



**Craig Sodaro**

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## All's Will That Ends Well

**FARCE.** In this sequel to *My Friend Will*, Shakespeare is still on the lam after poaching a rabbit, but this time Titania the witch sends Shakespeare to a Renaissance faire, where he suddenly finds himself inside a fortuneteller's tent. The Renaissance faire's director hires Shakespeare to play the character of the Rat Catcher while a student is assigned the role of Shakespeare. Complications and mistaken identities abound, and nothing is what it seems as the real Shakespeare is kidnapped, tied to a chair, and forced to watch nonstop reality-TV episodes of "The Real Housewives of Cutthroat, Kentucky." Delirious after viewing so much mindless drivel, Shakespeare must find a way to escape this chamber of horrors and return to 1585 and his home in Stratford-upon-Avon.

**Performance Time:** Approximately 75 minutes.

## Characters

(5 M, 12 F, 1 flexible)

(With doubling: 4 M, 10 F, 1 flexible)

**WILL SHAKESPEARE:** The Bard himself who has been magically transported to a Renaissance faire by Titania the witch and has to play the role of the Rat Catcher; male.

**TITANIA:** Witch who has been transported along with Shakespeare to the Renaissance faire; wears a witch's costume; female.

**JULIA HAWKINS:** Works as a fortuneteller at a Renaissance fair; wears a Gypsy fortuneteller costume; female.

**JESSICA HAWKINS:** Julia's younger sister who works as a fortuneteller at a Renaissance fair; wears a Gypsy fortuneteller costume; female.

**NED HAWKINS:** Julia and Jessica's grandfather who owes money to Mr. Twist; male.

**RONNIE BARNES:** Plays a pirate named "the Crimson Claw" at the Renaissance fair; wears a pirate costume; male.

**MITCH MICHAELS:** Julia's boyfriend who plays Shakespeare at the Renaissance fair; wears a Renaissance hat and tights; male.

**CONNIE:** Gum-chewing thug who works for Mr. Twist and has been sent to collect a debt from Ned Hawkins; wears a vest and gloves; female.

**BONNIE:** Gum-chewing thug who works for Mr. Twist and has been sent to collect a debt from Ned Hawkins; wears a vest and gloves; female.

**ISABELLA DIZDANE:** Renaissance faire director and former actress; female.

**EULALIE KREPPS:** Annoying bookstore customer; female.

**CLEMENTINE McLEAN:** Fairgoer who hopes her fortune will reveal whether her lazy son moves out of her basement; female.

**KAREN:** Fairgoer who hopes her future husband will be a blonde surfer; female.

**MOLLY:** Fairgoer who hopes her fortune reveals she will become a reporter and have a Shih Tzu; female.

**PROFESSOR PHILLIP PHIPPS:** Expert on Shakespeare; male.

**ANNOUNCER:** Announcer for the TV show "The Real Housewives of Cutthroat, Kentucky"; voice only; flexible.

**CINNAMON:** Character on the TV show "The Real Housewives of Cutthroat, Kentucky"; voice only; female.

**GINGER:** Character on the TV show "The Real Housewives of Cutthroat, Kentucky"; voice only; female.

### Options for Doubling

**ANNOUNCER/PROFESSOR PHILLIP PHIPPS** (male)

**CINNAMON/EULALIE** (female)

**GINGER/CLEMENTINE** (female)

## Setting

A Renaissance faire.

## Sets

**Salesroom of the Second Hand Prose and Poetry book and gift shop.** Played before the curtain. At CS, there is a cart on wheels that holds some books and several small antiques. A sign on the cart reads "Second Hand Prose and Poetry."

**Renaissance Faire.** There is a fortunetelling tent CS. The interior can be seen but it has partial sides with entrances SL and SR. The tent is brightly colored and has exotic touches within the interior. A small round table sits CS with three chairs. Outside the tent is a tent on both sides, though we can't see inside. There is a space between the fortunetelling tent and the other two tents. Entrances can be taken upstage or downstage of the two side tents. Banners, bushes, trees, and decorations color the upstage wall, suggesting a classic Renaissance faire.

**Camper near the Renaissance Faire.** Played before the curtain. A small old-fashioned TV with an antennae sits on the floor facing upstage facing a chair to which Will is bound. Use a wheel-on chair so Will can be tied to it offstage and wheeled out quickly. The TV can be a hollow plastic or cardboard box with an antenna. Fix a light inside the TV that will shine on Will's face.

## Synopsis of Scenes

### ACT I

**Scene 1:** Second Hand Prose and Poetry book and antique shop, a summer morning.

**Scene 2:** Renaissance faire, several days later.

**Scene 3:** Renaissance faire, two days later.

**Scene 4:** Elsewhere at the faire, a short time later.

Intermission, opt.

### ACT II

**Scene 1:** Renaissance faire, that afternoon.

**Scene 2:** A camper in the Renaissance faire parking lot, a short time later.

**Scene 3:** Renaissance faire, a half hour later.

## PROPS

Stack of books	Old-looking piece of paper
Old letter	Broom
Renaissance hat and tights, for Ronnie	Small piece of paper
Pirate costume with vest, sash, hat, for Ronnie	Quill pen
Cutlass	\$5 bill
Goatee and mustache, for Mitch	2 Rubber rats
2 Gypsy costumes, for Jessica and Julia	2 Turkey legs
Hook hand, for Ronnie	2 Cell phones
Large black canvas bag	Paper airplane
Rubber "entrails," snake, eyeballs, frog, wool	Rope
Crystal ball made from a small Styrofoam ball on a wood block	Chair
Real-looking crystal ball	Small TV with antennae (only back will show)
	Marker
	Sign
	Large fishnet

## Special Effects

Thunder	Crash
Lightning	Light emanating from TV
Loud thump	Hollow thump
Knock at the door	Footsteps

“I say,  
that Doth seem  
like a line  
worth remembering.”

—Julia

ACT I  
Scene 1

*(Before the curtain. Salesroom of "Second Hand Prose and Poetry" book and gift shop. There is a small table SR with several books and a small display. A sign in front reads, "Second Hand Prose and Poetry." Eulalie Krepps stands near the table with Julia, who's holding a stack of books that is very heavy.)*

EULALIE: You know, I love your grandfather's store...so many wonderful books and little gifty things. I do all my gift shopping here, you know.

JULIA: Grandpa appreciates that, Mrs. Krepps.

*(Julia tries to exit SR, but Eulalie stops her.)*

EULALIE: And you've grown so, Julia. I remember when you were just a little thing helping out here. Now you're a big thing helping out.

JULIA: We're glad to help.

EULALIE: What are you...in middle school?

JULIA: I'm a senior in high school, Mrs. Krepps. I graduate this year.

EULALIE: Oh, goodness! I can't really be that old!

*(Jessica enters SR, holding a book.)*

JESSICA: Found it, Mrs. Krepps.

*(Eulalie goes SR. Relieved, Julia hustles off SL.)*

EULALIE: Oh, but you are a dear!

JESSICA: *(Handing Eulalie the book.)* One copy of "Thirty Days to a More Romantic You."

EULALIE: Perfect!

JESSICA: I'll bet you find a few fun ideas in there.

EULALIE: Ha! It's for my husband.

JESSICA: Oh. Well, that will be \$23.50.

EULALIE: Just put it on my tab, will you? Goodbye!

*(Eulalie exits SL. Julia enters SR.)*

JULIA: *(To Jessica.)* Glad we had a couple of customers. Did Mrs. Krepps pay in cash?

JESSICA: She didn't pay at all. She said to put it on her tab.

JULIA: Jessica, customers here don't have tabs!

*(Ned runs on SL.)*

NED: *(Terrified.)* Oh, gosh!

JULIA: Hi, Grandpa!

NED: I gotta hide!

JESSICA: What's wrong?

NED: Hide me! *(Ducks to the SR of the table.)*

JULIA: Are you okay?

NED: I'm not here!

JESSICA: What?

NED: And I'm never coming back!

*(Connie and Bonnie enter SL. They're both chewing gum and are wearing vests that have a bulge underneath giving the impression that they're armed. They both wear gloves and act tough as nails.)*

JULIA: *(To Connie and Bonnie, nervously.)* Can we help you?

CONNIE: I dunno, can you?

JESSICA: *(Nervously.)* Are you looking for a particular title?

JULIA: *(To Connie and Bonnie.)* We have more than a thousand books in stock and can order any title you want.

BONNIE: Do I look like I read?

JESSICA: Well, you know what they say, "Never judge a book by its cover."

*(Julia laughs.)*

CONNIE: I don't get it.

*(Julia stops laughing.)*

JESSICA: Maybe you're in the market for a nice gift? We've got several authentic documents and autographs like a Babe Ruth, a Mae West, and a Pee-wee Herman. They make wonderful gifts because they appreciate in value.

BONNIE: Look, quit the sales pitch. We know what we want.

JULIA: Well, great!

CONNIE: We want Ned Hawkins. He owns this place, right?

JESSICA: He's not here.

BONNIE: Where is he?

JULIA: Oh, he could be hiding out anywhere. *(Realizes.)* I mean *hanging* out anywhere.

CONNIE: Yeah?

JESSICA: We...we can give him a message if you like.

BONNIE: A message, huh? Why don't you tell him Connie and Bonnie are looking for him. When they find him, he'd better have the five grand he owes to Mr. Twist or cough up the collateral.

JULIA: Collateral?

CONNIE: Some kind of old letter...some antique piece of paper worth a bundle of bills.

BONNIE: *(To Julia.)* It's either cash or collateral...or he's going to get the full Twist Treatment.

*(Connie wrings an imaginary towel in her hands with exaggerated violence.)*

JULIA: *(Nervously.)* Oh, okay. Five grand or the collateral or the Twist whatever.

CONNIE: He's got one week to cough up the dough or his cookies are baked.

BONNIE: Yeah!

*(Connie and Bonnie exit SL.)*

JULIA: Grandpa, what cookies is she going to bake?

*(Ned stands.)*

NED: Oh, girls, nothing to be worried about.

JESSICA: Grandpa, those two don't work for Little Debbie.

JULIA: *(To Ned.)* Who's Mr. Twist?

JESSICA: *(To Ned.)* And why do you owe him \$5,000?

NED: Well, girls, our esteemed landlord raised our rent here, and I just had to find a little financial cushion.

JULIA: That's what banks are for.

NED: Unless they say no, they're fresh out of cushions. But a friend, who shall remain nameless, gave me a phone number and, well, here I am. Mr. Twist came through with the cushion, but his interest rate is a killer.

JESSICA: What are you going to do?

JULIA: *(To Ned.)* Why don't you just hand over the letter? It's the collateral, right?

JESSICA: *(To Ned.)* And it's worth at least five grand, right?

*(Ned takes an old letter out of his pocket.)*

NED: Right and right! But the letter from Washington to Alexander Hamilton is a family heirloom! It's been in the Hawkins family since Rufus Hawkins stole it from Hamilton's study back in 1800. I'd sooner part with my left hand! *(Tucks the letter back into his pocket.)*

JULIA: Connie and Bonnie would be glad to help you there, Grandpa.

NED: Now, don't worry. I'll think of something. *(Goes SR.)* I hope.

*(Ned exits. Ronnie enters, wearing a Renaissance hat.)*

RONNIE: Hi, ladies!

JULIA: Hi, Ronnie.

JESSICA: Hey, that's a cool hat.

RONNIE: I just got a job. It pays plenty.

JULIA: Modeling hats?

RONNIE: Nope! I'm going to be a pirate in the Renaissance  
Faire.

JESSICA: That's right! It opens next week.

RONNIE: For the whole summer. And they can use all kinds  
of saucy wenches.

JULIA: Meaning us?

RONNIE: Well, I mean—

JESSICA: What's a "saucy wench"?

JULIA: *(To Ronnie.)* They're paying a lot?

RONNIE: Yeah, for just working weekends. It's \$30 an hour!

JESSICA: What's a "saucy wench"?

JULIA: That might really help Grandpa.

RONNIE: And you get a free turkey drumstick every day and  
a glass of real lemonade.

JULIA: How about health insurance?

RONNIE: You can't have everything.

JESSICA: What's a "saucy wench"?

JULIA: Allow me to demonstrate.

*(Julia grabs Ronnie, puts him into a dip, and kisses him. Note:  
Kissing is optional. Mitch enters SL and sees Julia with Ronnie.)*

MITCH: Julia!

JULIA: Mitch! *(Drops Ronnie on the floor.)* I was just...just...

JESSICA: Ronnie, are you all right?

RONNIE: I guess I'll live.

MITCH: *(Threateningly.)* I see you puttin' the moves on my  
girl again, and you won't live long!

JULIA: Mitch, it wasn't Ronnie's fault—

MITCH: *(To Ronnie.)* Scram!

RONNIE: You can't tell me what to do!

MITCH: Oh, no?

*(Mitch grabs Ronnie's hat and throws it off SL.)*

RONNIE: Hey! That's rented! *(Storms off SL.)*

JULIA: Let's go, Jessica.

JESSICA: Where?

JULIA: To get a job.

JESSICA: Who'll watch the store?

JULIA: You see any customers around?

MITCH: Where's this job?

JULIA: The Renaissance Faire.

MITCH: That's for weirdoes.

JESSICA: Ronnie's already got a job and says they pay really well.

MITCH: Oh, yeah? Well, I'll just go along for the ride, right, Julia? Consider me your personal bodyguard.

JULIA: I don't really need a bodyguard, Mitch.

MITCH: I don't take no for an answer!

*(Blackout.)*

Scene 2

(AT RISE: *The Renaissance Faire. Isabella is standing SR of the CS tent and is helping Ronnie into his pirate costume, adding a vest, sash, cutlass, and hat.*)

RONNIE: Gosh, Ms. Dizdane, you sure got great costumes!

ISABELLA: Of course, I do! I don't do things by half, young man. An Isabella Dizdane production is one to be remembered!

RONNIE: I'll remember that.

ISABELLA: Did I ever tell you I was an actress?

RONNIE: (*Covering.*) I think I heard that...

ISABELLA: I played Broadway! I was Third Woman on the Bus in a production of "All Over Town."

RONNIE: How come you're not on Broadway anymore?

ISABELLA: Because directors are fools! Producers are fools! The business is run by fools!

RONNIE: I guess it'd be foolish to hang around, then.

ISABELLA: I turned my back on acting when I realized there was a better way to touch the public! My Renaissance faires are legendary!

RONNIE: Gosh!

ISABELLA: And you are now part of the legend! I dub thee...Crimson Claw!

RONNIE: That's a bloody good name! (*Starts to adjust his hat, cutlass, etc.*)

ISABELLA: Don't do that! Let no hands sunder what Isabella Dizdane has created!

RONNIE: (*Looking at his hands.*) Hear that, hands?

(*Mitch enters DSL.*)

MITCH: Are you Ms. Dizdane?

ISABELLA: I am, young man.

MITCH: (*Holding out his hand to shake.*) Mitch Michaels.

ISABELLA: Well, well, well! *(Takes his hand and circles him appraisingly.)* What brings you here, Mr. Michaels?

MITCH: *(Indicating Ronnie.)* Did you give this guy a job?

ISABELLA: Do you mean the Crimson Claw?

MITCH: Him? He couldn't claw his way out of a paper bag!

RONNIE: Arrrrrrgh!

*(Ronnie pulls out his cutlass but drops it. Mitch laughs.)*

ISABELLA: Young man, if you get into trouble, don't bother with the cutlass. Just run the other way!

MITCH: I can do a pirate that'll scare the sheriff away!

ISABELLA: Oh, no, my dear boy. You're much too handsome to waste on a pirate. I have need of a William Shakespeare, and I think with a goatee and mustache you will do perfectly!

RONNIE: Him? Shakespeare? That's worse than my pirate!

ISABELLA: I'm sure he can quote the Bard at the drop of a hat.

*(Ronnie takes off his hat and drops it.)*

RONNIE: Quote!

MITCH: *(Thinking.)* Ah...ah... *(Recites.)*

"Mary had a little lamb, its fleece was white as snow.

And everywhere that Mary went, the lamb was sure to go."

RONNIE: Shakespeare wrote that?

ISABELLA: The jury's still out. Your voice is perfect, Mitch, isn't it?

MITCH: Glad to hear it.

ISABELLA: And I have the most perfect costume!  
Guaranteed authentic!

*(Jessica and Julia enter DSR, wearing Gypsy costumes.)*

JESSICA: Here's our tent!

ISABELLA: Ah! Our sorceresses!

JULIA: I thought we were fortunetellers.

ISABELLA: But "sorceress" sounds so delicious.

RONNIE: Until they burn you at the stake.

JESSICA: Hi, Ronnie, you look great!

MITCH: If "great" means stupid.

JULIA: Mitch, your costume's nothing to look at.

ISABELLA: Just wait until you see it. Mitch is our new William Shakespeare.

JESSICA: Gee, Julia, Shakespeare's the guy who wrote all those great sonnets. (*Dramatically recites.*)

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

Thou art more lovely and more temperate."

MITCH: Shakespeare wrote that? I thought that English guy [Andrew Lloyd Webber] wrote that! [*Or insert the name of other English songwriter or poet.*]

JULIA: You're so funny, Mitch! That's what I love about you!

JESSICA: Can we see our tent, Ms. Dizdane?

ISABELLA: By all means! Open sesame!

(*All enter the fortunetelling tent.*)

JULIA: This is cool!

ISABELLA: Sit down, my dear. Here. (*Isabella indicates the chair that faces the audience.*) And your mark will sit here.

(*Isabella pushes Mitch into a chair.*)

JESSICA: My "mark"?

RONNIE: Yeah, that's crime talk for the victim of fraud.

MITCH: Figures a pirate would know that. Any other words of wisdom, Crimson Claw?

JESSICA: Crimson Claw? That's cool!

ISABELLA: (*To Julia.*) Now, sorceress, take his hand.

JULIA: Gladly.

(*Julia takes Mitch's hand.*)

ISABELLA: Raise your head and look up to the sky. (*Julia looks up.*) Feel free to weave about a bit and maybe even moan. (*Julia sways around almost to the point of falling off her chair.*) I said, *weave*, not spin like a dryer! (*Julia weaves about a bit and moans too loudly.*) My dear, you're connecting with spirits. You haven't been in a car accident! (*Julia moans softly.*) And now you tell his fortune.

JULIA: How?

ISABELLA: How what?

JULIA: How do I know what to tell him?

ISABELLA: Do what every fortuneteller has done since the beginning of time: make it up! Tell him what you think he wants to hear.

MITCH: Oh, boy!

JULIA: (*To Isabella.*) Okay, then. (*To Mitch.*) I see in your future a long and very happy life. You will be the captain of the football team next year, and you will go on to State, where you will excel. You will marry the girl of your dreams who is, even now, close to you.

MITCH: How close? (*Julia kicks him.*) Ouch!

JULIA: That close. You will eventually become a pediatrician.

MITCH: Huh? I want to be a hedge fund operator.

JULIA: Will you stop interrupting? And you will have three children.

MITCH: (*Horried.*) Three?!

JULIA: No, four. Two boys and two girls.

(*Mitch stands.*)

MITCH: I want a refund!

ISABELLA: That was a wonderful fortune!

MITCH: It wasn't what I wanted to hear!

(*Mitch exits SL. Julia rises.*)

JULIA: *(Calls.)* Mitch!

ISABELLA: Remember, girls, no refunds! *(To Jessica.)* Now, you!

*(Isabella pushes Jessica into the chair Julia had sat in.)*

JESSICA: Okay? Who's my mark?

RONNIE: Me!

JESSICA: Have a seat, Crimson Claw! *(Ronnie sits.)* Give me your hand. *(Ronnie offers her the hook.)* Not the hook! Your hand! I don't want to get stabbed.

RONNIE: Sorry. Better? *(Offering his hand.)*

JESSICA: Is this really the Crimson Claw?

RONNIE: Nope. That's the one that got chopped off.

JESSICA: So we shall begin! *(Weaves a bit and moans slightly.)*

Oh my, oh my, but I see a wonderful future for you, young man. I see Harvard...engineering school...phi beta kappa...a job with a company specializing in geo-sustainable structures...a long bachelorhood until one day the love of your life will walk into the office.

RONNIE: Wow!

ISABELLA: Is that what you want to hear, mark?

RONNIE: Yeah, sure! Everything except Harvard. I'm [MIT] all the way. *[Or insert another college.]*

JULIA: *(Looking around the tent.)* Don't you think something's missing?

JESSICA: You're right. We just need—

RONNIE: A crystal ball!

ISABELLA: Of course! Foolish of me to forget that. No self-respecting fortuneteller would be without one. You, Pirate, come with me! I'm sure I've got one in the van, but I might need you to get it from a top shelf.

RONNIE: *(Swiping his hook in the air.)* Glad to hook you out, ma'am!

*(Isabella and Ronnie exit SL.)*

JULIA: I feel stupid.

JESSICA: (*Sarcastically.*) You ought to see how you look!

JULIA: Oh, thanks! You know, this job isn't really going to help Grandpa. He's only got a couple of days before that Twist guy wants his money back.

JESSICA: Maybe Ms. Dizdane can give us an advance.

JULIA: Does she seem like the advance type?

JESSICA: I see in the future her one-word answer: no.

(*Bewildered, Titania enters SR. She is carrying a large black canvas bag and enters the fortunetelling tent.*)

JULIA: (*To Titania.*) Hi!

TITANIA: Where am I?

JESSICA: The fortunetelling tent. We can tell your future for five bucks.

TITANIA: Five bucks? That's absurd!

JULIA: It's a real bargain.

TITANIA: 'Tis no bargain! 'Tis folly to suggest I drag five bucks in here just to hear you spit out a few things I want to hear.

JESSICA: Gosh, are you a fortuneteller, too?

TITANIA: My dear, I can tell a fortune but I only charge two pence.

JULIA: We don't have pence here. We've got quarters, dimes, and bucks.

JESSICA: (*Points.*) That's a dollar.

TITANIA: What year is this?

JULIA: Huh?

TITANIA: I've been traveling and have lost track of the days.

JESSICA: Well, it's still [2016]. [*Or insert another year.*]

TITANIA: Hmm...that spell works better than I thought!

JULIA: Spell? Are you, like, working here and you're in character already?

TITANIA: Well...well...

JESSICA: We could all take turns telling fortunes, if you'd like.

TITANIA: How? You have no crystal ball.

JULIA: We know.

TITANIA: But this might be perfect! I think I have one on hand.

JESSICA: You carry a crystal ball around with you?

TITANIA: Thou never knowest when it may come in handy.

*(Puts her bag on the table and begins taking the following items out.)* Hmm...poisoned entrails...one fillet of fenny snake....some eyes of newts...the toe of a frog...oh, here's that wool of bat I've been looking for. Ah! This is what thou needest!

**[END OF FREEVIEW]**