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Dramatic Publishing



A Full Length Musical

“SHREW!”

Adapted from William Shakespeare’s
“Taming of the Shrew”

Book, Lyrics and Music
by
Richard A. Barbie



THE DRAMATIC PUBLISHING COMPANY



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(“SHREW!”)

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BISMARCK AND CENTURY HIGH SCHOOL PRESENTED
"SHREW!"

A new musical based on William Shakespeare's
"THE TAMING OF THE SHREW"

SCRIPT ADAPTATION, MUSIC, AND SONG LYRICS by
Richard A. Barbie

COSTUME DESIGN *Connie Hanna*
SCENIC AND LIGHTING DESIGN *R.A. Barbie*
PUBLICITY *Yvonne Kroll*
KEYBOARD AND VOCAL ARRANGEMENTS *R.A. Barbie*
PERCUSSION STYLINGS *Vicki Willman*
KEYBOARD ARTISTRY *Tamie Fritz*
LIGHTING CONTROL *Tim Tello, Wayne Unruh*
STAGE MANAGER. *Dan Bye*
STUDENT DIRECTORS *Janean Churchill, Shelly Henderson*
DIRECTED *Richard A. Barbie*

THE WORLD PREMIERE CAST
(In order of appearance)

LUCENTIO *Marc Ansley*
TRANIO *Dan Dammel*
BAPTISTA. *Deirdre Fay*
GREMIO *Bruce Ereth*
HORTENSIO. *Larry Hannan*
BIANCA *Carla Slag*
KATE. *Lori Kuntz*
PETRUCHIO *Jesse Walth*
POTSO *Pete Lewis*
MARIA *Marylou Carriedo*
FISHMOTHER. *Jill Halmrast*
LUCRETIA *Kresti Lyddon*

CHORUS

Dan Bye
Kim Dennis
Joan Eckroth
Carolyn Faith
Roxanne Guenthner
Shelly Henderson
Matt Hunt
Janet Jedlicka
Jenny Nordstrom
Mike Riedman
Karen Sauer
Karen Scott
Steve Sorenson

Janean Churchill
Brenda Durow
Susie Ekberg
Laurence Gee
Bob Hay
Robin Hofmann
Karen Jacobsen
Sheri Johnson
Pam Palmer
Julie Rydquist
Colleen Schepper
Michelle Scott
Kevin Soule

Rich Strom

SCENERY AND COSTUME CONSTRUCTION

by

Bismarck and Century High School Intro to Theatre Classes

"SHREW!"
A Full-Length Musical
For Six Men and Six Women Plus Chorus

CHARACTERS

BAPTISTA	<i>mother of Kate and Bianca</i>
KATE	<i>the shrew, daughter of Baptista</i>
BIANCA	<i>sister of Kate</i>
GREMIO	<i>suitor of Bianca</i>
HORTENSIO	<i>suitor of Bianca</i>
LUCENTIO	<i>rich suitor of Bianca, disguised as teacher</i>
TRANIO	<i>servant to Lucentio</i>
PETRUCHIO	<i>suitor of Kate</i>
POTSO	<i>Petruchio's loyal servant</i>
MARIA	<i>servant of Petruchio</i>
LUCRETIA	<i>mother of Lucentio</i>
FISHMOTHER	<i>disguised "mother" of Lucentio</i>

TIME: *16th century Padua.*

PLACE: *Various spots in Padua.*

ACT ONE

Scene One

The curtain is open as the audience enters the theatre. On stage and extending part way into the auditorium at the extreme downstage corners is the setting for a public street in 16th century Padua. It is early morning and the thin, cold light of dawn floods the stage. As audience members begin to arrive and take their seats the light on the scene grows warmer. Citizens of Padua, costumed in colorful period attire, drift onto the stage in small groups. Street sweepers, merchants, housewives, etc. begin to fill the street and appear in doorways, windows and balconies. Vendors selling sweets and souvenirs appear on stage and in the auditorium. No separation between stage and auditorium should be observed during this prologue scene which is designed to surround the audience with the atmosphere of 16th century Padua. It is a fast city, rich in culture and spiced with an abundance of earthier delights. Ladies of nobility and fashion share the streets with tarts and wenches while prosperous merchants, tradesmen, students and cutpurses are all represented in the crowd. Just before the scheduled curtain time several musicians enter and begin to tune their instruments in the courtyard of a street cafe D.L. A brief instrumental overture signals the beginning of the play's main action as house lights fade and the cast members in the auditorium slowly find their way back to the stage. Immediately following the overture LUCENTIO, a wealthy young student from Pisa, enters through the audience D.L. He is closely followed by his servant, TRANIO, who is laden with a cumbersome collection of baggage. When they reach the stage TRANIO drops his cargo and sits wearily on one of the cases as LUCENTIO speaks.

LUCENTIO: Faithful Tranio, happily are we arrived at last

in fairest Padua, nursery of the arts and fruitful garden of great Italy. Here, well armed with my mother's love and ample fortune and blessed with good company from my trusty servant, will I gladly undertake a course of learning and ingenious studies.

(TRANIO, having caught his breath during the above, speech looks up and notices the audience. Dismissing LUCENTIO's lofty sentiments with a snort he speaks directly to the audience in an aside)

TRANIO: My master's name is Lucentio Bentivolii, number one and only son of old Vincentio Bentivolii, Pisa's Prince of Prosperity. The old man made his fortune in oil. Then last year he got stuck in his olive press and squirted himself through the Pearly Gates faster than a greased pepperoni. He left Lucentio and Mama Bentivolii the bounty of his olive trees...and he left yours truly my continued employment as guardian, advisor, servant, and lacky to brown eyes here. (Indicating LUCENTIO). They got the olives...and I got the pits!

(LUCENTIO notices TRANIO sitting dejectedly on the pile of baggage and crosses to offer encouragement)

LUCENTIO: Dear friend and faithful servant, our journey has carried us far from my mother's house and I have not failed to notice your many labors on my account. Bear up but an instant longer to find lodgings fit for our needs and I promise you'll be justly refreshed...

(LUCENTIO pats TRANIO on the shoulder and TRANIO'S mood visibly brightens at the mention of refreshment)

...then tomorrow we'll enroll in University to seek the noble pleasures of chaste sobriety and virtuous study.

(The mention of "chaste sobriety" and "virtuous study" causes TRANIO's face to fall back into a doleful expression and he moans softly as LUCENTIO wanders a short distance away to explore the atmosphere of Padua)

TRANIO: (To the audience) Now, don't get me wrong. LUCENTIO's not a bad sort. For a rich kid he's pretty straight...but kind of a twirp. I mean here he is away from home for the first time in his life, with money in his purse, time on his hands and a whole new city to explore and all he can think about is "virtuous study" and "chaste sobriety". With that kind of a program his pimples will never clear up.

(In his brief exploration of the city LUCENTIO has encountered a well endowed young wench selling refreshments in the street)

WENCH: (With a provocative glance at LUCENTIO) Tarts. Concessions. Favours. Tarts. Concessions. Favours.

(Unsettled by her forward manner LUCENTIO scurries back to TRANIO for advice)

LUCENTIO: Tranio, tell me thy mind on a matter of gravity which, since we are come to Padua, vexes my senses. Firm yet is my resolve to quench my thirst for pious virtue and scholarly philosophy and yet there grows within me a thirst which the sweet nectar of knowledge cannot quench.

TRANIO: (Aside to the audience) There may be hope for the kid yet. (To LUCENTIO) Gentle master, it is said that he who sucks only the nectar of virtue and philosophy is soon known to all...as a sucker. But he who feasts on many dishes is at once a man.

LUCENTIO: Why, Tranio, was that an epigram?

TRANIO: No, that was a cue! (To the piano player) Maestro

LEARN TO LOVE

IF YOU'RE GONNA LIVE
YOU GOTTA LEARN TO LOVE.
CUZ LOVIN' IS THE STUFF
YOU CAN NEVER GET
QUITE ENOUGH OF.
AND IT'S A FALLACY
TO THINK IT ALL COMES NATURALLY
YOU'VE GOTTA LEARN TO LOVE.

WHILE YOU'RE HERE AT SCHOOL
YOU GOTTA PLAY IT COOL
CUZ SCHOLARS CAN BE VEXED
WHEN THEY'RE OVER-SEXED
AND UNDER LOVED.
A UNIVERSITY
CAN ONLY TEACH PHILOSOPHY
YOU'VE GOT TO LEARN TO LOVE.

LUCENTIO: Can I get extra credit?

(As TRANIO sings the next verse he buys some food from the wench and motions for LUCENTIO to pay the bill. LUCENTIO is stingy and tries to pay with a single coin. TRANIO tips LUCENTIO's purse so several coins fall into the wench's outstretched hand. Delighted with the lavish tip she rewards LUCENTIO with an enthusiastic kiss)

TRANIO

IF YOU'RE GONNA LOVE
YOU GOTTA LEARN TO LIVE.
AFFECTION ISN'T FREE
YOU SHOULD NEVER BE
CONSERVATIVE.
PULLING PURSE STRINGS TIGHT
WILL NEVER KEEP YOU WARM AT NIGHT
YOU'VE GOTTA LEARN TO LIVE.

LUCENTIO: Maybe I can get on work-study.

TRANIO

IF YOU'RE GONNA LIVE
YOU GOTTA LEARN TO LOVE.
CUZ LOVIN' IS THE STUFF
YOU CAN NEVER GET
QUITE ENOUGH OF
AND IT'S A FALLACY
TO THINK IT ALL COMES NATURALLY
YOU'VE GOTTA LEARN TO
LEARN TO
LEARN TO LOVE!

CHORUS

(To be sung simultaneously with TRANIO)

GONNA LIVE!
GOTTA LEARN TO LOVE
AAAH——
WOP BOP BA DA BOP

A—HA
ALL COMES NATURALLY
LEARN TO
LEARN TO
LEARN TO LOVE!

LUCENTIO: By thunder, Tranio, well doest thou advise! We shall at once put us in readiness and take lodgings fit to entertain such friends as time in Padua shall beget. But stay a while: what company is this?

(BAPTISTA MINOLA, an aging dowager, enters U.R. followed by her two daughters, KATHARINA, and BIANCA, BIANCA's two suitors, GREMIO and HORTENSIO, and a servant)

BAPTISTA: (To GREMIO and HORTENSIO) Gentlemen, argue no further for you see I am resolved. I will not bestow my youngest daughter, Bianca, before I have a husband for the elder. If either of you love Katharina you shall have leave to court her at your pleasure.

GREMIO: (Aside to the audience) To cart her rather, for she is so great a shrew an armored coach has not the strength to move her she-devil's heart.

(At this point KATE emits a tremendous bellowing roar)

and cuffs the little servant attending her. The pitiful little fellow is sent sprawling end over end across the stage as GREMIO and HORTENSIO look on with barely contained panic. Shaken but attempting to continue as if nothing had happened GREMIO speaks)

Often have I heard Hortensio speak of Kate's gentleness and feminine virtue...

HORTENSIO: (Aside to the audience) Aye, to say she has none at all!!!

GREMIO: What say you, Hortensio? Will you have bonny Kate to wife?

HORTENSIO: (Aside to the audience) Rather would I wed a sow with warts than be joined to that odious wench!

(The little servant has risen unsteadily to his feet and weaving badly has made his way back to KATE'S side only to be greeted with another thunderous roar and bone jarring backhand. As the servant once again topples end over end HORTENSIO speaks)

Alas, dear friend, I fear my tenderness in years gives me not the wisdom to appreciate the ripeness of this delicate plum. The silver mantle of age shows you are best suited to value her many treasures.

(The little servant has struggled to his feet even more unsteadily and wobbles drunkenly back to KATE's side. He cringes hopelessly awaiting the inevitable which KATE is quick to provide. With a snort she grabs a wine

bottle and smashes it over the little fellow's head. As the debris showers over him he sinks slowly to his knees, balancing there for a fleeting moment. KATE grabs a hanky from her waist and, covering her nose, she snorts loudly in his direction. His delicate balance is disturbed and he rolls over twice before finally coming to rest face down and quite unconscious at GREMIO's feet. GREMIO reacts with suppressed horror and then speaks in an aside to the audience)

GREMIO: (Aside) Aye, ripe she is...like a pimple and about to burst I'll warrant. It would take a dozen youthful Spartans to tame her. She's too rough for me! (To BAPTISTA) Madam, your Kate's charms are disarming but I fear her robust nature may prove taxing to a man of my years. The joy of her company rightly belongs to a man of youth and vigor.
(Realizing that the ball has been thrown back to him HORTENSIO tries to disengage himself as gracefully as possible)

HORTENSIO: We both pray for such a man...(Aside)...as he'll need all the prayers he can get.

BAPTISTA: Gentlemen, as I see my eldest daughter still lacks a suitor I have no choice but to preserve sweet Bianca's charms inside my house till a mate for Kate be found. Bianca, get you inside: and think me not cruel for I will love you ne'er the less, my girl!

BIANCA: (Melodramatic and slightly arch) Sister, grieve not that I suffer on your behalf for if I can bring a little joy into your drab wretched life tis payment enough for my confinement.

(KATE snorts loudly in reply. BIANCA is a bit of a tease who relishes the attention of her many suitors. Her next line, although directed at BAPTISTA, is primarily designed to arouse sympathy from her lovers)

Madam, to your pleasure I humbly subscribe. My books and instruments shall be my only company, on them to look and practice by myself.

HORTENSIO: Oh, Madam! Must you be so severe?

GREMIO: Why will you lock her up for this breying ass?
(GREMIO indicates KATE. KATE takes a threatening step toward GREMIO and bellows)

KATE: WHAT!

GREMIO: (Holding up his hands defensively) Brave young lass! I said, "Brave young lass." You heard me, Hortensio. Brave young lass .

BAPTISTA: (Holding up her hands to silence the argument)
Gentlemen, content ye: I am resolved! Go in, Bianca.

(BIANCA goes into the house as HORTENSIO and GREMIO look on in despair. Seeing their long faces BAPTISTA speaks)

Gentlemen, do not despair! She goes not to prison! I know she takes delight in music, instruments, and poetry. Schoolmasters will I keep within my house fit to instruct her youth. If you, Hortensio, or Signior Gremio know any such men send them hither: for to men of learning

my doors are always open. And so, farewell. Katherina, you may stay for I wish to speak with Bianca alone.
(BAPTISTA goes into the house)

KATE: Why, and I trust I may go too if I please! Shall I be appointed hours as though I know not when to come and when to leave?
(KATE whirls about and exits into the house)

GREMIO: You may go to the devil for all I care! Cursed wench! Fiend of Hell! On your account am I denied my sweet Bianca's charms.
(GREMIO starts to leave but HORTENSIO calls out to stop him)

HORTENSIO: Stay, Signior Gremio! But a word with you, I pray! Gentle Bianca's unhappy confinement touches us both and though we compete for her charms yet I propose an alliance. For with our wits together we may again find access to our fair mistress and be happy rivals in Bianca's love.

GREMIO: Alas, Hortensio, cunning wit cannot alter Baptista's resolve. I fear Bianca must abide in her unhappy cloister till Kate is wed, which will be never!

HORTENSIO: Why, then we must both labor to effect one thing especially.

GREMIO: What's that, I pray?

HORTENSIO: Marry, sir, to get a husband for "Bonny Kate"!

GREMIO: A husband?! Why there's not so great a fool in all Christendom!

HORTENSIO: Tush, Gremio, though it strains your patience and mine to endure her loud alarms there are good fellows in the world who would take her with all her faults...and money enough.

GREMIO: True, her mother is very rich but I'd as quickly plunge my tongue into steaming brimstone than ask for the dowry of Kate the Curst.

HORTENSIO: And I! But if someone should sweeten the dower with a generous gift of silver...in advance...

GREMIO: Buy a husband for Kate? The price would be high...

HORTENSIO: But the reward it would buy is priceless! Surely from my modest and your ample fortunes we could raise a sum that would tempt one who is apt to be tempted.

(GREMIO pauses for a moment to consider the proposal. He is almost convinced but finally expresses skepticism)

GREMIO: Oh, Hortensio, I fear even the wealth of our joint accounts cannot compete with Kate's many faults!

(GREMIO begins to list, in alphabetical order, KATE's many flaws. He speaks conversationally at first but rapidly increases the pace of his recitation to a brisk march tempo as an underscore of martial drumbeats gradually rises in volume)

GREMIO: She's...

Abhorrant and bullying, blistering, blustering
Cussed and caustic, eternally flustering
Fuming and foaming, ferocious and grouchy
She's huffy and hateful and hasty and hot.

Insulting and loathsome, malicious and moody
She's petulant, peevish, repugnant and rude. She is
Recksome and rabid, sarcastic and scowling
A snarling savage, her mate can't be bought.

She's surly and sour, a tart little trenchant
Unbridled, uncourtly, with virtues unmentioned
She's venomous, vexsome, a wild little zealot
A sucker to wed her can never be caught!

WHAT CAN YOU DO WITH A SHREW

WHAT CAN YOU DO
WITH A SHREW?
WHEN ALL IS DONE AND SAID
SHE NEVER WILL BE WED.
YOU CAN RATTLE YOUR WITS
AND ARGUE TILL YOU'RE BLUE
THERE IS NOTHING YOU CAN DO
WITH A SHREW!

IF THE BRIDE TO BE IS HEAVY
OR A TRIFLE OVERWEIGHT
A GIRDLE MADE OF LEATHER
IS A CINCH TO CLEAN THE SLATE.
BUT IF SHE SCREAMS AND HOLLERS

THEN SHE'LL NEVER HAVE A DATE.
THERE IS NOTHING YOU CAN DO
WITH A SHREW!

WHAT CAN YOU DO
WITH A SHREW?
WHEN ALL IS DONE AND SAID
SHE NEVER WILL BE WED.
YOU CAN RATTLE YOUR WITS
AND ARGUE TILL YOU'RE BLUE
THERE IS NOTHING YOU CAN DO
WITH A SHREW!

IF A MAIDEN'S FACE IS HOMELY
YOU CAN HIDE IT WITH A VEIL
AND IF SHE'S REALLY UGLY
YOU CAN TRY AN OAKEN PAIL.
BUT IF SHE RAVES AND BLUSTERS
THEN YOUR SALE IS SURE TO FAIL!
THERE IS NOTHING YOU CAN DO
WITH A SHREW!

WHAT CAN YOU DO
WITH A SHREW?
WHEN ALL IS DONE AND SAID
SHE NEVER WILL BE WED
YOU CAN RATTLE YOUR WITS
AND ARGUE TILL YOU'RE BLUE
THERE IS NOTHING YOU CAN DO...

HORTENSIO: THERE IS SOMETHING YOU CAN DO!
YOU CAN MARRY HER OFF TO SOMEONE WHO...

Is ardent, audacious, courageous and daring

Unflinching and fearless, intrepid, unerring
A man who is poor or at least impecunious
AND JUST A LITTLE BIT DUMB!
HUMM.

GREMIO: Hortensio, I am agreed! We shall this moment join our wits and fortunes in an urgent quest for Kate's suitor and when we find him he shall have the best horse in Padua to begin his wooing that he thoroughly woo her, wed her, and bed her and rid the house of her! Come! Let us make our plans!

(GREMIO and HORTENSIO cross U.R. to the door of HORTENSIO's house where the two men converse for a few moments. Then GREMIO says goodbye and exits U.R. as HORTENSIO exits into his house. While this is happening the focus of the scene shifts to TRANIO and LUCENTIO. TRANIO has been following the preceeding action with great interest but LUCENTIO is standing motionless, gazing into space, obviously wrapped up in his own thoughts)

TRANIO: It would take a team of horses to drag me to the side of that breying nag. All the silver in the world can't buy her a mate!

(TRANIO notices LUCENTIO's trance-like pose and waves his hand in front of LUCENTIO's eyes. There is no response)

Holy smoke! The poor kid caught a glimpse of Medusa and now he's really stoned!

LUCENTIO: (Stirring from his trance) Oh, Tranio, consul me!