

# THE COMEDY OF TERRIBLE ERRORS (SMALL CAST)

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A full-length comedy by  
Don Zolidis

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## CAST OF CHARACTERS

THOMAS (Actor 1), serious, Shakespearean actor, hoping to get on a television series. Plays old Aegeon, Dromio (both), and others. Trying to keep it together.

DEMETRA (Actor 2), energetic, in love with Actor 3. Nervous, excited, more than a little stalkerish. Plays young Amelia, Adriana, and others.

ANDRE (Actor 3), hasn't read the play but is trying his best to keep it together. Plays young Aegeon, Antipholus (both), and others.

ILONA (Actor 4), hasn't read the play either, bursting with self-confidence, has always thought she was brilliant. Overacts. Plays most of the stage effects, Luciana, Dr. Pinch, merchants, and others.

## CASTING NOTES

All the roles are played by four actors. They should use their real names. I have chosen names for the actors to make it easier reading.

**GENDER:** All the roles could conceivably be played by an actor of any gender, but I think it works best with the breakdown outlined above. Actor 1 could certainly be female – and Actor 4 could be male (but I think it's funnier this particular way) – but I would hesitate to make Actor 2 male, because it makes the dynamic a little more dangerous than necessary.

## PRODUCTION NOTES

**COSTUMES:** All costume changes should be in view of the audience. The costumes of the citizens of Ephesus and Syracuse should be color-coded. Red for Syracuse, Blue for Ephesus. Feel

free to modify the staging for your production and/or space.

IMPROV: Improv is extremely important in this show, ad-libbing is encouraged.

#### ACKNOWLEDGMENT

*The Comedy of Terrible Errors* premiered at Shakespeare Royal Oak, Royal Oak, MI, in July 2018.

**ACT I**

*(PRE-SHOW. This happens while the house lights are still up. Things are not ready. THOMAS is frantically trying to set all the props and costumes in their proper places while not being seen by the audience. He sets several potted trees and sneaks around trying to set the stage. He places a poorly drawn sign that says, "Ephesus." ANDRE saunters across the stage, taking a prop that Thomas has set and moving it. Thomas hisses at him in a stage whisper "Don't let them see you!" Andre notices the audience watching him. Takes one of the trees and hides behind it as he moves. A crudely drawn banner reading "A COMEDY OF ERRORS" is flipped over the top of the upstage wall. It immediately falls down. We see DEMETRA's hand over the top of the wall, reaching for it. Thomas moves a tree and hides behind it, trying to push the banner up to her hand. He fails. It falls again. He tries again, harder this time, and gets it up. A second banner, reading "by WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE" is dropped over the wall. The first banner falls again. Thomas reaches for it. The second banner falls. He tries to push both banners up at the same time. Fails. Andre walks across the stage, setting another costume, still hiding behind his tree. Thomas motions for help. Andre hisses "no!" Thomas drags him over and climbs on his back, still hiding behind the tree to get both banners up at the same time. Andre shakes him off— they fight silently, then Andre dashes off taking both trees with him. The lights shift. The show has begun. Demetra's head pops up over the top of the wall. She stage whispers at Thomas, "The show is starting!" "What?" She points for him to turn around. Thomas turns around. Takes a deep breath. Gathers himself. Is about to say something, then decides to look at his notes.)*

**THOMAS:** So glad all of you—so many of you—there are so many of you—could make it—ha ha ha OK.

*(He has a panic attack. He's about to leave.)*

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**DEMETRA:** (*Hissing:*) You can do it!

**THOMAS:** OK – we are sooo...just thrilled – to um – show you our play today two weeks before we were told to have it ready. But that's fine – that's completely fine – that's not a problem AT ALL –

*(Andre's head pops up next to Demetra's above the wall. They look down at the fallen banners. D: "You get it!" A: "You get it! No one cares if they're up or not!" D: "I went through all the trouble of making them, you get it!" Demetra disappears.)*

But the show must go on even if it is doomed to failure.

*(Nervous laughter.)*

That's negative talk, actually. And that has been BANNED by the millennials in this show. They don't like it. Everybody gets a trophy, I guess. Ha ha ha ha OK.

*(A fishing rod appears over the top of the wall. A hook slowly lowers towards the banners. Demetra rushes in, placing a tree in the right spot, then lifts the banners.)*

**DEMETRA:** Maybe you should introduce the show.

**THOMAS:** Oh definitely! You're right. You are so right. You're my rock.

**DEMETRA:** Platonic rock.

**THOMAS:** –Platonic rock. She is not a rock, actually, she is a HORSE.

*(Demetra gives him a look.)*

Work horse. She is a work horse! She did everything that no one else wanted to do!

**DEMETRA:** Yup.

**THOMAS:** SO—um...we are going to present to you A Comedy of Errors!

**ANDRE:** Actually it's *THE* Comedy of Errors! (*Sing-song voice:*) Mansplaining!

**THOMAS:** Whoops! First mistake! I can already feel it spiraling out of control. Ha ha ha oh no.

*(Demetra takes a Sharpie and crosses off "A" and writes "THE" on the banner. Thomas points to "Shakespeare." Demetra clumsily adds an "e" to it.)*

**ANDRE:** Actually he spelled it that way too. (*Sing song again:*) Mansplaining again!

*(Demetra crosses out the E.)*

**THOMAS:** My name's Thomas. I am the director. I am the one most personally responsible for what you are about to see. And when you think Shakespeare, you think –

**DEMETRA:** *Hamlet.*

**THOMAS:** Or –

**ANDRE:** *Macbeth.*

**THOMAS:** Or –

**DEMETRA:** (*Overlapping:*) *Romeo and Juliet – King Lear – The Tempest –*

**ANDRE:** (*Overlapping:*) *Julius Caesar – Othello – A Midsummer Night's Dream –*

**THOMAS:** Great plays! But when you look past the great plays, you find other plays that are not great at all, like *The Comedy of Errors*, which is Shakespeare's 28<sup>th</sup>-most-loved play according to Buzzfeed. And it is...it is...it is a hoot. Such a hoot. Just a hoot. And I'm so glad they forced us to do this one instead of one of the better ones like *Much Ado About Nothing*. Ha ha ha ha. And it's wonderful that they let us be on their set even though we're not allowed to touch anything.



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*(He sees Andre resting both hands on top of the wall.)*

You're not allowed to touch the set, Andre!!

*(Andre lets go and drops behind the wall. Heavy THUD. Demetra rushes backstage.)*

And we were all set to do an amazing job even though we weren't given a budget, and nobody was getting paid, and nobody to come to rehearsal because they had BETTER THINGS TO DO, and after Barney quit—I see you right there in the audience, Barney, how nice of you to show up this time—great thanks that's really helpful—and one of our actresses is in jail right now for chihuahua theft, which I'm pretty sure she didn't even know was a crime—I mean they're just chihuahuas—they don't even know they're stolen. But that's fine, that's fine, we are resilient and we are...some of us are really talented. Some of us are not.

*(Demetra enters holding Andre, who is bleeding from the head.)*

But everything is going to be fine!

**ANDRE:** I think I have a head wound. Oh hey Barney.

*(Andre waves to someone in the audience.)*

**THOMAS:** You'll be fine! Shake it off!

*(A phone boops. Demetra takes it out.)*

**DEMETRA:** Oh and Ilona just texted and said she's trapped in her house.

**THOMAS:** What?

**DEMETRA:** She's gonna need a ride.

**ANDRE:** I'll do it. I'm the best at driving.

*(He staggers in the wrong direction.)*

**THOMAS:** No no no no I'll be right back!

**ANDRE:** What are we supposed to do?

**THOMAS:** Introduce the show...more!

**DEMETRA:** (*Calling after him:*) She also says, "Bring sandwiches!"

*(Thomas is off. Demetra steadies Andre. To the audience:)*

Personally, I have had such a great experience working on this show! And it was wonderful to get a chance to do the costumes and the set and the lights and the sound because no one else wanted to work that hard! That wasn't difficult at all! So great. And I'm sure I'll be back on my regular sleep schedule any day now.

*(Andre sits down.)*

Nope. Worst thing to do for a head injury is rest.

*(She pulls him back up. Holds onto him.)*

But the real reason this show is special is that it brought Andre and me together. And we are super in love now.

*(Andre tries to pull away from her.)*

**ANDRE:** Actually, uh no—

**DEMETRA:** Shhhhh...don't speak you'll just confuse yourself.

**ANDRE:** We're seriously not dating you're just stalking me.

**DEMETRA:** Ohhh your brain got hurt so much.

**ANDRE:** I've been saving the creepy text messages. I've got them right here.

**DEMETRA:** Years from now, people are gonna be like, how did you meet? And we're gonna be like, we did *Comedy of Errors* together, and there wasn't any error about it—because true love happened. No comedy.

*(She stares longingly at Andre.)*

Right? That's what happened. That's what happened, Andre. That is what happened. Look at me. Look at me right now. Yes. You fell down. You hurt your head. And it damaged the love part of your brain.

**ANDRE:** *(With phone:)* This one says, "I love watching you sleep when you don't know I'm outside your window."

**DEMETRA:** So many couples do that. Totally normal.

*(Andre breaks away from her.)*

**ANDRE:** No I totally remember what's going on, Demetra.

**DEMETRA:** That's right. Say my name. Say it.

**ANDRE:** I'm not interested in a relationship right now –

**DEMETRA:** That's your brain damage speaking. Don't listen to it. Listen to your heart.

**ANDRE:** Nope.

**DEMETRA:** What's it saying? **DEMETRA.** **DEMETRA.** **DEMETRA.** It's like an animalistic thing.

**ANDRE:** Let's just talk about the show please?

**DEMETRA:** Don't fight it. Give in.

**ANDRE:** OK so um...*The Comedy of Errors*. What is it about?

**DEMETRA:** It's very passionate.

**ANDRE:** I don't think so. It's more about...errors. Of judgment. Probably. And um...maybe instead of me telling you what the show is about, which is boring, you tell us what the show is about. Let's say you were talking to someone who hadn't learned his lines at all and had lost his copy of the script. Let's say that person was standing in front of the stage, asking for help, because he really needs to have this show be good because there's a casting director in the audience for a film. Let's just

imagine that very specific scenario and then tell this actor exactly what he needs to do. For fun. So – anyone?

*(He looks out into the audience. If someone raises their hand, Andre ignores them.)*

Anyone?

*(He goes into the audience. Finds a child, or someone who clearly knows nothing about the show.)*

So what would you like to see in this play?

*(Gets an answer.)*

OK.

*(Goes to another person, maybe a person on a date.)*

If you could put anything in this show, what would you want? You're at home, you're getting ready to go to the theater, you're getting dressed like that for whatever reason, and you're thinking, wow I really wish this play had –

*(Gets another answer.)*

Great. I promise you – if you help me right now, I will put your ideas in the show.

*(Gets a third idea from a child.)*

All right –

*(Repeats ideas.)*

You people are sick.

*(Demetra is right behind him.)*

**DEMETRA:** I have some ideas.

**ANDRE:** Ah!

*(Thomas runs back onto the stage. ILONA runs on afterwards, trying to get into her costume. Maybe she falls over.)*

**THOMAS:** All right all right all right we are back! And with me is Ilona! Ilona is—

**ILONA:** (*Struggling to get to her feet.*) I AM AMAZING.

**THOMAS:** Yes. She is.

**ILONA:** DO NOT WORRY, AUDIENCE. I AM HERE TO BLOW YOUR MINDS. I just had a problem getting out of my house because I have many cats and they were in front of the door, like stacked on top of each other—and if you know anything about my cats, you know they are very unpleasant, so I didn't really want to move them. BUT I AM HERE TO ROCK YOUR WORLD, SHAKESPEARE-STYLE.

*(She executes some martial arts moves. Poorly.)*

YES!

*(Does a bow for herself, claps.)*

**THOMAS:** So I'm sure Andre has gotten you up to speed on the basic plot.

**ANDRE:** Sure.

**THOMAS:** Let's dive in: *The Comedy of Errors!*

*(Sound effect, perhaps created by Ilona – it would be great if she had a keyboard or something – or even cymbals that she could crash together. Lights change in some way. Andre tries to get offstage – Demetra is right behind him. He stops. She smiles at him. He darts off. Thomas puts on the costume of an old man and shuffles in, accompanied by Ilona, who dresses regally for the occasion.)*

**THOMAS:** Proceed, Solinus, to procure my fall  
And by the doom of death end woes and all.

*(Ilona looks at him. She doesn't know her lines at all.)*

I said proceed, Solinus, to procure my fall

And by the doom of death end woes and all.

**ILONA:** ...Right. Um... What did I tell you about coming to Ephesus!? Y'all are dead! I don't like you, I don't like anybody like you, I told you Syracuse people that, and you still show up in my town anyway – THAT IS IT, I AM KILLING ALL Y'ALL. Get me my axe! Somebody get me my head-chopping axe!

*(Thomas stares at her. Stage whisper:)*

It's your line.

*(He stares at her again.)*

Just go with it. I'm doing my own thing. It's my character.

*(She does a little shimmy.)*

The kids love it. Should I give you your cue again? Somebody get me my head-chopping axe!

**THOMAS:** Yet this my comfort: when your words are done,  
My woes end likewise with the setting sun.

**ILONA:** That's right. YOU'RE GONNA BE DEAD. Where's that axe?!

**THOMAS:** If I could please –

**ILONA:** WAITING ON THE AXE! WHA-BAM! Can we get a crowd around here? We are a civilized town and everybody loves seeing executions. Free entertainment! But first –

*(Slips into the actual lines – awkwardly.)*

Say in brief the cause why thou departed'st from thy native home,

And for what cause thou camest to Ephesus.

*(Ilona silently cheers for herself for getting the line right. Maybe adds, "Nailed it." Demetra enters.)*

**DEMETRA:** He shalt do more than tell thee, noble duke, he shalt show thee, in a flashback.

**THOMAS:** What?

**DEMETRA:** (*Aside:*) It's helpful for the audience, shhh! (*To audience:*) Flashback flashback flashback.

*(Demetra makes wavy flashback motions with her hands.)*

**THOMAS:** In Syracuse was I born, and wed unto a woman.

*(Andre staggers in – Demetra seizes his hands in matrimony. She's into it.)*

Happy but for me.

Our wealth increased by prosperous voyages I often made to Epidamnum;

**ANDRE:** Honey, I'm going to Epi – ...

**DEMETRA:** Damnum.

**ANDRE:** Epi – dam –

**DEMETRA:** Damnum.

**ANDRE:** That place.

*(Andre waves goodbye.)*

**THOMAS:** But my absence was not six months old

Before herself, almost fainting under the pleasing punishment that women bear –

*(Demetra becomes hugely pregnant.)*

**ILONA:** Pleasing punishment? Are you serious?

**THOMAS:** Had made provision for following me and soon and safe

Arrived where I was.

*(Andre spots her.)*

**ANDRE:** Welcome to Epi...dan-mum. What happened to you?

**THOMAS:** There she had not been long, but she became a joyful mother of two goodly sons.

**DEMETRA:** AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

*(Ilona throws two baby dolls at them. Andre snatches them out of the air like frisbees.)*

**ANDRE:** Two babies?! What devilry is this? And I can't even tell them apart!

*(He holds both babies up at arm's length and examines them.)*

Woman, what hast thou done?!

*(Breaks character.)*

Did nobody know what twins were in Shakespeare's time?

**DEMETRA:** Dear husband, these are your sons. And I am your spouse. And let's not name anybody right now.

*(Andre is looking at the baby dolls with suspicion.)*

**THOMAS:** That very hour, and in the self-same inn, a meaner woman was delivered

Of such a burden, male twins, both alike:

*(Ilona drapes herself in a Mean Woman costume, giving birth.)*

**ILONA:** AARRRRGHGHH! OOOOOH! AARRRRRRGH! HEY!  
ATTEND ON ME, LOSERS!

*(She produces two baby dolls.)*

Dang it. Anybody want some babies?! Anybody want to buy some babies?

**THOMAS:** *(Overlapping slightly:)* Those – for their parents were exceeding poor –

**ILONA:** TWO FOR ONE.



**THOMAS:** I bought and brought up to attend my sons.

**ANDRE:** I'll take those babies!

*(Ilona tosses them one a time to Andre. He catches them and holds all four babies in his arms as awkwardly as possible. Maybe drops one. He stuffs a few under his arms.)*

We'll make them slaves for our babies!

**DEMETRA:** That's the most romantic thing anyone has ever said to me.

*(She gets closer to him.)*

Husband. Dear husband. We have four babies now. Let's not name any of them and instead gaze longingly into each other's eyes.

*(Andre backs away.)*

**ANDRE:** This is so crazy! Look at these! I can't tell these new babies apart either! Zounds!

*(Breaks character again.)*

Seriously, NOBODY has encountered twins?

**THOMAS:** It was a confusing time.

**ANDRE:** I guess.

**THOMAS:** My wife, not meanly proud of two such boys,  
Made daily motions for our home return:

**DEMETRA:** I am making daily motions! Let's take a sea voyage home! It'll be lovely, just us and these four babies we can't tell apart on a tiny, cramped ship over open water for a month or so – what could possibly go wrong? I'm sure this will only bring us closer together as a family. Have you seen our diaper tent?

**ANDRE:** We don't need diapers, we just hold them over the edge of the boat and face them outward.

**DEMETRA:** That's the second most romantic thing anyone's ever said to me.

**THOMAS:** Alas! Too soon we came aboard—

*(Ilona sings a part of something like the "Love Theme" from Titanic as Demetra stands like Rose. Andre stands behind her. They both hold babies out from them.)*

**ANDRE:** I'm king of the world!

**DEMETRA:** Woooo!

**THOMAS:** A league we had sailed  
Before the always wind-obeying deep  
Gave any tragic instance of our harm:

**ILONA:** What's that mean?

**THOMAS:** There's a storm.

**ILONA:** Oh.

*(Ilona becomes the storm and grabs a small water gun. Starts shooting them with it.)*

Pew! Pew! Pew!

**ANDRE:** Is that sea water?

**ILONA:** Yup.

**ANDRE:** Good.

**THOMAS:** A doubtful warrant of immediate death;

*(Ilona gets a super soaker or very large water gun and approaches.)*

Which though myself would gladly have embraced,  
Yet the incessant weepings of my wife—

**DEMETRA:** AAAAAAH! WEEPINGS!

**ILONA:** WHOOSH! WHOSH! STORM! STOOOORRRRRM!

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*(She shoots them. Again and again. Andre holds one of the babies in front of him like a shield. Ilona gets a bucket full of water, comes back.)*

**DEMETRA:** Husband! I see the storm! HOLD ME!

**ANDRE:** Nope!

**DEMETRA:** Wait—I know how to get through this! Let's take the babies and tie them to the masts of the ship. But for each of our babies, we tie one of the servant babies to it.

**THOMAS:** My wife, more careful for the latter-born,  
Had fasten'd him unto a small spare mast—

**DEMETRA:** And that way if the masts break off, at least our children will survive because they can use the other baby as a flotation device or a food source!

*(Pause. Andre breaks character:)*

**ANDRE:** Question.

*(Ilona brings out two "masts" which can be anything from baseball bats to two by fours. Ilona and Demetra begin tying the baby dolls to either side of them like clubs.)*

**THOMAS:** I don't want to hear it.

**ANDRE:** We literally tie babies to each other?

**THOMAS:** I thought you read this play?

**ANDRE:** ...Of course I have. Just missed the part where we won parents of the year.

**THOMAS:** This was what people did in old times.

**ANDRE:** How did we live through old times?

**DEMETRA:** Quick, husband! Make sure those babies are secure! The storm is getting angry.

**THOMAS:** Thus children disposed, my wife and I—

**ILONA:** Grrrrrrrr...

*(She sloshes around the bucket of water, threatening the people on the boat.)*

**ANDRE:** Done!

*(Andre and Demetra each hold a baby club in the air as the storm rocks them.)*

Thank goodness we have done the sensible thing as parents and done this!

*(Perhaps they wave them around and make crying baby noises.)*

**DEMETRA:** I too feel like this was a really good decision. Maybe we should kiss.

*(Andre waves his baby club at her, driving her away. Have fun with the baby clubs. Maybe Andre uses one as a walking stick. If babies fall off, reattach them. This should be extended and ridiculous.)*

**ILONA:** Grrrr!

**ANDRE:** Hold on!

*(Andre runs away from Ilona – she chases him with the bucket. Andre runs behind Thomas – Ilona hits Thomas in the face with the bucket of water. Andre dances away, jubilantly dancing with his baby club – until Demetra hits him in the face with a second bucket of water flirtatiously. Andre holds his baby club like a lightsaber. Demetra does the same.)*

**ANDRE:** I see Obi-Wan has taught you well. Shwarrmm!

**DEMETRA:** I'll never join you!!!!

*(They have a lightsaber duel with the baby clubs. Until Thomas, dripping wet, gets in-between them.)*

**THOMAS:** ANYWAY—We were encounter'd by a mighty rock;

Which being violently borne upon,  
Our helpful ship was splitted in the midst;

*(Ilona takes away the baby club from Andre. She makes crying baby sounds. Andre tries to get the club back. Demetra takes her baby club and spirals away, with crying baby sounds.)*

**DEMETRA:** Aaah we're being swept out to sea. This is terrible, oh the irony, oh my love, et cetera et cetera...

**ANDRE:** No! Spouse! We probably should've named the babies at some point.

**DEMETRA:** *(Stretching out her hands to him:)* Probably! Aaah this is so tragic aaaah.

*(Demetra tosses the baby club backstage.)*

Flashback over.

*(Demetra moves to the side of the stage to change into the outfit for Adriana. Ilona becomes the Duke again.)*

**ILONA:** Seems like a completely realistic story. So that's why you're here? Why did you wait twenty years?

**THOMAS:** Um... Lot of traffic.

**ILONA:** All right old man, your story sounds very realistic. You have until sundown to find your son and his servant baby –

**THOMAS:** Probably not still babies –

**ILONA:** You never know. You have until sundown to find them – and if you don't, I chop off your head.

WOOOOO! HEAD-CHOPPING!

*(Ilona exits, laughing.)*

**THOMAS:** *(To the audience:)* Oh one more thing you should know to make sure you understand this. All the babies are now grown men – and they all have the same names.

*(Andre is concerned.)*

The sons are named Antipholus, and the servants are named Dromio. And Antipholus and Dromio from Syracuse have arrived to look for their brothers, Antipholus and Dromio from Ephesus.

*(Andre raises his hand.)*

What?

**ANDRE:** So you're saying Shakespeare wrote this?

**THOMAS:** Yes. This is the work of the greatest writer in history.

**ANDRE:** So—just so I'm clear on this—two sets of identical twins—they have the same names somehow?

**THOMAS:** Ironic, isn't it?

**ANDRE:** That's not the word I'd choose.

**THOMAS:** YOU ARE NOT ALLOWED TO THINK ABOUT THIS TOO MUCH.

*(Andre changes into Antipholus of Syracuse and Thomas changes into Dromio of Syracuse. Everyone else is offstage. Their pants have red stripes, and actually fit.)*

**ANDRE:** Good Dromio—my trusty servant who has served me since birth because that makes so much sense—take this bag of money to the inn where we shall spend the night.

**THOMAS:** I will, my Lord.

*(Thomas exits. He rips off his pants and grabs the pants for Dromio of Ephesus [blue-striped.] The pants are at least two sizes too small. He struggles mightily to get into them. He can't zip them up.)*

**ANDRE:** *(While this is going on:)* Excellent. And now I shall stand here and talk to myself, as befits a man of my stature. Yes.

Yes indeed. Still walking about. Looks like a lovely town, this Ephesus.

*(He taps on the sign, perhaps inspects the trees and moves them around. Demetra runs in to help Thomas with his pants. Thomas waves at her like "What the hell?")*

**DEMETRA:** *(Stage whisper:)* You didn't give me a budget! You said you were too busy to try on your costume!

**THOMAS:** *(Angry whisper:)* How hard is it to make a costume?!

*(Thomas runs back as best he can towards Andre – holding his pants up with one hand if he can't get them shut.)*

**ANDRE:** Dromio? What the heck are you doing back here?

**THOMAS:** *(Trying to act while holding up pants:)* Return'd so soon! Rather approach'd too late:

The capon burns, the pig falls from the spit,  
The clock hath stricken twelve upon the bell;  
My mistress made it one upon my cheek:  
She is so hot because the meat is cold;  
The meat is cold because you come not home.

*(Andre makes a time out sign.)*

Why dost thou do that with thy hands, sirrah?

**ANDRE:** Time out!

**THOMAS:** Such strange –

**ANDRE:** I'm saying time out!

**THOMAS:** WHAT.

**ANDRE:** HOW DO I NOT NOTICE YOU'RE WEARING DIFFERENT PANTS?

**THOMAS:** SUSPEND DISBELIEF. Suspenders would actually be really helpful –

*(Demetra waves a sarcastic "OK" at him.)*

**ANDRE:** HOW CAN NO ONE TELL THE DIFFERENCE?!

**THOMAS:** Just do the scene, Andre! Do the scene! There is an audience here, OK? Do the scene! You can't tell the difference between us –

**ANDRE:** FINE.

*(Back in character. Then out of character:)*

Can you do your last line again.

**THOMAS:** The meat is cold because you come not home.

**ANDRE:** Home? What are you talking about? Where's my money?

**THOMAS:** Why, you gave no gold to me.

**ANDRE:** I put it in your hand one minute ago and I can't possibly imagine why you don't have it anymore since I know for a fact that you are Dromio since you are wearing the exact same clothes you did when you left my company.

**THOMAS:** Of course I'm Dromio! And thou art Antipholus!

**ANDRE:** THEN WHERE'S MY MONEY?!

**THOMAS:** My charge was but to fetch you from the mart Home to your house, the Phoenix, sir, to dinner: My mistress and her sister stays for you.

**ANDRE:** Who's your mistress?

**THOMAS:** Your wife, sir.

**ANDRE:** WHOA. So you just came from my wife's house?

*(He looks down at Thomas holding up his pants. A moment.)*

First, I don't have a wife. Second, um...

**THOMAS:** Not that kind of mistress!



**ANDRE:** I don't have a wife, I'm not getting married, I want my money!

**THOMAS:** You're mad!

**ANDRE:** You're darn tooting I am!

*(Andre slaps Thomas about the back and shoulders. Thomas tries to defend himself, lets go of his pants, which fall.)*

**THOMAS:** What mean you, sir?

For God's sake, hold your hands!

Nay, and you will not, sir, I'll take my heels.

*(Thomas runs off with his pants halfway down.)*

**ANDRE:** So hard to buy good help as babies these days.

*(He exits in the opposite direction. Ilona as Luciana and Demetra as Adriana enter, carrying in their home. Their home is ridiculous, absurdly small. Approximately the size of a kid's playhouse. It fits one person uncomfortably. It has a roof of some sort, but most likely everyone needs to stoop to be inside it. Demetra clearly built it herself. Demetra and Ilona are inside it at the moment as they enter, like a Flintstones car. The actresses are aware of the difficulty this presents and try their best to be visible to the audience, including leaning out of the windows.)*

**DEMETRA:** Neither my husband nor the slave return'd,

That in such haste I sent to seek his master!

Sure, Luciana, it is two o'clock.

**ILONA:** He's an idiot. I do not want him in here.

*(Thomas, still in pants that don't fit, runs/stumbles in, hands her a pocket version of the play. Ilona looks at her lines.)*

**THOMAS:** *(Whispering through the window:)* Just do the actual lines!

**ILONA:** Fine!

*(She looks for the spot on the page. Thomas points it out to her. He runs/stumbles to the side of the stage for his entrance.)*

Good sister, let us dine and never fret:  
A man is master of his liberty:  
Time is their master, and, when they see time,  
They'll go or come: if so, be patient, sister.

**DEMETRA:** Why should their liberty than ours be more?

**ILONA:** *(Reading from the script:)* The beasts, the fishes, and the winged fowls,

Are their males' subjects and at their controls:  
Men, more divine, the masters of all these,  
Lords of the wide world and wild watery seas,  
Indued with intellectual sense and souls,  
Of more preeminence than fish and fowls,  
Are masters to their females, and their lords:  
Then let your will attend on their accords.

*(She looks at the script in disgust.)*

Nope.

**DEMETRA:** But were you wedded, you would have some sway.

**ILONA:** *(Reading:)* Ere I learn to love, I'll practice to obey.

*(She can't do it anymore.)*

All right you know what? No thanks.

*(Thomas enters as Dromio of Ephesus.)*

Hold on. 'Cause I need to deal with this right here. All right, dear sister – first of all –

*(She tosses the script offstage.)*

I am now a strong independent woman. Just happened. I have the seen the light. And if that man of yours isn't paying you

respect, then you kick his butt to the curb, you hear me? You gotta respect yourself.

**DEMETRA:** Word.

**ILONA:** That's right. If he doesn't want to be in this house, no worries. Isn't any room for him in here anyway.

**DEMETRA:** I love this house, actually. I made it myself.

**ILONA:** Uh huh.

**DEMETRA:** Since everyone else had "things to do" when I asked to have help with it. So here we are. Please criticize it again.

**ILONA:** No I'm good.

*(Thomas knocks on the tiny door.)*

**DEMETRA:** Enter.

*(Thomas regards the space and the fact that he has to hold up his pants with one hand. He struggles to get inside.)*

Say, is your tardy master now at hand?

**THOMAS:** *(Gesturing with both hands, pants drop:)* Nay he's at two hands with me.

**DEMETRA:** Didst thou speak with him?

**THOMAS:** But, sure, he is stark mad.

When I desired him to come home to dinner,

He ask'd me for a thousand marks in gold.

"Tis dinner-time," quoth I; "My gold!" quoth he;

"Your meat doth burn," quoth I; "My gold!" quoth he:

"Will you come home?" quoth I; "My gold!" quoth he.

"Where is the thousand marks I gave thee, villain?"

"The pig," quoth I, "is burn'd;" "My gold!" quoth he.

*(Ilona and Demetra get on either side of Thomas in the tiny house. He has no room to move at all.)*

**ILONA:** That's a lot of quothing.

**THOMAS:** "I know," quoth he, "no house, no wife, no mistress."

*(Demetra is shocked.)*

**ILONA:** Are you serious?

**THOMAS:** That's what he quoth.

**ILONA:** You quoth him to get his butt back to his home.

**DEMETRA:** Go back again, thou slave, and fetch him home.

**ILONA:** Yeah! Fetch his butt!

**THOMAS:** Go back again, and be new beaten home?

**DEMETRA:** Back, slave, or I will break thy pate across.

*(Demetra shoves him.)*

**ILONA:** Yeah! Boom!

*(Ilona shoves him back the other way.)*

**DEMETRA:** Hence, prating peasant! Fetch thy master home!

*(Demetra shoves him.)*

**ILONA:** Peasant!

*(Ilona shoves him. They push him out the door. He trips over his pants, falls flat. He scrambles offstage.)*

**DEMETRA:** Nooo!

He has no wife? Is that what he said?

Hath homely age the alluring beauty took

From my poor cheek? Then he hath wasted it:

Are my discourses dull? Barren my wit?

**ILONA:** Oh honey, no. Your wit's totally fruitful or whatever.

**DEMETRA:** I know his eye doth homage otherwhere,

Or else what lets it but he would be here?

Since that my beauty cannot please his eye,

I'll weep what's left away, and weeping die.

*(She cries a little.)*

**ILONA:** No...hey...he's just late for lunch.

**DEMETRA:** He'll be late for lunch— forever! Don't you see? I'm hideous! He no longer loves me!

**ILONA:** You don't need him.

**DEMETRA:** I'm going to be unloved! Just like you!

*(She sobs and holds onto Ilona.)*

I'll be alone, and miserable, and pathetic— people will laugh at me behind my back!

**ILONA:** It's going to be OK—

**DEMETRA:** I'll never again know love! It's over for me! I'm going to be just like you! *(Sobbing and holding onto her:)* Alone— forever, because no one will ever want me! Just me alone— so alone with a cat! I don't know how you do it! I don't know how you manage to get up in the morning with your life! IT'S SO SAD! SO SAD!

**ILONA:** All right— I'm out.

*(Ilona and Demetra carry their house offstage. They bump into something, can't quite get the house offstage properly. Thomas changes pants back into Dromio of Syracuse's pants. He feels sooo much better. Andre enters, still as Antipholus of Syracuse.)*

**ANDRE:** Hey there Dromio my trusted slave and I totally don't realize that thou hast changed pants again.

*(Pause. He hasn't said anything like the correct line.)*

What?

*(Thomas motions for him to continue.)*

**THOMAS:** Dost thou not have something interesting to say to me?

**ANDRE:** Dost I?

**THOMAS:** I think thou dost.

**ANDRE:** Pretty sure I don't dost.

**THOMAS:** Pretty sure thou dost...dost. About how thou hittest me last time thou sawest me?

**ANDRE:** I hit your twin. I didn't hit you. You don't even know that.

*(Thomas frowns.)*

Who's not making sense now?

**THOMAS:** You don't even know I have a twin.

**ANDRE:** And yet here we are. Checkmate.

**THOMAS:** *(Utterly confused:)* That's not what—! Sir—I have returned from the Centaur.

**ANDRE:** Good.

**THOMAS:** No, not good! Dost thou think I went to the Centaur?

**ANDRE:** Yes! You just said it!

**THOMAS:** And yet art thou not confused?!

**ANDRE:** Very confused!

**THOMAS:** See?

**ANDRE:** No!

**THOMAS:** What happened when thou last spied someone who looked exactly like me except with slightly different pants which thou didn't even notice?

**ANDRE:** *(Getting it finally:)* I beat you.

**THOMAS:** Yes!

**ANDRE:** And I will beat you again!

**THOMAS:** Yes! Why?

**ANDRE:** That's my line!

**THOMAS:** Why?

**ANDRE:** Yes!

**THOMAS:** Why am I beating you?

**ANDRE:** I don't know! That's why I'm asking you!

**THOMAS:** But I'm not beating you yet!

**ANDRE:** But you should be!

**THOMAS:** You're making no sense!

**ANDRE:** Exactly! That's why you want to hit me!

*(Andre gives in and chases Thomas around. Andre accidentally touches the back wall and Thomas freaks out, slapping his hand away from the wall. The banner reading "The Comedy of Errors" falls again. Andre, upset, chases Thomas more. Thomas is actually able to get his real line in:)*

**THOMAS:** But, I pray, sir why am I beaten?

**ANDRE:** YOU JUST TOLD ME TO BEAT YOU!

**THOMAS:** THAT'S MY LINE!

**ANDRE:** WHY?

**THOMAS:** YES!

**ANDRE:** WHAT?

**THOMAS:** NO, WHY! THAT'S YOUR LINE!

**ANDRE:** I DON'T KNOW THAT!

**THOMAS:** AARRRRRGH.

*(Ilona runs in, using a tree to hide herself. She picks up the banner and starts pushing it up to Demetra, who is on the ladder behind the wall. Thomas decides to just start saying lines now.)*

Was there ever any man thus beaten out of season,  
When in the why and the wherefore is neither rhyme nor  
reason?

Well, sir, I thank you.

*(Pause. Andre regards Thomas, trying to think of what happens next. Ilona can't get the banner up to Demetra, who is trying not to touch the set.)*

**ANDRE:** ...Sure.

**THOMAS:** Marry, sir, for this something that you gave me for nothing.

*(Pause.)*

**ANDRE:** ...Indeed.

**THOMAS:** Nay, sir, I think the meat wants that I have.

**ANDRE:** Meat. Yes. Definitely meat.

*(Thomas gives up. Points offstage.)*

**THOMAS:** Someone is coming!

*(Ilona and Demetra are not ready. The banner falls again. Demetra motions for them to stall.)*

**ANDRE:** You've gone mad, Dromio!

**THOMAS:** Yes! Yes I have!

**ANDRE:** You admit it!

**THOMAS:** No, you think I've gone mad!

**ANDRE:** That's something a crazy person would say!



**THOMAS:** Don't you remember when a person WHO LOOKED JUST LIKE ME was here and you hit him even though I don't know ANY OF THAT!

*(Pause.)*

**ANDRE:** You seem to be confused.

**THOMAS:** Arrrgh! You beat me again. Beat me again.

**ANDRE:** How do you know I beat you the first time?

*(Thomas grabs Andre's hands and forces him to beat him. They finally get the banner attached. Demetra pops her head over the wall and speaks her line from there:)*

**DEMETRA:** *(Overacting:)* Ay, ay, Antipholus, look strange and frown:

Some other mistress hath thy sweet aspects;  
I am not Adriana nor thy wife.

*(Ilona drops the tree she was behind.)*

**ILONA:** That's right! Scum.

*(Demetra puts her hands on the top of the wall.)*

**ANDRE:** You are NOT my wife.

**THOMAS:** *(Hisses:)* Hands!

*(Demetra lets go – falls. WHUMP. Everyone looks around.)*

**ILONA:** Um...so...this is messed up.

*(Demetra stumbles in, holding her head, and overacting.)*

**DEMETRA:** *(Overacting:)* How comes it now, my husband, O, how comes it,  
That thou art thus estranged from thyself?

**ANDRE:** Lady, I do not know you.

**DEMETRA:** *(Overacting even more, clutching him:)* Ah, do not tear away thyself from me!

**ANDRE:** I don't know what you're talking about!

**DEMETRA:** I said DO NOT TEAR THYSELF FROM ME!

*(Not letting go of him – he's trying to get away.)*

DO NOT TEAR THYSELF FROM ME! NEVER!

*(Andre partially escapes. Demetra chases him around, really getting into it. She yanks him around with her, pounding on his chest.)*

Wouldst thou not spit at me and spurn at me  
 And hurl the name of husband in my face  
 And tear the stain'd skin off my harlot-brow  
 And from my false hand cut the wedding-ring  
 And break it with a deep-divorcing vow?  
 I know thou canst; and therefore see thou do it.  
 I am possess'd with an adulterate blot;  
 My blood is mingled with the crime of lust:  
 For if we two be one and thou play false,  
 I do digest the poison of thy flesh,  
 Being strumpeted by thy contagion.

*(Demetra takes a breath. Looks at him expectantly. She holds her head in pain.)*

That's right, strumpeted.

**ANDRE:** Strumpeted?

**DEMETRA:** *(Seductive:)* Strumpeted.

**ANDRE:** Um...I like you – you seem really nice –

**DEMETRA:** We are one flesh.

**ANDRE:** That was one time and it didn't really mean anything for me, so I'm sorry I don't want –

**THOMAS:** Can we get back to the play, please? Right, Luciana?

**ILONA:** Sorry I was just watching this. (*Remembers she has a role to play:*) Yeah whoa fie and all that, An-syphilis! Why are you acting crazy! You know this is your wife! You know she sent Dromio to come get you for dinner!

**THOMAS:** By me?

**ILONA:** Don't look at me like that! I will slap that look off your face. Yes, this fool was supposed to come get you for dinner and he showed up and was all, "your husband doesn't even know who you are."

*(Demetra agonizes.)*

**DEMETRA:** My heart!

**ANDRE:** Is this true?

**THOMAS:** I, sir? I never saw her till this time.

**ANDRE:** Wait a minute! A person who looked exactly like you told me that he came from my wife just a couple of minutes ago! And I beat him!

**THOMAS:** YES! That's exactly what happened! I mean, I never spake with her in all my life.

**ANDRE:** Oh sure. And yet somehow SHE KNOWS OUR NAMES. How do you explain that, huh? How do you explain—

**DEMETRA:** Because thou dost love me—

**ANDRE:** Hold on, I remember what happens here. How do you explain that SHE KNOWS OUR NAMES. What possible logical explanation could there be? It's not like we both have EVIL TWINS with the SAME NAME wearing VERY SIMILAR CLOTHES who are so close in appearance that even our own wives couldn't tell the difference between us! THAT WOULD BE INSANE.

**DEMETRA:** Thou art an elm, my husband, I a vine—

*(Demetra entangles herself in Andre. He tries to walk with Demetra hanging off of him.)*

Whose weakness, married to thy stronger state,  
Makes me with thy strength to communicate:

*(She slides down his body as he tries to get his legs free.)*

If aught possess thee from me, it is dross,  
Usurping ivy, brier, or idle moss;  
Who, all for want of pruning, with intrusion  
Infect thy sap and live on thy confusion.

*(Finally, Andre manages to extricate himself from Demetra. She bumps against the ground and lies there. Is she unconscious? Andre pokes her. She doesn't move.)*

**ANDRE:** Again, I'm really sorry you got the wrong idea about us—

*(She pops up – startling him.)*

Aaah!

*(She starts crawling after him.)*

And I know there aren't a lot of eligible bachelors in this town,  
but seriously, please, have some self-respect.

*(He picks her up, tries to deposit her on someone in the audience.)*

There are plenty of men here who would love to—

**ILONA:** Hey Dromio—get your butt home and get dinner ready.

**THOMAS:** O, for my beads! I cross me for a sinner.  
This is the fairy land: O spite of spites!  
We talk with goblins, owls and sprites:  
If we obey them not, this will ensue,  
They'll suck our breath, or pinch us black and blue.

**ILONA:** You want pinching? I will give you pinching.

*(She pinches him.)*

**THOMAS:** Ow!

**ILONA:** I got more where that came from.

*(Pinches him again. He pinches her back. She pinches him again. He pinches her back. Slap fight ensues. In the audience, Andre starts getting back on stage – Demetra leaps on his back.)*

**DEMETRA:** Come, come, no longer will I be a fool,  
To put the finger in the eye and weep,

*(Andre staggers about under her weight.)*

Whilst man and master laugh my woes to scorn.  
Come, sir, to dinner. Dromio, keep the gate.  
Husband, I'll dine above with you to-day  
And shrive you of a thousand idle pranks.

*(Andre collapses under her weight. Demetra gets off of him, takes him by the arm, and drags him offstage.)*

**ANDRE:** I guess we're going to dinner then.

**THOMAS:** Master, shall I be porter at the gate?

**DEMETRA:** Ay, and let none enter lest I break your pate.

**ILONA:** Now we ride!

*(Ilona mimes getting on a motorcycle to drive off. Everyone looks at her.)*

My character rides a Harley. It's in my notes.

*(She mimes riding off. Thomas darts in.)*

**THOMAS:** Scene change!

*(Everyone changes costumes. Demetra stands there for a second, reeling from her head wound.)*

**ILONA:** Do you need medical attention?

**DEMETRA:** I'm almost entirely fine.

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*(Demetra helps Ilona bring out the tiny house again, and they quickly change into the costumes of Angelo and Balthazar. Both of their costumes are huge and drape over them like tents. They put on fake beards. Thomas takes a deep breath and tries to get into the pants for Dromio of Ephesus. It's a struggle. He can't get them fixed. Finally, he gets a belt or something similar and wraps it around his upper thighs to hold his pants in place. Andre laughs at him and grabs the pants for Antipholus of Ephesus. They are even smaller than Dromio's pants. It's a nightmare. He gets them up to about his thighs and can get no further. Finally, lights come up on the four of them outside the tiny house. Andre and Thomas both hold their pants up. Maybe the women also hold their pants up.)*

**ANDRE:** Well here we are at my house, my good friends.

*(Ilona and Demetra make grunting noises like men.)*

We're a small people.

**DEMETRA:** *(As Balthazar:)* I think it's great, considering that only one person made it and no one else helped.

**ANDRE:** Yes, of course.

**DEMETRA:** *(As Balthazar:)* That just goes to show that whoever made this is a fine woman and totally doesn't deserve being treated like trash.

**ILONA:** *(As Angelo, who is a pirate, apparently:)* Yar har!

**DEMETRA:** *(Catching on:)* Yar!

**ILONA:** Manly grunt! Harrgrh.

**DEMETRA:** Yar har!

**ILONA:** Oh yeah let me just scratch here in public like a big ol' man.

**DEMETRA:** Woo! I mean yarrrrr.

---

*(Thomas and Andre stare at them.)*

**ILONA:** You know what I love about being a man?

**DEMETRA:** Tell it, sister!

**ILONA:** I will, 'cause I'm just gonna say whatever I want and mansplain everything. Yeah! Woo!

**DEMETRA:** Yarrrrr!

**THOMAS:** Can we get on with it?

**ILONA:** Well, actually, you probably don't know this, but I am an expert in whatever it is you're going to talk about—because I am a MAN.

**DEMETRA:** And my opinion is very important to myself because I am also a MAN.

**ILONA:** Yarrrr! Oh yeah. Woo.

*(They high-five. Chest bump. Generally behave like idiots.)*

**ANDRE:** ANYWAY—where were we?

**ILONA:** I don't know 'cause I never ask for directions ha ha ha ha!

**THOMAS:** OK...

**DEMETRA:** You look beautiful without makeup. Ha ha ha ha! But let me give you some unsolicited advice about your clothes!

**ILONA:** I too will give you advice because I am a man! Yar!

**DEMETRA:** Yar har!

**THOMAS:** Say what you will, sir, but I know what I know; That you beat me at the mart.

**ILONA:** You know what I like to beat?

**DEMETRA:** Yarrrrr! Men!

**ILONA:** Manly grunts!

**ANDRE:** I did beat you because I think thou art an ass.

**ILONA:** Asssss!

**THOMAS:** Stop it stop it stop it this is a family show!

**ILONA:** It's a donkey. Which I ride—when I feel like it—because I am a dude.

**ANDRE:** *(To self:)* But soft! My door is locked! (I remembered the lines!)

*(He's standing very far away from the actual door.)*

I mean...

*(He approaches door, which is obviously open – he shuts it.)*

But soft! My door is locked! Go bid them let us in.

**THOMAS:** Maud, Bridget, Marian, Cicel, Gillian, Ginn!

*(Thomas retrieves a Dromio of Syracuse puppet or ventriloquist's dummy and puts it inside the house through a window.)*

*(As Dromio of Syracuse:)* Mome, malt-horse, capon, coxcomb, idiot, patch! Go, get thee from the door!

My master is in the street!

*(As Dromio:)* Let him walk from whence he came, lest he catch cold on's feet!

**ANDRE:** Who's in there?

**THOMAS:** *(As Dromio:)* I'll tell you when, and you tell me wherefore.

**ANDRE:** What does wherefore mean? You tell us what wherefore means!

**THOMAS:** *(As Dromio:)* Why?

**ANDRE:** Tell me what it means or I'll blow this house down!

**ILONA:** Yarrrr!



**DEMETRA:** Yarr!

**ILONA:** Violence! Let's make threats of violence because we are stupid men!

**DEMETRA:** I'll pull your ears off!

**ILONA:** Good thing people like us are in charge of every country!

**DEMETRA:** That makes total sense! Yarrrrrr.

*(They chest-bump again.)*

**ANDRE:** Do you guys mind?

**DEMETRA:** Sorry. I just... *(She approaches him, seductive in her fake beard.)* I want to let you know that if you can't get into this house for some reason, my house is always open for you.

**ANDRE:** I'm good, thanks.

**DEMETRA:** It's rustic. But cozy. We'll pour a little wine. Make some clever puns... *(She wraps her fake beard around him seductively.)* Explore...

*(Thomas yanks his puppet out of the house.)*

**THOMAS:** Can we continue with the play please?

**ANDRE:** Who are you?

**DEMETRA:** I'm your worst nightmare and your biggest dream wrapped up into one—

**ANDRE:** No I mean—

*(Thomas puts his puppet back in the house.)*

**THOMAS:** *(As Dromio of Syracuse:)* My name is Dromio. Villain! Thou hast stolen my office and my name! You wilt open this door!

*(As Dromio:)* I am Dromio! Suck an egg!

What did you just say?

*(As Dromio:) I told you to beat it, wanker!*

Don't you talk to me like that!

*(As Dromio:) I'll talk to you anyway I want, you loser, because your parents never loved you!*

How do you know about that?!

*(As Dromio:) I know all about you! I know that in middle school you were afraid to shower and hid in the closet after gym class! You monster!*

*(As Dromio:) Jennifer Blevins didn't want to go out with you so hid outside her bushes at night!*

Shut up!

*(As Dromio:) You think she liked you! She never liked you! No one likes you!*

Aaaagh! Aaaaaaaghghgh!

*(Thomas, wailing, pulls his puppet out of the house and stumbles around the stage.)*

You're right! You're right about me, Dromio! I've never been loved! Noooooo!

*(As Dromio:) I forgive you.*

You do?

*(As Dromio:) Yes.*

I love you.

*(As Dromio:) I love you.*

*(He hugs himself in a puddle of tears. Reluctantly, Andre takes out an Antipholus of Syracuse puppet. Happily, Demetra takes out an Adriana puppet.)*

**ANDRE:** *(As Antipholus of Syracuse:)* Who was that?

**THOMAS** *(As Dromio of Syracuse, from the middle of the stage:)* I don't care I'm finding myself right now.

**ANDRE:** *(As Antipholus of Syracuse:)* Who's out there?

It's me, Antipholus! I own this house!

*(As Antipholus of Syracuse:)* Well I'm inside it now!

**DEMETRA:** *(As Adriana:)* Go away, stranger! My husband and I are loving right now!

**ANDRE:** *(As Antipholus of Syracuse:)* We're not loving. We don't even really know each other.

**DEMETRA:** *(As Adriana:)* That's what we say when we're loving. I'm kissing him right now.

*(She makes kissing noises.)*

**ANDRE:** *(As Antipholus of Syracuse:)* Stop it!

**DEMETRA:** *(As Adriana:)* Yes yes yes yes!

*(Andre yanks his arm out, but he's lost the puppet. Demetra pulls out her puppet, which now has the Antipholus puppet safely in its mouth. Demetra stares at Andre and puts her other hand up the Antipholus puppet. She now acts out the scene with both of the puppets.)*

*(As Antipholus:)* Oh Adriana I never thought it could be like this!

*(As Adriana:)* I always thought it would be like this.

*(As Antipholus:)* I love you so much. I love you more than all the other girls ever who are stupid and awful and not nearly as cute as you.

*(As Adriana:)* Yes. Yes that is right.

*(As Antipholus:)* I'm so sorry and I respect your feelings.

*(They make out more. Andre tries to get his puppet back, but Demetra runs away from him, having her puppets make out the entire time. Andre tries to chase after her, but the fact that he is holding up his pants with one hand makes this difficult.)*

And more than that, I'm going to clean the bathroom thoroughly and I'm going to take care of things like scheduling play dates for our children and I won't even need you to—

*(Andre gets the puppet from her, then takes it and throws it into the house. Demetra throws her puppet in after him.)*

**ILONA:** (*Super manly:*) All right quit this feelings crap! Arrrrgh.

**DEMETRA:** (*Super manly:*) Yarrrr.

**ILONA:** I'm a man so I'm going to tell everyone what to do without thinking about it!

**DEMETRA:** And I'm leaving the toilet seat up! Yarr.

**ILONA:** You! So what if your wife locked the door? Let's go to a tavern and EAT MEAT INSTEAD!

**DEMETRA:** Yarr. I don't care about animals.

**ANDRE:** I suppose we could do that. (*To Demetra:*) And I need you to um...

**DEMETRA:** Yes? What do you need from me? Anything. Yarr.

**ANDRE:** Um...

*(Looks over at Thomas, who is still having a moment, talking to himself with the puppet.)*

There's a plot thing that has to happen here...

**THOMAS:** (*As Dromio of Syracuse:*) It's not your fault.

It's not your fault.

*(As Dromio:)* You're so beautiful.

No you're beautiful.

*(Andre looks over to Demetra and Ilona.)*

**ANDRE:** And you guys um...

**DEMETRA:** Yarr.

**ILONA:** Yarr.

*(Andre takes over and uses the suggestions given to him by the children in the opening. IMPROV SECTION: Andre tries to introduce the ideas [whatever they are – dinosaurs, zombies, dragons – the weirder the better]. He tries to get the other actors involved – Ilona is game, Demetra is enthusiastic about turning*

*things into a love story and Thomas is lost unto himself. Andre gets more and more enthusiastic about it, bringing his energy higher and higher until at the end of this section, he gets wild, knocks over all the trees, smashes into the set and knocks himself out. PAUSE. Everyone looks at Andre's body.)*

**ILONA:** So I think we're taking a little break.

*(They drag him offstage. Lights down. End of Act I.)*

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**ACT II**

*(During intermission, the actors once again scramble to set up the stage. Things are moved. Then moved back. Andre has an ice pack on his head. Demetra holds it there. Andre notices Demetra is holding it on his head and tries to get away. She shhhhs him. Finally, he escapes to talk to the audience.)*

**ANDRE:** OK so we are back for Act Two! Act Two!

**DEMETRA:** Yes. So back.

**ANDRE:** Yes! Um...so...this would be a good time to do a quick summary of what has happened so far, because I'm sure everybody is super clear on what happened in the first act.

*(He steps out into the audience and picks on people. Probably picks out an adult first.)*

Please summarize what happened in Act One. Quick! Like your life depended on it!

*(The audience member tries to explain what happened.)*

I don't think so. I don't think that's what happened.

*(Andre asks a child.)*

I didn't watch Act One. What happened?

*(The child probably cannot explain it either.)*

What do you think's gonna happen in Act Two? Yeah I don't know either.

*(Thomas enters.)*

**THOMAS:** OK I have sorted myself out and— WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

**ANDRE:** THEY DON'T KNOW WHAT HAPPENED!

**THOMAS:** It's obvious, OK? First, in a flashback two sets of identical twins with identical names were shipwrecked and

raised in different cities. Their father comes looking for them and is arrested and given until sundown to get out of town—meanwhile, the twins run into each other, BUT, and this is the funny part, Dromio of Ephesus runs into Antipholus of Syracuse and thinks Antipholus of Syracuse is Antipholus of Ephesus, which is wrong because he is Antipholus of Syracuse, but he manages to get him to come have dinner with Antipholus of Ephesus' wife, who thinks that Antipholus of Syracuse is Antipholus of Ephesus. Meanwhile, Antipholus of Ephesus and Dromio of Ephesus show up at their house, only to find it locked with Antipholus of Syracuse and Dromio of Syracuse inside. So they get mad and leave.

*(He takes a breath.)*

It's simple! OK. So Antipholus of Syracuse and Dromio of Syracuse are inside the house and Antipholus of Ephesus and Dromio of Ephesus are outside the house.

*(Andre puts on his tiny pants. Thomas puts on his tiny pants. Demetra and Ilona put on their beards.)*

Ready...and go!

*(PAUSE. Long pause. Extremely long pause. Andre slowly points to himself.)*

**ANDRE:** Am I supposed to say something?

**THOMAS:** Chain.

**ANDRE:** Yes! Chain. I need you to make a chain. *(To Thomas:)* A chain?

**THOMAS:** It's like a necklace.

**ANDRE:** Oh that's right! I was going to give it to my wife, but now that she's locked the door I'm going to find the nearest tavern wench and give it to her instead.

**DEMETRA:** Aye aye, sir.

*(Demetra exits.)*

**ILONA:** Yarr. Let's go scratch ourselves.

*(Ilona, Thomas and Andre start to leave – Andre rushes forward, gets out of his pants and puts on the other pants. Ilona switches to Adriana's outfit. They run back and get inside the little house.)*

So what's the deal, yo? You just show up here and pretend you don't know my sister? How is that cool?

**ANDRE:** I just don't have feelings for her, OK?

**ILONA:** Well you get some.

**ANDRE:** It doesn't work that way.

**ILONA:** Sure it does. You're married. You're not supposed to like that person. You're supposed to keep suffering 'cause you agreed to the deal.

**ANDRE:** I love another.

**ILONA:** Who's that?

**ANDRE:** You.

**ILONA:** Say what now?

**ANDRE:** Ever since I first saw you and you were beating the heck out of my servant, I've been entranced by you. You're like a mermaid. But like a really powerful mermaid.

**ILONA:** Shut your face. You're married to my sister.

**ANDRE:** I don't know your sister! I know you!

**ILONA:** I'm about to powerful mermaid all over your face.

**ANDRE:** Please!

*(Ilona starts beating Andre. She knocks him around the tiny house, which knocks the tiny house around the stage.)*

These are but love blows! Oh jeez ow! Ow! Oh man ow!



---

*(Ilona keeps knocking Andre and the tiny house around the stage. Thomas runs in as Dromio of Syracuse. He tries to follow them to get in the little house.)*

**ILONA:** So yeah. That's all I have to say about that.

*(She exits, leaving Andre on the ground. Maybe she steps over him on the way out.)*

**ANDRE:** Dromio...

**THOMAS:** Do you know me, sir? Am I Dromio? Am I your man? Am I myself?

**ANDRE:** I don't know, man. I guess.

**THOMAS:** I am an ass, I am a woman's man and besides myself.

**ANDRE:** What are you talking about?

**THOMAS:** Marry, sir, besides myself, I am due to a woman; one that claims me, one that haunts me, one that will have me.

**ANDRE:** That seems to be going around. Who is she?

**THOMAS:** Marry, sir, she's the kitchen wench and all grease; and I know not what use to put her to but to make a lamp of her and run from her by her own light.

**ANDRE:** Ouch. Can you tell me other terrible things about her?

**THOMAS:** She sweats; a man may go over shoes in the grime of it.

**ANDRE:** That sounds pretty disgusting.

**THOMAS:** She is no longer from head to foot than from hip to hip: she is spherical, like a globe; I could find out countries in her.

**ANDRE:** Where's Ireland?

*(Ilona enters.)*

**ILONA:** Whoa hold on.

**THOMAS:** Marry, in her buttocks. I found it out by the bogs.

**ANDRE:** Where's Scotland then?

**ILONA:** Hey hold up. There's like a page and a half of racist fat jokes here.

*(Demetra enters.)*

**DEMETRA:** Yeah, this part of the play is pretty inappropriate.

**ANDRE:** It's genius.

**ILONA:** It literally talks about Ireland being part of her butt.

*(Thomas snickers.)*

**THOMAS:** It's funny 'cause it's true.

**ILONA:** Shakespeare takes a five-minute break in the middle of the show to throw shade on every other country in the world.

**DEMETRA:** Maybe we could skip it?

**THOMAS:** Fine. Moving forward!

*(Demetra and Ilona exit.)*

**ANDRE:** What happens now?

**THOMAS:** You tell me to leave.

**ANDRE:** Oh. Dromio, let's get out of here. Hire a ship and let's blow this joint.

**THOMAS:** As from a bear a man would run for life,  
So fly I from her that would be my wife.

*(Thomas exits.)*

**ANDRE:** So here I am by myself again. Um...so I got one woman who thinks I'm married to her, but I'm in love with her sister—

*(Demetra enters as Balthazar.)*

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**DEMETRA:** Yarr. Yo ho!

**ANDRE:** Excuse me?

**DEMETRA:** I have completed the chain in a very fast amount of time because I am great at everything. Yarr.

*(Demetra produces the necklace.)*

**ANDRE:** What am I supposed to do with this?

**DEMETRA:** Whatever you want. Probably give it to the woman you love. The woman you can't bring yourself to admit that you love. 'Cause you have a hard time with your feelings. Let's bro-hug.

**ANDRE:** Let's not bro-hug!

**DEMETRA:** I will bro-hug you whether you like it or not!

*(Demetra gives him a lingering bro-hug.)*

**ANDRE:** This is not a bro-hug!

**DEMETRA:** Shhhh...let it out. Tell me.

**ANDRE:** I've never seen you before in my life and you're giving me a necklace!

**DEMETRA:** Is it weird now? Did I make it weird?

**ANDRE:** You just gave me a necklace out of nowhere.

**DEMETRA:** You asked me to make it for you, dude. By the way, you can pay me next time I see you, in an hour or so, because that makes a lot of sense. And I AM A MAN.

**ANDRE:** Maybe I should pay you now.

**DEMETRA:** Nope. Not necessary. You can pay me in twenty minutes when I see you again wearing different pants. All right let's hug it out.

**ANDRE:** We already hugged it out!

**DEMETRA:** WE'RE HUGGING IT OUT AGAIN! YARR.

*(Demetra gives him another hug.)*

This feels so right.

**ANDRE:** OK—

*(Andre tries to get her off of him. He stumbles out of the tiny house.)*

**DEMETRA:** You are a merry man, sir. Fare you well.

*(Demetra exits.)*

**ANDRE:** Everyone here is crazy.

*(Andre runs off, but first considers the pants of Antipholus of Ephesus. He decides to hold them in front of himself rather than put them on. Thomas enters and struggles mightily to get himself into the pants of Dromio of Ephesus. Struggles. Demetra [as Balthazar] runs in and drags the tiny house offstage as Ilona enters, still as Angelo.)*

**ILONA:** Yarr. Man snort.

**DEMETRA:** Yarrrr.

**ILONA:** That was smart of you to not get paid right away. That way you can demand money later.

**DEMETRA:** Yarr.

*(They exit. Andre approaches Thomas.)*

**THOMAS:** *(Hissing:)* You're in the wrong pants!

**ANDRE:** *(Stage whisper:)* I am not going through that again!

**THOMAS:** *(Stage whisper:)* I'm in the pants, you have to be in the pants!

**ANDRE:** *(Stage whisper:)* Never!

*(Thomas has had enough. While holding his pants up, he tries to get Andre's pants down. Andre tries to slap his hands away. Andre starts hitting Thomas with the pair of pants in his hand.)*

Stop it stop it stop it!

*(Thomas gives up holding his own pants up, using both hands to get a hold of Andre's pants and tries to pull them down just as Ilona enters.)*

**ILONA:** Antipholus, I—never mind...

*(She exits. Thomas gets Andre's pants off.)*

**ANDRE:** *(Stage whisper:)* Fine! Fine! Is this what you want?! Fine!

*(Andre angrily tries to get into the pants. It hurts so bad. He grunts manfully. He pulls. He gets down on the ground and after that doesn't work, jumps up and down to get into them.)*

**THOMAS:** *(Helpful:)* Here.

*(Thomas grabs the sides of Andre's pants and pulls them up as hard as he can, lifting Andre off the ground. Andre's screams get higher-pitched. Ilona and Demetra approach as Thomas rushes off.)*

**ILONA:** Yarr. Good to see you, Antipholus.

**DEMETRA:** Yeah. I mean, manly grunt.

**ANDRE:** Yes. You people. The goldsmith. I am waiting for your gold chain slash necklace.

**DEMETRA:** Saving your merry humour, here's the note  
How much your chain weighs to the utmost carat,  
The fineness of the gold and chargeful fashion.  
Which doth amount to three odd ducats more  
Than I stand debted to this gentleman:

*(Ilona scratches, spits, adjusts her crotch.)*

I pray you, see him presently discharged,  
For he is bound to sea and stays but for it.

**ILONA:** Yarr. Bound for sea. (*Excited:*) I knew I was a pirate!

**ANDRE:** You mistake me, sir. I will pay your ducats when you give me the chain.

**DEMETRA:** I already gave you the chain last time I saw you.

**ANDRE:** I think you're confused, because you didn't give me the chain. Maybe you gave the chain to someone who looked exactly like me with the exact same name.

**DEMETRA:** I gave it to you. Where's my ducats?

**ILONA:** GIVE US THE DUCATS! WHERE MY MONEY?!

**ANDRE:** You didn't deliver the chain!

**DEMETRA:** I PUT IT IN YOUR HAND!

**ANDRE:** LIES!

**ILONA:** WHERE MY MONEY?!

*(Ilona starts roughing up Andre, who can't fight back because he can't bend his knees.)*

**ANDRE:** THIS IS ALL SOME KIND OF EXTREMELY UNREALISTIC MISUNDERSTANDING!

*(He falls over.)*

**DEMETRA:** He's got the money in his pockets! Tip him upside down!

**ANDRE:** What?

*(Ilona and Demetra grab his legs like a bully in a cartoon and try to tip him upside down to make change fall out of his pockets. It doesn't work very well. Thomas enters, dressed hastily as an Officer in clothes that are enormous on him.)*

**THOMAS:** What ho?

**ILONA:** Arrest this fool!

**THOMAS:** I do; and charge you in the duke's name to obey me.

**ANDRE:** I'm not doing anything!

**DEMETRA:** Either consent to pay this sum for me  
Or I attach you by this officer.

**ANDRE:** Police abuse! This is police abuse!

**THOMAS:** I do arrest you, sir: you hear the suit.

**ANDRE:** Fine!

**ILONA:** WHERE'S MY MONEY?!

**ANDRE:** Shut up!

**ILONA:** Yarr. Manly grunt.

**THOMAS:** If you'll excuse me for one second, I'll be right back.

*(Thomas runs to the other side of the stage and switches into  
Dromio of Syracuse's clothes. Runs back in.)*

Master, there is a bark of Epidamnum  
That stays but till her owner comes aboard,  
And then, sir, she bears away. Our fraughtage,  
sir, I have convey'd aboard; and I have bought  
The oil, the balsamum and aqua-vitae.  
The ship is in her trim; the merry wind  
Blows fair from land: they stay for nought at all  
But for their owner, master, and yourself.

**ANDRE:** Oh. Epi – Dam – Epi – dan... What are you talking about?

**DEMETRA:** He means to skip town!

**ILONA:** Yarr.

**THOMAS:** A ship you sent me to, to hire waftage.

**ANDRE:** What? Waftage?!

**ILONA:** He sent him to hire waftage!! What's waftage?

**THOMAS:** It's a ship.

**ILONA:** Then say ship.

**ANDRE:** To Adriana, villain, hie thee straight:

Oh my gosh I remember this part!

Give her this key, and tell her, in the desk

That's cover'd o'er with Turkish tapestry,

There is a purse of ducats; let her send it:

Tell her I am arrested in the street

And that shall bail me; hie thee, slave, be gone!

**DEMETRA:** Yarr. Take him away, officer!

*(Thomas exits, switches clothes into the officer, returns and grabs Andre. He escorts him stiff-legged offstage. After a moment he runs back in and switches back into his Dromio outfit.)*

**THOMAS:** To Adriana! That is where we dined,

Where Dowsabel did claim me for her husband:

She is too big, I hope, for me to compass.

Thither I must, although against my will,

For servants must their masters' minds fulfil.

*(He runs off. Demetra and Ilona drag in their tiny house and get inside it.)*

**ILONA:** So have you noticed we're only allowed to be in this tiny house?

**DEMETRA:** It's not my fault!

**ILONA:** No, I'm saying, why is it that the men can run around outside the house like idiots and we have to stay here the whole time waiting for them?

**DEMETRA:** I hear you.



**ILONA:** Why do we need them anyway? Your husband was totally hitting on me.

**DEMETRA:** What?!

**ILONA:** Don't worry, I wouldn't touch him, he's disgusting.

**DEMETRA:** He is my true love.

**ILONA:** Oh honey no. He sucks so bad. You always do this. You fall for the first guy that comes along—

**DEMETRA:** Have you seen him in the pants?

**ILONA:** Not impressed.

**DEMETRA:** And we're actually married!

**ILONA:** But that was a terrible mistake, clearly. You don't need to be married. He doesn't need to live in this tiny house with you. He doesn't respect you! You got to live for yourself, you know? Make your own way. Be the hero of your own story.

**DEMETRA:** You're right! I don't need him.

**ILONA:** Nobody does! His dog doesn't even need him!

**DEMETRA:** His dog would be better off without him!

**ILONA:** His dog would be better off roaming the streets in a wolfpack. At least then he would have self-respect.

**DEMETRA:** I want self-respect too!

**ILONA:** Yes! GET IT, GIRL.

**DEMETRA:** I AM WOMAN. RARRRR!

*(Thomas runs in as Dromio of Syracuse.)*

**THOMAS:** Here! Go; the desk, the purse! Sweet, now, make haste.

**ILONA:** What?

**DEMETRA:** Where's my husband? I've got some words for him!

**ILONA:** That's right!

**THOMAS:** No, he's in Tartar limbo, worse than hell.  
A devil in an everlasting garment hath him;  
One whose hard heart is button'd up with steel;  
A fiend, a fury, pitiless and rough;  
A wolf, nay, worse, a fellow all in buff!

**ILONA:** So you're saying he's been arrested by a dude in the buff?

**DEMETRA:** I'd like to see this! Nope. I mean no.

**THOMAS:** He is arrested on the case.

**DEMETRA:** Arrested?!

**THOMAS:** I know not at whose suit he is arrested well;  
But he's in a suit of buff which 'rested him, that can I tell.  
Will you send him, mistress, redemption, the money in his desk?

**DEMETRA:** He needs money to get out of jail?

**ILONA:** Aw heck no.

**THOMAS:** Please, mistress, the money.

**DEMETRA:** I don't have any money to get his butt out of jail.

**ILONA:** Boom!

**THOMAS:** But he said —

**DEMETRA:** I don't care what he said! He says he doesn't know me! He says he's not married to me! And now he wants my sweet cash? No thanks!

**ILONA:** SING IT!

**DEMETRA:** I AM WOMAN HEAR ME ROAR.

**THOMAS:** But the—

**DEMETRA:** You like him so much, you be the wife and stay in the tiny house!

*(Demetra rips off her wig and slaps it on Thomas' head.)*

**ILONA:** Wooo!

**DEMETRA:** We're leaving!

**ILONA:** YESSS!

*(They shove Thomas down in the tiny house, get on the outside of it, and push it offstage. Andre enters as Antipholus of Syracuse. He enjoys his pants that fit. He puts on the gold necklace.)*

**ANDRE:** Oh I feel so much better.

**DEMETRA:** It's over, Antipholus! I thought you were cool, but it's over! I'm tired of throwing myself at you!

**ANDRE:** I don't even know you, lady! And you're not supposed to be in this scene!

**DEMETRA:** Oh sure! That's what you want from me! Just put me in the scenes where you want us! Sexist pig!

**ILONA:** We're gonna be in all the scenes now.

**DEMETRA:** Boom. I never loved you.

**ILONA:** Never.

**DEMETRA:** It was all an act. When I was videotaping you while you slept? I was just pretending to be interested. When I was texting you all those times in the middle of the night? I didn't mean it. When I became best friends with your mom? Didn't even care.

**ANDRE:** You became best friends with my mom?

**DEMETRA:** I don't even like her. But no more. WE ARE OVER.

*(Thomas enters as Dromio of Syracuse.)*

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**ANDRE:** Dromio, do you know what's going on?

**THOMAS:** They wouldn't give me the gold, sir.

**ANDRE:** What gold?

**THOMAS:** The gold you sent me for. To get you out of prison. And yet you are already out of prison.

**ANDRE:** Do I look like I'm in prison?! I sent you to get a ship to get us out of here because everyone in this town is INSANE.

**THOMAS:** And I got that ship, and then you told me to forget the ship and get money to get you out of prison. And I really should have the gold for you because if I don't have the gold for you none of this makes any sense. Can I have the gold please?

**DEMETRA:** NOPE. We're opening our own business with the money.

**ILONA:** Female entrepreneurs, y'all!

**THOMAS:** (*Stage whisper:*) Um... This is where the courtesan enters.

**ILONA:** So?

**THOMAS:** (*Stage whisper:*) So you're playing the courtesan.

**ILONA:** That's the only roles this play has for women: spinster sister and courtesan. Where's my story arc? When do I get to be the hero?

**DEMETRA:** We're opening a start-up tech firm!

**ILONA:** Bam!

**DEMETRA:** Hey what's a courtesan anyway?

**THOMAS:** It's um...a friendly lady that you pay money to be friendly with you.

**DEMETRA:** What?!

**THOMAS:** I didn't write this!

**DEMETRA:** You should be the courtesan then! That's right—you play it. See how you like being a stereotype.

*(Demetra goes to get the courtesan costume, which is rather revealing.)*

Now this costume makes sense!

*(She returns and stuffs Thomas into the dress.)*

**THOMAS:** All right. Fine, I'll just do all the parts then! Is that what all of you people want!? NO ONE KNOWS THEIR LINES EXCEPT FOR ME ANYWAY!

*(Thomas runs back and forth between the roles, jumping in front of Andre to say his lines. He gets faster and faster as he goes. As the Courtesan:)*

Well met, well met, Master Antipholus.

I see, sir, you have found the goldsmith now:

Is that the chain you promised me to-day? *(As Antipholus:)* Satan! Avoid! I charge thee, tempt me not! *(As Dromio:)* Master, is this Mistress Satan? *(As Courtesan:)* Your man and you are marvellous merry, sir. Will you go with me? We'll mend our dinner here? *(As Dromio:)* Master, if you do, expect spoon-meat; or bespeak a long spoon. *(As Antipholus:)* Why's that, Dromio? *(As Dromio:)* Marry, he must have a long spoon that must eat with the devil. *(As Antipholus:)* Ha ha ha ha you are funny Dromio! *(As Dromio:)* I am extremely talented. *(As Courtesan:)* Give me the ring of mine you had at dinner. *(As Antipholus:)* NO! *(As Courtesan:)* Give it to me! *(As Antipholus:)* Never!

*(Thomas stops, completely out of breath, exhausted. He falls over.)*

**DEMETRA:** So let me get this straight—you were locked out of the house for one hour and immediately you decided to go with this courtesan and give her a ring and a gold chain? THAT'S WHAT YOU DO WITH YOUR TIME?

**ANDRE:** I have to go.

**DEMETRA:** I'M SO GLAD I NEVER LOVED YOU.

*(Andre hustles offstage. Ilona takes Dromio of Ephesus' pants and throws them on the prostrate Thomas. Andre enters, struggling to get into his pants.)*

**ANDRE:** Unhand me, sir.

*(Thomas speaks from the ground, wriggling his way into his own pants.)*

**THOMAS:** I guess sure.

*(Thomas becomes Dromio and staggers into the scene.)*

**ANDRE:** Here comes my man. Where's my money?

**THOMAS:** What money?

**ANDRE:** The money I sent you for!

*(Andre tries to beat Thomas.)*

**THOMAS:** YOU ARE A BAD MAN AND THESE AREN'T EVEN THE LINES WE'RE SUPPOSED TO BE SAYING NOW!

*(Ilona enters as Balthazar.)*

**ILONA:** HOLD UP, IDIOTS. Yarrrr.

*(They hold up.)*

Pretty sure that this dude is crazy and he's possessed by evil spirits. Yarr. So I've got my friend, Doctor Pinch, to make sure that you're nuts.

*(Demetra enters as Doctor Pinch.)*

**DEMETRA:** Give me your hand and let me feel your pulse.

**ANDRE:** Your name is Doctor Pinch; I'm not giving you my hand.

**DEMETRA:** Give me your hand.

**ANDRE:** Not doin' it.

**DEMETRA:** Give it to me – I feel nothing for you now.

**ANDRE:** Good. I don't want you to feel anything for me.

**DEMETRA:** Good. Because I don't. I'm over you. In a doctor-type way.

**ANDRE:** Excellent. Because I don't want to be involved with you in a non-doctor way. (*Thinks about that for a second.*) I mean –

**DEMETRA:** Give me your hand.

**ANDRE:** Fine.

*(She pinches him.)*

Ah!

**DEMETRA:** My name is Doctor Pinch. That's what I do.

**ANDRE:** That's why I wasn't giving you my hand!

**DEMETRA:** Give me your hand again.

**ANDRE:** No!

**THOMAS:** CAN WE KEEP GOING PLEASE?!

**DEMETRA:** Fine.

*(She moves to pinch him.)*

**ANDRE:** What are you doing?

**DEMETRA:** I charge thee, Satan, housed within this man,  
To yield possession to my holy prayers  
And to thy state of darkness hie thee straight:  
I conjure thee by all the saints in heaven!

*(She pinches him.)*

**ANDRE:** OW!!!

**DEMETRA:** It didn't work. The man is mad.

**ANDRE:** I am not mad!

**DEMETRA:** Aren't you? (*She rips off her outer clothes.*) You didn't even recognize me!

*(Ilona rips off her outer clothes.)*

Your own wife!

**ILONA:** And her sister! Boo ya!

**ANDRE:** My darling wife!

**DEMETRA:** Don't you "darling wife" me! And what is wrong with your pants?

**THOMAS:** Not our fault!

**ILONA:** Get some self-respect, man.

**DEMETRA:** We've been in disguise this entire time as stereotypical men, and neither of you were able to figure it out!

**ANDRE:** But...how is it possible that you were outside the house with me, when you had locked the door?

**DEMETRA:** Because, you fool, I am Adriana, but I am not your wife. I am Adriana's twin sister, also named Adriana!

**ILONA:** And I'm Adriana's twin sister's sister's twin, also named Luciana!

**ANDRE:** What?

**THOMAS:** *WHAT?!*

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