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A performance in musical theatre: Singular sensations in Shakespeare and song

Lisa Lynn Lyons

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A PERFORMANCE IN MUSICAL THEATRE:
SINGULAR SENSATIONS IN SHAKESPEARE AND SONG

A Project
Presented to the
Faculty of
California State University
San Bernardino

In Partial Fulfillment
of the Requirements for the Degree
Master of Arts
in
Interdisciplinary Studies

by
Lisa Lynn Lyons
September 1999
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ABSTRACT

The purpose of this project was to integrate the performance styles of musical theatre and Shakespearean classical acting. In addition to melding the acting styles, it was important that the material be thematically connected. The challenge was to combine these two art forms and make a unique theatrical event that would be enjoyable and understandable to audiences.

The success of the project was achieved by the connection of the themes in the text and music and the musical theatre format. The audience was able to interpret the meaning of Shakespeare's words with the help of songs that furthered the message of the classical scenes.
ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

I wish to thank my husband, Lee, and son, Nicholas, my mentor Margaret Perry, and my Mom and Dad for bringing musical theatre into my life.
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Introduction

*Singular Sensations* was the culminating project of a Master's Degree in Interdisciplinary Studies in Music and Theatre. The performance of this piece was preceded by many months of preparation, research and analysis of works from two genres of theatrical expression, Shakespeare and musical theatre. There is precedence for this combination. Musical theatre has often pirated material from Shakespeare, resulting in works such as *West Side Story* and *Kiss Me, Kate*. Shakespeare frequently interjected music and song into his productions, for example, the fairy songs in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. The aim of this project was to combine and present the styles so they would complement each other while showcasing the talents and training of two actresses.

Pam Lambert was the other actress who contributed her talents in Shakespeare to this performance, and Matthew Scarpino played the foil for all scenes. Margaret Perry, our advisor and mentor, took the materials and shaped them into an evening of theatre. I contributed musical performances as the culmination of my graduate studies. The project became a cabaret-style show that was presented in its entirety for four public performances. The two acts consisted of songs, scenes and monologues that mirrored
various aspects of love. "Courtship" included the songs "Sooner or Later, They Say It's Wonderful" and "Losing My Mind/You Could Drive a Person Crazy." "Marriage" was comprised of "Miller's Son," "Patterns" and "My Heart Belongs to Daddy." "The Other Woman" contained the song "Fifty Percent." "The Battle of the Sexes" carried the most complicated music with "What You Don't Know About Women," "Naughty Baby," "You Wanna Be My Friend" and as the finale, "Brush Up Your Shakespeare." The complete program is located in Appendix B.

Rehearsal and Preparation

It was a long journey to join the two mediums of theatre and music. I spent many hours listening to scores of musicals. I had to find music I was comfortable performing but which also correlated with the Shakespearean text. Some choices became obvious, for instance, "Brush Up Your Shakespeare," Cole Porter's ode to Shakespearean acting. I thought that "Patterns," an emotional contemporary ballad, would not be appropriate. However, when paired with Catherine of Aragon's desperate monologue from "Henry VIII," the song was a beautifully moving moment in the production. Putting the show together was one of most enlightening aspects of this project.

"Courtship" was the theme that began the evening of integration of Shakespeare and song. This section contained
scenes from *A Midsummer Night's Dream* and *All's Well That Ends Well* and three songs. *Sooner or Later*, from the movie, *Dick Tracy*, set up the action of the scene from *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. The beginning of attraction starts when one person decides to pursue another. Although Helena in *Midsummer* does not use the same tactics as Breathless did in *Dick Tracy*, the desired end result for both characters was to get the man.

When juxtaposing the lyrics and dialogue, it is clear just how insistent the two characters are on obtaining their target.

Helena

*And even for that do I love You the more. I am your spaniel: The more you beat me, I will Fawn on you.*

Breathless

*But if you insist babe, the challenge delights me The more you resist, babe The more it excites me.*

I first became familiar with this song from the musical, *Putting It Together*, which is a compilation of Sondheim songs within a vague story line. Unlike Madonna in *Dick Tracy*, the actress in this musical had a richer and more trained quality to her voice. I liked her rendition of the song due to that factor.

Because of my voice type, mezzo-soprano, the music available to me in musical theatre tends to be the "vamp" character. The great majority of musical theatre scores have the lower female voice singing the seductive songs. The
lower voice, traditionally, is sexier. The other type of woman the mezzo-soprano actress usually gets to play is the "unrequited love" character.

The role of Annie in Annie Get Your Gun is one such character. A song from that show, They Say It's Wonderful, was chosen very late in the rehearsal process as a transition number into All's Well That Ends Well. At some point in the act of courtship, both parties are in an idyllic state of romantic love. Annie is falling in love for the first time and is not sure how the relationship should progress. The lyrics "so they say" and "so they tell me" end each phrase. They really give the song a yearning quality that makes Annie a more sympathetic and vulnerable character.

The merging of the two songs, Losing My Mind and You Could Drive A Person Crazy took those vulnerable qualities and raised the emotions to a higher level. It marked the end of the "Courtship" section. These songs are actually from two different musicals. Losing My Mind is from Follies, and You Could Drive a Person Crazy comes from Company. Crazy is sung by a trio but the sentiment about men from all the women is the same. While the Company song is sung as an Andrews Sisters parody with sarcastic, biting lyrics, Losing My Mind is a heartfelt, emotional ballad. Sally, the
character who sings this song, really feels as if she is losing her mind over a lost love. However, when the two songs were juxtaposed, it created a melodramatic farce which seemed like a perfect segue into marriage.

In the "Marriage" section, we melded Shakespeare and music even further by interspersing the text within the songs. The two songs took the forefront in the emotional content of this section while the one monologue served as a jumping off point for further exploration into the marriage experience. Taken from the musical A Little Night Music, The Miller's Song is sung by Petra, the maid. She dreams about the different men she might marry. All of the men are unrealistic goals except for the miller's son. There are three verses about the three different men. In between each of these verses, we added Shakespearean text that correlated with the feeling of each verse.

I would define this song as a musical scene. The beginning of each section is a recitative that is followed by a very rhythmic verse. Sondheim, the composer and lyricist, has a wonderful sense of language. He might be compared with Shakespeare in that respect. The words of this song paint a delicious picture of each potential husband. I feel this song served much the same purpose as a monologue within a play.
The other song in this section would have stood on its own as a performance piece. However, we used Patterns from Closer Than Ever as the contemporary interpretation of Pam's monologue from The Life of King Henry the Eighth. The monologue set the tone of this portion of the program: that marriage is hard work and women carry the emotional strain with strength and dignity.

To end the First Act and change the mood after that moment, we went back into farce. Women have many different relationships with men. Fathers and husbands are sometimes very tightly linked. King Lear's speech about the division of his kingdom set up the structure of this sequence. Pam and I came onstage as the daughters of Lear. The song, My Heart Belongs to Daddy, became our anthem. Because this was the First Act closing number, it went over the top in energy and comedy. Cole Porter, who wrote the song, was the king of double entendres and this song has its share. In the musical, Leave It to Me, Mary Martin sang the song in a fur coat and stripped down to a pink nightie. Pam and I competed with each other as characters and performers to see who could be the most outrageous.

The Second Act opened the door to unconventional aspects of love and relationships: "The Other Woman" and "The Battle of the Sexes." "The Other Woman" contained one
selection from each venue of performance. The woman who engages in a relationship with a married man is usually shunned in society. Pam brought to life the character of Mistress Quickly from *The Life of King Henry the Fourth* and *The Life of King Henry the Fifth*. Mistress Quickly and Falstaff have a tempestuous love affair that never has closure. While the monologue was funny it ended with a bittersweet emotion. I followed that with a song from *Ballroom* called *Fifty Percent*. The character in this show has chosen to be with a married man, but the lyrics suggest that this is not a perfect situation.

The "Battle of the Sexes" portion of the evening was the most fun I have ever had on stage. It pushed me to the limits as a performer. Each of the three songs contained a different challenge. I thought the music somewhat overshadowed the two scenes. However, as we were building to the end of the evening, the dogma of musical theatre dictates "When words aren't enough, you must sing and dance."

To begin this section, I had to do something I never thought was possible. I did a Shakespearean scene. From *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, I played Mistress Ford and Pam was Mistress Page. In Act I, Scene 4, the two ladies come across each other in the garden. During the course of their
conversation, they discover they have received the exact same letter from John Falstaff. Their feelings about men and their eventual revenge are expounded in this scene and provided the segue into the song, *What You Don’t Know About Women*.

Two women are in love with or hate the same man. The song is a duet between the wife and the secretary of one of the main characters in the musical, *City of Angels*. We incorporated our token male into this piece, and Pam and I barraged him with barbs regarding men. He made the scene even more fun by becoming our punching bag.

Because we were engaged in a battle, the show had nowhere to go but up in energy at this point. *Naughty Baby*, from *Crazy for You* was a piece that glorified female attributes and was blocked in such a way that the male was used as a physical prop. Matt was given quite a workout by lifting and carrying me. Loosely based on the movie with the same title, the song contains one show-stopping moment after another, as a cool sophisticate from the city meets up with a country boy and wants to show him a good time.

This song gave me an opportunity to choreograph. Matt was patient as I tried to find creative ways to partner him. As I have a tendency to over-choreograph, I was ever mindful that both of us had to sing and dance at the same time.
Matt was such a good partner that he made the whole dance a pure joy. His facial expressions were half the song and I did not have to choreograph those.

Pam's monologue from *Taming of the Shrew* was the perfect choice to follow such a number. We continued the rejection of males with the song *You Wanna Be My Friend*. This was the last song and culminating message the section, "The Battle of the Sexes". I hesitate to call it "male bashing," but it certainly had that effect. The last line in Pam's monologue was "I will go sit and weep till I can find occasion of revenge". I, then, took revenge on Matt during the song with verbal and physical abuse. We ended the evening with *Brush Up Your Shakespeare*. It was the blending of Shakespeare and song written in Cole Porter perfection.

**The Performance**

As a singer I felt comfortable with the material. I had a hand in choosing it and in orchestrating it, but I did feel some of the songs challenged my vocal technique. As a vocal coach, I know that singers can broadcast anxiety about their ability to hit notes. I think I was able to act my way through the songs, so that I avoided that pitfall. As an actor, I didn't feel I went as far as I could go in intensity on some numbers.
One such number was *Sooner or Later*. The hardest aspect of this performance was singing it as myself. Part of the blocking required me to interact with audience members. Technically, I was not happy with my costume and did not feel "sexy" enough to carry this number off. I, therefore, took a more "campy" approach to the song.

However, in the song *Naughty Baby*, I felt comfortable with the sexy part as well as the comedic aspect of the song. In retrospect, I think the singer/actor has to perform the exhausting task of melding the singing technique with the acting technique. Not only must you be comfortable with your singing technique but you must also convey the emotions in your voice and body.

In the song *The Miller's Son*, I was comfortable with my voice but not with my body. I had sung the song before in an undergraduate musical theatre course. It is an alto/belt-type of song. The range is from f to b, above middle c, which would not be difficult except the song is moving so quickly there is not sufficient time to make proper vocal transitions from belt to mix. Consequently, the top note had to be belted.

I also had a singing dilemma that I believe stems from my classical training. If I was standing still, I could make some transitions and hit the high note with a mixed
tone. However, combining singing with blocking, I could no longer sustain the mixed tone. As I rehearsed the song, I did not foresee any problems. It was only when we started running the show full out that I discovered the difference. This has been a problem in other productions, so I think it will be something that needs further experimentation on my part.

Musically and emotionally, I was most successful with *Patterns* and *Fifty Percent*. Both required a dramatic intensity that was exciting for me, as a comedic actress, to attempt. *Patterns* was perhaps the most emotionally difficult song to sing because it was so close to my own situation in life. It tells of a woman who is going through the motions of life and yearns to run away from the patterns she has created. The melodic line was also constructed with patterns. It descended with three notes and then went up and down using those same three notes. The challenge in the first part of the A section was to create a very legato line. The second section had a more recitative feel leading into the B section, which was the dramatic climax.

I worked extensively with my vocal coach on this passage. The approach to the highest note was not an easy one. It started like an arpeggio then skipped up a minor
sixth. Fortunately, as it was the emotional apex of the song, the feelings helped to carry the note along.

Some of the easier songs were They Say It's Wonderful and My Heart Belongs to Daddy. The ranges were just over an octave, but the challenge was to stay in the musical theatre mixed tone. There were not any transitions between different voices. The mixed tone has a more classical sound than a straight belt.

My weakness as an actor has been that I do not often go to the edge of my emotional range. Losing My Mind/You Could Drive a Person Crazy ran the gamut of emotions. This medley was a workout vocally because the emotions had to be so over the top. The Losing My Mind portion started off seriously. The transition into Crazy was something out of the "Twilight Zone." I used the character of Norma Desmond from Sunset Boulevard as my role model. By the end of the number, I was exhausted physically and emotionally.

You Wanna Be My Friend had an anger and intensity that was new for me as an actress. In Merrily We Roll Along, one of my Master's performance requirements, I played Gussie, an aggressive, manipulative woman. She was very much against the usual type of character I play. The character in Friend was similar. She started out friendly then became volatile. I wanted to get the right build in the anger but at the end
of each verse, there was an explosion. Each verse had to be different even though the pattern was the same. The secret was to start small, build to a big finish at the end of each verse, and then start building again. Most of the song was spoken rather than sung so the challenge was to make the vocal patterns not repetitive even though the verses had the same builds each time.

Regarding my foray into Shakespearean acting, I can only say I now understand why actors get so passionate about his work. I was very intimidated by Shakespeare. I couldn't imagine these words flowing out of my mouth. I begged for line readings and interpretations from Pam and Margaret. The skill came slowly but by the time we performed it, the scene felt like something out of musical theatre. The pacing and physical timing reminded me of A Funny Thing Happened On The Way To The Forum by Sondheim. Some of the words felt uncomfortable to say because they were superfluous to the overall meaning of the text. Once I got past them, it was truly an exciting experience.

The objective of this Master's project was to expand my technical abilities in all three areas of musical theatre: singing, dancing and acting. I felt I stretched myself in all three areas. Because the production primarily involved two actors, each of us was able to concentrate on our
weaknesses and build on our strengths. I was pleased with the end result. I would like another chance to perform it without the pressure of academic deadlines. I also think this show would be a great vehicle for public school consumption. The combination of Shakespeare and musical theatre was accessible to audiences.
APPENDIX A: SCRIPT

ACT ONE

One (Singular Sensation)  Chorus Line
music: Marvin Hamlish, lyrics: Edward Kleban

Both

5 One, singular sensation
words that we articulate
One, thrilling combination
every move that we make

Pam

12 One sonnet suddenly no other words will do
(4 measures silence between 15 and 16)
If music be the food of love, play on

Lisa

16 You know you'll always leave humming with you know who
(4 measures silence between 19 and 20)
Some enchanted evening, you may see a stranger

Both

20 One moment in their presence
and you can forget the rest
For their plays are second best to none, son
Oooh, heee
Give us your attention
Do we really need to mention

32 music continues under:

Pam

A rose by any other name would smell as sweet

36, 37 Melody & accompaniment

38, 39 Accompaniment only

Pam

The course of true love never did run smooth

40, 41 Melody & accompaniment (no lyrics)

42, 43, 44, 45 Counted not played

Lisa

15
Won't forget, can't regret, what I did for love

Both

Can't help all Shakespeare qualities extolling

Lisa

49, repeat 50 Loaded with charisma songs by
Cole Porter
Gershwin, Kern
Lerner Lowe
Hammerstein

Lloyd Webber
Steve Sondheim
Kander Ebb
and Bernstein

Lisa

You walk onto stage and you know you must
step shuffle kick, belt out the note

Pam

Note all the meter and couplets Will wrote

Both

This is what-cha call acting
Oh strut your stuff
Can't get enough
of them
love them

Pam      Lisa

I emote      I can dance

64

This show's one of a kind

at 66 return to:

1 - 4
12 measures counted not played

Pam: Romeo Romeo, where for art thou romeo
Lisa: Where is love

1 - 4
12 measures counted not played

Pam: I dote upon his very absence
Lisa: But where are the clowns, send in the clowns

1 - 4
12 measures counted not played

Lisa: I loved you once in silence
Pam: Men of few words are the best men

16
1 - 4
12 measures counted not played

Pam: Fraility thy name is woman
Lisa: I don't know how to love him

1 - 4
12 measures counted not played

Pam: What a piece of work is a man
Lisa: I'm in love with a wonderful guy

1 - 4
12 measures counted not played

Lisa: I cain't say no
Pam: I am not a slut, though I thank god I am foul

Both
One, singular sensation
words we articulate
One, thrilling combination
every move that we make

Pam
One sonnet suddenly no other words will do

Lisa
You know you'll always leave humming with you
know who

Both
One moment in their presence
and you can forget the rest
Both cont.
For their plays are second best to none, son
Oooh, heee
Give us your attention
Do we really need to mention

95 - 96 no lyric
2 measures counted not played
The quality of mercy is not strained

95 - 96 no lyric
2 measures counted not played
Lord what fools these mortals be

95 - 96 no lyric
2 measures counted not played
To be or not to be that is the question

95 - 96 no lyric

Both
97

101 - 104 repeat and fade
Scene 2  
(Courtship)

Sooner or Later  
(Sonnet 18)

music and lyrics by: Stephen Sondheim

Sooner or later you're gonna be mine
Sooner or later you're gonna be fine
Baby, it's time that you faced it,
I always get my man

But if you insist babe
The challenge delights me
The more you resist babe
The more it excites me
And no one I've kissed babe
Ever fights me again

If you're on my list it's just a question of when
When I get a yen, then baby, amen
I'm counting to ten, and then

I'm gonna love you like nothing you've known
I'm gonna love you and you all alone
Sooner is better than later
I'll hover, I'll plan

This time I'm not only getting, I'm holding my man
This time I'm not only getting, I'm holding my man

Sonnet 18 - "Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?"

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.
Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,
And often is his gold complexion dimmed;
And every fair from fair sometime declines,
By chance, or nature's changing course, untrimmed:
But thy eternal summer shall not fade
Nor lose possession of that fair thou ow'st,  
Nor shall Death brag thou wand'rest 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.

A Midsummer Night's Dream

Helena

God speed fair Helena, Whither away?

Hermia

Call you me fair? That fair again unsay.  
Demetrius loves your fair. O happy fair!  
Your eyes are lodestars, and you tongue's sweet air  
More tuneable than lark to shepherd's ear  
When wheat is green, when hawthorn buds appear.  
Sickness is catching. O, were favor so,  
Yours would I catch, fair Hermia, ere I go;  
O, teach me how you look, and with what art  
You sway the motion of Demetrius' heart.

Hermia

His folly, Helena, is no fault of mine

Helena

None but your beauty. Would that fault were mine!  
How happy some o'er other some can be!  
Through Athens I am thought as fair as she.  
But what of that? Demetrius thinks not so;  
He will not know what all but he do know.  
And as he errs, doting on Hermia's eyes,  
So I, admiring of his qualities.  
Things base and vile, holding no quantity.  
Love can transpose to form and dignity.  
Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind,  
And therefore is winged Cupid painted blind.  
Nor hath Love's mind of any judgment taste;  
Wings, and no eyes, figure unheedly haste.  
And therefore is Love said to be a child,  
Because in choice he is so oft beguiled.  
As waggish boys in game themselves forswear,  
So the boy Love is perjured everywhere.  
For ere Demetrius looked on Hermia's eyne,  
He hailed down oaths that he was only mine;  
And when this hail some heat from Hermia felt,  
So he dissolved, and shew'rs of oaths did melt.  
I will go tell him of fair Hermia's flight;  
Then to the wood will he to-morrow night  
Pursue her; and for this intelligence  
If I have thanks, it is a dear expense.  
But herein mean I to enrich my pain,
To have his sight thither and back again.

Demetrius
I love thee not; therefore pursue me not.

Helena
You draw me, you hard-hearted adamant! But yet you draw not iron, for my heart Is true as steel. Leave you your power to draw, And I shall have no power to follow you.

Demetrius
Do I entice you? Do I speak you fair? Or rather do I not in plainest truth Tell you I do not, nor cannot love you?

Helena
I am your spaniel; and Demetrius, The more you beat me, I will fawn on you. Use me but as your spaniel — spurn me, strike me, Neglect me, lose me; only give me leave (Unworthy as I am) to follow you. What worser place can I beg in your love (And yet a place of high respect with me) Than to be used as you use your dog?

Demetrius
I will not stay thy questions. Let me go! Or if thou follow me, do not believe But I shall do thee mischief in the wood.

Helena
Ay, in the temple, in the town, the field You do me mischief. Fie Demetrius. Your wrongs do set a scandal on my sex; We cannot fight for love, as men may do; We should be wooed, and were not made to woo. I'll follow thee, and make a heaven of hell To die upon the hand I love so well. Wherefore was I to this keen mockery born? When at your hands did I deserve this scorn? Is't not enough, is't not enough dear friend, That I did never, no, nor never can. Deserve a sweet look from Demetrius' eye. But you must flout my insufficiency? Good troth, you do me wrong! good sooth you do. Have you no modesty, no maiden shame. No touch of bashfulness? What, will you tear Impatient answers from my gentle tongue? Good Hermia, do not be so bitter with me. I evermore did love you Hermia, Did ever keep your counsels, never wronged you; Save that, in love unto Demetrius, I told him of your stealth unto this wood. He followed you; for love I followed him, But he hath chid me hence, and threat'ned me To strike me, spurn me, nay to kill me too. And now, so you will let me quiet go,
To Athens will I bear my folly back,  
And follow you no further. Let me go.  
You see how simple and how fond I am.

Hermia  
Why, get you gone. Who is't that hinders you?

Helena  
A foolish heart, that I leave here behind. 
With Demetrius  
I will not trust you, I,  
Nor longer stay in your curst company.  
Your hands than mine are quicker for a fray;  
My legs are longer, though, to run away.

Demetrius  
I am amazed, and know not what to say.

They Say It's Wonderful  
Annie Get Your Gun  
Music and lyrics by: Irving Berlin

They say that falling in love  
Is wonderful  
It's wonderful  
So they say  

And with a moon up above  
It's wonderful  
It's wonderful  
So they tell me  

I can't recall who said it  
I know I never read it  
I only know they tell me that love is grand, and  
The thing that's known as romance  
Is wonderful  
Wonderful  
In every way  
So they say  

Rumors fly and they often leave a doubt  
But you've come to the right place to find out  
Everything that you've heard is really so  
I've been there once or twice and I should know  

You'll find that falling in love  
Is wonderful  
It's wonderful  
As they say  

And with a moon up above  
It's wonderful  
It's wonderful  
As they tell you
You leave your house some morning
And without any warning
You're stopping people shouting that love is grand
And
To hold a man in your arms
Is wonderful
Wonderful
In every way
I should say

All's Well That Ends Well

Act 1 Scene 1

Helena
My imagination
Carries no favor in't but Bertram's.
I am undone; there is no living, none,
If Bertram be away. Twere all one
That I should love a bright particular star
And think to wed it, he is so above me.
In his bright radiance and collateral light
Must I be comforted, not in his sphere.
Th' ambition in my love thus plagues itself:
The hind that would be mated by the lion
Must die for love. 'Twas pretty, though a plague,
To see him every hour, to sit and draw
His arched brows, his hawking eye, his curls.
In our heart's table—heart too capable
Of every line and trick of his sweet favor
But now he's gone, and my idolatrous fancy
Must sanctify his relics. Who comes here

Enter Parolles

One that goes with him, I love him for his sake,
And yet I know him a notorious liar,
Think him a great way fool, solely a coward.
Yet these fixed evils sit so fit in him
That they take place when virtue's steely bones
Looks bleak i' th' cold wind; withal, full oft we see
Cold wisdom waiting on superfluous folly.

Parolles
Save you fair queen!

Helena
And you, monarch!

Parolles
No
**Helena**
And no.

**Parolles**
Are you meditating on virginity?

**Helena**
Ay, You have some stain of soldier in you; let me ask you a question. Man is enemy to virginity; how may we barricado it against him?

**Parolles**
Keep him out

**Helena**
But he assails, and our virginity, though valiant, in the defense yet is weak. Unfold to us some warlike resistance.

**Parolles**
There is none. Man setting down before you will undermine you and blow you up.

**Helena**
Bless our poor virginity from underminers and blowers-up! Is there no military policy how virgins might blow up men?

**Parolles**
Virginity being blown down, man will quicklier be blown up; marry, in blowing him down again with the breach yourselves made you lose your city. Loss of virginity is rational increase and there was never virgin got till virginity was first lost. 'Tis too cold a companion. Away with't!

**Helena**
I will stand for't a little, though therefore I die a virgin.

**Parolles**
There's little can be said in't: tis against the rule of nature. To speak on the part of virginity is to accuse your mothers, which is most infallible disobedience. Besides, virginity is peevish, proud, idle, made of self-love, which is the most inhibited sin in the canon; Keep it not: you cannot choose but lose by't. Out with't! Away with't!

**Helena**
How might one do, sir, to lose it to her own liking?

**Parolles**
Let me see. Marry, ill, to like him that ne'er it likes. 'Tis a commodity will lose the gloss with lying;
the longer kept, the less worth. Off with't while 'tis vendible; answer the time of request.
Your virginity, your old virginity, is like one of our French withered pears; it looks ill, it eats drily.
Marry, 'tis a withered pear; it was formerly better; marry, yet 'tis a withered pear! Will you anything with it?

Helena
Not my virginity yet....
There shall your master have a thousand loves,
A mother, and a mistress, and a friend,
A phoenix, captain, and an enemy,
A guide, a goddess, and a sovereign,
A counsellor, a traitress, and a dear;
His humble ambition, proud humility,
His jarring concord, and his discord dulcet,
His faith, his sweet disaster; with a world
Of pretty, fond, adoptious christendoms
That blinking Cupid gossips. Now shall he?
I know not what he shall. God send him well!
The court's a learning place, and he is one-

Parolles
What one, i'faith?

Helena
That I wish well. 'Tis pity-

Parolles
What's pity?

Helena
That wishing well had not a body in't,
Which might be felt; that we, the poorer born,
Whose baser stars do shut us up in wishes,
Might with effects of them follow our friends,
And show what we alone must think, which never
Returns us thanks.

Parolles
Little Helen, farewell. If I can remember thee, I will think of thee at court.

Helena
Monsieur Parolles, you were born under a charitable star.

Losing My Mind
music & lyrics by Stephen Sondheim

Follies

The sun comes up - I think about you
The coffee cup - I think about you
I want you so, it's like losing my mind

The morning ends - I think about you
24
I talk to friends and think about you
And do they know it's like I'm losing my mind?

All afternoon doing every little chore
The thought of you stays bright
Sometimes I stand in the middle of the floor
Not going left - not going right

I dim the lights and think about you
Spend sleepless nights to think about you
You said you loved me, or were you just being kind?
Or am I losing
Losing my mind?

You Could Drive a Person Crazy
Company

You could drive a person crazy,
You could drive a person mad.
First you make a person hazy
So a person could be had.
Then you leave a person dangling sadly
Outside your door,
Which could only make a person gladly
Want you even more.
I could understand a person
If it's not a person's bag.
I could understand a person
If a person was a fag.
But worse'n that,
A person that
Titillates a person and then leaves her flat
Is crazy,
He's a troubled person,
He's a truly crazy person himself

When a person's personality is personable,
He should not sit like a lump.
It's harder than a matador coercin' a bull
To try to get you off of your rump.
So single and attentive and attractive a man
Is everything a person could wish,
But turning off a person is the act of a man
Who likes to pull the hooks out of fish.

You could drive a person buggy,
You could blow a person's cool.
Like you make a person feel all huggy
While you make her feel a fool.
When a person says that you upset her,
That's when you're good.
You impersonate a person better
Than a zombie should.
I could understand a person
If he wasn't good in bed.
I could understand a person
If he actually was dead.
Exclusive you!
Elusive you!
Will any person ever get the juice of you?
You're crazy,
You're a lovely person,
You're a moving,
Deeply maladjusted,
Never to be trusted,
Crazy person yourself.

Scene 2
(Marriage)

Sonnet 116 - "Let me not to the marriage of true minds"

Let me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments. Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds
Or bends with the remover to remove.
O, no! it is an ever-fixed mark
That looks on tempests and is never shaken;
It is the star to every wand'er'ning bark,
Whose worth's unknown, although his highth be taken.
Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
Within his bending sickle's compass come.
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out even to the edge of doom.
    If this be error, and upon me proved,
    I never writ, not no man ever loved.

**Millers Son**

**A Little Night Music**

music & lyrics by Stephen Sondheim

I shall marry the millers son,
Pin my hat on a nice piece of property.
Friday nights, for a bit of fun, we'll go dancing.

Meanwhile...
It's a wink and a wiggle and a giggle on the grass
And I'll trip the light fandango,
A pinch and a diddle in the middle of what passes by.

It's a very short road from the pinch and the punch
To the paunch and the pouch and the pension,
It's a very short road to the ten thousandth lunch,
And the belch and the grouch and the sigh.

In the meanwhile,
There are mouths to be kissed before mouths to be fed
And a lot in between in the meanwhile.
And a girl ought to celebrate what passes by.

**Beatrice**
The fault will be in the music, if you be not wooed in good
time. There is measure in everything, and so dance out the
answer. For, wooing, wedding, and repenting is as a Scotch
jig, a measure, and a cinquepace. The first suit is hot and
hasty like a Scotch jig (and full as fantastical); the
wedding, mannerly modest, as a measure, full of state and
ancientry; and then comes Repentance.

Or I shall marry the bus'ness man,
Five fat babies and lots of security.
Friday nights, if we think we can,
We'll go dancing.

Meanwhile...
It's a push and a fumble and a tumble in the sheets
And I'll foot the highland fancy,
A dip in the butter and a flutter with what meets my
eye.

In the meanwhile,
There are mouths to be kissed before mouths to be fed,
And there's many a tryst and there's many a bed
To be sampled and seen in the meanwhile.
And a girl has to celebrate what passes by.

**Rosalind**
The poor world is
almost six thousand years old, and in all this time
there was not any man died in his own person,
namely, in a love cause. Men have died from time
to time, and worms have eaten them. But not for love.
Men are April when they woo. December when they wed.
Maids are are May when they are maids, but the sky
changes when they are wives.

Or I shall marry the Prince of Wales,
Pearls and servants and dressing for festivals.
Friday nights, with him all in tails,
We'll have dancing.

Meanwhile...
It's a rip in the bustle and a rustle in the hay
And I'll pitch the quick fantastic,
With flings of confetti and my petticoats away up
high.

It's a very short way from the fling that's for fun
To the thigh pressing under the table.
I'ts a very short day till you're stuck with just one
Or it has to be done on the sly.

In the meanwhile,
There are mouths to be kissed before mouths to be fed
And there's many a tryst and there's many a bed,
There's a lot I'll have missed but I'll not have been dead
When I die!
And a person should celebrate everything
Passing by,

**Rosalind**
Let me not adimit impediments to the marriage of true minds.

And I shall marry the millers son.

---

**Katherine of Aragon**

**Henry VIII**

**Katherine**
Sir, I desire you do me right and justice,
And to bestow your pity on me; for
I am a most poor woman and a stranger,
Born out of your dominions; having here
No judge indifferent, not no more assurance
Of equal friendship and proceeding. Alas sir,
In what have I offended you? What cause
Hath my behavior given to your displeasure
That thus you should proceed to put me off
And take your good grace from me? Heaven witness,
I have been to you a true and humble wife,
At all times to your will conformable,
Ever in fear to kindle your dislike,
Yea, subject to your countenance - glad or sorry
As I saw it inclined. When was the hour
I contradicted your desire
Or made it not mine too? Or which of your friends
Have I not strove to love, although I knew,
He were mine enemy? what friend of mine
That had to him derived your anger, did I
Continue in my liking? nay, gave notice
He was from thence discharged? Sir, call to mind
That I have been your wife in this obedience
Upward of twenty years, and have been blest
With many children by you. If in the course
And process of this time you can report,
And prove it too, against mine honor aught,
My bond to wedlock, or my love and duty
Against your sacred person, in God's name
Turn me away, and let the foul'st contempt
Shut door upon me, and so give me up
To the sharp'st kind of justice. Please you sir,
The king your father was reputed for
A prince most prudent, of an excellent
And unmatched wit and judgment. Ferdinand,
My father, King of Spain, was reckoned one
The wisest prince that there had reigned by many
A year before. It is not to be questioned
That they had gathered a wise council to them
Of every realm, that did debate this business,
Who deemed our marriage lawful. Wherefore I humbly
Beseech you, sir, to spare me till I may
Be by my friends in Spain advised, whose counsel
I will implore. If not i' th' name of God,
Your pleasure be fulfilled!

Patterns Baby

Patterns in my life that I trace every day.
Patterns as I say the things I always say.
Patterns in the ceiling as I lie awake
Why are patterns haunting every move I make?

Just look: Here I am on cue again.
Upset, feeling torn in two again
Afraid, saying I'm okay, making little jokes
Till I run away....... again.

And yet today I am not the same
I feel my live slipping from its frame.
Strange feelings rise
Feelings with no name and I can't face them, 
So I shake them hard, fold them up, 
And tuck them safely away........again 

Patterns that begin as I walk through a door. 
Patterns in the curtains and the kitchen floor. 
Patterns in the days routines I must arrange. 
Patterns in the ways I try....but never change. 

Just look, as I'm thrown a curve again, I leap, 
Then I lose my nerve again. 
In tears, running home I go, secretly relieved, 
Safe with what I know.......again 

And yet I know I am not the same. 
Inside my heart is something I can't tame. 
I feel my mind bursting into flame, 
And I must change or else I'll break apart, 
Or break away, and end up having to start, 
......again 

Patterns through the day 
I seem to use to give my life a shape 
Patterns through the house 
That give me comfort when I need escape. 
Patterns that lead nowhere at all.

**SCENE 3**
(Daddy) 

**Sonnet 29 - "When in disgrace with fortune"**

When, in disgrace with Fortune and men's eyes,  
I all alone beweep my outcast state,  
And trouble deaf heaven with my bootless cries,  
And look upon myself and curse my fate,  
Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,  
Featur'd like him, like him with friends possess'd  
Desiring this man's art, and that man's scope,  
With what I most enjoy contented least;  
Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising,  
Haply I think on thee, and then my state,  
Like to the lark at break of day arising  
From sullen earth, sings hymns at heaven's gate;  
For thy sweet love rememb'red such wealth brings  
That then I scorn to change my state with kings.

*My Heart Belongs To Daddy*  
*Leave It To Me*  

music & lyrics by Cole Porter
Lear
Know that we have divided in three our Kingdom; 
And tis our fast intent to shake all cares and business 
From our age. We have this hour a constant will to publish 
Our daughters' several dowers, that further strife may be 
Prevented now. Tell me my daughters (Since now we will 
Divest us both of rule, Interest of territory, cares of 
state).
Which of you shall we say doth love us most?

I used to fall in love with all 
Those boys who maul the young cuties 
But now I find I'm more inclined 
To keep my mind on my duties 
For since I came to care 
For such a sweet millionaire 
While tearing off a game of golf 
I may make a play for the caddie 
But if I do I don't follow through 
'Cause my heart belongs to Daddy

Goneril
Sir, I love you more than word can wield the matter; 
Dearer than eyesight, space and liberty; 
Beyond what can be valued, rich or rare; 
No less than life, with grace, health, beauty, honor; 
As much as child e'er loved, or father found; 
A love that makes breath poor, and speech unable; 
Beyond all manner of so much I love you.

If I invite a boy some night 
To dine on my fine finnan haddie, 
I just adore his asking for more 
But my heart belongs to Daddy

Regan
I am made of that self mettle as my sister, 
And prize me at her worth. In my true heart 
I find she names my very deed of love; 
Only she comes too short, that I profess 
Myself an enemy to all other joys 
Which the most precious square of sense possesses, 
And find I am alone felicitate 
In your dear Highness' love

But my heart belongs to Daddy 
Yes my heart belongs to Daddy 
So I simply couldn't be bad 
Yes, my heart belongs to Daddy 
Da da da da da da da dad! 
So I want to warn you laddie 
Though I know you're perfectly swell 
That my heart belongs to Daddy 
'Cause my Daddy he treats it so well
Cordelia
You have begot me, bred me, loved me. I
Return those duties back as are right fit,
Obey you, love you, and most honor you.
Why have my sisters husbands if they say
They love you all? Haply, when I shall wed,
That lord whose hand must take my plight shall carry
Half my love with him, half my care and duty.
Sure I shall never marry like my sisters,
(To love my father all.)

   Yes my heart belongs to Daddy
   'Cause my Daddy, he treats is so well.

One (Reprise)
ACT TWO

One (Reprise)

Scene 1
(The Other Woman)

Mistress Quickley

Henry IV & Henry V

Hostess

Why, Sir John, what do you think. Sir John? Do you think I keep thieves in my house? I have searched, I have enquired, man by man, servant by servant. The tithe of a hair was never lost in my house before.

No, Sir John; you do not know me, Sir John. I know you, Sir John. You owe me money, Sir John, and now you pick a quarrel to beguile me of it. Marry, if thou wert an honest man, thyself and the money too. Thou didst swear to me upon a parcel-gilt goblet, sitting in my Dolphin chamber, at the round table, by a sea-coal fire, upon Wednesday in Wheeson week, when the prince broke thy head for liking his father to a singing-man of Windsor, thou didst swear to me then, as I was washing thy wound, to marry me and make me my lady thy wife. Canst thou deny it? Did not goodwife Keech, the butcher's wife, come in then and call me gossip Quickly? Coming in to borrow a mess of vinegar, telling us she had a good dish of prawns, whereby thou didst desire to eat some, whereby I told thee they were ill for a green wound? And didst thou not, when she was gone down stairs, desire me to be no more so familiarity with such poor people, saying that ere long they should call me madam? And didst thou not kiss me and bid me fetch thee thirty shillings? I put thee now to thy book oath. Deny it, if thou canst.

Well, fare thee well. I have known thee these twenty-nine years, come peascod-time, but an honester and truer-hearted man - well fare thee well. Nay sure, he's not in hell! He's in Arthur's bosom, if ever man went to Arthur's bosom. 'A made a finer end, and went away an it had been any christom child. 'A parted ev'n just between twelve and one. ev'r at the turning o' th' tide. For after I saw him fumble with the sheets, and play with flowers, and smile upon his finger's end, I knew there was but one way; for his nose was as sharp as a pen, and 'a babbled of green fields. 'How now, Sir John?' quoth I. 'What, man? be o' good cheer. ' So ' a cried out 'God, God, God!' three or four times. Now I, to comfort him, bid him 'a should not think of God; I hoped there was no need to trouble himself with any such thoughts yet. So ' a bade me lay more clothes on
his feet. I put my hand into the bed and felt them, and they were as cold as any stone. Then I felt to his knees, and so upward and upward, and all was as cold as any stone.

Fifty percent
music: Alan & Mary Bergman, lryics: Billy Goldenberg

I don't iron his shirts, I don't sew on his buttons
I don't know all the jokes he tells, or the songs he hums
Though I may hold him all through the night
He may not be here when morning comes

I don't pick out his ties, or expect his tomorrows
But I feel when he's in my arms he's where he wants to be
We have no mem'ries, bittersweet with time
And I doubt if he'll spend New Years Eve with me

I don't share his name, I don't share his ring
There's no piece of paper saying that he's mine
But he says he loves me and I believe it's true
Doesn't that make someone belong to you?

So I don't share his name. So I don't wear his ring.
So there's no piece of paper saying that he's mine
So we don't have the mem'ries, I have enough mem'ries

I've washed enough mornings, I've dried enough evenings,
I've had enough birthdays to know what I want!
Life is anyone's guess, it's a constant surprise

Though you don't plan to fall in love when you fall
You fall.
I'd rather have fifty percent of him or any percent of him
Than all of anybody else at all

Sonnet 40 - "Take all my loves, my love, yea, take them all"

Take all my loves, my love, yea, take them all!
What hast thou then more than thou hadst before?
No love, my love, that thou mayst true love call;
All mine was thine before thou hadst this more.
Then, of for my love thou my love receivest,
I cannot blame thee for my love thou usest;
But yet be blam'd if thou thyself deceivest.
by wilful taste of what thyself refusest.
I do forgive thy robb'ry, gentle thief,
Although thou steal thee all my poverty;

34
And yet love knows it is a greater grief
To bear love's wrong than hate's known injury.
Lascivious grace, in whom all ill well shows,
Kill me with spites; yet we must not be foes.

Scene 2
(The battle of the sexes)

The Merry Wives of Windsor

Act I Scene 4

Mistress Page
What, have I 'scaped love letters in the holiday
time of my beauty, and am I now a subject for them?
Let me see (Reads)
'Ask me no reason why I love you; for though Love use
Reason for his precisian, he admits him not for his counsellor. You are not young, no more am I. Go to then, there's a sympathy. You are merry, so am I. Ha, ha! then there's more sympathy. You love sack, and so do I. Would you desire better sympathy? Let it suffice thee, Mistress Page - at the least, if the love of soldier can suffice - that I love thee. I will not say, pity me - 'tis not a soldier-like phrase - but I say, love me. By me.

Thine own true knight,
By day or night,
Or any kind of light,
With all his might
For thee to fight,
John Falstaff.'

What a Herod of Jewry is this! O wicked, wicked world. -One that is wellnigh worn to pieces with age, to show himself a young gallant? What an unweighed behavior hath this Flemish drunkard picked - with the devil's name! - out of my conversation that he dares in this manner assay me? Why, he hath not been thrice in my company. What should I say to him? I was then frugal of my mirth - heaven forgive me! Why, I'll exhibit a bill in the parliament for the putting down of men. How shall I be revenged on him? for revenged I will be, as sure as his guts are made of puddings.

(Enter) Mistress Ford

Mistress Page - trust me, I was going to your house.

Mistress Page
And, trust me. I was coming to you. You look very ill.

Mistress Ford
Nay, I'll ne'er believe that. I have to show to the contrary.
Mistress Page
Faith, but you do, in my mind.

Mistress Ford
Well, I do then; yet I say I could show you to
the contrary. O Mistress Page, give me some counsel.

Mistress Page
What's the matter, woman?

Mistress Ford
O woman, if it were not for one trifling respect,
I could come to such honor.

Mistress Page
Hang the trifle, woman; take the honor. What
is it? - dispense with trifles - what is it?

Mistress Ford
If I would but go to hell for an eternal
moment or so, I could be knighted.

Mistress Page
What? thou liest. Sir Alice Ford? These
knights will hack; and so thou shouldst not alter the
article of thy gentry.

Mistress Ford
We burn daylight; Here, read, read; perceive
how I might be knighted. I shall think the worse of
fat men as long as I have an eye to make difference of
men's liking. And yet he would not swear; praised
women's modesty; and gave such orderly and well-
behaved reproof to all uncomeliness that I would have
sworn his disposition would have gone to the truth of
his words. But they do no more adhere and keep place
together than the Hundreth Psalm to the tune of
'Greensleeves.' What tempest, I trow, threw this
whale, with so many tuns of oil in his belly, ashore
at Windsor? How shall I be revenged on him? I think
the best way were to entertain him with hope till the
wicked fire of lust have melted him in his own grease.
Did you ever hear the like?

Mistress Page
Letter for letter, but that the name of Page and
Ford differs. - To thy great comfort in this mystery
of ill opinions, here's the twin brother of thy
letter. But let thine inherit first, for I protest
mine never shall. I warrant he hath a thousand of
these letters, writ with blank space for different
names - sure, more - and these are of the second
edition. He will print them, out of doubt; for
he cares not what he puts into the press when he would
put us two. I had rather be a giantess and lie under
Mount Pelion. Well, I will find you twenty lascivious
turtles ere one chaste man.

Mistress Ford
36
Why, this is the very same; the very hand, the very words. What doth he think of us?

**Mistress Page**
Nay, I know not. It makes me almost ready to wrangle with mine own honesty. I'll entertain myself like one that I am not acquainted withal; for sure, unless he know some strain in me that I know not myself, he would never have boarded me in this fury.

**Mistress Ford**
Boarding call you it? I'll be sure to keep him above deck.

**Mistress Page**
So will I - if he come under my hatches, I'll never to sea again. Let's be revenged on him. Let's appoint him a meeting, give him a show of comfort in his suit, and lead him on with a fine-baited delay till he hath pawned his horses to mine Host of the Garter.

**Mistress Ford**
Nay, I will consent to act any villainy against him that may not sully the chariness of our honesty.

**Mistress Page**
Why, look where he comes.

---

**What You Don't Know About Women**
*Music: Cy Coleman, Lyrics: David Zippel*

What you don't know about women
Could fill a shelf of books
You are the type of man
Who looks for understanding lovers
But never understands the girl
Who lies beneath the covers
You only have to open
Up your mouth to show
What you don't know
And you don't know about women

A woman needs to be assured
That she remains alluring
To now and then be reassured
Your passion is enduring
It's not enough to know your line
To polish and routine it
And heaven knows I know your line
The whole routine I've seen it. Ya gotta mean it

What you don't know about women
Is what we need to hear

---

**City of Angels**

---

37
You think if you can sound sincere
Then we'll come running to you
Throw in some truth for atmosphere
But we can see right through you
And every hollow compliment and phrase
Defines and underlines
What you don't know about women

You think what I don't know will not hurt me
But you don't know how often you do
How long ago did good sense desert me?
I don't know why I still burn for you
You never show what you are feeling
You're running low on emotion

What you don't know about women's
Only a drop in the bucket
Next to what you don't know about me
You are in need of a little enlight'ning
On ladies and love but you can't see
What you don't know about women is frightening
And you don't know nothin' about me

What you don't know about women, is what we need to
hear You think if you can sound sincere then we'll
come running to you Throw in some truth for
atmosphere, but we can see right through you

As You Like It

Phebe
Think not I love him, though I ask for him;
'Tis but a peevish boy; yet he talks well.
But what care I for words? Yet words do well
When he that speaks them pleases those that hear.
is a pretty youth; not very pretty;
But sure he's proud; and yet his pride becomes him.
He'll make a proper man. The best thing in him
Is his complexion; and faster than his tongue
Did make offense, his eye did heal it up.
He is not very tall; yet for his years he's tall.
His leg is but so so; and yet 'tis well.
There was a pretty redness in his lip,
A little riper and more lusty red
Than that mixed in his cheek; 'twas just the
difference Betwixt the constant red and mingled
damask. There be some women, had they marked him
In parcels as I did, would have gone near
To fall in love with him; but, for my part,
I love him not nor hate him not; and yet
I have more cause to hate him than to love him;
For what had he to do to chide at me?
He said mine eyes were black and my hair black;  
And, now I am rememb'red, scorned at me.  
I marvel why I answered not again.  
But that's all one; omittance is no quittance  
The matter's in my head and in my heart;  
I will be bitter with him and passing short  
Go with me, Silvius.

_Naughty Baby_  
__music: George Gershwin, lyrics: Ira Gershwin & Desmond Carter__

If you want a girl who's sentimental,  
One who'll never set you in a whirl,  
One who will be always sweet and gentle,  
I am not that sort of girl.

But if you prefer a rather swift one,  
If you think you'd like to run around  
With a bright one  
I am just the right one.

_Naughty baby, naughty baby_  
Who will tease you.  
I can show the way  
And know the way  
To please you

If you're wanting a beginner,  
I shan't do.  
I can make a saint a sinner  
When I want to.

If you find the simple kind Are rather slow dear,  
Then you ought to try a naughty one you know dear.  
But you'll never meet another who will be a  
Naughty baby, naughty baby just like me

_I'm the sort of girl you might expect to_  
Flirt with every fellow that she knew;  
Just the sort your mother would object to  
If she saw me out with you  
But I always do the things I want to.  
Everyone will tell you that I show  
Too much stocking, I am simply shocking.

_Naughty baby we love you.  
Though you may be bad, it's true._  
_Please don't go, for though_  
_We've been warned about you,_  
_You must know that we want you so._  
_Can't you see that we'd be glad to keep you here._
We're all mad to have you near.
We'd pursue, the whole day through
A naughty baby, naughty baby just like you.

Naughty baby, naughty baby we adore you.
Say you'll stay and let us lay our hearts before you.
We're not wanting a beginner, you'll just do.
Let us take you out to dinner, we should love to.

We're depressed because the rest are rather slow dear,
You're not shy and that is why we love you so, dear,
Everyone of us is longing to pursue a
Naughty baby, naughty baby just like me.

The Taming of the Shrew

Katherine
I told you, I, he was a frantic fool,
Hidding his bitter jests in blunt behavior;
And to benoted for a merry man,
He'll woo a thousand, point the day of marriage,
Make friends, invite, and proclaim the banes;
Yet never means to wed where he hath woo'd

I pray you, sir, is it you will
To make a stale of me among these mates?

I' faith, sir, you shall never need to fear
Iwis it is not halfway to (her) my heart
But if it were, doubt not (her) my care should be
To comb your noodle with a three-legg'd stool
And paint your face and use you like a fool
What will you not suffer me? Nay, now I see
She is your treasure, she must have a husband;
I must dance barefoot on her wedding day,
And, for your love to her, lead apes in hell.
Talk not to me; I will go sit and weep
Till I can find occasion of revenge.

You Wanna Be My Friend
music: David Shire, lyrics: Richard Maltby jr.

You're so good, you're too good for me, you are.
You're the best damn person I have known by far.
If I could, you know I'd never throw this curve.
You're a goddess, and I'm not what you deserve.
What I'm saying is: Our thing must end.
But though it must, I want to be your friend.

Friend?.........................Friend?!
You wanna be my friend? You wanna be my friend? Oh that's nice, You wanna be my friend.

I have friends I know from college, High school pals that I still see I have sisters in sororities 'cross the country fond of me. Two chums that date from grade school, one whole family from St. Paul. There are kids I know from summer camp who still give me a call. I have friends from when I lived in Paris, and my singles cruise. I have five old boyfriends who still call me up to schmooze. I have buddies from the lab in Boston, colleagues from the zoo. I have got an aunt in Cleveland, that I always can turn to. I GOT ENOUGH FRIENDS!!!

Perhaps I should be going...
You stay right here!

You wanna be my friend? You wanna be my friend? Well I'm touched. You wanna be my friend.

I want a lover and a husband and a partner and a spouse. I want someone to split expenses with me on a summer house. I want a father for my unborn children, someone who's in tune. And since I'll be thirty-nine next month I want him rather soon. I want someone to buy rugs and lamps with someone who'll cosign. I want a small joint bank account in his name and in mine. I need someone I can fight with, learn to cook with love to feed. Come to think of it, there's only one thing I do not need I DON'T NEED ANOTHER FRIEND!!!

I don't need to hear from you I'm perfect, then end up all wet. I am tired of being the greatest girl a man has ever met. "But I don't want to make a commitment to you" Ha! can't you see. You don't want to tell the truth, oh, no, you just want out from me. Yes I know inside you're fragile, yes your mother was a mess. If that's why you can't receive a woman's love, I could care less! I don't need to know it's your fault, have some balls, it doesn't fit. You're not sick, deprived, misunderstood or weak. You're just a shit!
And you wanna be my friend?

Who'd want you as a friend? Is my name on this lease? Huh?
Is my name on this lease?!
Yeah...
Then get out of...my show!!!
Brush Up Your Shakespeare

music and lyrics: Cole Porter

Brush up your Shakespeare, start quoting him now
Brush up your Shakespeare, and the women you will wow
Just declaim a few lines from Othella
And they'll think you're a heck-uv-a fella
If your blonde won't respond when you flatter'er
Tell her what Tony told Cleopaterer
If she fights when her clothes you are mussing
What are clothes, "Much Ado About Nussing"
Brush up your Shakespeare and they'll all kow-tow

A recitation: "Tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorrow
Bet your bottom dollar that tomorrow there'll be sun".

Brush up your Shakespeare, start quoting him now
Brush up your Shakespeare, and the women you will wow
With the wife of the British Ambessida
Try a crack out of Troilus and Cressida
If she says she won't buy it or take it
Make you take it, what's more "As You Like It"
If she says her behaviour is heinous
Kick her right in the Coriolanus
Brush up your Shakespeare, and they'll all kow-tow

A recitation: "Out damn spot. Out, I say. Look what ya
done On the rug. Bad Spot." (Dog barking)

Brush up your Shakespeare, start quoting him now
Brush up your Shakespeare, and the women you will wow
If you can't be a ham and do Hamlet
They will not give a damn or a damulet
Just recite an occasional Sonnet
And your lap'll have honey up on it
When your baby is pleading for pleasure
Let her sample your "Measure For Measure"
Brush up your Shakespeare, and they'll all kow-tow
Forsooth
And they'll all kow-tow
Y'faith
And they'll all kow-tow
Shakespeare and a haircut

Reprise

End
APPENDIX B: PROGRAM

ACT ONE

One (singular sensation) A Chorus Line
music Marvin Hamlisch
lyrics Edward Kleban
Lisa and Pam

COURTSHIP

Sooner or Later Dick Tracy
music & lyrics Stephen Sondheim
Lisa

Sonnet 18
"Shall I compare thee to a summer's day"

HELENA
Midsummer Night's Dream
Hermia
Demetrius
Lisa
Matt

They Say It's Wonderful
music & lyrics Irving Berlin
Annie Get Your Gun
Lisa

All's Well That Ends Well
Act I Scene I
Helena
Paroles
Matt

Losing My Mind
You Could Drive a Person Crazy
Follies
Company
Lisa

MARRIAGE

Sonnet 116
"Let me not to the marriage of true minds"

Miller's Son
A Little Night Music
Lisa

BEATRICE
Much Ado About Nothing
As You Like It
Pam
Pam

CATHARINE OF ARAGON
Patterns
Henry VIII
Baby
Lisa

DADDY

Sonnet 29
"When in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes"

My Heart Belongs to Daddy
Leave It To Me
Lisa

GONERIL, REGAN, CORDELIA
King Lear
Pam
THE OTHER WOMAN

MISTRESS QUICKLEY  Henry IV and Henry V  Pam
Fifty Percent  Ballroom  Lisa
music Alan & Marilyn Bergman
lyrics Billy Goldenberg
Sonnet 40  Pam
"Take all my loves, my love, yea, take them all"

The Battle of the Sexes

Merry Wives of Windsor  Mistress Page  Pam
Act I Scene 4  Mistress Ford  Lisa
What You Don't Know About Women  City of Angels  Lisa and Pam
music Cy Coleman
lyrics David Zippel
PHOEBE  As You Like It  Pam
Naughty Baby  Crazy for You  Lisa and Matt
music George Gershwin
lyrics Ira Gershwin & Desmond Carter
KATHERINE  Taming of the Shrew  Pam
You Wanna Be My Friend  Closer Than Ever  Lisa and Matt
music David Shire
lyrics Richard Maltby

Brush Up Your Shakespeare  Kiss Me Kate  Pam, Lisa and Matt
music and lyrics Cole Porter

Production Team for Singular Sensations

Stage Manager  Leslie Colern
Technical Supervisor  Lee Lyons
Technical Director  Harlan Jeglin
Costume Manager  Trudy Storm
Box Office Supervisor  Judy Dymond
Programs and Publicity  Patrick Watkins
Booth Crew  Tammi Devine, Heather Hoglund
Stage Crew  Lorney O'Connor, Matt Scarpino, Eric Mulz
Wardrobe Crew  Robin Newell, Yvonne Mitchell
House Manager  Briana Stewart
Ushers  Members of The Players of the Pear Garden Student Club
Student Assistants  Tamara Deemer, Nancy Driggs, Andy Felt, Heather Grace Hoglund, Kay Kite, Eric Mulz, Robin Newell, Steve Robles, Mark Rogers, Matthew Scarpino, Vint Shurtleff, Rebecca Wiebel, Kara Vanderbundt
The Theatre Arts Student Scholarship Fund supports many of our talented students in the pursuit of their education here at Cal State, San Bernardino. I hope you will join us for this special evening of delicious food and delightful entertainment that will benefit our deserving students.

The evening begins with an outdoor candlelight feast on the lovely Music Patio followed by an intimate performance of theatre songs and Shakespeare performed by Lisa Lyons and Pamela Lambert, directed by Margaret Perry.

I look forward to joining you on April 12th for this special celebration.

Patrick Watkins, Chair
Department of Theatre Arts
By Mary Ellen Ablez  
*Chronicle Staff Writer*

Imagine an evening with Liza Minnelli doing Broadway tunes, interspersed with Glenn Close articulating Shakespeare. It was a beautiful blend of song and powerful dramatic interpretation. The numbers performed by Pamela Lambert and Lisa Lyons last week at University Theatre at Cal State complimented each other with their focus on one thing, “celebrating the singular sensation that is love.”

Experiencing this show was like eating a carton of sweet and sour fast food. Contained in a small space was a ‘blend’ of seemingly opposite flavors that married when eaten, and that left one wanting just one more bite. At one point, both Lambert and Lyons were doing a duet, each showcasing her own theatre concentration. Lambert’s later monologue, as Catharine of Arragon pleading with Henry, was as haunting as Lyons was hilarious in her comical rendition of “My Heart Belongs To Daddy.”

The costumes were clever, simple, yet effective. At no time did they detract from the performances of Lambert, Lyons, or Matthew Scarpino, who played his bit parts with sophistication and style when he wasn’t on the ground.

This particular night was set aside as a fund raiser for scholarships. It included a sumptuous gourmet meal served prior to the show. The repast was nothing short of sensational; the tables groaned with the weight of all the foods, fruits, candles, and wines set before us. I believe I took more photos of the table than of the show.

All in all, it was a very engaging evening. It was fun making new friends while sipping old wine, and the show was an artistic accomplishment.

University Theatre’s next production will be Antigone, set to begin in May.
APPENDIX E: PERFORMANCE VIDEO

(See accompanying video tape)
BIBLIOGRAPHY


