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*Shakespeare's a Dick*  
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**Stone, Parchment, Saber or**  
**Hamlet: Episode I, The Phantom Menace**  
**by Jason Aaron Goldberg**

5 Males

Genre: Comedy

**Synopsis:** After being reassigned to night duty by King Claudius, guards Bernardo and Francisco devise a plan to get him back by dressing up as the ghost of the deceased King, Hamlet's father. Things go terribly wrong when Hamlet shows up, therefore setting in motion the true story of "Hamlet."

**Suburban Peepshow**  
**by James Comtois**

6-8 Males, 2 Females

**Synopsis:** Bill is a husband, father, and professional. But this week, a cross dressing social deviant gets fired at the office and Bill is poised to step into his position. The promotion all but guarantees new dishtowels for the wife, and the in-ground pool for son Jeremy. But a New Girl in the office has designs for Bill, and he ain't gonna pass it up... if you know what I mean. Who can blame him with his wife contemplating jumping the Pool Guy, a strange Carnie Barker interrupting dinner, and the occasion Gladiator battle waiting at home. It all depends on how the Playwright is feeling tonight.

# Shakespeare's a Dick

by Mark aloysius Kenneally

## Characters:

Wally: A young man. A redneck.

Raimie: His best friend. Not quite a redneck but at least he's got the accent.

Doris: Wally's girlfriend. A born-again redneck.

Ms. Ingrid Freedman: A High School teacher. Anti-redneck.

Setting: The Interior of Wally's trailerhome. The outskirts of Atlanta. Deep in the Southland.

"Shakespeare's a Dick" was first presented at the University of Nevada, Las Vegas, Fall 1998. The play was originally titled "Slipping him the Tongue." It was directed by Larry Stahl and the cast was as follows:

WALLY.....Scott Johnson  
RAIMIE.....Jason Aaron Goldberg  
DORIS.....Jamie Carvelli  
INGRID.....Anne-Marie Lazaroff

### Scene One: The Mistake

*(At rise, we see WALLY, DORIS, and RAIMIE sitting around WALLY'S dining room table. It should be a card table, or something even cheaper. The trailerhome itself is a sparse, unkempt bachelor's pad. The three characters are involved in a heated debate. They are also all drinking. And they each should have stopped about seven beers ago. WALLY is chewing tobacco and periodically spitting onto his own floor.)*

DORIS

But look honey... I even went all the way down to The Globe II Theatre to steal one of them posters. Don't that tell you that I might really wanna go see it?

*(DORIS reaches into her purse and pulls out a theatrical poster advertising a production of As You Like It. The most important thing necessary on the poster is a big portrait of the BARD himself. He should have a devious smirk on his face, if such a poster can be found or made.)*

WALLY

I don't give a good God-shit. Tomorrow I'm goin' to the Monster Truck show at the Forum. I ain't wasting my day off to go see some damn... *(Spits)* Shakespeare play.

DORIS

Because it's REAL culture, huh?! Dang it Wally, I'm sick of this trailerhome filth! What we need in our lives is some culture!

WALLY

We got culture. *(Spits)* And we don't need no more from a stupid hack.

DORIS

You're callin' the greatest playwright that ever lived a hack?

WALLY

*(Belches)*  
The greatest playwright? I don't think I'm talkin' about Neil Simon. Now that guy's funny. Remember our third date? I took you to that Dinner Theatre on Burk Street? What was the name of that damn play? *(Spits)* Barefoot and Pregnant or something, right?

RAIMIE

Ribs.

WALLY

What?

RAIMIE

You said that place had some good ribs.

WALLY

Raimie, we ain't talkin' about ribs. We're talkin' about Neil Simon.

RAIMIE

I thought you were talkin' about dinner. You said dinner. I heard the word dinner. (A beat) I'm hungry.

WALLY

You're always hungry when you drink. (To DORIS) Look hon, Neil Simon writes good. Any of his stuff and I would go see it with you... but As You Like It... it should be called As You Suck It... because THAT guy's got no talent. Put him in our day and age and the guy couldn't HACK it writin' for... Bass Masters.

RAIMIE

(Deadpan)

Shakespeare's a dick.

DORIS

Shakespeare's a poet. His language is so... so... so... poetic. I mean, them pretty love stories. Them sad ones and them funny ones. (Coy) Truth is, I'd just like to shake his spear.

WALLY

(As if he will kill him)

He IS dead!

DORIS

I know he is, I'm joking! I just love seeing actors say those funky lines! (A beat) It's so romantic. He always makes me think of... WEDDINGS.

WALLY

If you think that will make me want to go see it, you're dreamin'.

DORIS

Well he also reminds me of sex.

WALLY

Now, I know you're drunk. (*A beat*) Look. The guy throws a bunch of words together that don't make no Goddamn sense and because we don't know what is ever goin' on... we're supposed to think it's deep or somethin'. (*Scoffs*) Whatever. I don't got no book report due, so I ain't goin' to see that kind of stupid shit.

RAIMIE

Shakespeare's a dick.

DORIS

Oh, because you don't understand it... that makes it stupid?

WALLY

Nobody understands it! (*Spits*) Especially not in Georgia. Maybe in Atlanta they go for that kind of thing... but this is Lawrenceville! What's he doing toting his words around here for? Nobody understands shit. (*A beat*) 'Cept for maybe a bunch of stuffy-fluffy literary nerds who wouldn't know class and style if it jumped up and bit 'em on the ass! My high school English teacher... Ms. Freedman--

RAIMIE

Fuckin' bitch.

WALLY

Right. She used to always tell us about how wonderful and great this guy Shakespeare was... how he didn't even know how great he was and blah, blah, blah. And we'd always yell at her... "but we don't fuckin' understand it!" and she'd just say "oh, how can you not understand it?!" and act like we were all fools for not being able to make no sense out of gibberish.

DORIS

Is this the same teacher you were in love with Raimie?

WALLY

It was just a crush. (*A beat*) Right Raimie? (*No response*) Look honey, Shakespeare was a Goddamn hack. (*Spits*) And I don't want to sit through four hours of shit from a guy that couldn't write himself out of a Dixie cup.

RAIMIE

Shakespeare's a dick.

DORIS

You just don't wanna go because you are so worried about missin' your stupid, immature truck show.

WALLY

Well how often do I get a day off? Once a millennium if I'm lucky. And I'm not gonna waste one on that stupid HACK! I'm gonna watch MANIAC MONSTER run over seventy-five cars in a row. Now that's culture!

RAIMIE

No! *(A beat)* What about Goofy?!

DORIS

But I can't believe you won't go... even for me.

WALLY

Sorry, babe. But I refuse to sit through that kind of stupid babble... even for you.

RAIMIE

Wally? You said you was gonna take me to Disney World on your next day off. You've been promising me Disney World for a whole year!

DORIS

*(Still to WALLY)*

You just don't like anything unless it has Jim Carrey on the dang movie poster.

WALLY

*(Referring to the poster of Shakespeare)*

Like I'm actually gonna go for a poster like that instead?! The guy's a freak! Look at the bald weirdo! *(A beat)* I got your Shakespeare right here, honey!

*(WALLY takes out his chew, throws it to the ground, then rips the poster of the Bard away from DORIS and begins to eat it.)*

WALLY

This is what I think of your precious God of drama! *(A beat)* FUCK SHAKESPEARE!

*(WALLY ingests the rest of the poster.)*

RAIMIE

*(Quietly)*

I wanna meet Goofy.

WALLY

*(With his mouth full)*

This is some goooooood Shakespeare, honey! *(Laughs)* He... tastes... like... chicken.

*(WALLY keeps eating, RAIMIE begins to hum "It's a Small World", and DORIS begins to cry, as the lights fade to black. During the blackout, a strong Southern Rock song should begin to play, i.e. Sweet Home Alabama, but then we should hear a loud record scratch and Stereotypical Renaissance music should begin to play.)*

## **Scene Two: The Revenge**

*(As the lights come up, we see WALLY asleep in his bed. He is fully dressed and is sprawled across his sheets. He looks as if he passed out in a drunken stupor. The trailerhome itself should look in complete disarray now. A few moments before an alarm clock rings loudly. It takes several seconds to jar WALLY from his deep sleep, but then he picks up the alarm clock and throws it to the ground. He slowly staggers to his feet and holds his head in his hands.)*

WALLY

Ohhhhhhhh...

I feelest like an unmannered wet dog,

who hadest too much sack before the bed.

I think myself the fool and-- *(suddenly realizing the way he sounds)*

Lookest how I speak!

What is the manner in this wretched tongue?! *(WALLY runs to the small mirror on his wall and looks at himself)* Mine eye hath well examined all my parts,

and finds them well, intact; not out of state.

so why then am I doomed to this poor fate?



*(He continues to stare into the mirror for a few moments. THEN he flips out and starts grabbing his tongue and pulling it in every possible direction. After a few moments he falls to the ground but continues to pull on his tongue. Just then RAIMIE enters the apartment without knocking. He is wearing Mickey Mouse ears.)*

RAIMIE

Six and a half hours and I'll be gettin' my picture taken with Goofy! *(He notices WALLY writhing around on the ground)* D'you bite your tongue? I hate it when that happens.

*(WALLY jumps to his feet and gives RAIMIE a thumbs up.)*

RAIMIE

Are you alright, Wally? *(WALLY nods and smiles)* Are you sure because you still look a little... you know. *(RAIMIE puts on his best drunk face. WALLY shakes his head and gives RAIMIE another thumbs up.)* Okay. Are you ready to go then? *(WALLY shakes his head)* Why not? *(WALLY holds his throat)* Sore throat? *(WALLY nods)* Bummer. Can I get you something? NyQuil? Chicken Soup? Cattle prod? *(WALLY shakes his head)* That was a joke. Stop this. I'm not about to cancel this trip just because you feel hung over. I'm gonna meet Goofy if it's the last thing I do! I'll go wait in the car. You've got three minutes to get ready. *(RAIMIE starts to exit but WALLY runs to him and grabs his arm.)* What is it man? Jesus, you look like you've just seen a ghost!

*(A long pause. Then WALLY closes his eyes and sighs... preparing to speak.)*

WALLY

Sweet soul, come ho! Sir, I would entreat you,  
to speak with me a while. For I know not,  
the reason for my strange sound or the words.  
My good lord! I know not for why I talk.

*(Another very long silence.)*

RAIMIE

I don't get it.

WALLY

NAY! I NEITHER!

RAIMIE

Why you talkin' so kooky?

WALLY

To what effect is this intention here?

*(A beat)* I knowest not and fear for my true soul,

And I repent this fault more than my death!

What news would you advise me make of this?

RAIMIE

*(At a loss)*

You're absolutely right. They sure are.

WALLY

What say you?

RAIMIE

No. What say you?!

WALLY

I speak these words in plainest tongue I can.

RAIMIE

Ohhh... I get it. *(A beat)* Last night made you start thinking 'bout that C you got in Ms. Freedman's English class again. Man, high school's in the past. Stop living in it. You ain't got no need for Shakespeare now. What would that snooty uptight prude think if she saw what a scrap metal salesman you've become?

*(WALLY starts jumping around the room in frustration.)*

RAIMIE

Whoa! Me thinketh you're making a giant dickhead...eth of yourself...eth.

WALLY

*(Turning on him)*

Dost thou intend to mock me with thy words?

What manner is this then? You jest, in faith.

Yet I'll go with thee, cheek by jowl to prove,

you a counterfeit, a puppet... A DOG!

RAIMIE  
You bought a dog?

WALLY  
HELP ME SIR! I beg and need your wisdom.  
Art thou trying to be a knavish rogue?

RAIMIE  
Look man... I. Don't. Get. It... I thought you said Shakespeare sucks.

*(They look at each other, mouths agape, as they both realize the wisdom inherent in RAIMIE's speech at the same time.)*

RAIMIE  
Holy shit! You ate him! That must be it! You ate Shakespeare!  
Gimme that poster back!

*(RAIMIE slugs WALLY in the stomach.)*

RAIMIE  
Get it outta there! Send it to hell!

WALLY  
This proves the answer to my unkind tongue.

RAIMIE  
No, I think it's the reason you're talkin' so weird.

WALLY  
What shall I do? I can not leave as such,  
I will prove to be the brunt of keen jest.  
And be banished and called a true cullion.  
Therefore help me please... or get thee now gone!

RAIMIE  
You know who you need? You need Doris. *(A beat)* Because... I don't  
know what the hell you're sayin'!

*(RAIMIE starts towards the phone, but WALLY stops him.)*

WALLY

Dear good sir, I do plead with you right now,  
to dare not call back that canker-blossom,  
she will envenom me with words and thoughts,  
that will make my skin crawl with fire and hate.  
For that dwarf, that hackney, that minx is fierce,  
and will never let me live this deed down.  
With words of blame and scorn which give her joy!  
“I told thee so!” or “Tis what thee deserve!”  
These be the words I can not stand be heard!

RAIMIE

Okay, okay. Calm down. I'll call her right now. Doris is--

WALLY

A MOME!

RAIMIE

Okay, I don't know what that means, but--

WALLY

A RANK STRUMPET WITH A BLOODY COXCOMB!

RAIMIE

A rank what with a bloody what?

WALLY

A HARPY!

RAIMIE

Okay. That's a bad thing, right? (*WALLY nods.*) Well... I still think  
maybe I should call her.

*(A long silence. WALLY calms down.)*

WALLY

Dear sir, I know not why I speak with such...

RAIMIE

Nonsense?

WALLY  
Nay. Such...

RAIMIE  
Gibberish?

WALLY  
Nay! I speak with a tone of...

RAIMIE  
Babble?

WALLY  
Nay! This mood! This mood is a new one of...  
chiding misdoubt.

RAIMIE  
Oh well, right, chiding misdoubt. I'm glad you cleared that up.

WALLY  
Mine eyes have come to weep millstones not tears,  
  
I am a miscreant. Tis not her fault.  
I spend my passion on a misprised mood.  
Therefore bring her thus... I will entreat her.

RAIMIE  
I'm sorry man... remember I failed that class. To call or not to call?

WALLY  
MARK ME! *(A pause)* Ay, sir... call her.

*(WALLY slumps onto his bed and RAIMIE goes over to the phone.  
Before he has a chance to dial, there is a knock at the door. RAIMIE  
hangs up and goes to the door. He looks out the eyehole.)*

RAIMIE  
Well tickle me Othella... guess who it is.  
  
*(He opens the door and DORIS enters.)*

DORIS

Good. You're still here Wally. I was hoping to catch you before your stupid truck show. *(A beat)* Look, after last night I've had a lot of time to think and I really believe we should talk about this whole Shakespeare mess. If you don't go with me, I'm gonna find a real man who will!

RAIMIE

Doris? This ain't the best time for one of your fights. You and me have to talk about this whole Shakespeare mess.

DORIS

Shut up. I need to talk about it with Wally. Not you... Minnie Mouse.

RAIMIE

*(Gestures to his ears)*  
Mickey!

*(DORIS sees the torn up room.)*

DORIS

What's goin' on here?

*(WALLY Just stares at her in fear and terror.)*

DORIS

Wally? What's wrong? *(WALLY shakes his head and points to his throat.)* Why can't you talk to me? *(To RAIMIE)* What did you do to him?!

RAIMIE

I didn't do nothing! He's the one who called Shakespeare a naughty word and then ate him.

DORIS

I know! That's why I'm here. Now that I've had some time to sober up I've realized that last night's fight really mattered a lot to me.

RAIMIE

It mattered to somebody else worse.

DORIS

What are you talking about?

RAIMIE

Wally called Shakespeare a Ha--... *(A beat. Then in a whisper...)* He called him a... H. A. C. K.

DORIS

I know. But what's that got to do with him not talkin' to me?

RAIMIE

Go ahead, Wally. Say hi to your harpy.

DORIS

HIS WHAT?!

RAIMIE

I mean girlfriend! Slip of the tongue... Ha! Get it Wally? Slip of the-- Sorry. *(A beat)* Go ahead, tell her you love her.

DORIS

Wally? What's going on?

*(WALLY closes his eyes and sighs, much like he did when RAIMIE entered.)*

WALLY

We know not how nor why I speak like this,  
but we've been o'er it and o'er it all morn.  
Seems I'm being punished for mistreadings,  
against the sacred name of this artist.

DORIS

Is that supposed to be funny? Now you're making fun of Shakespeare? Ha! Ha! You already proved your point.

RAIMIE

Doris, there ain't no way he's talkin' like this on purpose. I don't think he could if he wanted to. We don't know how or why he's talkin' like this. We've been over it and over it all morning. It seems he's being punished for slammin' the sacred name of Shakespeare.

DORIS

When did you become such an expert on the Bard?

RAIMIE  
The who?

DORIS  
Shakespeare!

RAIMIE  
OH! I'm not! That's why we were about to call you! You know more about this stuff than we do.

DORIS  
But I don't really understand it either.

RAIMIE                      WALLY  
SAY WHAT?!                  WHAT SAY, YOU?!

DORIS  
No, I just think it sounds so pretty when actors say those lines... it sounds neat! But I couldn't tell y'all what they mean.

WALLY  
Something is rotten in the state of Denmark.

DORIS  
Oh... poor Wally! He's delirious. Now he thinks he's in Denmark.

RAIMIE  
Wally? This is Georgia. You're not in France right now.

DORIS  
But still, it's kinda cool hearing them crazy words from little, ole Wally. Are you sure he can't speak no other normal way except by using that fancy talk?

RAIMIE  
I'm afraid not.

DORIS  
Well. Wow-we!

RAIMIE  
Well, what're we gonna do?



WALLY

Ay, how shall we partake to find a cure?

DORIS

I think it's cute.

WALLY

QUAIL!

DORIS

*(Playing along)*

DUCK!

WALLY

Nay! Thou... thou art a... QUAIL!

DORIS

See. He loves me enough to call me a bird. That's so sweet.

WALLY

SWEET?! If I had a knack for bat-fowling,  
I would beat this base, fleshy, purse-bearer,  
and tear at her, this SCAB... with all my might!

DORIS

Look at how passionately he talks to me now!

RAIMIE

What'd he say?

DORIS

I don't know. But he said it so beautifully.

RAIMIE

I don't think he likes talking this way.

DORIS

He'll learn to love it.

WALLY

SNECK UP!

DORIS  
Listen to that passion.

RAIMIE  
I think he meant shut-up.

DORIS  
Who died and made you Shakespeare?

WALLY  
NAY! I shall not comply with this poor state.  
I have speken more than mine heart can take.  
Nor can I even be my stretch-mouthed self.  
Yet am reduced to this racked strappado.  
Wilt thou not stop my subdued submission?  
The man was KING, and GOD of words and deeds,  
but I depend upon these modern needs!

*(A long silence)*

DORIS  
Neat.

*(WALLY hits a nearby wall then charges at DORIS. RAIMIE steps in to stop him.)*

DORIS  
Wally? What's gotten into you?

*(Again, WALLY rushes at her. And again, RAIMIE stops him.)*

RAIMIE  
Look, we need to deal with this problem. NOW! We can't let him  
wake up tomorrow and go to work like this.

DORIS  
Well I don't see why not. Maybe he'll make a lot of new friends.

RAIMIE  
I don't think scrap metal and Shakespeare belong in the same  
sentence.

DORIS

Well I think you both are making this a bigger problem than it really is.

WALLY

Frailty, thy name is woman!

DORIS

My name is Doris, Wally. You didn't forget my name, did you?-- Oh... oh... I got a great idea!

RAIMIE

Thank Christ! What? What can we do about this?

DORIS

I'll go to the liberry.

*(A long pause)*

RAIMIE

Oh, oh... good idea, you might be able to find some ancient book about black magic, or voodoo, or... or exorcism. *(A beat)* Right?

DORIS

No. I'm gonna check out Romeo and Juliet so my snookums read me some beautiful poetry.

RAIMIE

That's not gonna fix this problem.

DORIS

But it'd be real sexy to see.

*(WALLY collapses on the bed again and shakes his head. A long pause.)*

WALLY

*(Fast and without any passion.)*

But soft! What light through yonder window breaks?

It is the east, and Juliet is the sun.

Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,

who is already sick and pale with grief,

that thou her maid art more fair than she:

Be not her maid, since she is envious:  
Her vestal livery is but sick and green  
and none but fools do wear it; cast it off,  
It is my lady, O, it is my love.

RAIMIE  
Whoa.

DORIS  
*(Applauding)*  
Yes! Yes! Beautiful. Thew ass my hero! *(Wiping a tear away)* That's  
my favorite part.

RAIMIE  
What's it mean?

DORIS  
*(Still weepy)*  
I have no idea.

RAIMIE  
Wow! How'd he do that? How'd you do that?

*(WALLY shrugs and DORIS falls to the ground and hugs at WALLY'S leg.)*

WALLY  
Nay! That does not my love do justice here,  
I shall chose a more suitable love speech.  
*(A beat)* Hang off, thou cat, thou burr! Vile thing let loose,  
Or I will shake thee from me like a serpent!  
Get you gone, you dwarf; you minimus,  
of hindering knot-grass made,  
you bead, you... ACORN!

DORIS  
*(As she stands up)*  
I don't think I like that one.

RAIMIE  
I don't think you should. *(A beat)* We have GOT to do something.

DORIS  
Yeah, charge admission.

RAIMIE  
No! We need to find someone who can really help us out.

DORIS  
*(Mispronouncing his name)*  
Kenneth Branagh?

RAIMIE  
HOLY SHIT! The fuckin' bitch!

DORIS  
Wally, are you gonna let him talk to me like that?

WALLY  
AY!

RAIMIE  
I wasn't talkin' about you. I was talkin' about Ms. Freedman.

DORIS  
Your high school English teacher?

RAIMIE  
Of course! She can help us! She used to have an orgasm every time she heard Shakespeare's lines.

DORIS  
Well then I'm not letting her near my snookums!

RAIMIE  
But she might be able to help us with snookums' problem. *(As he runs to the phone)* I wonder if she's still teaching at Jefferson.

DORIS  
I doubt it. You've been out of high school for six years.

RAIMIE  
But she was real young when she was teachin' us. *(A beat)* And even though she didn't love me back then... she used to tease me by wearin' these great see-through silk shirts with--

DORIS

That's it. You boys are stayin' right here.

RAIMIE

I know that. He can't go out in public like this. But if I tell her Wally's talkin' like Shakespeare she'll come runnin' over here. I think this might be worth a shot. What do you think, Wally?

*(WALLY throws RAIMIE a phone book.)*

RAIMIE

I guess that's an... Ay. (He drops the phone book.) But I don't need this.

DORIS

You know the number to your old high school by heart?

RAIMIE

I know what you're thinkin', but I never broke that restraining order.

DORIS

Damn it! I don't want him to go back to being a Georgian redneck! I like the new Wally.

RAIMIE

Well, it's not up to you.

DORIS

Fuck you.

RAIMIE

I think I know why you really like the new Wally, Doris.

DORIS

Why?

RAIMIE

Because he's SUFFERING!

*(A moment with the three characters staring at each other. Then RAIMIE begins to dial the phone as the lights fade to black.)*