



**Sample Pages from  
Shakespeare on a Shoestring - Cymbeline!**

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# SHAKESPEARE ON A SHOESTRING: CYMBELINE!

A COMEDY IN ONE ACT BY  
*Michael Calderone*



*Shakespeare on a Shoestring: Cymbeline!*  
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## Cast of Characters

Each cast member is assigned a specifically colored basic costume and although cast as a Cymbeline character each will be playing minor characters as well.

- Yellow Man:** Belarius  
**Yellow Lady:** Pisania (can be male as Pisanio or androgynous)  
**Red Man:** Cloten/Jupiter  
**Red Lady:** Queen  
**Blue Man:** Posthumous  
**Blue Lady:** Imogen  
**Purple Man:** Cymbeline  
**Purple Lady:** Caius Lucius  
**Green Lady:** Guiderius/Polydore  
**Green Man:** Arviragus/Cadwal  
**Orange Man:** Iachimo  
**Orange Lady:** Doctor, Narrator  
**Percussionist:** An onstage percussionist who punctuates the action

## Percussion Instruments

Here is a list of percussion instruments and how they are indicated in the script. Feel free to modify to suit the needs of your production.

- Tom-tom or djembe (DRUMROLL, BEAT, HEART BEAT, RIM SHOT)  
 Crash cymbal (CRASH)  
 Bellhop bell (BELL)  
 Bicycle horn (HORN)  
 Woodblock (WOODBLOCK)  
 Xylophone (XYLOPHONE)  
 Gong (GONG)  
 Mark Tree (CHIMES)  
 Vibraslap (VIBRASLAP)  
 Bell Tree (BELL TREE)  
 Siren whistle (SIREN WHISTLE)  
 Ratchet (RATCHET)  
 Latin Percussion Crickets (CRICKETS)  
 Slapstick (SLAPSTICK)  
 Slide whistle (SLIDE WHISTLE UP/DOWN)  
 Rattle, Maracas, or Egg shaker (SHAKER)

## **Shakespeare on a Shoestring**

The Shoestring Players were founded in the early 1970's as an ensemble class at Rutgers University, New Brunswick, NJ and quickly grew into the university's theater outreach program for children.

After performing in schools and theaters all over the tri-state area, Shoestring performed Off-Broadway and for a limited run at the Town Hall Theater in New York City. A pinnacle in the history of Shoestring was winning a Scotsman Newspaper Fringe First Award at the Edinburgh Festival Fringe in 1994.

*Shakespeare on a Shoestring: Cymbeline!*'s appearance on the Fringe in 2017 was dedicated to Prof. Hart and the hundreds of Shoestring Players who "weaved the space."

The "Shoestring Method," developed by Prof. Joseph P. Hart, emphasizes the basics requirements of theater: actors in an ensemble; the physical space; and the interaction with the audience.

Creating scenery through living tableaux is a hallmark of the method. Actors becoming any and all scenic elements allows the audience to fill in the blanks with their own imagination and truly become interactive participants in the performance. All props indicated in the script should be mimed.

Directors producing a Shoestring script should resist the urge to add superfluous scenery, props, lighting or recorded sound effects trusting the coordination of the ensemble and the rhythm of the script.

While Shoestring scripts are written with a specific number of actors in mind, directors should feel free to add actors to suit their particular cast or class.

*Shakespeare on a Shoestring: Cymbeline!* was developed with the Ensemble Theater in Production class at Hopkins School, New Haven, CT, and was first performed in the school's Townshend Auditorium, Lovell Hall on January 8, 2016. Its first international performance was at Paradise at Augustine's, at the Edinburgh Festival Fringe, Scotland, August 14, 2017.

PERCUSSIONIST: (DRUM BEAT)

*The CAST enters walking to the beat and filling the space as they walk.*

PERCUSSIONIST: (DRUMROLL)

*The CAST forms an arc.*

PERCUSSIONIST: (CRASH)

*The CAST cheers.*

ORANGE LADY: Ready? ...Favorite Shakespeare Characters... Go!

RED MAN: Hamlet!

YELLOW MAN: Ophelia!

BLUE LADY: Rosalind!

BLUE MAN: Ganymede!

ORANGE MAN: Who? Julius Caesar!

YELLOW LADY: Dromio!

GREEN MAN: Romeo!

GREEN LADY: Juliet!

PURPLE MAN: King Oberon!

PURPLE LADY: Queen Titania!

RED LADY: Lady Mac...

*The CAST gasps and spits.*

PERCUSSIONIST: (DRUMROLL)

*The CAST rearranges their line.*

PERCUSSIONIST: (CRASH)

*The CAST cheers.*

ORANGE LADY: Okay, okay, okay... Favorite Shakespearean Quotes... Go!

PURPLE MAN: To be or not to be!

ORANGE MAN: Get thee to a nunnery!

PURPLE LADY: But soft, what light through yonder window breaks!

BLUE LADY: Tomorrow, and tomorrow, and tomorrow creeps in this petty pace.

YELLOW MAN: Et tu, Brute!

YELLOW LADY: We are such stuff as dreams are made on!

GREEN MAN: All the world's a stage!

GREEN LADY: O, Romeo, Romeo, wherefore art thou Romeo!

RED MAN: Now is the winter of our discontent!

RED LADY: Out, out, damned spot!

BLUE MAN: Some are born great, some achieve greatness...

CAST: ...And some have greatness THRRRRRUST upon them!

PERCUSSIONIST: (DRUMROLL)

*The CAST rearranges their line.*

PERCUSSIONIST: (CRASH)

*The CAST cheers.*

ORANGE LADY: Last one; last one... Favorite Shakespearean plot device... Go!

YELLOW LADY: Ooh! Mistaken Identity like in *The Comedy of Errors*!

PERCUSSIONIST: (BELL)

BLUE LADY: A good faked death like in *Much Ado About Nothing* and *Romeo & Juliet*!

PERCUSSIONIST: (BELL)

PURPLE MAN: Noble youth in love like in... Okay,

CAST: Every play.

PERCUSSIONIST: (BELL)

GREEN LADY: Ooh! But *with* young, noble love: Parental-Love-Match-VETO like in *Romeo & Juliet* and *Midsummer*!

PERCUSSIONIST: (BELL)

ORANGE MAN: Or a good Fidelity Test like in *Two Gentlemen of Verona*!

PERCUSSIONIST: (*BELL*)

BLUE MAN: Or when the male actor, playing the female character, has to dress up like a guy, so she can get close to the guy she loves like in *Twelfth Night*, *Merchant of Venice*, and *OH! As You Like It!*

CAST: (*pause*) Yeah! Sure! Okay.

PERCUSSIONIST: (*BELL, BELL, BELL*)

PURPLE LADY: Well, *As You Like It* has nobility hiding in idyllic pastoral settings!

CAST: (*peacefully*) Hmmm...

GREEN MAN: Ghosts!

PERCUSSIONIST: (*CRASH*)

GREEN MAN: I love Elizabethan ghosts! Hamlet's father; Banquo; the whole slew of them in *Richard III*...

RED LADY: (*as if to GREEN MAN*) Evil mother figure!

*The CAST gasps.*

RED LADY: No, it's my favorite kind of character in Shakespeare.

RED MAN: Give me a play set in Ancient Rome and I'm good!

PERCUSSIONIST: (*BELL*)

YELLOW MAN: Speaking of Ancient Rome, give me a play where some secondary character, who we rarely ever see, claims the title: I'm looking at you, Julius Caesar!

ORANGE LADY: Great! That's my favorite, too. So, let's do that one! Ladies and Gent...

YELLOW LADY: Which? *Julius Caesar*?

ORANGE LADY: No...

PURPLE MAN: *As You Like It*?

ORANGE LADY: No...

ORANGE MAN: *Romeo and Juliet*?

ORANGE LADY: No...

CAST: Which? (*they all jockey for their favorite play*)

ORANGE LADY: NO! We're going to do the play that has ALL of these plot devices!

PERCUSSIONIST: (*HORN*)

GREEN LADY: No play has all of these plot devices.

*The CAST ad libs in agreement.*

ORANGE LADY: Yes, it does!

YELLOW LADY: Mistaken identity?

ORANGE LADY: Yes.

PERCUSSIONIST: (*BELL*)

BLUE LADY: Faked death?

ORANGE LADY: Yes.

PERCUSSIONIST: (*BELL*)

PURPLE MAN: Noble youth in love AND parental veto?

ORANGE LADY: Yes and yes.

PERCUSSIONIST: (*BELL, BELL*)

ORANGE MAN: Fidelity test.

ORANGE LADY: Yes.

PERCUSSIONIST: (*BELL*)

BLUE MAN: Crossdressing?

ORANGE LADY: Yes.

PERCUSSIONIST: (*BELL, BELL, BELL*)

RED MAN: Set in Ancient Rome?

ORANGE LADY: Kind-of.

PERCUSSIONIST: (*WOODBLOCK*)

ORANGE LADY: All 12 of these plot devices in one play!

YELLOW MAN: What play is this?

ORANGE LADY: *Cymbeline!*

PERCUSSIONIST: (*HORN*)

YELLOW MAN: Who the heck is that?

ORANGE LADY: Some secondary character,

PERCUSSIONIST: (*C of a C Maj. scale on XYLOPHONE*)

ORANGE LADY: who we rarely ever see,

PERCUSSIONIST: (*E of C Maj. scal*)

ORANGE LADY: who claims the title of the play.

PERCUSSIONIST: (*G of a C Maj. scale*)

*The CAST gives an enthusiastic response. They then form a line from center stage to upstage center in this order: CYMBELINE, IMOGEN, POSTHUMUS; QUEEN; CLOTEN. All are facing upstage until announced by the narrator.*

ORANGE LADY: Therefore, Ladies and Gentlemen, our story comes to us from Ancient Britain...

RED MAN: Go on...

ORANGE LADY: ...Where the Roman Emperor, Augustus Caesar, demanded tribute from the British King Cymbeline.

PERCUSSIONIST: (*GONG*)

*PURPLE MAN appears as CYMBELINE wearing a crown and a purple sash.*

RED MAN: Set in Ancient Roman times! (to ORANGE LADY) I see what you did there. Plot device...

PERCUSSIONIST: (*CRASH*)

CAST: One!

*PURPLE MAN crosses downstage left opposite ORANGE LADY, who is narrating from downstage right.*

ORANGE LADY: Cymbeline had a daughter, Imogen.

*BLUE LADY appears as IMOGEN wearing a tiara and skirt over her pantaloons.*

PERCUSSIONIST: (*CHIMES*)

ORANGE LADY: who was secretly married to her low born lover!

*BLUE MAN appears as POSTHUMUS in a blue doublet; he is offended by the “low born” comment.*

PERCUSSIONIST: (WOODBLOCK)

BLUE LADY: (as IMOGEN to POSTHUMUS) My dearest husband, I something fear my father’s wrath! (CYMBELINE strikes angry pose)  
You must be gone!

BLUE MAN: (as POSTHUMUS to IMOGEN) My queen! my mistress! O lady, weep no more! I will remain the loyal’st husband that did e’er plight troth! My Imogen!

BLUE LADY: (as IMOGEN) My Posthumus!

PERCUSSIONIST: (WOODBLOCK)

YELLOW MAN: (breaking out of the ensemble) Wait; what?!

ORANGE LADY: (to YELLOW MAN) His name is Posthumus Leonatus.

GREEN LADY: Posthumus? As in “after death?”

ORANGE LADY: Yes.

PURPLE MAN: (in a panic) A zombie!

ORANGE LADY: No, no, no, Justin (replace with actual name of PURPLE MAN actor); shhh. His mother died in childbirth and left him an orphan. She wasn’t there to name him, so the king named him Posthumus.

PURPLE MAN: Please tell me he can’t be a zombie. Zombie’s kind-of freak me out.

ORANGE LADY: No; zombies are not a Shakespearean device.

GREEN MAN: (intentionally trying to freak out PURPLE MAN) OH YEEEEEEEEEEAH? Hamlet’s father...

ORANGE LADY: That was a ghost, not a zombie.

GREEN MAN: Banquo in the Scottish Play...

ORANGE LADY: GHOST!!

GREEN MAN: (pause) Remember that movie, *Warm Bodies*...

ORANGE LADY: ...was BASED on Shakespeare; NOT Shakespeare.  
Can we please get back to it? (the CAST snaps back into their poses)  
Now, Imogen’s mother also died and the king remarried.

ORANGE MAN: What is this, a Disney movie?

ORANGE LADY: His new queen was the terrible and power-hungry, well, “Queen.”

PERCUSSIONIST: (VIBRASLAP)

*RED LADY appears as Queen wearing a crown and a skirt similar to IMOGEN's.*

ORANGE LADY: We really don't know her name but she was a real Evil Mother Figure. She had a son from a previous marriage named Cloten!

PERCUSSIONIST: (HORN)

*RED MAN appears as CLOTEN wearing a red cowboy hat.*

ORANGE LADY: The Queen secretly wanted to break up Imogen's marriage to Posthumus so her son could marry Imogen and become the king on Cymbeline's death.

RED LADY: (to CAST who she notices is watching her upstage center) Boo!

PERCUSSIONIST: (HEARTBEAT)

RED LADY: (as QUEEN to IMOGEN) No, be assured you shall not find me, daughter, after the slander of most stepmothers, evil-eyed unto you: you're my prisoner, but your gaoler shall deliver you the keys that lock up your restraint. For you, Posthumus, so soon as I can win the offended king, I will be known your advocate: marry, yet the fire of rage is in him, and 'twere good you lean'd unto his sentence with what patience your wisdom may inform you.

BLUE MAN: (as POSTHUMUS) Please your highness, I will from hence to-day.

RED LADY: (as QUEEN) Be brief, I pray you: If the king come, I shall incur I know not how much of his displeasure. (breaking character, looking directly at audience) Evil Mother Figure!

PERCUSSIONIST: (CRASH)

CAST: Two!

RED LADY: (as QUEEN) Come Cloten! It's time for your cocoa.

*QUEEN exits with CLOTEN, who blows kisses to IMOGEN and blows a raspberry at POSTHUMUS. The CAST hisses them off.*

BLUE MAN: (*as POSTHUMUS to IMOGEN*) Adieu!

BLUE LADY: (*as IMOGEN*) Look here, love; This diamond was my mother's; (*mimes holding a diamond ring*)

PERCUSSIONIST: (*BELL*)

BLUE LADY: take it, heart; But keep it till you woo another wife when Imogen is dead.

BLUE MAN: (*as POSTHUMUS*) How, how! Another? Remain, remain thou here while sense can keep it on. And, sweetest, fairest, for my sake wear this; (*mimes holding a bracelet*)

PERCUSSIONIST: (*BELL TREE*)

BLUE MAN: It is a manacle of love; I'll place it upon this fairest prisoner. (*gives her the bracelet*)

BLUE LADY: (*as IMOGEN*) When shall we see again?!

BLUE MAN: (*as POSTHUMUS*) Alack, the King!

PERCUSSIONIST: (*GONG*)

*PURPLE MAN enters as CYMBELINE with QUEEN, CLOTEN, and guards.*

PURPLE MAN: Thou basest thing, avoid! hence, from my sight! If after this command thou fraught the court with thy unworthiness, thou diest: away!

GREEN LADY: (*gasps*) Parental Marital Veto!

PERCUSSIONIST: (*CRASH*)

CAST: Three!

RED MAN: (*as CLOTEN*) Let me kill him now! (*draws sword on POSTHUMUS*)

BLUE MAN: (*as POSTHUMUS*) Boo!

PERCUSSIONIST: (*SIREN WHISTLE*)

RED MAN: (*as CLOTEN*) Ahh! (*hides behind QUEEN*)

BLUE MAN: (as *POSTHUMUS*) The gods protect you! And bless the good remainders of the court! Pisanio! (enter *YELLOW LADY* as *PISANIO* wearing a straw fedora) My trusty servant, you stay here. I am gone. (exits sassily with the *CAST* echoing his sass cut off by a glare by *QUEEN*)

PURPLE MAN: (as *CYMBELINE* to *IMOGEN*) O disloyal thing, that shouldst repair my youth, thou heap'st a year's age on me. That mightst have had the sole son of my queen!

BLUE LADY: (as *IMOGEN*) O blest, that I might not! I chose an eagle, and did avoid a puttock.

CAST: Oh! Roasted!

ORANGE MAN: What's a puttock?

ORANGE LADY: No idea, but it doesn't sound flattering!

YELLOW LADY: (as self) Sounds like "buttock." (sees glare from *CYMBELINE* and exits upstage)

PURPLE MAN: (as *CYMBELINE*) Thou took'st a beggar; wouldst have made my throne a seat for baseness.

BLUE LADY: (as *IMOGEN*) No; I rather added a lustre to it.

PURPLE MAN: (as *CYMBELINE*) O thou vile one!

RED LADY: (as *QUEEN*) Beseech your patience. Peace, Dear lady daughter, peace! Sweet sovereign, leave us to ourselves; and make yourself some comfort out of your best advice.

PURPLE MAN: (as *CYMBELINE*) Nay, let her languish a drop of blood a day; and, being aged, die of this folly! (goes to exit; turns to the audience, breaking character with a smile) So long! See you in Act III!

PERCUSSIONIST: (*BELL*)

YELLOW MAN: Hey! Play named for secondary character!

PERCUSSIONIST: (*CRASH*)

CAST: Four!

ORANGE LADY: Posthumus was therefore banished and put on the next ship to Rome where he meets two Italians...

ORANGE MAN & GREEN LADY: Ciao!

ORANGE LADY: ...a Frenchman...

PURPLE LADY: Bonjour!

ORANGE LADY: ...and a few Spaniards...

GREEN MAN: ...(*à la Inigo Montoya*) Chhello, my name is Inigo Montoya; You killed my father... (*cut off by ORANGE LADY*)

ORANGE LADY: Wrong story.

BLUE MAN: (*as self*) Two Italians, a Frenchman and a Spaniard? What is this? Some kind of a joke?

PERCUSSIONIST: (*RIM SHOT*)

*The CAST groans and creates a ship image with the prow facing stage right.*

ORANGE MAN: (*appearing as IACHIMO wearing an orange doublet and flamboyant hat*) Buona sera!

CAST: Iachimo!

ORANGE MAN: (*as IACHIMO*) What's-a wrong-a, friends?

PURPLE LADY: (*as FRENCHMAN*) An argument that fell out where each of us fell in praise of our country mistresses; (*pointing at BLUE MAN*) this gentleman attests, upon warrant of bloody affirmation—his to be more fair, virtuous, wise, chaste, constant-qualified and *less attemptable* than any the rarest of our ladies in France.

ORANGE MAN: (*as IACHIMO*) You-a must-a not-a so-a far-a prefer-a her-a before-a ours-a of-a Italia. (*big pause*)

BLUE MAN: (*as self*) Are you going to do that the entire play?

PERCUSSIONIST: (*WOODBLOCK*)

ORANGE MAN: (*as IACHIMO*) A-No...

BLUE MAN: (*as POSTHUMUS*) Being so far provoked as I was in France, I would abate her nothing.

ORANGE MAN: (*as IACHIMO*) I have not seen that most precious diamond, nor you that lady.

BLUE MAN: (*as POSTHUMUS*) I praised her as I rated her: so do I my stone.

PERCUSSIONIST: (*BELL*)

ORANGE MAN: (as *IACHIMO*) But, you know, strange fowl light upon neighbouring ponds. A cunning thief, or a that way accomplished courtier, would hazard the winning both of first and last.

BLUE MAN: (as *POSTHUMUS*) Your Italy contains none so accomplished a courtier to convince the honour of my mistress.

CAST: OOOO-oh!

ORANGE MAN: (as *IACHIMO*) With five times so much conversation, I should get ground of your fair mistress, make her go back, even to the yielding, had I admittance and opportunity to friend.

BLUE MAN: (as *POSTHUMUS*) No, No!

ORANGE MAN: (as *IACHIMO*) I will lay you ten thousand ducats to your ring...

PERCUSSIONIST: (BELL)

ORANGE MAN: (as *IACHIMO*) ...that, commend me to the court where your lady is, with no more advantage than the opportunity of a *second* conference, and I will bring from thence that honour of hers which you imagine so reserved.

BLUE MAN: (as *POSTHUMUS*) I will wage against your gold, gold to it: my ring...

PERCUSSIONIST: (BELL)

BLUE MAN: (as *POSTHUMUS*) ...I hold dear as my finger; 'tis part of it.

ORANGE MAN: (as *IACHIMO*) You are afraid, and therein the wiser. If I bring you no sufficient testimony that I have *enjoyed the dearest bodily part of your mistress...*

*The CAST makes general sounds of disgust.*

ORANGE MAN: (as *IACHIMO*) ...she (your jewel) this (your jewel) and my gold are yours.

BLUE MAN: (as *POSTHUMUS*) I embrace these conditions.

ORANGE MAN: (as *IACHIMO*) Your hand; a covenant: I will fetch my gold and have our two wagers recorded. 'greed?

BLUE MAN: (as *POSTHUMUS*) 'greed!

PERCUSSIONIST: (RATCHET)

ORANGE LADY: Too greedy if you ask me!

PURPLE LADY: (*breaking character*) So, let me get this straight: He (ORANGE MAN) is going to try to seduce Imogen?

ORANGE LADY: That's right.

PURPLE LADY: And Posthumus is okay with that?

ORANGE LADY: How else is he going to test her fidelity or love for him?

PURPLE LADY: I don't know: trust?

*Pause.*

PERCUSSIONIST: (CRASH)

*The CAST bursts into laughter!*

PURPLE LADY: Hey! Wait, wait! Fidelity Test!

PERCUSSIONIST: (CRASH)

CAST: Five!

ORANGE LADY: So, Posthumus got off the boat in Rome and Iachimo, the Italian, got on the next boat to Britain!

*The ship does a 180.*

PERCUSSIONIST: (RATCHET)

GREEN LADY: Ciao!

PURPLE LADY: Au Revoir!

GREEN MAN: Adios!

CAST: Bye!

ORANGE LADY: Meanwhile, back in the Queen's evil lair within the palace... (*the CAST creates an evil lair scene which includes a monkey in a cage*) ...the Queen was plotting her next move.

RED LADY: (*as QUEEN to monkey*) Who's a good monkey; Who's a good lab rat; who's a good guinea pig? You are! You are! (ORANGE LADY enters as a DOCTOR; to DOCTOR) Now, master doctor, have you brought those drugs?

ORANGE LADY: (*as DOCTOR, miming a small box*) Ay: here they are, madam.

PERCUSSIONIST: (WOODBLOCK)

ORANGE LADY: But I beseech your grace, without offence, wherefore you have commanded of me those most poisonous compounds?

RED LADY: (*as QUEEN*) I wonder, doctor, thou ask'st me such a question. Have I not been thy pupil long? Hast thou not learn'd me how to make perfumes? Distil? Preserve? Yea, so that our great king himself doth woo me oft for my confections?

*The CAST makes general sounds of disgust.*

ORANGE LADY: (*as DOCTOR, aside*) I do not like her. And will not trust one of her malice with a drug of such damn'd nature. Therefore (*confiding in the audience*) those drugs she has will stupefy and dull the sense awhile (*as she says this, the QUEEN is testing out the potion on one of the monkeys, who has a violent death*); but there is no danger in what show of death it makes, more than the locking-up the spirits a time. She is fool'd with a most false effect.

RED LADY: (*as self*) You know I'm right here.

ORANGE LADY: (*as DOCTOR*) Yes, but dramatic irony keeps me safe!

BLUE LADY: Fake death potion!

PERCUSSIONIST: (CRASH)

CAST: Six!

RED LADY: (*as QUEEN*) No further service, doctor, until I send for thee.

ORANGE LADY: (*as DOCTOR*) I humbly take my leave.

*ORANGE LADY exits door, as YELLOW LADY enters as PISANIO.*

RED LADY: (*as QUEEN*) Here comes a flattering rascal; A sly and constant knave, not to be shaken; the agent for his master, Posthumus! Upon him will I first work: he's for his master, Posthumus; an enemy to my son. (*bullies YELLOW LADY*) How now, Pisanio! Weeps she still? Do thou work: Tell thy mistress how the case stands with her; do't as from thyself. And when thou shalt bring me word she loves my son, I'll tell thee on the instant thou art then as great as is thy master. (*gives YELLOW LADY "box"*)

PERCUSSIONIST: (WOODBLOCK)

*YELLOW LADY hands the box back.*

RED LADY: Nay, I prithee, take it; It is a promise of a further good that I mean to thee. It is a thing I made, which hath the king five times redeem'd from death. A dram of this will drive away distemper.

PERCUSSIONIST: (*HORN to match YELLOW LADY's face of not comprehending "distemper"*)

RED LADY: Think on my words. (*exits*)

YELLOW LADY: (*as PISANIO*) And shall do: But when to my good lord I prove untrue, I'll choke myself: there's all I'll do for you. (*spits*)

PERCUSSIONIST: (*CRASH*)

*YELLOW LADY exits.*

BLUE MAN: (*helps MONKEY up*) Don't worry kids; no monkeys were hurt in the making of this play!

ORANGE LADY: Meanwhile, Imogen was receiving a visitor from Rome...

*The CAST creates a palace guard image. Half line stage right and half line stage left.*

YELLOW LADY: (*as PISANIO*) Madam, a noble gentleman of Rome, comes from my lord with letters. (*exits and rejoins as a palace guard*)

ORANGE MAN: (*as IACHIMO*) The worthy Leonatus is in safety and greets your highness dearly.

BLUE LADY: (*as IMOGEN*) Thanks, good sir: You're kindly welcome.

ORANGE MAN: (*as IACHIMO; aside*) Grrrr-owl!

PERCUSSIONIST: (*WOLF WHISTLE*)

*General lecherous noises are heard behind ORANGE MAN. He turns his back to IMOGEN.*

BLUE LADY: (*as IMOGEN*) Continues well my lord? His health, beseech you? Is he disposed to mirth? I hope he is.

ORANGE MAN: (*as IACHIMO*) Exceeding pleasant; none a stranger there so merry and so gamesome: he is call'd the "Briton Reveller." I never saw him sad.

BLUE LADY: (*as IMOGEN*) Oh...?

ORANGE MAN: (*as IACHIMO*) There is a Frenchman, his companion, that much loves a French girl at home; he furnaces the thick sighs

from him, whiles the jolly Briton— your lord, I mean—laughs from's free lungs, cries 'O, Can my sides hold, to think that man, who knows by history, report, or his own proof, what woman is?'

BLUE LADY: (*as IMOGEN*) Will my lord say so?

ORANGE MAN: (*as IACHIMO*) Ay, madam, with his eyes in flood with laughter. Whilst I am bound to wonder, I am bound to pity too.

BLUE LADY: (*as IMOGEN*) My lord, I fear, has forgot Britain.

ORANGE MAN: (*as IACHIMO*) And... himself.

BLUE LADY: (*as IMOGEN*) Let me hear no more!

ORANGE MAN: (*as IACHIMO*) O dearest soul! Your cause doth strike my heart with pity, that doth make me sick. (*sweetly*) A lady so fair, and fasten'd to an empery, would make the greatest king double. (*turning dark*) Be revenged!

BLUE LADY: (*as IMOGEN*) Revenged? How should I be revenged?

ORANGE MAN: (*as IACHIMO*) I dedicate myself to your sssssweet pleasure, and will continue fast to your affection. Let me my service tender on your lips. (*moves in for a kiss*)

BLUE LADY: (*As IMOGEN, slaps him. The GUARDS bind him.*) Away! I do condemn mine ears that have so long attended thee. If thou wert honourable, thou wouldst have told this tale for virtue, not for such an end thou seek'st,—as base as strange. Thou wrong'st a gentleman, who is as far from thy report as thou from honour, and solicit'st here a lady that disdains thee and the devil alike. What ho, Pisanio! The king my father shall be made acquainted of thy assault!

ORANGE MAN: (*as IACHIMO with overly-dramatic praise to the air*) Wait! O happy Posthumus! I may say the credit that thy lady hath of thee deserves thy trust, and thy most perfect goodness her assured credit. Blessed live you long! Give me your pardon. I have spoke this, to know if your affiance were deeply rooted. A kind-of a... ah...?

PURPLE LADY: Fidelity test?

PERCUSSIONIST: (*BELL*)

ORANGE MAN: (*as IACHIMO*) Yes! A fidelity test. Be not angry, most mighty princess, that I have adventured to try your taking a false report; which hath honour'd with confirmation your great judgment in the election of a sir so rare.

*The CAST puts him down and dusts him off before returning to their guard positions.*

BLUE LADY: *(as IMOGEN, lightening up)* All's well, sir: take my power i' the court for yours.

ORANGE MAN: *(as IACHIMO, surprised)* My humble thanks. *(turns to go then snaps back tempting his luck)* I had almost forgot to entreat your grace but in a small request, some dozen Romans of us and your lord—The best feather of our wing—have mingled sums to buy a present for the emperor: may it please you to take them in protection?

BLUE LADY: *(as IMOGEN)* Willingly; And since my lord hath interest in them, I will keep them in my bedchamber.

PERCUSSIONIST: *(BELL)*

ORANGE MAN: *(as IACHIMO, thinking this is too good to be true)* They are in a trunk, attended by my men. I will make bold to send them to you, only for this night; I must aboard to-morrow.

BLUE LADY: *(as IMOGEN)* Send your trunk to me; it shall safe be kept. *(ORANGE MAN is amazed at how easy that was. Seeing his disbelief.)* You're very welcome.

ORANGE LADY: *(taking downstage center)* So, later that night, Iachimo hid himself in a trunk *(stepping behind and upstage of ORANGE LADY, ORANGE MAN mimes stepping into a trunk)* and had himself delivered to Imogen's bedchamber! *(the CAST creates a four poster bed)* Thinking she had done a good deed she prepared herself for bed.

BLUE LADY: *(as IMOGEN to waiting woman)* I have read three hours then: mine eyes are weak: Fold down the leaf where I have left: to bed: Take not away the taper, leave it burning; And if thou canst awake by four o' the clock, I prithee, call me. Sleep hath seized me wholly. *(Waiting woman exits. Praying.)* To your protection I commend me, gods. From fairies and the tempters of the night guard me. *(She pulls up a sheet to her neck and sleeps as ORANGE MAN emerges from the trunk.)*

PERCUSSIONIST: *(RATCHET, followed by CRICKETS)*

ORANGE MAN: *(as IACHIMO)* SHHHH! The crickets sing. *(seeing sleeping IMOGEN)* How bravely thou becomest thy bed, fresh lily, And brighter than the sheets! But my design: To note the chamber: I will write all down. *(He mimes pulling out a pad and pen, writing down physical details of the room.)* Ah, but some natural

notes about her body! Upon her wrist a most comely bracelet.  
(*Lifts her arm and sees the bracelet; shakes her arm.*)

PERCUSSIONIST: (*BELL TREE*)

ORANGE MAN: Come off, come off. (*removing her bracelet*)

PERCUSSIONIST: (*BELL TREE*)

ORANGE MAN: As slippery as the Gordian knot was hard! (*She shifts in her sleep; the cloth she used as a blanket falls from her chest; ensemble gasps and covers their eyes for modesty.*) Well, hello! On her left breast a mole cinque-spotted, like the crimson drops I' the bottom of a cowslip.

YELLOW MAN: (*eyes still covered*) Yo, Peeping Iachimo! A little respect!

ORANGE MAN: (*as IACHIMO*) Here's a voucher, stronger than ever law could make: this secret will force him think I have pick'd the lock and ta'en the treasure of her honour. No more. To what end? Why should I write this down, that's riveted, screw'd to my memory? I have enough: To the trunk again, and shut the spring of it.

PERCUSSIONIST: (*4 GONGS*)

ORANGE MAN: One, two, three: time, time!

*BLUE LADY wakes up just as ORANGE MAN disappears back into the trunk.*

PERCUSSIONIST: (*4 XYLOPHONE notes to cue singers*)

*The CAST sing Grieg's "Morning" as they form a sliding door downstage.*

ORANGE LADY: And outside of her bedchamber, the Queen's son, Cloten, was preparing a morning song to awaken the Princess.

RED MAN: (*as CLOTEN does vocal warm-ups; Deep breath; Sings*) Hark, my Princess...

*BLUE MAN interrupts, entering as a delivery man and knocks.*

PERCUSSIONIST: (*DRUM 3X*)

BLUE MAN: Pick up!

PERCUSSIONIST: (*RATCHET, as the "door" opens*)

*BLUE MAN enters.*

PERCUSSIONIST: (*RATCHET, as the “door” closes*)

RED MAN: (*as CLOTEN, does vocal warm-ups; Deep breath; Sings*) *Hark, my Princess...*

*He is interrupted by BLUE MAN coming out of the bedchamber with the trunk.*

PERCUSSIONIST: (*RATCHET, as the “door” opens, then closes*)

RED MAN: (*as CLOTEN, does vocal warm-ups; Deep breath; Sings angrily*) *Hark, my PRINCESS...*

PERCUSSIONIST: (*RATCHET, as IMOGEN opens the “door”*)

BLUE LADY: (*as IMOGEN; interrupts him as she enters*) I am much sorry, sir, you put me to forget a lady’s manners, —I hate you.

RED MAN: (*as CLOTEN*) What?! That Posthumus...

BLUE LADY: (*as IMOGEN*) He never can meet more mischance than come to be but named of thee. *His meanest garment, that ever hath but clipp’d his body, is dearer in my respect than all the hairs above thee.*

RED MAN: (*as CLOTEN*) His meanest garment?!

BLUE LADY: (*as IMOGEN*) Pisanio! (*enter PISANIO*) search for a jewel that too casually hath left mine arm.

RED MAN: (*as CLOTEN*) His meanest garment?!

BLUE LADY: (*as IMOGEN*) I do think I saw’t this morning: confident I am last night ‘twas on mine arm.

RED MAN: (*as CLOTEN*) His meanest garment?!

BLUE LADY: (*as IMOGEN*) I hope it be not gone!

YELLOW LADY: (*as PISANIO*) ‘Twill not be lost. (*they exit*)

RED MAN: (*as CLOTEN*) “His meanest garment!?” I’ll be revenged!

ORANGE LADY: That same day a messenger came from the Roman Emperor with news for King Cymbeline.

*The CAST rearranges along the upstage line as ROMAN GUARDS.*

PURPLE MAN: (*as self*) Hey, kids! Everybody miss me?

PERCUSSIONIST: (*WOODBLOCK*)

PURPLE MAN: (*as self*) Didn't think so! (*as CYMBELINE to PURPLE LADY*) Now say, what would Augustus Caesar with us?

PURPLE LADY: (*as CAIUS LUCIUS*) When Julius Caesar, whose remembrance yet lives in men's eyes was in this Britain and conquer'd it, thine uncle, for him and his succession, granted Rome a tribute: yearly three thousand pounds; which by thee lately is left untender'd.

RED MAN: (*as CLOTEN crossing to LUCIUS; CYMBELINE taking downstage left vacated by CLOTEN*) What?!

PURPLE LADY: (*threatening RED MAN*) You owe us protection money.

RED MAN: (*as CLOTEN*) There be many Caesars ere such another Julius. Britain is a world by itself; and we will nothing pay!

RED LADY: (*as QUEEN*) A kind of conquest Caesar made here; but he was carried from off our coast, twice beaten.

RED MAN: (*as CLOTEN*) Come, there's no more tribute to be paid: our kingdom is stronger than it was at that time.

PURPLE LADY: (*as LUCIUS*) I am sorry, Cymbeline, that I am to pronounce Augustus Caesar thine enemy.

PERCUSSIONIST: (*DRUM*)

THE CAST: (*snapping to attention*) Huh!

*CYMBELINE meets LUCIUS center stage as QUEEN takes downstage left vacated by CYMBELINE.*

PURPLE LADY: (*as LUCIUS*) Receive it from me, then: war and confusion in Caesar's name pronounce I 'gainst thee.

PURPLE MAN: (*as CYMBELINE*) I know your master's pleasure and he mine.

RED MAN: (*as CLOTEN*) If you seek us afterwards in other terms, you shall find us in our salt-water girdle: if you beat us out of it, it is yours; and there's an end. (*smacks his own behind*)

PERCUSSIONIST: (*SLAPSTICK*)

*PURPLE MAN (as CYMBELINE) goes to speak to CLOTEN but stops and sighs.*

ORANGE LADY: Meanwhile, back in Rome, Posthumus is getting some news about Imogen...

*The CAST kneels in two rows center stage facing each other as if sitting at a table with POSTHUMUS at the head of the table upstage center.*

BLUE MAN: (as POSTHUMUS to ORANGE LADY) Fear it not, sir: I am bold her honour will remain hers. Another round!

*The table cheers! ORANGE MAN enters near BLUE MAN.*

ORANGE MAN: (as IACHIMO) Bona Sera!

CAST: Iachimo!

BLUE MAN: (as POSTHUMUS) I hope the briefness of your answer made the speediness of your return.

ORANGE MAN: (as IACHIMO) I'll make a second journey twice as far to enjoy a second night of such sweet shortness which was mine in Britain; for the ring is won!

PERCUSSIONIST: (BELL)

BLUE MAN: (as POSTHUMUS) The stone's too hard to come by.

ORANGE MAN: (as IACHIMO) Not a whit, your lady being so easy!

CAST: (gasping) Oooh! (they kneel UP)

BLUE MAN: (as POSTHUMUS) If you can make't apparent that you... you know... I hope you know that we must not continue friends. (the CAST sits back DOWN)

ORANGE MAN: (as IACHIMO) Had I not brought the knowledge of your mistress home, I grant we were to question further: but I now profess myself the winner of her honour.

BLUE MAN: (as POSTHUMUS) Proceed.

ORANGE MAN: (as IACHIMO) First, her bedchamber, where, I confess, I slept not,

CAST: Eww.

ORANGE MAN: (as IACHIMO) ...but profess had that was well worth watching—it was hang'd with tapestry of silk and silver.

*The CAST kneels UP.*

BLUE MAN: (as POSTHUMUS) This is true; And this you might have heard of here, by me, or by some other.

*The CAST gestures “not me!” then kneels DOWN.*

ORANGE MAN: (*as IACHIMO*) The chimney-piece is south the chamber, and the tapestry “Chaste Dian Bathing...”

*The CAST kneels UP.*

BLUE MAN: (*as POSTHUMUS*) This is a thing which you might from relation likewise reap, being, as it is, much spoke of.

CAST: Yeah... (*they kneel DOWN*)

ORANGE MAN: (*as IACHIMO*) The roof o’ the chamber with golden cherubins is fretted: —were two winking Cupids.

*The CAST kneels UP.*

BLUE MAN: (*as POSTHUMUS*) Let it be granted you have seen all this—and praise be given to your remembrance—the description of what is in her chamber nothing saves the wager you have laid.

*The CAST kneels DOWN.*

ORANGE MAN: (*as IACHIMO*) Then, if you can, be pale: I beg but leave to air this jewel; (*showing the bracelet*)

PERCUSSIONIST: (*BELL TREE*)

*The CAST gasps, and kneels UP.*

ORANGE MAN: See! And now ‘tis up again: it must be married to that your diamond.

PERCUSSIONIST: (*BELL*)

CAST: Uh-oh.

BLUE MAN: (*as POSTHUMUS*) Render to me some corporal sign about her, more evident than this; for this was stolen.

CAST: Yeah. (*they kneel DOWN*)

ORANGE MAN: (*as IACHIMO*) If you seek for further satisfying, under her breast—(*whispers in BLUE MAN’s ear; the CAST gasps and kneels UP*)

PERCUSSIONIST: (*SHAKER*)

ORANGE MAN: Will you hear more?

PERCUSSIONIST: (*HEARTBEAT over BLUE LADYUE MAN’s speech*)

BLUE MAN: O, that I had her here, to tear her limb-meal! (*in his anger he tears off his signature costume piece and throws it on the ground*)  
I will go there and do't, i' the court, before her father. I'll do... something! (*exits upstage right*)

GREEN LADY: (*as a TAVERN PATRON*) Quite besides the government of patience! You have won. Let's follow him.

ORANGE MAN: (*as IACHIMO*) With all my heart.

*IACHIMO leads the ensemble as a mob in the direction BLUE MAN exited stage right. RED MAN enters stage left as CLOTEN and crosses stage right.*

RED MAN: (*mumbling to himself*) His meanest garment! I'll show them! His meanest garment, my eye! (*sees POSTHUMUS' discarded costume*) Oh!

PERCUSSIONIST: (BELL)

RED MAN: His meanest garment! (*picks up POSTHUMUS' costume piece and puts it on.*)

ORANGE LADY: But before Posthumus leaves for Britain he sends message to Pisanio informing him of his bloody plans.

*The CAST illustrates PISANIO's panic reflecting his actions à-la "hall of mirrors." The ensemble speaks the underlined words in his monologue.*

PERCUSSIONIST: (*HEARTBEAT underscoring for the following*)

YELLOW LADY: (*as PISANIO*) How? of adultery? Wherefore write you not what monster's her accuser? Posthumus, O master! what a strange infection Is fall'n into thy ear! What false Italian hath prevail'd on thy too ready hearing? Disloyal!? No: She's punish'd for her truth. O my master! How? That I should murder her? I, her? Her blood? (*reading the first letter*) "The letter that I have sent her (*holds up the second letter*), by her own command shall give thee opportunity." O damn'd paper! Black as the ink that's on thee! Lo, here she comes. I am ignorant in what I am commanded.

BLUE LADY: (*as IMOGEN*) How now, Pisanio!

PERCUSSIONIST: (*MARK TREE CHIMES*)

*The CAST gathers upstage center invested in watching the scene.*

YELLOW LADY: (*as PISANIO*) Madam, here is a letter from my Lord.

BLUE LADY: (as IMOGEN) Who? Thy lord? That is my lord, Posthumus! Good wax, thy leave. Blest be you bees that make these locks of counsel! (reads) 'Dearest Imogen: Take notice that I am in Cambria, at Milford-Haven!' O, for a horse with wings! Hear'st thou, Pisanio? You bid my woman feign a sickness; say she'll home to her father; and provide me presently a riding suit!

YELLOW LADY: (as PISANIO) Madam, you'd best consider.

BLUE LADY: (as IMOGEN) Away, I prithee; do as I bid thee: there's no more to say!

YELLOW LADY: (as PISANIO) Please you, read; and you shall find me, wretched one, a thing the most disdain'd of fortune.

BLUE LADY: (As IMOGEN, reads the first letter. The CAST, who has been gathered upstage center to watch this is now convulsed in pitiful pain for IMOGEN.) 'Thy mistress, Pisanio, hath played the strumpet in my bed; I expect my revenge. That part thou, Pisanio, must act for me. Let thine own hands take away her life: I shall give thee opportunity at Milford-Haven!'" False to his bed?! What is to be false?

YELLOW LADY: (as PISANIO) Alas, good lady...

BLUE LADY: (as IMOGEN) I false?

YELLOW LADY: (as PISANIO) Good madam, hear me.

BLUE LADY: (as IMOGEN) Why, I must die.

YELLOW LADY: (as PISANIO) O, gracious lady, since I received command to do this business I have not slept one wink.

BLUE LADY: (as IMOGEN) Do't, and to bed, then.

YELLOW LADY: (as PISANIO) Madam, the ambassador, Lucius the Roman, comes to Milford-Haven to-morrow. Present yourself, desire his service, but do so as a man.

PERCUSSIONIST: (HORN)

BLUE LADY: (as IMOGEN) Why?

YELLOW LADY: (pause, look to the audience; as PISANIO) I'm not sure; It doesn't say in the script. (appealing to audience) To buy us some time?

PERCUSSIONIST: (BELL)

YELLOW LADY: Until we can figure out what's up with Posthumus? I'll give but notice you are dead and send him some bloody sign of it; for 'tis commanded I should do so.

BLUE LADY: (*as IMOGEN*) Okay...

YELLOW LADY: (*as PISANIO*) I have already fit in my cloak bag - doublet, hat, all, to make yourself but like one. Doubtless, with joy, he will embrace you.

PERCUSSIONIST: (*CHIMES*)

BLUE LADY: (*as IMOGEN*) In this attempt I am soldier, too, and will abide it with a prince's courage!

YELLOW LADY: (*as PISANIO*) To some shade (*the CAST makes a dressing screen*) and fit you to your manhood.

BLUE LADY: (*while changing into men's clothes*) Thou art all the comfort the gods will diet me with. There's more to be consider'd; but we'll even all that good time will give us. (*reveals herself as a man*) Away, I prithee.

BLUE MAN: (*as self*) Hey! Crossdressing!

PERCUSSIONIST: (*CRASH*)

CAST: Seven!

YELLOW LADY: (*as PISANIO*) By the way: here is a box...

PERCUSSIONIST: (*WOODBLOCK*)

YELLOW LADY: I got it from the Queen. What's in't is precious; a dram of this will drive away distemper.

PERCUSSIONIST: (*HORN*)

BLUE LADY: (*as IMOGEN*) Drive away what?

YELLOW LADY: (*as PISANIO*) Distemper?

BLUE LADY: (*as IMOGEN*) What's that?

YELLOW LADY: (*as PISANIO*) I don't know... "Feeling Bad?" It makes you feel... better? I don't know; the label doesn't say. (*to audience*) Shakespeare gets really thin on details here.

BLUE LADY: (*as IMOGEN*) Ok... I'm off to Milford-Haven! (*exits*)

YELLOW LADY: (*as PISANIO to the CAST*) Hey, help me pack!

*YELLOW LADY & ensemble start packing clothes.*

RED MAN: (*enters as CLOTEN; to PISANIO*) Who is here? What, are you packing, sirrah? Where is thy lady? Oh, by Jupiter,— I will not ask again. Close villain, I'll have this secret from thy heart, or rip thy heart to find it. Is she with Posthumus?

YELLOW LADY: (*as PISANIO*) Alas, my lord, how can she be with him? He is in Rome.

RED MAN: (*as CLOTEN*) Where is she, sir? Come nearer; No further halting: satisfy me home what is become of her.

YELLOW LADY: (*as PISANIO*) Then, sir, this paper...

PERCUSSIONIST: (*BELL*)

YELLOW LADY: (*as PISANIO*) ...is the history of my knowledge touching her flight.

RED MAN: (*as CLOTEN*) It is Posthumus' hand; I know't. (*reads*) "Meet thee at Milford-Haven." Ha! I will pursue her even to Augustus' throne. To the court I'll knock her back, foot her home again. She hath despised me rejoicingly, and I'll be merry in my revenge. (*starts to exit*)

YELLOW MAN: (*as self*) Wait, wait, wait! We're about halfway through, right? Can we get a re-cap? I just want to make sure I've got what's going on here.

RED MAN: (*as self*) Sure. The play is set in Britain during Ancient Times.

PERCUSSIONIST: (*BELL*)

GREEN LADY: (*as self*) Imogen's marriage to Posthumus is vetoed by her father and stepmom, the king and queen.

PERCUSSIONIST: (*BELL*)

YELLOW MAN: (*as self*) The king, who's a secondary character!

PERCUSSIONIST: (*BELL*)

GREEN LADY: (*as self*) Right.

PURPLE LADY: (*as self*) In exile, her husband is tricked into putting her to a fidelity test; to make sure she's not fooling around behind his back.

PERCUSSIONIST: (*BELL*)

ORANGE MAN: (*as self*) Which she “fails.”

BLUE MAN: (*as self*) And he’s so angry he orders her death forcing her to go into hiding as a man.

PERCUSSIONIST: (*BELL*)

BLUE LADY: (*as self*) And for some inexplicable reason, Posthumus’ servant gave me a potion from the queen who thinks it’s poison but isn’t really a poison; just a sleeping potion that will make everyone think I’m dead.

PERCUSSIONIST: (*BELL*)

RED MAN: (*as self*) And I just found out where she’s going; so I’m going to bring her back.

CAST: Right!

BLUE LADY: (*as IMOGEN*) Ok... Off to Milford-Haven. But, how do I get there?

CAST: By imagination!

PERCUSSIONIST: (*CHIMES*)

ORANGE LADY: (*to the audience*) Come along with us! The far western part of the British Isles is the country we now know as Wales.

PURPLE MAN: (*As AHAB*) Thar, she blows! (*throws a mimed harpoon at RED LADY, who is acting like a whale*)

ORANGE LADY: Not “Moby Dick” whales; Welsh Wales.

PURPLE MAN: Yar. (*joins the rest of the CAST who are forming a cave upstage center*)

ORANGE LADY: In ancient times, it was the wilds, the wilderness, a place one would go to hide from society. It was in just such a place where we find a deep, dark cave.

CAST: (*in a cave image; echoing ORANGE LADY*) Cave! Cave. cave. cave.

ORANGE LADY: And in this cave lived a wild man, named Belarius,

PERCUSSIONIST: (*BELL*)

ORANGE LADY: with his two wild sons. (*BELARIUS emerge from cage with GREEN MAN & GREEN LADY in animal skins as BOYS. BELARIUS strikes refined poses.*) But, Belarius, you see, is not a wild man. He was once a courtier to King Cymbeline. But political rivals convinced Cymbeline that Belarius was a traitor and

believing the rumors, Cymbeline banished Belarius from London. But before leaving, Belarius kidnapped Cymbeline's two baby boys...

PERCUSSIONIST: (*SLIDE WHISTLE DOWN*)

ORANGE LADY: ...and raised them...

PERCUSSIONIST: (*SLIDE WHISTLE UP*)

ORANGE LADY: ...as his own in the wilderness.

BLUE LADY: (*runs out as IMOGEN to ORANGE LADY*) I have brothers?!

ORANGE LADY: Yes, but you don't know that yet!

BLUE LADY: Gotcha! (*returns upstage center*)

PURPLE LADY: Ooh! Nobility in hiding

PERCUSSIONIST: (*CRASH*)

CAST: Eight!

PURPLE LADY: IN a pastoral setting!

PERCUSSIONIST: (*CRASH*)

CAST: Nine!

YELLOW MAN: (*as BELARIUS*) This one (*GREEN LADY*) is the heir of Cymbeline and Britain, who the king his father call'd Guiderius (*gill-DEER-ee-us*). The younger brother, once named Arviragus (*are-VEER-a-gus*). How hard it is to hide the sparks of nature! These boys know little they are sons to the king; Nor Cymbeline dreams that they are alive. They think they are mine. (*To GREEN MAN & GREEN LADY*) Now for our mountain sport: up to yond hill. He that strikes the venison first shall be the lord o' the feast; To him the other two shall minister.

GREEN MAN & GREEN LADY: Yes, Father! (*ALL THREE exit upstage left*)

BLUE LADY: (*as IMOGEN entering upstage right dressed as a man*) I see a man's life is a tedious one: I have tired myself, and for two nights together have made the ground my bed. I should be sick, but that, my resolution, helps me. Pray, how far thither? 'Ods pittikins! Can it be six mile yet? But what is this? 'tis some savage hold: I were best not to call; I dare not call: yet famine and fatigue make me bold... Ho!

CAST: (*echo*) Ho! Ho! Ho!

BLUE LADY: (*as IMOGEN*) Who's here?

CAST: (*echo*) Here! Here! Here!

BLUE LADY: (*as IMOGEN*) No answer? Then I'll enter.

*She falls asleep at the mouth of the cave. YELLOW MAN, GREEN LADY & GREEN MAN re-enter.*

YELLOW MAN: (*as BELARIUS*) You, (*GREEN LADY*) oh, my son, have proved best woodman and are master of the feast: This one (*GREEN MAN*) and I will play the cook and servant.

GREEN LADY: (*as GUILDERIUS*) I am thoroughly weary.

GREEN MAN: (*as ARVIRAGUS*) I am weak with toil, yet strong in appetite.

YELLOW MAN: (*as BELARIUS, Seeing BLUE LADY & GREEN MAN and GREEN LADY*) Stay; come not in.

GREEN LADY: (*as GUILDERIUS*) What's the matter, sir?

GREEN MAN: (*as ARVIRAGUS*) By Jupiter, an angel! or, if not, an earthly paragon! Behold divineness no older than a boy!

BLUE LADY: (*awaking as IMOGEN in disguise seeing others*) Good masters, harm me not: Before I enter'd here, I call'd; and thought to have begg'd or bought what I have took: good troth, I have stol'n nought, nor would not.

YELLOW MAN: (*as BELARIUS*) Prithee, fair youth, Think us no churls, nor measure our good minds by this rude place we live in.

CAVE: Hey...

YELLOW MAN: (*as BELARIUS*) Well encounter'd! 'Tis almost night: you shall have better cheer ere you depart. Boys, bid him welcome.

GREEN LADY: (*as GUILDERIUS, giving BLUE LADY a rough one-armed hug*) Pray, draw near.

BLUE LADY: (*as IMOGEN*) Thanks, sir.

GREEN MAN: (*as ARVIRAGUS, giving BLUE LADY another rough one-armed hug*) I pray, draw near! (*they exit into the cave*)

RED MAN: (*entering upstage left as CLOTEN wearing POSTHUMUS' "meaner garments"*) I am near to the place where they should meet, if Pisanio have mapped it truly. This is the very description

of their meeting-place. (*drawing mimed sword*) Fortune, put them into my hand!

*He exits around upstage right of cave. Re-enter YELLOW MAN, GREEN MAN & GREEN LADY & BLUE LADY from cave. BLUE LADY mimes vomiting in a bucket loudly.*

YELLOW MAN: (*as BELARIUS*) You are not well

BLUE LADY: (*as IMOGEN in disguise to BELARIUS*) I'm a vegan!

YELLOW MAN: (*as BELARIUS*) Remain here in the cave; We'll come to you after hunting.

BLUE LADY: (*as IMOGEN*) You're going hunting again?

GREEN MAN: (*as ARVIRAGUS to BLUE LADY*) Brother, stay here. Are we not brothers?

BLUE LADY: (*as IMOGEN*) So "man-and-man" should be! (*vomits again*) I am very sick.

YELLOW MAN: (*as BELARIUS, To GREEN MAN & GREEN LADY*) To the field, to the field! (*to BLUE LADY*) We'll leave you for this time: go in and rest.

GREEN MAN: (*as ARVIRAGUS*) We'll not be long away. Brother, farewell!

*YELLOW MAN, GREEN MAN & GREEN LADY exit upstage right behind cave.*

BLUE LADY: (*as IMOGEN*) These are kind creatures. I am sick still; (*big vomit; passes mimed bucket to a nearby cast member*) Pisanio, I'll now taste of thy drug. (*breaking character*) For my "distemper," don'tcha know!

*BLUE LADY takes out the vial, drinks it, has a dramatic death scene, and passes out at the mouth of the cave. The CAST breaks the "cave" image to react. They snap back as RED MAN & GREEN LADY re-enter from opposite sides.*

RED MAN: (*as CLOTEN*) I cannot find those runagates.

PERCUSSIONIST: (*VIBRASLAP*)

RED MAN: That villain, Pisanio, hath mock'd me! I am faint.

GREEN LADY: (*as GUILDERIUS*) "Those runagates!!"

RED MAN: (*as CLOTEN*) Soft! What are you? Some villain...

PERCUSSIONIST: (*VIBRASLAP*)

RED MAN: ...mountaineer?

PERCUSSIONIST: (*VIBRASLAP*)

RED MAN: Yield thee, thief.

GREEN LADY: (*as GUILDERIUS*) To who? To thee? What art thou?  
Why I should yield to thee?

CAST: (*breaking cave image*) Oooh! Fight! Fight! Fight!

RED MAN: (*as CLOTEN*) Thou villain base, know'st me not by my  
clothes?

GREEN LADY: (*as GUILDERIUS*) Thou art some fool; I am loath to beat  
thee.

RED MAN: (*as CLOTEN*) Thou injurious thief; hear but my name and  
tremble!

GREEN LADY: (*as GUILDERIUS*) What's thy name?

RED MAN: (*as CLOTEN*) Cloten!

PERCUSSIONIST: (*HONK*)

GREEN LADY: (*as GUILDERIUS, sarcastic tremble*) Ooh!

RED MAN: (*as CLOTEN*) Art not afeard?

GREEN LADY: (*as GUILDERIUS*) At fools I laugh, not fear them.

RED MAN: (*as CLOTEN*) Yield, rustin mountaineer! Die the death!

GREEN LADY: (*as GUILDERIUS*) Boo!

RED MAN: (*as CLOTEN*) Mommmeeee!

PERCUSSIONIST: (*SIREN WHISTLE*)

*GREEN LADY chases RED MAN off. GREEN MAN &  
YELLOW MAN re-enter SR as cave is reformed.*

YELLOW MAN: (*as BELARIUS*) No companies abroad?

GREEN MAN: (*as GUILDERIUS*) In this place we left them.

GREEN LADY: (as GUILDERIUS, re-entering wearing CLOTEN's red cowboy hat; miming holding CLOTEN's head) This Cloten was a fool. Hercules could not have knock'd out his brains, for he had none.

YELLOW MAN: (as BELARIUS) What hast thou done?!

GREEN LADY: (as GUILDERIUS) Cut off Cloten's head.

PERCUSSIONIST: (SLIDE WHISTLE & DRUM as GREEN LADY and GREEN MAN mime tossing the head back and forth between the princes)

GREEN LADY: Son to the queen, after his own report; who called me a traitor, mountaineer, and swore with his own single hand he'd take off my head.

YELLOW MAN: (as BELARIUS) We are undone! I fear 'twill be revenged. We'll hunt no more today, nor seek for danger where there's no profit. I prithee, to our rock.

*GREEN MAN dropkicks CLOTEN's "head."*

PERCUSSIONIST: (DRUM, CRASH)

GREEN MAN: (as ARVIRAGUS) I have sent Cloten's clotpoll down the stream.

*The CAST turns to see BLUE LADY lying at the mouth of the cave.*

GREEN MAN: (as ARVIRAGUS) Ah! The bird is dead!

GREEN LADY: (as GUILDERIUS) O Sweetest, Fairest lily!

YELLOW MAN: (as BELARIUS) O melancholy!

GREEN LADY: (as GUILDERIUS) Let us bury him.

GREEN MAN: (as self) That was quick! (as ARVIRAGUS) Say, where shall we lay him?

GREEN LADY: (as GUILDERIUS) By good Euriphile, our mother.

GREEN MAN: (as ARVIRAGUS) Be't so.

YELLOW MAN: (as BELARIUS) Cloten is quite forgot. He was a queen's son, boys; And though you took his life, as being our foe, yet bury him as a prince. Pray you, fetch him hither. (GREEN MAN & GREEN LADY exit to get RED MAN. YELLOW MAN prays or sings the following to BLUE LADY)  
*Fear no more the heat o' the sun,*

*Nor the furious winter's rages;  
Thou thy worldly task hast done,  
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages:  
Golden lads and girls all must,  
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.*

CAST: A-men!

*GREEN MAN & GREEN LADY enter with RED MAN,  
whose head is covered with a black hood.*

YELLOW MAN: *(as BELARIUS)* Come, lay him down. Let us go prepare their grave.

*They exit upstage. BLUE LADY wakes up with a loud groan.*

PURPLE MAN: *(as self)* A zombie!

CAST: Shhhhhhh!

BLUE LADY: *(as IMOGEN waking from a dream)* Yes, sir, to Milford-Haven; which is the way? I thank you. By yond bush? Pray, how far thither? *(seeing RED MAN's body)* AH! A headless man! The garments of Posthumus! I know the shape of's leg: this is his hand; His foot Mercurial; his Martial thigh; The brawns of Hercules.

BLUE MAN: *(breaking out of image, as self)* Wow, inattention to detail!

YELLOW LADY: Mistaken Identity!

PERCUSSIONIST: (CRASH)

CAST: Ten!

*The CAST (excluding BLUE LADY & RED MAN) turn around to become the Roman army.*

BLUE LADY: *(as IMOGEN)* Ooooooh, Posthumus! Alas, Where is thy head?

PURPLE LADY: *(entering as LUCIUS)* The Roman legions garrison'd in Gailia, have cross'd the sea, attending me here at Milford-Haven with my ships: They are preparing in readiness to fight the British. But, who is this boy?

BLUE LADY: *(as IMOGEN in disguise)* I am nothing without my... master.

PURPLE LADY: *(as LUCIUS)* I could use a good page boy in this war against Britain and since your master no longer needs you will you go with me?

BLUE LADY: (as IMOGEN) I'll follow, sir. But first, an't please the gods, I'll hide my master from the flies, as deep as these poor pickaxes can dig.

PURPLE LADY: (as LUCIUS) Boy, he is preferr'd by thee to us, and he shall be interr'd as soldiers can.

*PURPLE LADY claps her hands to call two actors who take up RED MAN's body and exit upstage right as BLUE MAN appears dishevelled upstage left.*

BLUE MAN: (as POSTHUMUS wearing a Roman cape) I am brought hither among the Italian gentry, and to fight against my lady's kingdom: 'tis enough, Britain, that I have kill'd thy mistress; peace! I'll give no wound to thee. Therefore, good heavens, hear patiently my purpose: I'll disrobe me of these Italian clothes (removes cape) and suit myself as does a peasant: so I'll fight against the Romans; so I'll die for thee, O Imogen! (kneels center)

PERCUSSIONIST: (CRASH)

*The CAST turns downstage as Britons.*

YELLOW MAN: (as BELARIUS) The game's afoot: Follow your spirit, and upon this charge cry 'God for Harry, England, and Saint George!'

PURPLE MAN: (as self) Harry?

RED MAN: (as self) Go with it.

YELLOW MAN: (as BELARIUS) CHARGE!!

*The CAST attacks downstage avoiding BLUE MAN.*

PERCUSSIONIST: (CHAOTIC FIGHTING SOUNDS. When the CAST reaches downstage, THREE DRUM HITS. The CAST reverses direction and reveals capes to become Romans.)

PURPLE LADY: (breaking through the line as LUCIUS) Friends, Romans, Countrymen... Attack! (the CAST attacks upstage as an ordered Roman cohort)

PERCUSSIONIST: (DRUM BEAT ending with a CYMBAL CRASH, which turns the CAST downstage as Britons.)

YELLOW MAN: (as BELARIUS) Stand, stand! Nothing routs us but the villainy of our fears. Attack!

*The CAST attacks downstage.*



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