SIDE #1 ~ WILL & KIT

ACT ONE

Scene One

(Will's room.)

[MUSIC NO. 1: "OPENING – MARLOWE'S THEME"]

*(***WILL** *is writing at his desk.)*

WILL. Shall I compare...

Shall I compare...

Shall I compare...the...um...

Shall I compare thee...

Shall I compare thee to a...to a...?

Shall I compare thee to a...sum...a sum...a something, something...

Damn it.

Shall I compare thee to a mummer's play?

Shall I compare thee...to...an autumn morning? An afternoon in springtime? Zounds.

*(***MARLOWE** *enters.)*

MARLOWE. A sonnet. I thought you were writing a play.

WILL. A month overdue to Henslowe but nothing comes. I have lost my gift, Kit. I don't know what it is. My quill is broken, my well is dry. The proud tower of the imagination hath collapsed completely.

MARLOWE. Interesting. And how are your marital relations, Will?

WILL. The Hathaways?

MARLOWE. The bedroom.

WILL. As cold as her heart.

MARLOWE. So you are free to love.

WILL. Yet not to write so it seems. Leave me, Kit.

MARLOWE. I've almost finished my new play for Burbage. More blood and thunder but he pays well for it. I hear he plays your *Two Gentlemen of Verona* for Her Majesty this very afternoon.

WILL. My play, for the Queen!

MARLOWE. A summer's day.

WILL. What?

MARLOWE. "A summer's day." Start with something lovely, temperate, and thoroughly trite. Gives you somewhere to go.

*(***MARLOWE** *leaves.)*

WILL. *(unconvinced)* A summer's day?!

Shall I compare thee...to a...summer's day? Mmmm? Thou art more...something something something...