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ACTING IN SHAKESPEARE: 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
Pamela Faye Lambert

June 1998

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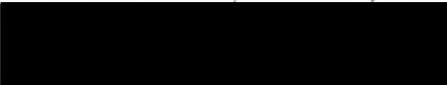
Approved by:



Margaret Perry, Chair, Theater Arts

6-1-98

Date



Katherine Ervin, Theater Arts



Bruce Golden, English

ABSTRACT

The purpose of this project was to determine if it was possible to take Shakespeare's text and, preserving the language, present it in a way which would make it more accessible to a modern audience. It was also important to maintain the appropriate acting style and technique that distinguishes classical acting.

The success of the project was achieved by applying conventional techniques of classical theater and adapting them to a musical theatre format. The audience's familiarity with that format made the understanding of the text less difficult and led to an enjoyable connection with Shakespeare.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

I wish to thank my husband, Curt, and friends and mentors, Art Manke and Margaret Perry for their support and encouragement throughout this project.

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APOLOGIA

Shakespeare isn't theatre that appeals to all audiences. Many people have a preconceived idea that only intellectuals or pretentious snobs enjoy Shakespeare's works. However, in his time, his plays, in particular, were enjoyed by all classes. While it is true that the language is heightened and highly stylized, the characters are finely drawn, full of passion, and as real today as they were when Shakespeare wrote them. The stories are so universal they have been retold in their original form and as adaptations, such as: Kiss Me Kate, Forbidden Planet, West Side Story, Theatre of Blood, Catch My Soul: Santa Fe Satan, The Boys From Syracuse, and others. When I began planning my graduate project I wanted to find a way to make Shakespeare's characters as accessible to an audience as they have become to me.

The initial planning began ten months before the actual performance. Another graduate student, Lisa Lyons, was to have her performance at the same time with the same advisor. The three of us met to brainstorm about a way to make the performances an evening of theatre with continuity rather than two separate events that simply happen the same evening in the same place. Out of our discussion came the idea to connect the performances thematically, women and differing kinds of love. We each then went our own way to search for material.

As I searched through my complete works of Shakespeare I realized finding women in love was no problem. The trick was in finding women who expressed their love in distinctly different ways. This was important in enabling me to develop a piece that was diverse in intellectual and emotional intensity and maturity. I wanted all the naivete and impulsiveness of youth, the common sense and loyalty of the peasant, and the dignity and maturity of the aristocrat. In short, I wanted the whole range of behavior of women in love or being loved. In addition, I had to find a way to make these characters resonate with a modern audience. They had to have behaviors that were timeless.

When we again met, I had developed a list of about twenty possible scenes and monologues I could work with and Lisa had a similar number of songs from musicals. We began discussing the two genres. At first we had doubts about the compatibility of the two, but a pattern began to emerge. Both have heightened language and emotion, both are written in meter, both are highly successful in festival settings, and both often deal with incongruous plot lines, for example, *Brigadoon* and *The Winter's Tale*. Our advisor, Margaret Perry, suggested we consider weaving the two into one complete piece rather than two thematically connected pieces. It sounded like a challenge and not being one to turn down a challenge, I agreed to try.

Over the next few months we culled the selections, comparing, contrasting, matching songs and monologues, some for comedic effect, some for pathos, ethos, or logos. But it was all done to demonstrate that relationships between men and women have changed very little through the centuries. Finally our choices were narrowed to the ones we would use for the show and they were grouped in categories; Courtship, Marriage, Daddy, The Other Women, and The Battle of the Sexes. Then the real work began.

As an actor, when I begin working on a character from Shakespeare, there's a lot of ground work before I actually get on my feet and start rehearsing. First the entire play must be read and analyzed for that character's place in the story. Second, the verse has to be scanned for meter, words and phrases researched for meaning, and rhetorical devices examined for the intended effect. Finally, I need to discover the emotional life and arc of the character in each chosen monologue. After all this is done I can begin memorizing and rehearsing the piece and searching for the behavior that belongs to the character in the context of the performance requirements. In this case I was imposing an artificial context on these characters, focusing on the love aspect of each woman, yet not forgetting I needed them to have relevance for the audience.

At this point it became necessary to consider the how-to of creating a blend of the musical theatre pieces and

Shakespeare. We chose a presentational style, although some of the vignettes demanded something more representational, particularly Katharine of Aragon and Mistress Quickly. Costuming was an important factor because it is a very visual way of setting period, which determines the cultural behavior of characters. We settled on a mainly non-specific time period which allowed us to play with behavior, using some Elizabethan pieces for the "Midsummer" and "Quickly" scenes. The reasoning for setting the period for those two were practical. "Midsummer" was very physical and the longer skirts would allow Lisa and me more freedom to move without possibly flashing the audience. Mistress Quickly just seemed to call for the mop cap and apron to establish her character. The set was to be a combination of modern and classical columns, carrying out the theme of blending styles. We were in business.

Many of the classes I took aided me in various ways in the preparation for this project. I took a class on critical approaches to literature which gave me new insight on ways to analyze and find a life for my characters. Previously, I had a tendency to focus on the emotional life of a character. Now I could add what I found by examining them from a psychological, moral, formalist, or even deconstructionist viewpoint. In Renaissance Art I could see the physical behaviors of the figures in the paintings which would help me modify my own twentieth-century physicality

when it was necessary. One of the most valuable classes I took was Renaissance History. I discovered so much about women's behavior, why they spoke and interacted with others the way they did, and how they were perceived by men at the time and what that meant to their position in society. Also, in class I found my favorite character, Katharine of Aragon, from Henry VIII, one of Shakespeare's less admired plays.

Paramount to these classes was the acting Shakespeare class I took off-campus with Art Manke, the Artistic Director of the classical theatre, A Noise Within. This was necessary because CSUSB didn't offer the kind of advanced work I needed at this point. Art is an extraordinarily gifted coach, encouraging me to find my own way through the text, develop my own interpretation, while he helped me polish my technical skills and continually reminded me not to lose sight of the character's needs or Shakespeare's intentions. Art doesn't deify Shakespeare like many people. He truly loves the life, language, and challenge in the plays and communicates that with great humor, something that is often reassuring when you are struggling with a difficult part. Working on the pieces with someone you respect and admire gives you an incentive to try even harder when the task begins to look too daunting. I really appreciated the positive feedback he gave me.

We began rehearsal with "Midsummer." this was a very physical interpretation. Helena is young, impetuous, and

immature. I wasn't concerned about my ability to become Helena, but I was concerned that Matt, who was playing all the male parts in the show was, shall we say, considerably younger than me. I feared the contrast in our ages would affect the illusion of youth I was attempting to create through behavior. I hoped we could be convincing enough to allow the audience that suspension of disbelief. Of equal concern, on the age factor, was "All's Well" when Parolles plays verbal games with Helena. I really had a problem with the direct sexuality between us in the scene. I felt like Humbert Humbert in Lolita. The scene somehow became less a match of wits and more about the sexual undertones and, I think, suffered for it. I got more comfortable with the scene as rehearsals progressed but never felt completely at ease. The other scene I had reservations about was the "Merry Wives," which I did with Lisa. My reservations were whether Lisa would be able to get comfortable with Shakespeare. My fears were unfounded. She was natural and funny and we were able to establish a complimentary rhythm between the two women. The remainder of my pieces were monologues and it was up to me to perfect them. I was especially touched by the "Katherine" piece from Henry VIII. The combination of desperation, along with the musical underscoring the speech, made it my favorite moment in the show. I was able to get to the place I needed to be with her from work I had done in emotional recall which I

connected to the music that preceeded her first words. I heard that music and emotionally I was there. Another character requiring numerous emotional transitions within the piece was Mistress quickly. She is often treated as a comic character, overlooking the bittersweet nature of her relationship with Falstaff. The piece was actually composed of cuttings from three of the plays, designed to give the relationship an arc and inform the audience if that arc without Falstaff ever having spoken. In my mind, I had to stay within the specific moment of the relationship or lose the focus of the whole piece.

As rehearsals progressed we fine-tuned the script, adding, changing sequence, until near the end of the rehearsal period we had a completed script, one that we felt accomplished our individual goals.

It's impossible in a collaborative effort like this not to become enthused and involved in all the components. The music, which was Lisa's domain, became exciting for me as well. I found I began adopting a rhythm in the meter that complemented the music accompanying each piece. Also, the music established mood without any exposition. Now the music from the show serves as an emotion recall whenever I want to do one of those pieces. The music also serves as another way of making Shakespeare more accessible. An audience member hears a familiar piece of music that evokes a specific emotional response in them, connected to that is a piece

from Shakespeare. Together they make sense to the uninitiated in the complicated language of the Renaissance.

The performances were successful if audience reaction is an indication. I know there were audience members who had never experienced Shakespeare or musical theatre who identified with the characters and enjoyed the performance. I know this because I invited them. If I was to test my ability to make watching Shakespeare an enjoyable experience for someone who wouldn't ordinarily be interested, I had to make sure there were people fitting that description in the audience. I offered my students extra credit to come to the show stipulating that they evaluate the experience on a personal level and free from fear that I expected anything less than an honest opinion. Of course, there's no escaping the fact that they know me and would be inclined to view my performance less objectively than a total stranger, but I had access to these people so they became my sounding board. Overall, they enjoyed the show very much and many expressed how funny, bawdy, and touching it was. They also appreciated the music and liked the way one medium complimented the other. Technically the show went well. Lighting was used to isolate and make transitions from one scene to another. The set was outstanding and the costumes, if not perfect due to lack of money, were imaginative, innovative, and served the show well.

Overall, I feel I was successful in presenting Shakespeare in a "user friendly" atmosphere. I believe the choice of pieces showed diversity in my emotional range and in Shakespeare's way of portraying women. The weakest scene in the show had to be the "Helena" scene from All's Well that I mentioned earlier. The problem of age was one factor but another was the relative stasis of her character in that scene. She begins by mooning over Bertram and ends the same way. The behavior isn't conflicted enough, at least in my version, to be really dramatically interesting, even though in the context of the play it is. Since I hadn't sung or danced in a long time I enjoyed the opportunity to exercise those very latent talents of mine. Now, I know I can sing and dance, but I get insecure when I do it next to someone whose expertise is in singing and dancing. I never achieved what I felt was my optimum performance in that area.

At this point I plan to continue working on the script with the intention of turning it into a one-person show. The music really seems to be a kind of glue that turns the concept into a workable script. Since musical theatre is not my forte, I'll need to do some personal work in that area. The show pleases the audiences, they found it relevant, it was challenging and fun to do. Solo shows are popular, so why not? If nothing else, it will keep me thinking, playing, and working with Shakespeare and what better way to spend my time?

APPENDIX A: SCRIPT

ACT ONE

One (Singular Sensation)

music: Marvin Hamlisch, lyrics: Edward Kleban

Chorus Line

house to half
house up
lights up on
Pam and Lisa

Both

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

12 **Pam**

*You 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

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

Both

46 *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
51 You walk onto stage and you know you must
step shuffle kick, belt out the note

Pam
54 Note all the meter and couplets Will wrote

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

Pam **Lisa**
63 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

1 - 4
12 measures counted not played

Pam: Frailty 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

67

*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

83

*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

97

Both

One

101 - 104 repeat and fade

Scene 2 (Courtship)

Sooner or Later

music and lyrics by: Stephen Sondheim

Dick Tracy

*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*

Sooner or later you're gonna decide
Sooner or later there's nowhere to hide
Baby it's time, so why waste the chatter
Let's settle the matter
Baby you're mine on a platter,
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

Sonnett 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.

Helena

A Midsummer Night's Dream

Hermia

God speed fair Helena, Whither away?

Helena

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 unheedy 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 show'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 humilty,
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
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?*

*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 my mind?
Or am I losing my mind?*

*You said you loved me
Or were you just being kind?
Or am I losing my mind?*

*Or were you just being kind?
Or am I losing my mind?
Losing my mind?*

You Could Drive a Person Crazy

Company

music & lyrics by Stephen Sondheim

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 personallity 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'ring 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 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.
It's 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 admit 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

music: David Shire, lyrics: Richard Maltby, jr.

*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 life 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 bewep 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
music & lyrics by Cole Porter

Leave It To Me

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 honest 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

Ballroom

music: Alan & Mary Bergman, lyrics: 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;
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 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

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

City of Angels

*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
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 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'ed, 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

Crazy for you

*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 shant 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
I wis it is not halfway to (her) my heart
But if it were, doubt not (her) my care should be
To comb your noddle 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

Closer Than Ever

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 sororties '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

Kiss Me Kate

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 tike it
Make you tike 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 damnlet

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

Lisa and Pam had intended to do two "one woman" shows back to back as thesis projects developing out of months of research and performance preparation. As we discussed the themes that might unify Lisa's songs and connect Pam's monologues, both ladies kept coming back to "relationships" and the possibilities inherent in combining their work began to intrigue us. Shakespeare and Musicals are the two most popular genres of theatre in America today and they have more in common than you might think. Shakespeare incorporated song, dance and spectacle into almost every play he wrote. Lyricists, especially those writing for Broadway, are among the most quoted poets of our century. Musical numbers, like soliloquies, can be the expression of a character's inner thoughts or moments of extreme emotion which demand a "larger than life" acting style which is still believable. The complicated fight scenes of *Henry V* or *Romeo and Juliet* are choreographed with the same concern for rhythm, placement and dramatic impact as the title numbers in *Mame* or *Hello Dolly*. Musical librettos and Shakespearean texts incorporate traditional stories, bawdy or physical humor, romantic love, tragic characters and grand pageantry all in the attempt to create "crowd-pleasing" theatre. The company has enjoyed playing with the juxtaposition of the two genres. We hope you will be "pleased" with the results: Shakespeare and Song celebrating the singular sensation that is love.

The Company gratefully acknowledges the following people for their valuable assistance: Dr. Beverly Hendricks, Art Manke, Dr. Tamara Harsh, Lee Lyons, Kathryn Ervin and the Players of the Pear Garden.

PAMELA LAMBERT is completing her Master of Arts in Interdisciplinary Studies of Shakespeare in Performance. She has trained with such noted companies as A Noise Within, Will Geer Theatre, William Ball Conservatory and the Lanford Wilson Workshop and earned her B.A. in theatre from CSUSB. For 14 years she served as Artistic Director of the Callage Playhouse. She has enjoyed roles in *Working and Wedding Band* for University Theatre, *The Suicide* at PCPA Theatrefest, *Quilters* at Redlands Theatre Festival, *A Christmas Carol* for Little Frog Productions, *Roadside Prophets* for New Line Cinema, and numerous television commercials. Pam currently teaches theatre arts for Barstow and Victor Valley Colleges. She would like to thank Nicholas Grant Lyons who has helped immensely during rehearsals for this show.

LISA LYONS is completing her Master of Arts in Interdisciplinary Studies in Musical Theatre Performance. She received her B.A. degree in liberal studies (music, theatre and dance) from San Diego State University, where she enjoyed such roles as "Miss Ritter" in *She Loves Me* and "Young Phyllis" in *Follies*. She has performed with San Diego, San Gabriel, San Bernardino and Riverside Civic Light Opera companies in such shows as *Camelot*, *Babes in Toyland*, and *The Secret Garden*, but her favorite role to date is "Reverend Mother" in *Nonsense*. She has choreographed productions for Junior University, Redlands Theatre Festival, and Theatre Americana, among others. Lisa taught high school choral music locally for four years before giving birth to Nicholas Grant Lyons, who has helped immensely during rehearsals for this show.

Upcoming University Theatre
Antigone by Jean Anouilh
 May 23, 24, 28, 29, 30, 31 at 8:15 p.m.
 May 25 and June 1 at 2:00 p.m.

SINGULAR SENSATIONS of Shakespeare and Song



Pamela Lambert

Lisa Lyons

with Matthew Scarpino

Music Arranged and Electronically Orchestrated by Joseph Brennan
 Script Developed by Margaret Perry

Scenic Design Lorne O'Connor
 Costume Design Robin Newell
 Lighting Design Leslie Colern
 Sound Design Tammi Devine

Musical Direction and Choreography by Lisa Lyons
 Textual Analysis and Dramaturgy by Pamela Lambert

Directed by Margaret Perry

The libretto for this production is drawn from the plays and sonnets of William Shakespeare. The musical numbers are from a wide variety of Broadway shows by many of the finest composers and lyricists of the American theatre.

Presented in partial fulfillment of requirements for Master of Arts degrees in Interdisciplinary Studies in Performance.

This production is funded in part by the students of CSUSB through their Instructionally Related Program fees and is presented by licensed royalty agreement with ASCAP.

ACT ONE

One (singular sensation)
music Marvin Hamlisch
lyrics Edward Kleban

A Chorus Line

Lisa and Pam

COURTSHIP

Sooner or Later
music & lyrics Stephen Sondheim

Dick Tracy

Lisa

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

Midsummer Night's Dream

Pam

Helena
Demetrius

Pam

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 1

Helena
Paroles

Pam

Matt

Losing My Mind
You Could Drive a Person Crazy
music & lyrics Stephen Sondheim

Follies Company

Lisa

MARRIAGE

Sonnet 116
"Let me not to the marriage of true minds"
Miller's Son
music & lyrics Stephen Sondheim

A Little Night Music

Pam

BEATRICE
ROSALIND

Much Ado About Nothing As You Like It

Lisa

Pam

Pam

CATHERINE OF ARAGON
Patterns
music David Shire
lyrics Richard Maltby

Henry VIII Baby

Pam

Lisa

DADDY

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

Pam

My Heart Belongs to Daddy
music and lyrics Cole Porter
GONERIL, REGAN, CORDELIA

Leave It To Me

Lisa

King Lear

Pam

ACT TWO

THE OTHER WOMAN

MISTRESS QUICKLEY

Henry IV and Henry V

Pam

Fifty Percent
music Alan & Marilyn Bergman
lyrics Billy Goldenberg

Ballroom

Lisa

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

Pam

The Battle of the Sexes

Merry Wives of Windsor
Act I Scene 4

Mistress Page
Mistress Ford

Pam

Lisa

What You Don't Know About Women
music Cy Coleman
lyrics David Zippel

City of Angels

Lisa and Pam

PHOEBE
Naughty Baby
music George Gershwin
lyrics Ira Gershwin & Desmond Carter

As You Like It Crazy for You

Pam
Lisa and Matt

KATHERINE
You Wanna Be My Friend
music David Shire
lyrics Richard Maltby

Taming of the Shrew Closer Than Ever

Pam
Lisa and Matt

Brush Up Your Shakespeare
music and lyrics Cole Porter

Kiss Me Kate

Pam, Lisa and Matt

Production Team for Singular Sensations

Stage Manager
Technical Supervisor
Technical Director
Costume Manager
Box Office Supervisor
Programs and Publicity
Booth Crew
Stage Crew
Wardrobe Crew
House Manager
Ushers

Leslie Colern
Lee Lyons
Harlan Jeglin
Trudy Storm
Judy Dymond
Patrick Watkins
Tammi Devine, Heather Hoglund
Lorrey O'Connor, Matt Scarpino, Eric Mula
Robin Newell, Yvonne Mitchell
Briana Stewart
Members of The Players of the
Pear Garden Student Club
Tamara Deemer, Nancy Driggs, Andy Felt,
Heather Grace Hoglund, Kay Kite, Eric Mula,
Robin Newell, Steve Robles, Mark Rogers,
Matthew Scarpino, Vini Shurtliff, Rebecca Wiebel,
Kara Vanderbunt

Student Assistants



California State University, San Bernardino's
Department of Theatre Arts
cordially invites you to
a special evening of theatre songs and Shakespeare
with a delicious candlelight dinner
preceding the performance

SINGULAR SENSATIONS OF SHAKESPEARE & SONG

Saturday Evening, April 12th
Dinner will be served at 7 p.m.
Music Patio, Creative Arts Building

\$50 per person
RSVP by March 31, 1997
(909) 880-5876

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

University Theatre Presents "Shakespeare & Song"

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 seeping,

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 Aragon 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.

erties, chronic back problems, and no health insurance are all part of a working package of about \$8,500 a season. Not to mention the reported case of female workers having to do sexual favors for this employment.

The UFW bused an estimated 18,000 people into Watsonville, including members of CSUSD organizations such as the American Indian Movement, Progressive Student Alliance, and The Chicano Coalition. Groups from North Carolina, Colorado, Texas and Mexico attended the two-mile march.

It was a day full of energy - supporting workers and their rights. Si se Puede!

Lisa Lyons and Pamela Lambert serenade the audience during the University Theatre's presentation of "A Singular Sensation of Shakespeare & Song." The event was held as a fund raiser for scholarships.



APPENDIX E: PERFORMANCE VIDEO

(See accompanying video tape)

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