: The course of true love never did run smooth.

[‘AWKWARD MOMENTS’ *image appears on the cyc*]

Kirsty: I left no ring with her. What means this lady?
Fortune forbid my outside have not charmed her!
She made good view of me; indeed, so much,
That, as methought, her eyes had lost her tongue,
For she did speak in starts distractedly.
She loves me sure; the cunning of her passion
Invites me in this churlish messenger.
If it be so, as tis',
Poor lady, she were better love a dream.

Lizzy: But, soft! What light through yonder window breaks? [*Points*]
There’s nothing there.

Kirsty: How easy is it for the proper false
In women's waxen hearts to set their forms!
Alas, our frailty is the cause, not we!
For such as we are made of, such we be.
What will become of this?

[*All except Libby exit the auditorium, who goes up to the MIC centre stage*]

Libby: This is a brave night to cool a courtesan.
I’ll speak a prophecy ere I go.
When priests are more in word than matter,
When brewers mar their malt with water,
When nobles are their tailors' tutors,
No heretics burned but wenches' suitors,
When every case in law is right,

No squire in debt nor no poor knight,
When slanders do not live in tongues,
Nor cutpurses come not to throngs,
When usurers tell their gold i' th' field,
And bawds and whores do churches build—
Then shall the realm of Albion
Come to great confusion.
Then comes the time, who lives to see 't,
That going shall be used with feet.
This prophecy Merlin shall make, for I live before his time.

[Libby exit auditorium through door near MIC station]

THE END