

# CYMBELINE

REALLY - A TRAGEDY, MOSTLY - A COMEDY MAYBE - A HISTORY, PERHAPS, - A ROMANCE

The Gentlemen: King Cymbeline, an Aging King in All Sorts of Throne Trouble

Leon, Adopted by Cymbeline and Secretly Marries Imogene

Cloten, Queen Rita's Oafish Son and Stepbrother to Imogene

Iachimo, the Italian who Woos Imogene

Belarius, Cymbeline's banished BFF. Also kidnaps Cym's sons.

John, Paul, George, Ringo – "The Beatles"

Leon's Dad – He's a ghost #

The Ladies: Queen Rita, the Villainous Stepmother to Imogene

Princess Imogene, Daughter of Cymbeline, in Love with Leon

Rose, Lily, Iris, and Daisy – Ladies of the Court #

Sue, the Soothsayer/Sue Thsayer #

Leon's Mom – She's a ghost #

Non-Gender Specific Actors: Pisanio, Leon's Trusty Best Friend\*

Philario – Leon's Italian Friend, Much Older\*

Cornelius – The Doctor #

Don Frixote, the Lesser Known Brother of Don Quixote # \*

Zuasimodo, the Lesser Known Brother of Quasimodo # \*

Guiderius/Gerry, Cymbeline's Long-lost, Eldest Son #

Arviragus/Arvy – Cymbeline's Other Long-lost Son #

Caius Lucius – Roman Ambassador #

Goeder – A Roman guard #

Jupiter – You know, that Roman God of Thunder, Lightning, etc. #

# denotes possible double-casting if cast is smaller

\*Dialogue must be kept "male" specific

## Act I, Scene i

In King Cymbeline's Garden. John and Paul enter shocked.

John: Can you believe that, Paul?

Paul: Blimey, John! Princess Imogene? Married?!

John: And we didn't even get invited to play, Paul!

Paul: You don't need musicians to get married. All you need is love.

John: Did you see old King Cymbeline's face when he found out?

Paul: You mean this one? **Paul does a physical impression of King Cymbeline**

John: That's it! Do it again!

**Encouraged by John, Paul re-enacts the King Cymbeline's confrontation with Imogene and Leon.**

Paul: "Imogeeene! You married this rhub? This vagabond? This pennyless orphan?"

John: Keep going!

Paul: "Well, Imogeeene! You've done it this time! You'll forever and ever be locked up in this castle. And you, Leon! –" **Paul takes it a little too far and grabs John by the collar.**

John: A little looser, please.

Paul: Sorry, John. "As for you Leon, you are to go to Rome!"

**John and Paul fall into fits of laughter. Queen Rita is heard off-stage**

Queen Rita: Imogene! Imogene!

John: Shh! The Queen Rita!

**John and Paul look for places to hide. Where ever they go, they must hide together. Imogene and Leon run in and cling to each other. Queen Rita follows after them. Rita is disgustingly frustrated and upset.**

Queen Rita: You silly, unworthy girl! Look at what you've done! You've ruined it for everyone!

Imogene: But I – We did it in the name of –

Leon: Love!

Imogene: Yes! Oh, Leon! You're so –

Leon: Brave?

Imogene: Yes, of course, and kind and handsome and -

Queen Rita starts to push Leon off-stage.

Queen Rita: Heading for Rome. Okay, buh-bye now.

Imogene runs between Queen Rita and Leon.

Imogene: Noooo, stepmother!

Queen: Oh? And why not?

Imogene: Because we're married.

Queen: Oh, Imogene. You know that you really aren't married.

Leon: Of course we are! Holds up Imogene's left hand to show off the ring. See!

Queen to Imogene: You haven't told him?

Leon to Imogene: What? Told me what?

Imogene starts to push Leon off-stage.

Imogene: Well, look at the time. You better hurry along now. Don't want to miss the boat to Rome!

Queen: Imogene's already betrothed, Leon.

Imogene and Leon stop.

Leon to Imogene: To whom?

Queen to Leon: My son.

Leon to Imogene: Your brother?

Imogene to Leon: By marriage!

John & Paul: EWWWWW!

Leon: What was that?

John and Paul cry like birds.

John & Paul: Ew. Ew. Ew! Ew!

Enter Prince Cloten, and his lords Ringo and George.

Cloten: Ahh! A blackbird singing in the dead of...afternoon? Odd.

Queen: Cloten!

Cloten: Mommy! Cloten runs into the loving arms of Rita. Hello, Imogene. Spots Leon. Ah, Leon. Still here are you? Shoo, Shoo. Move along now, orphan-boy!

Leon: Unhand me, you liver-faced Prince of Fraud!

Cloten: For the millionth time, I'm not the Prince of Fraud, Frivolity, Fragility, or Frankenfurters. I am the Prince of Britain! Ringo, my sword! George, the hanky!

Queen Rita: Not again. *She exits.*

*The audience starts to see Cloten's undeniable "strength". Ringo carelessly hands Cloten his sword that Cloten can't really pick up.*

Ringo *said flatly*: No, your majesty for you are so strong and powerful that you may cause much injury to this wretched citizen of your vast lands.

George: And you could draw much blood.

Ringo *to George*: He can't even draw a sweat.

*Cloten struggles to pick up his sword and George wipes Cloten's brow with the hanky.*

Ringo: I was wrong.

*Cloten and Leon begin to duel with Leon clearly having the upper hand. Enter King Cymbeline with Queen Rita, Pisanio trailing behind.*

Cymbeline: Enough!

*Leon stops immediately. Cloten plays dirty and cuts Leon's arm.*

Leon: Yeeooow!

*Imogene rushes to Leon's side.*

Imogene: Leon!

George: Huh. He really did draw blood.

Ringo: Pay up.

*George hands Ringo some money.*

Cloten: I did it! Mommy did you see? I cut Leon! Lords, let us exit and gloat freely about the town.

*Ringo takes Cloten's sword. Cloten, Ringo, and George exit.*

Cymbeline: Rita, take Imogene to her tower.

Imogene: Remember me, Leon!

Leon: Pisanio, my most true of friends, watch over Imogene!

Pisanio: No prob, bob.

*Queen Rita pulls Imogene away and they both exit, Pisanio follows. Leon kneels before Cymbeline to beg for mercy.*

Leon: Your majesty, if you would just listen.

Cymbeline: Do you remember the day I adopted you? Your father died for this country and asked me to care for you as if you were one of my own. You were given the world, Leon. The world! I only asked for one thing – do not betray me. Imogene is the only child I have left. She's the heir to the throne, the inheritor of my crown. She cannot marry you, an orphan with only his name to keep him afloat. She may love you, but she must learn to love her country more.

Leon: Your majesty, please.

Cymbeline: Leave for Rome, Leon. You are not welcome here.

**Cymbeline exits. Leon reluctantly exits. John and Paul emerge from their hiding places.**

John: That was a tad bit serious, Paul.

Paul: A day in the life of royalty, John.

**Lights out.**

### **Act I, Scene ii**

**In Rome. Philario, Iachimo, Don Frijote, and Zuasimodo are at Philario's typical Roman home playing an intense game of cards. Sighs, grunts, noises of frustration or jubilation, peaking, exchanging cards, etc. should be heard and seen.**

**\*\*Directors, even though you may use the example below, please encourage your actors to create their own card "game". It should make no sense to the audience.**

**\*\*Philario: UNO!**

**Everyone else slams their cards down on the table and Iachimo is the first to say...**

Iachimo: The sun sets in the west!

**Which means everyone has to switch seats except Philario and the first to sit down is...**

Don Frijote (**best Spanish accent**): I've got that boom, boom POW!\*\*

**Don Frijote takes in the money pot.**

Zuasimodo (**best French accent**): You win again, Don Frijote. How do you do it?

Don Frijote: Luck, Zuasimodo. Pure luck.

Iachimo (**best Italian accent**): Gentlemen, a new player will be joining us tonight. His name is Leon and he is new to ah-Rome-ah.

Zuasimodo: I've heard of this garçon. Kicked out, oui? For marrying zee king's daughter, Imogene?

Don Frijote: Better for him. English women? They are not so good looking.

Iachimo: I agree. But Signore Leon will not stop talking about this Imogene. He needs time to bond with manly men!

All: Yeah, Oui, Si! (etc. whatever is appropriate for the country of origin of the character)

Iachimo: I am not yet convinced of this "true love". Amore! A man should only love his mama!

All: Yeah, Oui, Si!

Door knocks. Philario answers. Leon enters.

Leon: Good evening, Signore.

Philario: Come in, come in!

Zuasimodo pulls up a chair: Take a seat and join us.

Leon: Good evening, Iachimo!

Iachimo: Welcome, friend! Please let me introduce you. This is Philario, our host for this evening, Zuasimodo, and Don Frijote.

Leon: Please allow me to extend my deepest appreciation for inviting me this evening.

Leon takes a deep, silly bow and stands. The younger gentlemen take deep bows. Philario tries..and fails, because he's old. The gentlemen sit around the table. Don Frijote deals out the cards. Iachimo sighs dramatically.

Philario: What is it, Iachimo?

Iachimo: Nothing, nothing. Please continue.

Don Frijote continues dealing cards. Iachimo sighs even louder this time.

Don Frijote: No más, Señor Iachimo!

Zuasimodo: Ze bum! Ano-zer one of his tricks to steal our money!

Philario: You may steal our money, but not our time, Iachimo. Out with it!

Iachimo: I was just wondering, which country has the most beautiful of women?

Zuasimodo: Surely, it must be France. The French women have such class, such flair. The manner in which they wear their chignons is magnifique!

Don Frijote laughs obnoxiously.

Don Frijote: I laugh because you are a...how do you say? Clown! You are a clown! Las donas de España estan muy bonitas! They are strong and mysterious.

Philario: And spend too much time feeding their rat-dogs. I have been around for a long time. I will tell you now, Italian women are crazy. They are crazy, they are hot-blooded, but they are the best cooks! A woman who can cook has the most beauty!

Iachimo and Philario toast to each other.

Iachimo: Do you agree, Leon?

Leon: I believe beauty is held in the love of a virtuous maiden. Virtue is beauty. Virtue is worth its weight in gold for the women of England.

Iachimo: Do you believe your Imogene to be of the gold standard?

Leon: She is the epitome of such.

Iachimo: And what do you think of Italian men?

Leon: I do not know many and cannot judge.

Don Frijote: So you have not heard of their jealousy?

Zuasimodo: Their ability to woo women away with just one song?

Don Frijote: They are shameless!

Iachimo: All of us a Casanova! And has your Imogene ever met an Italian man?

Leon: I do not believe so, but if she were to be approached by a "Casanova", she would not fall for his ways.

Iachimo: Leon, I propose you save your money for a much more enticing game this evening.

Philario: Iachimo, not now.

Leon: No, Philario. I believe Iachimo wants to play a high stakes game of hearts.

Iachimo: You are correct, signor.

Leon: Go on.

Iachimo: I believe that in one week under my spell, your Imogene will forget all about you.

Leon: I believe that you will find your week wasted, friend.

Iachimo: Do you accept?

Leon hesitates and then shakes hands with Iachimo.

Lights out.

### ACT I, sc iii

In royal gardens. Ladies and Queen Rita are center stage.

Queen Rita: Ladies, what shall we do while the day is still fresh, hm? Suggestions?

Rose: Sewing?

Lily: Dancing?

Iris: Card playing?

Daisy: Listening to underground mandolin? I know this band. They're not main stream.

Queen Rita: Picking flowers it is! Rose, take charge, will you?

**Ladies exit. Enter Cornelius with a small, pretty bag filled with jelly beans.**

Queen Rita: Ah, Cornelius. There you are. Did you bring what I asked for?

**Cornelius gives Queen Rita a small, but noticeable, red bag.**

Cornelius: Yes, but as your doctor, I should inform you that these are not to be used under light circumstances. Side effects include but are not limited to extreme heart palpitations, blinking incredibly fast, irritability towards tight clothing, and, in most cases, death.

Queen Rita: I promise to use it wisely. Besides, I'll be experimenting on animals. Do you think Imogene will notice if her horse just happens to go missing?

Cornelius: Be careful, your highness. You will not enjoy watching its consequences.

**Cornelius exits. Pisanio enters and bows.**

Pisanio: Your queen-lady-ness.

Queen Rita: Pisanio! What a surprise! Does Imogene continue to weep?

Pisanio: Word.

Rita: Ugh. Well, that's a disappointment. **Queen Rita takes a moment to think and looks at the bag.** If only you were a better friend, Pisanio. Imogene really needs someone to push her towards the right direction. You know in your heart that her place is here with us. Help her see what's really good for her.

**Queen Rita drops the bag.**

Queen Rita: Oops. Be a dear?

Pisanio: You got it.

**Pisanio picks up the bag and offers it to Queen Rita. Queen Rita pushes it back towards him.**

Queen Rita: No, no, no you keep it. I insist. It's a little something I make that King Cymbeline uses all the time when he feels ill. **Queen Rita moves closer to Pisanio.** Just imagine what else you could have if you convinced Imogene to marry my son. Gold, power, the favor of my family...

**Enter Ladies.**

Rose: My lady, Lily picked roses!

Lily: And Rose picked lilies! Iris?

Iris: And I picked...irises!



All the ladies giggle at the same time and end at the same time except for Daisy.

Rose: Daisy?

Daisy: I picked dandelions. My friend Ophelia says that they're ironic.

Queen Rita: What is wrong with you? Why do you speak like that? Do you think you're hip?

Daisy: Ophelia also said that you wouldn't understand. And guess what? You don't.

Queen Rita goes to Pisanio, opens the bag, pulls out a jelly bean and gives it to Daisy.

Queen Rita: This is for you, you sweet, misunderstood girl. Good day, Pisanio, and think about what I've said.

Queen Rita, Rose, Lily and Iris exits. Daisy staying in place, examining the jelly bean. Daisy looks at Pisanio.

Daisy: Is this locally grown?

Pisanio shrugs his shoulders and Daisy runs after the ladies.

Daisy: Hey! Is this organic?!

Daisy exits.

Pisanio: Bro-code, your highness. My mama didn't raise no fool.

Exit Pisanio.

#### Act I, sc iv

Same space. Enter Imogene to center.

Imogene: I'm such a lucky girl to have a cruel father, a wicked stepmother, a creepy stepbrother, two kidnapped siblings, and a banished husband. Can't wait to see what my quarter life crises will bring. Enter Pisanio and Iachimo following. Pisanio! You've brought a friend?

Pisanio: Say what? Pisanio turns around. Who are you?

Iachimo: Ciao! I am Iachimo!

Pisanio: Look here EE-ack-a-gi-mo. Don't know who are you, why you're following me, but don't do it again. It's weird.

Exit Pisanio. Iachimo bows and takes Imogene's hand.

Imogene: I'm sorry. Who are you again?

Iachimo: Iachimo! A gentleman of Rome and a friend of Leon!

Imogene: Leon? You know Leon? I am Imogene, Leon's beloved. Is he well?

Iachimo: He sends you this letter.

Iachimo dramatically reaches into his shirt pocket and takes out a letter. Imogene snatches it from his hands and tears the envelope. Imogene begins to pace reading the letter, giggling and laughing to herself.

Imogene: "...and treat Iachimo with the kindness you would reflect on me. He has treated me like family." Well, Signor Iachimo, you are most welcome here. Please make yourself at home.

Iachimo: Ah-graci!

Imogene: Leon didn't say much about his life in Rome. How is he?

Iachimo: Wonderful! I've never seen such a stranger in Italy take to my culture so quickly. We call him the Jolly Brit.

Imogene: Oh. When Leon was here, he would go through these brooding spells. I never understood why.

Iachimo: No offen-si, your highness, but it does rain here a lot, si? Perfect brooding material. Italy has wonderful weather and I have yet to see Leon sad. In fact, Leon has found a best friend in a Frenchman. Zuasimodo is his name.

Imogene: French?

Iachimo: Yes! Zuasimodo is fun to tease. And, honestly, who does not like to tease the French?

Imogene: Oui, oui!

**They laugh. Iachimo continues his laughter into his next line.**

Iachimo: For instance, Zuasimodo is in love with a girl back in France. Zuasimodo sighs and lightly cries and sighs some more. And Leon?

Imogene: Yes?

Iachimo: Leon, he says, "You French! Always sighing over a girl that lives a country away. Spend your time meeting the Italian girls so we can stop watching you pout." Funny, huh?

**Imogene slowly drops her smile and good mood.**

Imogene: But I, signor, live two countries away.

Iachimo: No! I'm sorry. That came out wrong. What Leon meant was –

Imogene **becomes teary**: I know what he meant, Signor Iachimo. Leon's forgotten Britain. He's forgotten me.

Iachimo: I shouldn't have said anything. Leon has done some outrageous things –

Imogene: Signor, please stop.

**Imogene begins to walk away, holding her stomach. Iachimo blocks her exit.**

Iachimo: Let me finish, please. He has done some outrageous things, but hurting a fair, beautiful person like you shouldn't have been one of them. Leon doesn't deserve you. I might have an idea, though. Say to me you'll let me be your man.

Imogene: Help?

Iachimo: I wanna hold your hand!

Imogene: I need somebody. Help!

*Imogene turns to exit again and is stopped when Iachimo grabs her hand with the wedding ring.*

Iachimo: I wanna hold your hand! *Iachimo observes the ring.* Beautiful ring, my lady.

*Imogene shakes Iachimo's hand off and stands her ground.*

Imogene: Signor! I am not interested in holding your hand or spending more time with you than I have to. You have proven yourself unworthy of calling yourself a gentleman. Leon may love me no longer, but I will always be faithful to him. Now if you'll excuse me, I'm off to inform my father that a scumbag Italian is infiltrating his court. Pisanio!

*Imogene begins to move again and is stopped by Iachimo's clapping.*

Iachimo: Well done, my lady! Leon was right about you.

Imogene: Excuse me?

Iachimo: That story about Zuasimodo? It was a fake. Well, except, for the part about making fun of the French.

Imogene: Yes, of course. That's a given.

Iachimo: Leon said your heart would not stray, no matter what the consequences. He was right. You are as virtuous as he claims. I am a thousand times sorry.

Imogene: You are, begrudgingly, forgiven.

Iachimo: The truth? Leon is a man among men. And that is not easy for an Italian man such as myself to admit. Leon is honorable, loyal, and admired. You have been created by the gods for such a gentleman on earth.

Imogene: Thank you. You are very much welcome to court, Signor.

Iachimo: One more thing? A favor?

Imogene: Proceed.

Iachimo: Some gentlemen in Rome, including Leon, we all chipped in and bought the emperor a gift. I bought it in France and it is bellisema. I really don't trust it with just anyone.

Imogene: I'll be more than happy to watch it for you, especially since Leon helped buy it.

Iachimo: Great! I'll have the ship's crew send the trunk to you this evening and when I leave tomorrow –

Imogene: So soon?

Iachimo: Yes, unfortunately. The only reason I came was to test you and ta-daa! You passed!

Imogene: You little -!

Imogene crosses angrily to Iachimo, trips and falls. Iachimo rushes over to help while Imogene examines her leg calf. The costume skirt should come up to the bottom of the actor's knees.

Imogene: No, I'm okay. You're too kind.

Iachimo helps Imogene up.

Iachimo: That is one interesting scar you have on your leg.

Imogene: Yes, well, I received it when I was playing in the woods with Leon when we were children.

Iachimo: I shall pick up the trunk in the morning, si? Oh, and if you want to write Leon a letter, do it tonight. I'll make sure to pass it to him upon my arrival in Rome.

Imogene: I will do that.

Iachimo: Ciao, bella!

Iachimo and Imogene exit in opposite directions.

### Act II, sc i

In royal garden. Cloten enters and has an overly prideful gait. George and Ringo enter with a mandolin and a small percussional instrument, respectively, and follows Cloten normally.

Cloten (*sings*): I am the winner!

George and Ringo (*mimics*): He is the winner.

Cloten (*sings*): I am amazing!

George and Ringo (*mimics*): He is (*they exchange looks*) amazing.

Cloten stops abruptly and creates a train wreck for George and Ringo following him.

Cloten: Such a good day for celebrating another duel.

George and Ringo snicker and push each other forward. Ringo steps up, stifling a laugh.

Ringo: Your highness, we've learned a new fighting style that will make you unstoppable.

Cloten: Yes, yes? Tell me more!

George: Hare krsna, sir. Hare krsna, Hare krsna.

Cloten: Harry who?

Ringo: Ha-ree-krisn-nah. So new that your enemies won't know how to fight back.

Cloten: Teach me!

George: It must be taught in secrecy. Not out in the open.

Cloten: Later then?

Ringo: Yes. And don't forget you have to meet the Italian stranger. Iachimo is his name.

Cloten: What importance is he?

George: Nothing really. Only a friend of Leon's.

Cloten: My enemy! Who told you about this Iachimo character?

Ringo: Lords John and Paul. We've created an underground mandolin band with them. We're calling ourselves The Ants.

George: The name is a work in progress. We haven't had that much time to get together.

Cloten: The Ants, pff. More like dark, despicable beetles. At least ants are productive. Iachimo. **Cloten spits.** I'm sure he'll be easy to dispose of, especially with this Hare Krsna. Come along, beetles! I have a task for you!

**Cloten exits with his prideful gait.**

Ringo: Do you notice then when Cloten walks, he resembles a beached walrus?

George **feels a sneeze coming on:** Coo! Coo! Ca-choo!

Ringo: Bless you.

George: Thank you.

**Ringo and George exit following Cloten. Lights out.**

### **Act II, sc ii**

**Stage is now split. Audience must be able to see the interior of Imogene's bedroom and the foyer area to the right of the bedroom. A center bedroom door separates the space. A large trunk is visibly seen in Imogene's room. The trunk must have a false back not seen by the audience. Imogene and Daisy are both reading.**

Imogene: What are you reading?

Daisy: I don't know. What are you reading?

Imogene: I asked first.

Daisy: I asked second.

Imogene: I could have you deported.

Daisy: The Perks of Being a Wall Tapestry.

Imogene: The Tale of Tereus.

Daisy: That's so deep.

Imogene: What time is it?

Daisy: Midnight.

Imogene **yawns**: I've been reading for three hours. Daisy, will you wake me up at four, please?

**Imogene goes to bed.**

Daisy: Sure. I got this organic, free trade coffee from this merchant in Venice. It keeps me up for, like, 16 hours.

**Daisy exits and stop to blow out the candle in the lamp.**

Imogene: Oh, no need Daisy. You can leave the lamp on.

Daisy: Whatever.

**Daisy exits.**

**Lights are lowered and dramatic, suspicious music filters. Imogene goes to sleep. Iachimo, sneaks out of the trunk. Iachimo's goal is to get the ring off of a sleeping Imogene. The rest of the scene can be directed at liberty with as many interruptions of tossing and turning, snoring, running into furniture, etc. After stealing the ring, Iachimo goes back into the trunk and exits through the false back.**

### **Act II, sc iii**

**Lights rise on stage right. Cloten and Paul, John, George, and Ringo are all set.**

Cloten: Alright, beetles. Play!

Paul: uh 1, 2, 3!

The Beetles: He loves you Yeah Yeah Yeah! He loves you Yeah Yeah Yeah!

**The Beetles keep singing. King Cymbeline and Queen Rita enter wearing their morning robes.**

Cymbeline: What is this ruckus?

Rita: Halt this mandolin madness!

**The Beetles stop and quickly step upstage, out of the way and hide as best they can. Stay hidden until Cymbeline and Rita leave.**

Queen Rita: Cloten! Really? Serenading a girl at three in the morning? Oh, yes, women just love it when you interrupt their beauty sleep.

Cloten: Too early?

Cymbeline: No, too soon. Imogene needs time to get over Leon. And this..this is just annoying. Not romantic. Give her time, son, for her to learn to love you.

The Beetles: Ew! Ew! Ew! Ew! **as in Act I, sc i**

Cloten: Ahh..blackbirds singing in the dead of night.

Queen Rita: Son, listen to me. These strange acts of romance will get you nowhere. Be sensible. If you play hard to get, Imogene will come running. For well you know that it's a fool who plays it cool by making his world a little colder.

*Enter Rose, extra peppy.*

Rose: Good morning your majesties. Caius Lucius is awake and ready for council.

King Cymbeline: At three in the morning? Does anyone else have any other business to attend to at this very moment?

*Lights come up, music comes on. Tech crew comes out on stage and creates "business" and lots of noise. Actors should remain still and stunned. Clearly the fourth wall has been broken. Stage business examples: checking costumes, maybe coming out with a drill and pantomiming drilling a bolt in, etc. Assign 2-3 tech members to carry the trunk that Iachimo is "hiding in" across the stage and exit. Pisanio should saunter on stage during the trunk moving with a cell phone, oblivious and texting. Pisanio stops and looks up in front of King Cymbeline.*

Pisanio: Sup?

*Pisanio continues off stage texting.*

Stage Manager (the real one. You don't need an actor for this): Clear the set!

*All tech crew exit. Lights back to performance setting, music out.*

King Cymbeline: Very well. Come along, Rita. Cloten, join us after you've said good morning to Imogene.

*King Cymbeline, Rita, and Rose exit. The Beetles return from their hiding places.*

Cloten: Beetles, your music is horrendous. Yeah Yeah Yeah was all No No No! You'll never amount to anything. Leave! *Beetles exit. Cloten to Imogene's door and knocks.* Imogene, Imogene, Imogene!

*Cloten continues to knock and say Imogene's name until Daisy appears from stage right with a large stitching project with pins. Daisy opens the door. Imogene slowly rises and gets out of bed.*

Daisy: What do you want?

Cloten: You're not Imogene.

Daisy: No, I'm the girl that's going to start a petition to tear your face off for ruining my pinterest time.

*Daisy shows him her work. Imogene to the door.*

Imogene: Daisy, lay off the fair trade coffee.

*Imogene steps into the foyer.*

Cloten: Good-morrow, Imogene!

Imogene: Good-morrow, brother.

Cloten: I love you.

Imogene: I love you, too, Cloten. Like how a sister should love her greatly misguided stepbrother.

Cloten: That's not the answer I want.

Imogene: That's the answer you're getting.

Cloten: Please tell me how you really feel!

Imogene: I love you like family, but I hate you as a person.

Daisy: Burn.

*Daisy goes to tidy things up.*

Cloten: You can't keep doing this. You have to marry me. It's an order.

Imogene: Ha! An order from who? You? You order me to marry you?

Cloten: An order from your father! You wouldn't disobey your father, would you?

Imogene: If Jupiter were our shared father, I still wouldn't obey. Every time you open your mouth, I love Leon more. The cut you so blazingly gave Leon? I love that cut more than every hair on your pathetic body.

Cloten: You're a brat.

Imogene: Takes one to know one, good sir.

*Pisanio enters from where he exited last.*

Pisanio: Uhh...Is this a bad time?

Imogene: No, Pisanio. Cloten was just leaving to meet with my father.

Cloten: This is not over.

*Cloten exits. Imogene enters her room with Pisanio following. Imogene puts her hands to her face to let out a scream.*

Imogene: Deplorable! *Imogene slowly drops her hands down and notices something missing.* Daisy, my ring! It's missing!

Daisy: Didn't do it!

Imogene: Look for it! Pisanio, I had it on, I swear. I don't know where it could have gone.

Pisanio: I'm sure it just slipped off. I'll help look.

*Pisanio, Daisy, and Imogene look for the ring. Movement should stay true to their urgency on finding it.*

Imogene: Pisanio, Leon gave me that ring.

Pisanio: Calm down. Breathe, yo!



Imogene: Leon's letter! *Imogene gives Pisanio her letter.* Please give this to Signor Iachimo. He is to give it right away to Leon when he arrives in Rome. Don't mention the ring.

Pisanio: Silent like a dead man.

*Pisanio exits.*

Imogene: Daisy, do you still have that coffee?

Daisy: In bulk.

*Lights down on Imogene looking for the ring and Daisy exiting.*

### Act II, sc iv

*In Rome, Philario's House. Leon is nervously looking out of a window. Enter Philario.*

Leon: Fear not, Philario. Imogene is as true as I say and I know she'll do the right thing.

Philario: Have faith. Come, sit. Let's talk politics. Italian to British. Old to young. *Philario and Leon sit at the table.* Your country owes Italy an overdue tribute, yes? Do you think that your King Cymbeline will hand over his land willingly?

Leon: Honestly, no. I understand that this might lead to a war with Rome.

Philario: We have sent our best ambassador Caius Lucius to Britain. He will get the land from Britain as to avoid war. No one wants to go to war with Italy. Don't forget – we own all the pasta.

Leon: You do have fierce warriors, signor, and wonderful pasta. I'm not a statesman nor am I likely to be one, but I do know my people. We are courageous and disciplined. We will not give up easily if it came to war.

*Door knocks. Enter Iachimo.*

Iachimo: Ciao!

Philario: Welcome back!

Leon: I hope the answer you received was the reason you've arrived so quickly.

*Iachimo smiles and retrieves Imogene's letter from his coat pocket.*

Iachimo: A letter from Imogene, Leon.

Leon: I knew it! *Leon grabs the letter from Iachimo's hands.* Must have been disappointing not to have found a woman who falls so easily to your charms. What do they call you? A Casanova? More like a Casa-no way!

*Leon turns away from Iachimo to open the letter. Iachimo reaches again into his coat pocket and retrieves Imogene's ring. He slams it down on the table to catch Leon's attention.*

Leon: What is that?

Iachimo: Wouldn't you know? Imogene's ring. Pretty, just like your lady.

Leon: That's not possible.

Iachimo: Oh, but isn't it?

Leon: How did you get this?

Iachimo: She gave it to me, willingly. A token of her affection. She held my hand.

Leon: Nooooooo! Not the hand holding! Prove it.

Iachimo: Stop me if this doesn't sound right. Imogene's room has tapestry made out of silk and silver. There's a chimney on the south end of the room. Painted cupids on the ceiling...

Leon: Your descriptions burn my ears so! It still means nothing.

Iachimo: Then read her letter, loverboy.

**Leon begins to read the letter.**

Leon: "Your ring, Leon, it kills me to look upon it. The vows of women of no more bondage be to where they are made than they are to their virtues, which is nothing."

Philario: Have patience, Leon. Take back your ring. Imogene might have dropped it or maybe one of her women stole it to give to Iachimo. Don't give up hope in your Imogene.

Leon: Was this stolen, Iachimo? Tell me true.

Iachimo: Me? A thief? BAH! By Jupiter, I swear, she gave it to me. Read the letter again. It says it all right there.

Philario: Quiet, Iachimo. Leon, trust your heart. What does it tell you?

Iachimo: Oh, and did I mention the scar? No, I suppose I didn't. She revealed her lower leg to me and she has a scar on her calf. Isn't that right, Leon?

Leon: Not the lower leg! Oh, the ankle exposure!

Iachimo: Would you like to hear more?

Leon: No! Keep the ring, Iachimo. You win. But if I find out that you are lying to me, you will be finito.

**Exit Leon.**

Philario: Bravo, Iachimo!

Iachimo: Graci, graci!

Philario: Let's follow him. It's fun to watch wrath destroy a man.

Iachimo: With all my heart.

Exit Philario and Iachimo.

**ACT III, sc i**

Lights up in King Cymbeline's Court. Because of the shortness of these scene, I suggest acting in front of main curtain, using nice chairs to present the family and have Caius stand. Present are Cymbeline, Rita, Cloten, and Caius Lucius.

Cymbeline: What does Emperor Augustus Caesar want, Caius?

Caius Lucius: Your majesty, your Uncle Cassibelan in his day promised Julius Caesar a portion of your country to avoid war with Rome. And recently, Rome has yet to collect what is promised. We want what is rightfully owed.

Cloten: Nope, sorry, not happening.

Rita: Caius, do you remember how many times it took for your ancestor Emperor Julius Caesar to cross our country? Twice he was defeated. We only gave Caesar what he asked for so he would stop smashing into our shores. We're a much stronger nation now. We owe no one, especially Rome.

Cloten: And what exactly is Augustus going to do anyway? "Look at me! I'm Augustus! I wear a-lotsa oil in my hair and a-make-a cheese a-pizza." **Cloten laughs at himself.** Right, mom? Right?

Cymbeline: Son, let your mother end. Caius, you may find that we are not the same warriors as found in Cassibelan's time. No, no. Julius may have conquered every ends of the earth, but he did not conquer our willingness to grow in strength. And in numbers. I will also let you in on a little secret. I was a pupil of Caesar's and he taught me well your ways of diplomacy and war. We will not send tribute to Rome any longer.

Caius Lucius: I am sorry, Cymbeline. I believe this means that Rome and Britain are now enemies. I pronounce war in the name of Caesar.

Cloten: Bring it!

**Cloten jumps up from chair.**

Caius: It's already been brought-en.

Cloten: Nu uh!

Caius: Yeah huh.

Cloten: Nu uh!

Caius: Yeah huh.

**Argument fades. Lights down. Exit.**

**ACT III, Sc ii**

Pisanio and Imogene. In the Garden.

Lights up. Pisanio found on stage.

Pisanio: "Dear Pisanio-" Hey! That's me! "Dear Pisanio, I fear that Imogene has not been faithful to me. I need for you to take her out." Take her out? "Take her out with any means necessary. Might I suggest with the candlestick in the library? Or perhaps with the lead pipe in the billiard room? Or! You can take her out with a wrench in Milford! Nobody will even know she's missing. Whichever is easiest for you. All my best, Leon." No, no, no! I did not read this. Nope, didn't happen. Enter Imogene. Oh, here she comes! Hide it, hide it!

Imogene: Dearest Pisanio, what are you doing here in the garden?

Pisanio: What does anyone do in the garden? A lot of exciting things happen here. Just waiting my turn.

Pisanio laughs nervously.

Imogene: I shall wait with you then. A lot of exciting things do happen here. You know, I've always wondered if anyone's ever been murdered right here in this very spot. Wouldn't that be something?

Pisanio: Uh huh...That would be something...Nervously laughs again.

Imogene: Stop it.

Pisanio: Sorry. Oh! I forgot! A letter came to you from Leon.

Pisanio gives Imogene a different letter than the one that was given to him.

Imogene: Why didn't you say something sooner?

Imogene begins to read.

Pisanio: Catch you on the flipside.

Imogene: Good-bye. Wait, Pisanio!

Pisanio: Yep?

Imogene: The letter! Leon is here!

Pisanio: Do what now?

Imogene: Well, not here HERE. He's in Milford.

Pisanio: Good for him!

Imogene: I have to go see him right away. Where's Milford?

Pisanio: You know, Milford is, like, a two days ride. You really don't want to go that far. Rough neighborhoods. Horrible food. Had a cousin die of food poisoning there.

Imogene: Don't be silly, Pisanio! I want to see Leon, no matter where. Just as long as I get to see his face one more time, then I can die of food poisoning or whatever comes my way.

Pisano: Be careful what you wish for.

Imogene: What was that?

Pisano: Be careful of the petit fours. Sweet but deadly.

Imogene: Tell Queen Rita that I am ill and give Daisy the day off. And get me a riding suit. I'm heading to Milford!

Imogene exits. Pisano tries to stop her.

Pisano: But, your highness!

Pisano exits following Imogene. Lights down. Rearrange garden set for a new garden set. Then lights come back up.

### Act III, sc iv

Should be a quick turnaround. Imogene and Pisano each have a traveling bag. Imogene walks tiredly. Pisano keeps a normal pace.

Imogene: Pisano, this journey is taking forever!

Pisano: We've only been walking for ten minutes. We haven't even made it out of the garden.

Imogene: Really? Astonishing!

Pisano: Are you being serious? You really don't recognize this place? We were just here.

Imogene: You're right. It's just so thrilling. I've never been outside of the palace walls. Takes a deep breath. Whew! I'm feeling a little light-headed.

Pisano: We really don't have to go.

Imogene: But Leon is just beyond those...Oh, I can't breathe. It's so hot.

Pisano: Woman, pop a squat before you hurt yourself.

Pisano helps Imogene down to sit. Pisano sits next to her.

Imogene: The world it's so big and so flat! I mean, what if I take a wrong turn and fall off the edge of the earth?

Pisano: Are you Catholic?

Imogene: No.

Pisano: The earth is round.

Imogene: What?

Pisano: Just kidding, but Leon wants you dead.

Imogene: What?!

Pisanio: He wrote me this letter. It came with the letter he wrote you about Milford.

**Pisanio gives the letter to Imogene. Imogene reads.**

Imogene: A wrench? In Milford? **Astonishment turns into heartbroken despair.** Well, do it, Pisanio!

Pisanio: Do what? Kill you?

Imogene: Yes! Leon loves me no longer! He believes me to be false in my virtue! **Throws Pisanio the letter.** Here! Just do it!

**Pisanio pops her on the head with the letter.**

Pisanio: I'm not going to get in trouble with your dad, am I?

Imogene: No. Oh, Pisanio. What am I to do?

Pisanio: Divorce him.

Imogene: Yes! Or...You can write Leon and tell him that you killed me. And I could dress up in men's clothing and run away to Milford where I can take the next boat to Rome and Boom! Surprise! Give Leon a piece of my mind!

Pisanio: Because that's logical.

Imogene: That's love.

Pisanio: You can't even make it out of the garden without having a panic attack and now you want to cross the English Channel to tell Leon what's up? You sure about this?

Imogene: No, but I have to. The plot depends on it. **Imogene stands.** Switch clothes with me. I need a disguise.

**Imogene drags Pisanio offstage.**

Pisanio: But you're not my size!

**Imogene's dress should probably be made with Velcro backing and zippers. Imogene should be wearing a blouse and pants similar to Pisanio's underneath her dress. Pisanio could possibly have a hat and a vest to give to Imogene. Pisanio can throw Imogene's dress over his clothes.**

**Enter Pisanio and Imogene.**

Imogene: Oooo..Pants are comfy!

Pisanio: I know. Can I have them back?

**As Imogene is exploring her new found clothes she locates the red bag of jelly beans.**

Imogene: Oh. What's this? **Pulls out red bag.** Here you go. **Offers the bag to Pisanio.**

Pisanio: No, you keep them. Just in case you get seasick on the boat to Rome. They're supposed to make any illness disappear.

Imogene: Thank you, Pisanio! Well, here I go.

*Imogene starts to exit.*

Pisanio: What shall I tell the court when they find you've gone missing?

Imogene: Anything you want!

*Imogene fully exits. Lights out. Curtain closes. Time to set up "The Milford Cave". Return to "Cauis" set up in front of curtain.*

### Act III, scene v

*This should be the set-up and same position for actors as when we left Cloten and Cauis. They are now at a Mexican stand-off.*

Cloten: Nu UH!

Cauis: Yuh HUH!

Cloten: Thumb wrestle!

Cauis: You already owe Rome our tribute, but your thumb will do just as well.

*Cloten and Cauis are about to get into some major thumb wrestling.*

Cymbeline: Be still! No thumbs will be wrestled today! They will be needed in battle. Cauis, leave for Rome. We shall give our four best lords to accompany you safely to Milford.

*Cymbeline claps his hands and the Beetles walk in together.*

Cauis: Thank you.

Cloten: But, step-papa! They are MY beetles! Mommy!

*Cloten cries into Queen Rita's shoulder. Queen Rita comforts her son and gives physical signals to Cymbeline that this is all his fault.*

George *to the rest of the Beetles*: This is perfect! We can practice our music on the road.

John: We're going on tour.

Ringo: Real-life troubadours!

John: I think that I have the perfect song. Ambassador Cauis, we're ready whenever you are.

Cauis: I cannot return to Rome soon enough. To Milford!

The Beetles: Milford!

Beetles and Cavis exit.

Queen Rita: There, there, Cloten. What will make you feel better?

Cloten: Imogene's pretty face.

Cymbeline: Where is Imogene?

Rita: Her lady Daisy doth tell me she is ill.

Cloten: Ill? I'll get her some chicken noodle soup!

Cymbeline: Good idea.

Cloten runs off stage. Wait a few. Cloten runs back on.

Cloten: She won't open her door.

Cymbeline: That's odd. Go check again.

Cloten runs off stage. Wait a few. Screams. Runs back on pushing Pisanio in.

Cloten: Imogene has turned into Pisanio!

Cymbeline: Impossible.

Pisanio to Cloten: Fool, I am Pisanio.

Cymbeline: If you're the real Pisanio, then where is my Imogene? First her older siblings, now her. Imogene was kidnapped, wasn't she? WHY?

Cymbeline exits in torment.

Rita to Cloten: I shall calm Cymbeline. You figure out where Imogene is and do it quickly.

Exit Rita.

Cloten: Well, where is she, Pisanio?

Pisanio: Where is who?

Cloten: Don't make me ask it again?

Pisanio: Or what?

Cloten: Or what? Or WHAT? Hare Krishna, that's what!

Cloten begins to dance in circles, yelling Hare Krishna over and over again. This is a form of torture for Pisanio.

Pisanio: Please stop! I'll tell you where she is if you just stop!

Cloten: It worked. Thank you, Beetles.



Pisanio: She's on her way to Milford.

Cloten: Why?

Pisanio: Why what?

Cloten: Har-raaay-kri –

Pisanio: She's there to see Leon!

Cloten: LEON! My enemy! And Causis is on his way to Milford! Double enemy! And whatever happened to my hatred towards Iachimo? I don't know! Pisanio, you will take me to Milford.

Pisanio: Do I have to wear this dress?

Cloten: The colors don't look so bad on you.

Pisanio: Really? Thanks, but do I still have to wear it?

Cloten:...maybe. I will seek my revenge and finally win Imogene's love. Away!

Cloten and Pisanio exit. Lights out.

#### Interlude

The Beatles "The Long Winding Road" begins to play. Curtains slowly open to the Milford Cave scene. You may choose to have the cave as part of this movement in order to set the stage. Characters enter and exit through different points on stage - one at a time or a group at a time, to Milford. Comedic slow motion with pantomiming is suggested. No character should meet another character while traveling. The last character on stage should be Imogene near the cave.

#### Act IV, sc i

Imogene: Hello? Hello, hello? Well, that's just dandy. Oh no. What if I took a wrong turn? And I'm starving! I wonder if this cave has any food.

Imogene enters the cave. Enter Belarius, Arvy, and Gerry. Arvy and Gerry are carrying a dead buck. They place the buck downstage. For us Southerners performing Belarius, Arvy, and Gerry, it is not necessary to overemphasize a Southern accent. We already have one.

Belarius: Hoo-wee! That is one good lookin' buck you got there, boys!

Arvy: Thanks, pop! Couldn't have done it without my brother here. Ain't that, Gerry?

Gerry: Sure is, Arvy. Like two peas in a camouflaged pod.

Belarius: Alright now, boys. Let's get the cleanin' tools 'fore it spoils. Belarius, Arvy, and Gerry enter the cave and quickly run out. Holy mackerel!

Arvy: What in sam-hill was that?

Gerry: It looked like one of them there fairies.

Arvy to Gerry: Ask it what it wants.

Gerry: You want me to ask it?

Arvy: Well, if you're going to be a chicken about it. Arvy dances around Gerry like a chicken. bawk, bawk, baaawwk!

Gerry: I ain't no chicken!

Gerry pushes Arvy. Arvy laughs which makes Gerry angrier. Belarius steps in.

Belarius: Boys, boys. Simmer down now. Belarius calls into the cave. Fairy, show yer self and get gone!

Imogene timidly exits the cave.

Arvy: He ain't got no wings, papa.

Belvaious: I can see that, son. To Imogene. What're you doing in this here cave? That's our home, see?

Imogene: I'm sorry. I'm so very hungry and I thought that –

Gerry: You thought that what, purdy boy?

Arvy: We don't take too kindly to fancy folk 'round these parts.

Imogene: Oh, I'm not fancy. I'm Imo...Fidele.

Belarius: Well, Imo-fidele, I'm Belarius and I suggest that you move along now. We don't want no trouble.

Imogene: Truly, I'm sorry. I didn't mean to cause any trouble. I just got a little lost on my way to Milford. I'm afraid to travel any further. Imogene eyes the deer downstage. Are you hunters?

Gerry: Sure are! I'm Gerry and this here's my brother Arvy. You're lookin' at the year zero-zero 18 B.C.E. 1<sup>st</sup> place champs of deer and duck huntin'!

Gerry and Arvy flex their muscles.

Arvy: Yes, sirree. We've just come back from hunting this here deer. Trackin' it all fall.

Belarius: Going to make a fine meal, it is. You hungry, Imo-fidele? You can join us for supper and we'll help you find your way to Milford afterwards.

Imogene: Could I? I can pay you.

Belarius: Boys, go 'head and clean that buck. I'll prepare some leftovers. A stranger that can pay is a friend for life.

Imogene gives Belarius money that Belarius places in his pocket. Gerry and Arvy gather the tools from the cave and exit.

Imogene: Thank you. I'll help.

Belarius enters the cave to get some mixing bowls, etc. Imogene helps Belarius. Set-up dinner scene centerstage in a semi-circle. Two rectangular blocks side by side will be where Imogene, Gerry, and Arvy will sit to eat. Belarius will have his own block to sit on for dinner.

Belarius: Where ya from, Imo-fidele? Your accent sounds a little...different.

Imogene: Right outside of London.

Belarius: Is that so? That's a mighty big city. You got family?

Imogene: Yes. There's my dad, my step-mom. I have a step-brother. I had two older siblings.

Belarius: Where they at?

Imogene: I wish I could tell you. They were both kidnapped one night long ago when they were babies.

Belarius: You don't say.

Gerry and Arvy enter.

Imogene: That was fast.

Gerry: We're also the tri-county champs of deer cleaning. To Arvy. Who's da man?

Arvy: You da man!

Gerry & Arvy high five.

Gerry: Time to eat?

Imogene: I'm starving.

All gather center stage, semi-circle and sit. Gerry, Arvy, and Imogene to the logs. Belarius to his stump. Imogene should not sit between her brothers. Gerry and Arvy are about to tear into the "food" in the bowls.

Belarius: No, wait one blasted minute. Boys, say grace.

Arvy & Gerry: Amen! Brother Ben! Shot a goose and killed a hen!

Everyone begins to eat. Gerry, Arvy, and Imogene should pantomime the same eating and drinking movements at the same time. Belarius takes amazed notice.

Belarius: I'll be a monkey's uncle...It can't be.

Gerry: Can't be what, papa?

Belarius: I can't believe that a youngin' like Imo-fidele would travel all this way from London-town for- What'd you say you were going to Milford for?

Imogene: Love.

Arvy: Love? What's that?

Gerry: Is it nice?

Imogene: It can be. Love can be very nice. It can be very, very difficult, too. My love is in Rome. The next boat out is from Milford.

Arvy: Love sounds confusing.

Gerry: And expensive.

Imogene: Let me try to explain it a different way. Arvy? You care for your brother, right?

Arvy quickly stands.

Arvy: I'd take a bear trap to the head for my brother.

Imogene: And Gerry? You care for Arvy?

Gerry quickly stands.

Gerry: I'd take a three-pronged fish hook to the eye for my brother.

Imogene stands.

Imogene: That's love. Brotherly love, but love nonetheless. It's when you care for another person more than yourself.

Arvy: Now, lemme get this straight. You love someone in Rome?

Imogene: Yes.

Gerry: But does your love love you back?

Arvy: That is one good question, brother.

Gerry: I did sound all educated, huh?

Imogene: I – I hope so. I really hope so.

Imogene sadly sits. Arvy sits down beside her.

Arvy: If your love don't love you back, you can always come here and be our little brother. We'll love ya.

Gerry then sits down next to Imogene.

Gerry: Arvy and me always wanted a lil brother to take quail huntin'.

Imogene: Belarius, is that okay with you? I don't think that I could go back to my real home anyway, no matter what happens in Rome.

Arvy & Gerry: Please, papa! Please, please, please!!!

Belarius: We'll see. Gerry, you and Arvy take these dishes down by the creek and give 'em a good wash. I'll go check on the buck.

Belarius exits. Gerry and Arvy collect the dishes.

Gerry: We'll be back in a jif.

Arvy: You gonna be okay by yerself, lil brother?

Imogene: Sure, I'll be fine. Gerry and Arvy exit. I never really thought about what Leon would do or say when he saw me again. Imogene places her hands over her heart. My heart hurts. Imogene pulls out the red bag of jellybeans. She takes out a jellybean. I'll take one of these. Imogene eats the jellybean. I hope it can cure heartbreak.

Imogene goes inside the cave to sleep. Enter a proud Cloten, oblivious to his surroundings.

Cloten: And we have made it to the middle of nowhere. Exactly where we're supposed to be. Pisanio, the map. Cloten looks around. Pisanio? Pisanio!!

Arvy and Gerry enter.

Arvy: Can I help you?

Cloten: It seems that I have lost my guide Pisanio.

Gerry: Ain't no Pisanio round here.

Cloten: Very well. Common men of the forest, you shall safely lead me to Milford in the morn. I require food and a place to rest my head for the evening.

Arvy: Hear that, brother? The fine gentleman "requires" what he don't have.

Gerry: I "require" to hear what he gots to trade.

Cloten: Absolutely not. I am Cloten, Prince of Britain.

Gerry and Arvy move threateningly closer to Cloten.

Arvy: With all due respect, your highness, but we don't care.

Gerry: No money, no help.

Cloten: A prince does not bargain with peasants. You are to give me what I demand or else!

Arvy: Or else what?

Gerry: What kinda fightin' skills you got there, your highness?

Cloten: The power of Hare Krsna.

Cloten turns in circles yelling "Hare Krsna". Arvy and Gerry move to opposite sides of Cloten. At the same time, save movement, they draw their swords and stab Cloten. Cloten dies a dramatic death. Enter Belarius.

Belarius: Dang nabbit, boys! What did you do?

Arvy: The power of Hare krsna took over that prince's body.

Gerry: Had to get rid of 'im, pa. Tweren't natural.

Belarius: You done killed the Prince? And where's Imo-fidele?

Gerry: What if the Hare Krsna got him, too?

Belarius, Gerry, & Arvy **calling out and looking all over**: Imo-fidele! Imo-fidele?

**Arvy enters the cave and finds Imogene "dead".**

Arvy: Gerry, Papa! Help me! **Gerry and Arvy carry out Imogene's body and place her next to Cloten.** Imo-fidele. He's, he's – dead.

Gerry: and cold like uh..like uh..whatever it is that's cold and looks like its sleepin' real purty like.

Belarius: A dead prince and dead young fella who should've been a prince. Let's bury Imo-fidele next to your sweet mother.

Gerry: It seems only right. He was family.

Arvy **points to Cloten**: What about that one?

Belarius: We gotta bury him where no one can find him. If the king finds out, they'll be a whole world of hurt for all of us. Boys, let's go dig.

**Exit Belarius, Gerry, and Arvy. Enter The Beetles, Caus Lucious, and Sue Thsayer.**

Caus: Gentlemen, your music is wonderful, but your detouring skills need a little bit of work. Where are we? Are we lost?

Paul: No, this is right. There's the cave. There used to be a sign that way. I don't remember dead people.

John: It's easy if you only imagine.

George: Fish and chips! It's –

Ringo: Cloten! Can it be?

George & Ringo: We're free!

**George and Ringo celebrate.**

Caus: Prince Cloten? Then this means the war started without me. **To Sue.** You there. Come forward.

**Sue, a very small young girl with a lisp, steps forward and pulls back her red hood.**

Sue: Excuse me? Mister? Can I go home to my grandma now? She really needs this basket of food.

Caus: But you said that you were a soothsayer. Those are hard to come by.

Sue: Excuse me again, mister? But my name is Sue Thsayer. Not soothsayer. Common mistake.

Cauis: Little Sue, what wisdom can you share with us today regarding the war?

Sue: Mister, I'm just trying to get to my grandma's house.

Cauis: And you will, once you help me determine the unknown truths.

Sue: You promise?

Cauis: Roman pinky promise.

**Cauis reaches out his pinky and Sue grabs it with her pinky. They shake on it.**

Sue: Okay. According to my calculations, Jupiter's eagle is to fly south by southwest towards the sun's rays at approximately 3 PM Greenwich Mean time.

Cauis: But what does it mean, Sue Thsayer?

Sue: It is what it is.

Cauis: But what is it?

Sue **hesitates and looks at the Beetles for help. She starts again:** According to my calculations, Jupiter's eagle is to fly south –

Cauis: Nevermind. Beetles, sound the battle drums!

**Ringo plays a drum solo. Cauis and Sue Thsayer exit with Beetles behind. Imogene wakes up with a jump. She is startled and confused.**

Imogene: The ship! Did I miss the ship? Oh, where am I? What is that? Cloten? Cloten came after me. Who told him where I was? Pisanio! That rat! And he gave me these pills! Horrible, little man!

**Cauis enters again.**

Cauis: Excoo-si. I forgot my- You! You were here! Now you stand! Are you a walking dead? Did you kill my foe Prince Cloten?

Imogene: No, I don't know what happened. It took this pill and it completely knocked me out. So, maybe?

Cauis: Maybe is good enough for me. Are you able to fight?

Imogene: I've never tried.

Cauis: You have two arms, two legs. Congratulations! You have been recruited by the Roman army! No basic training required.

Imogene: Recruited for what, exactly?

Cauis: For what, man? For war. Rome is at war with Britain.

Imogene: I am really flattered, but –

Cauis: No buts! March-a-march-a-march!

Cauis pushes Imogene off stage.

Imogene: Stop that! I'm going. Could you cut that out, please?

Enter Gerry and Arvy.

Gerry: Hey, brother?

Arvy: Yes, brother?

Gerry: You reckon it silly to put flowers on Imo-fidele's grave?

Arvy: It'd be silly not to. Imo-fidele should get a proper buryin'. What kinda flowers you got in mind?

Gerry: Well, I found 'em in the woods. Each lady enters when called and will give a personalized greeting. This here's Rose. That's Lily. She's Iris. And that there's Daisy.

Daisy: So, where's the battle site?

Gerry Burial is pronounced like "barrel": Burial site.

Daisy: Are you saying battle site? We're looking for the battle site.

Gerry: Burial site. Where dead bodies go to rest.

Daisy: Yes, I know what a battle site is. Rest isn't the word I'd use but we clearly have a difference in opinion.

Arvy: That flower talks too much. Don't put her on the grave. She might wake the livin' dead.

Rose: Gentlemen, I fear that we may be lost in translation.

Gerry & Arvy: Wooo! Gentlemen! We've moved up in the world!

Lily: Fellas, we're lookin' for an ole-fashioned showdown between our most bee-loved nation –

Gerry & Arvy: Bless it, Jupiter.

Lily: And that rascal Rome! Aside to the rest of the ladies. I speak hick.

Arvy: Why didn't you say so to begin with?

Gerry: I was just about to plop you – To Daisy Well, not you – on our adopted lil brother's grave.

Arvy turns around and can't find Imogene.

Arvy: Gerry, you move Imo-fidele?

Gerry: Nope, sure didn't.

Sound cue another drum solo.

Iris: The cry of the battle drums! Ladies, we must hurry. Our queen awaits us and we must not dally.



Exit Ladies. Enter Belarius.

Belarius: Are those battle drums I hear? Hadn't heard those in ages. Not since I fought in the war alongside the king.

Arvy: You fought with the king?

Gerry: No, he fought next to the king.

Belarius: I did both, but that's another story for another time.

Arvy: Papa, Britain and Rome are at war.

Gerry: And Imo-fidele's body is gone. Did ya move him, pa?

Belarius: I can barely move myself out of bed in the morning.

Arvy: You reckon it's some sort of miracle?

Gerry: Maybe it was, brother! Maybe Imo-fidele was a real secret no-winged fairy sent here by Jupiter to teach us about love.

Arvy: There ain't nothing I love more than my country. Other than Pa, of course. You too, Gerry. And a crisp, clean mornin' when you can see a 12 point clear cross the meadow.

Gerry: I second that. Arvy, I believe its time.

Arvy: To war?

Gerry: To war!

Gerry, Arvy, and Belarius all do a battle cry and exit.

#### Act IV, scene ii

Enter a very weary, traveling Leon.

Leon: Only 300 more miles to go to get to London. The guilt on my soul is too much for me to bear! Leon leans against a tree and begins to sleep. As he's sleeping, he begins to dream. Imogene, I'm sorry! Come back! I didn't mean to!

Enter Ghost Mom and Dad.

Mom: Isn't that just peachy? I blame you, you know.

Dad: Me? ME? You don't think you had anything to do with this?

Mom: My baby boy. My precious Leon. If I weren't already dead, I'd die of heartbreak all over again.

Dad: Here we go.

Mom: You left me to go to war –

Dad: I had to! It was an order!

Mom: Was it an order to get speared in the head?

Dad: You just had to bring that up again.

Mom: I cried over you. Streams – NAY! – Rivers of my tears! That's what killed me, you know. My face ran outta water.

Dad: I thought you said it was heartbreak.

Mom: Don't you contradict me! You made me leave our Leon an orphan until that grouchy, crumbly Cymbeline scooped him up. Now look at him.

Dad: I'm lookin'. Give me a break, will ya?

Mom: I swear to Jupiter, if you don't fix our boy's situation –

**Enter Jupiter wearing a Hawaiian shirt and sunglasses on an eagle.**

Jupiter: Hey, dudes! Did I hear my name?

Mom: Yes, Jupiter, you did. Our son Leon's in the most peculiar predicament.

Jupiter: Far out. And you want me to fix his fate, right?

Dad: If you could we'd be grateful. **Leans in closer to Jupiter.** And when you're done with him, could we discuss my wife?

Jupiter: Bro, you're preaching to the choir, man. Hera, whew! Heading to Hawaii to hang out with my volcano god friends to take a break from that one. Do a little surfing, a little deep sea fishing. Just mellow with my dudes. You wanna come?

Dad: Do I?

Mom: No, he does not. Unlike your Hera, I am an isle of fun and enjoyment. Wouldn't you agree?

Dad: Yes.

Mom: Back to Leon, please, Jupiter. We ain't got all day.

Jupiter: Right, Leon. What to do...What to do...Lightening bolt! Right between the eyes!

Mom and Dad: NO!

Jupiter: So, don't kill him? Alright..um...BOOM-O! Don't worry. Every little thing? It's going to be alright.

Mom: That's it?

Jupiter: Don't underestimate the power of Boom-O.

Dad: But what did it do?

Jupitor: Started a battle.

Mom: That doesn't sound very –

Jupitor: Run!

Enter the Romans, Enter the Brits. Romans = Caius Lucius, Sue the Soothsayer, Imogene, Philario, Iachimo, and two of the ladies (not Daisy) dressed as Romans. Brits = Cymbeline, Pisanio, the Beetles. Leon is still sleeping underneath the tree. Cymbeline and Caius Lucius meet in the middle. Pisanio is between them.

Pisanio: Your highness, Caius Lucius – the Battle begins with the ancient game of rock, paper, scissors. I request a hand check to prove that you will play honestly and with integrity. Cymbeline and Caius show their hands.

Pisanio: Very well. On the count of three. 1..2..3..Cymbeline throws his on three.

Caius: He cheated! Everyone knows that you throw AFTER three. See? A-one, a-two-, a-three, a-throw. Caius throws his to demonstrate.

Cymbeline: Perhaps in Rome they play like that, but here on my land, we throw on three!

Caius: But we are not on your land. This land belongs to Rome!

Cymbeline: Not now, not ever will it belong to Rome!

Pisanio: Gentleman, let's try it again. We will throw on the three. Best 2 out of three. Yes?

Cymbeline and Caius: Agreed.

Pisanio: 1...2...3!

Cymbeline throws his out and Caius slaps his hand.

Cymbeline: FIGHT!!

Everyone engages in a handslap fight. Imogene looks around for someone to fight and spot sleeping Leon. She begins to slap him. Cymbeline, being an old man, is captured and about to be taken away. Gerry, Arvy, and Belarius enter from three different points on stage with a loud battle cry and tremendous strength. Everyone freezes.

Gerry: Who here disturbs the land of England?

The British point at the Romans.

Arvy: Welcome to Milford! We are the inhabitants of this land that you Romans want to take.

Belarius: Don't run, for we will find you.

Gerry: Don't try to hide, for we will hunt you.

Arvy, Belarius, Gerry: Don't continue to fight, or you will die! Another battle cry and all the Romans surrender. The British cheer and gather the Romans (including Imogene and Leon) as captives. Exit all.

**Act IV, scene iii**

Everyone is under a large battle tent. Cymbeline sits on a throne with Belarius, Gerry and Arvy to his right. The Beetles and Pisanio to his left. The Romans on stage left.

Cymbeline: What a wonderful victory! And to have the strongest of men to be on my side. Your names, please.

Arvy: My name is Arvy. And this here is my brother –

Gerry: Gerry! And this here is our papa –

Belarius (in a whisper): Belarius.

Cymbeline: I'm sorry. Come again. My ears aren't what they used to be.

Belarius: Belarius, your highness.

Cymbeline: Speak up, man!

Belarius: BELARIUS!

Everyone British gasps.

Cymbeline: It cannot be. You were banished! You are no friend to me and no friend to England!

Belarius: Cymbeline, we are old men. Can't we just push our differences aside.

Cymbeline: No, I will not. My position is firm and I will not budge.

Belarius: Here's the two pounds I owe you. Can we be friends again?

Cymbeline: Maybe. Yes! Cymbeline and Belarius hug.

Belarius: Now that we are friends again, I have something to tell you.

Cymbeline: Please, tell me.

Belarius: I kidnapped your sons.

Cymbeline: WHAT?

Arvy and Gerry: Papa?

Belarius: Cymbeline is your true papa. I'm was just a bitter man and wanted to hurt Cymbeline as much as he hurt me when I was banished those many years ago.

Arvy and Gerry look at Cymbeline: Papa?

Cymbeline: My boys! The heart (to Gerry) and brain (to Arvy) of the survival of our nation! And you, Belarius, you raised them to be who they are now. Thank you. You are the liver of our nation.

Belarius: The liver? I'll take it.

Cymbeline: Someone! Quick. Get Queen Rita. We have lost Cloten and Imogene, but we have gained Gerry and Arvy.

Enter Daisy.

Daisy: Your highness? Terrible news. Queen Rita? Totally croaked. She left you this letter though. I wouldn't read it in public, if I were you. It's seriously embarrassing. Seriously.

Cymbeline: I will do as I please. I am the King of England! Daisy hands him the letter and Cymbeline reads it aloud. "Cymbeline, I never loved you. I just wanted to be Queen so my son could be King. It would have worked if it weren't for that pesky Imogene and her crew of musical misfits. Without Cloten, my life's work is over. May you be forever miserable, Rita."

Everyone is really uncomfortable. Cymbeline begins to silently cry. British try to comfort him.

Pisanio: Awkward.

Iachimo to Leon: Leon, you joined our side to fight with us. You are a true Roman now! I knew that you would forget about this whole Imogene business eventually. Iachimo tries to hug him, but can't because all the Romans have their hands tied up.

Leon: Do not speak to me or touch me, you vile creature! I'm not sure how I got caught up with you, but I was on my way to see King Cymbeline and confess to the murder of Imogene.

Cymbeline: Who confesses to the murder of my Imogene?

Leon steps up: I do, your highness. It is I, Leon. I ordered Pisanio to murder my one true love, Imogene.

Cymbeline: I would hate to think that Pisanio had anything to do with the murder of my only daughter.

Pisanio: I sure didn't. I'm not that dumb to take orders from a highly emotional best friend. I didn't kill her.

Imogene steps forward: But you did poison me!

Everyone gasps.

Leon: My love!

Imogene: Don't speak to me.

Iachimo: My sweet!

Imogene: You don't speak to me either. Is that my ring?

Iachimo: This old thing? Yes, yes it is!

Imogene: Why do you have my ring, signor?

Iachimo: It's a-nothing. I just stole it while you were deep asleep in your room?

Imogene: You were hiding in my room?

Cymbeline: You were in her room?

Iachimo: It was a bet that Leon and I made.

Leon: You cheated!

Iachimo: I'm Roman!

Pisanio: You're a dead man.

Cymbeline: Almost as dead as you for poisoning my daughter!

Pisanio: I didn't poison your daughter!

Imogene: Than why did you give me that bottle to supposedly cure all illness?

Pisanio: That's what I thought it did! Queen Rita gave it to me.

Cymbeline: And now she's dead. It has come full circle.

Daisy: Is this the end?

Cymbeline: No, of course not. Iachimo, what to do with you?

Iachimo: Ex-coo-si? May I? The evil queen is dead. Imogene and Leon are reunited. They may need some couples' therapy, but they are together. You have the rightful heirs to your throne back and you have forgiven your best friend. I'm just a lowly Roman with a diamond ring that I will return. **Gives the ring to Leon.** There you are. **Attention back to Cymbeline.** Instead of trying to figure out how to cut my head off, perhaps you should focus on England's relationship with Rome.

Caus Lucius: This lying thief is right, your highness. We are here as your captives. When Rome finds out, they will not be happy. Should you wish for this war to continue, then, by all means, keep us here.

Cymbeline: I shall consult with my two sons. Arvy, Gerry, gather around.

Leon **to Imogene**: So, about that whole trying to kill you thing...

Imogene: I'm listening.

Leon: I really didn't think that you did anything with Iachimo. He was just so convincing and he did have the ring.

Imogene: I will forgive you on one condition.

Leon: Anything!

**Imogene goes to consult with The Beetles.**

Cymbeline: We have made a decision.

Gerry: I was out-voted. For the record, my suggestion of hanging you upside down for target practice was shot down. Get it? Shot down?

Arvy: That's why New Papa Cymbeline called me The Brains of the nation. We decided to let you all go.

Cymbeline: We will share this land with Rome so that there will be peace between our two nations.

Gerry and Arvy untie all the Romans. Romans and Brits shake hands

Daisy: Is this the end?

Pisanio: We can only hope.

Leon: Not quite. Imogene, what must I do in order to win your love back?

Imogene: You with the Beatles must sing my most favorite song in the whole world.

Leon: Please, no. Anything but that. I will walk through fire! Slay a dragon! Anything but that song!

Imogene: No thanks. Hit it Beatles!

Sound cue of a popular dance song. i.e. Rhianna – We Found Love or Carly Rae Jepsen – Call Me Maybe. Cast can choose. Jupiter arrives to spread dancing magic and light changes. Might yell BOOM-O to indicate start of dancing. Leon lipsynchs and cast does semi-choreography into curtain call.

# The end!

