

**ATTACK
OF THE
SHAKESPEARE FAIRY**

by Joel Trinidad

ATTACK OF THE SHAKESPEARE FAIRY

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ATTACK OF THE SHAKESPEARE FAIRY

for Finny

ATTACK OF THE SHAKESPEARE FAIRY

CAST: 8 actors

TOBY	(M, teen) a hopeless romantic
DAVE	(M, teen) a smart aleck slacker
LEE	(F, teen) an intelligent, responsible girl
HARRY	(M, teen) an obnoxious jock
JULIE	(F, teen) a ditzy cheerleader
IMEE	(F, teen) Julie's sardonic best friend
SHAKESPEARE FAIRY	(M, 30s to 40s) a pompous busybody
NELL/REGAN/COACH	(M or F, 30s to 40s) various faculty members

NOTE: To accommodate a larger cast size, the faculty members can be played by three separate actors.

TIME:
Present day

PLACE:
A middle school

Bedrooms in various houses

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SCENE 1

Monday morning. Lights up on TOBY, who is reading aloud from a book and clearly struggling with the text. MISS NELL, his English teacher, looks on.

TOBY. "... Thus conscience does make cowards of us all,
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought,
And enterprises of great pith and moment
With this regard their currents turn awry
And lose the name of action."

NELL. Thank you, Toby. That was exceedingly... adequate. You have comported yourself with dignity and verve, if not proficiency. Now, all of you. I require your oral reports on this immortal soliloquy in two days.

SCENE 2

The lights change to reveal DAVE, LEE, and Toby, who is still carrying the book he was reading from in the previous scene. It is Monday afternoon.

DAVE. We get just two days for this report. Two days!

TOBY. I can barely understand her, let alone that Hamlet thing. "You are exceedingly adequate, and you comport yourself with dignity and proficiency." Who the heck talks like that?

LEE. Guys, two days is not so bad. Just do some research for once in your life.

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DAVE. That's easy for you to say, Miss "My Shakespeare Report Was So Good I'm Exempted From Everything."

LEE. Shut up, Dave.

TOBY. Maybe she's right.

DAVE. Oh, really? So tell me, Toby: Did you understand a single thing that you said in the soliloquy?

TOBY. Erm... well...

DAVE. What's a "contumely"?

TOBY. I don't know.

DAVE. What about a "bodkin"? What are "fardels"?

TOBY. I don't even know what a "soliloquy" is.

LEE. Guys! It's 48 hours! That's *twice* the lifespan of a mayfly.

TOBY. I suddenly wish *I* were a mayfly.

LEE. I'll help you guys with your reports, okay? Just meet me here, right before class, in two days. (*HARRY, JULIE, and IMEE enter, but Toby only has eyes for Julie.*)

HARRY. Lee! Just the girl I was looking for.

TOBY. Hi, Julie.

JULIE. Hi, Toby. (*Imee rudely grabs the book from Toby. It's just something that she does, and they're all used to it.*)

IMEE. Hey, Romeo. You know her boyfriend is right here, right?

TOBY. What? I just said hi. (*Imee hands the book back... then deliberately drops it.*)

LEE. If you guys want my help on the Shakespeare report, Harry, the answer is no.

HARRY. What? Why?

LEE. Why? Maybe because you're rude. Maybe because you pick on my friends. Maybe because you, I don't know, *stole my history paper last month and submitted it yourself.*

HARRY. I was desperate!

LEE. You nearly got me suspended!

DAVE. Here's a tip, genius. Before you submit someone else's report, make sure you put your own name on it first.

HARRY. Shut up, Dave.

LEE. Sorry, Harry. No, come to think of it, I'm *not* sorry.

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HARRY. Come on, Lee. With the game coming up, you can't expect us jocks and cheerleaders to waste time wearing tights and prancing around like idiots.

DAVE. (*Panicking.*) Tights? Did he say tights? No one said anything about tights.

LEE. No tights, Dave. It's just a report. You really should listen in class.

HARRY. It's just so stupid, you know? All that, "Doth thou think that ith thweet, perchanth?"

JULIE. (*Dimly.*) What's the matter, baby? Is it your allergies again?

HARRY. It's a joke, baby.

JULIE. No, it's not. Allergies are very serious.

IMEE. Come on, Lee. Don't be such a pain.

DAVE. Way to win her over, Imee.

IMEE. Shut up, Dave.

LEE. Forget it, Harry. Not gonna happen.

HARRY. Fine. But I won't forget this. You're all on my list. Come on, let's go.

TOBY. Bye, Julie!

DAVE. See you, Harry. Watch those allergies.

HARRY. Shut up, Dave.

SCENE 3

The lights change, and it is Tuesday morning. Standing behind a lectern is PRINCIPAL REGAN, a bored-looking middle-aged woman who would clearly prefer almost any other job to her own. She addresses the unseen student body.

REGAN. All, right, settle down. Settle down. People. All right. Now. Announcements. I'm sure you're all as thrilled as I am about the upcoming basketball game against our rival school, St. Crispian's. (*The unseen audience boos spiritedly.*) Yes, Go Knights. Now. The Lancaster Knights versus the St. Crispian's Cavaliers. That game was supposed to be held at their school, in the Southampton Sports Center in two weeks. I've just been informed that there's been a flood at St. Crispian's. Now... (*The*

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audience cheers, interrupting her.) People. Sportsmanship. Now. Changes. Because of the flood, the Southampton Sports Center will be unusable for the next month. Or two. Decision. We will now hold the championship next Friday. Here, in our very own Lancaster Auditorium. *(Louder cheers.)* Settle down, please. Now. Athletes. Cheerleaders. In order for you to properly prepare for the game, you are hereby exempted from all reports for the coming week. *(A few students cheer, but most of them complain and boo loudly.)* That is all. Go Knights.

SCENE 4

Tuesday afternoon. Lee, Dave, and Toby are getting ready to go home. Harry enters with Julie and Imee.

HARRY. Hey, losers. Good luck with those Shakespeare reports!

LEE. Give it a rest, Harry. *(Imee grabs Dave's school bag and looks through it absently.)*

IMEE. We *will* give it a rest! All week long.

DAVE. You know, it's a good thing you got exempted, Harry. Otherwise you might have to learn how to read.

HARRY. *(Threateningly.)* You wanna go? Right now.

DAVE. Right now? Okay. Let's start with the ABCs... *(Harry makes for Dave, but is interrupted by the entrance of Miss Nell. The students ad-lib greetings as Imee politely returns Dave's bag to him.)*

STUDENTS. Hi, Miss Nell. Good afternoon. (etc.)

DAVE. Saved by the Nell.

TOBY. Yeah. Ha ha!

JULIE. I don't get it.

NELL. What is the meaning of this rather spirited discourse?

IMEE. Nothing, Miss Nell. Nothing. They were just...

DAVE. We were just...

LEE. They were just trying out a scene from Romeo and Juliet.

NELL. Ah! Mercutio and Tybalt, I suppose? *(The students ad-lib their agreement.)* Of course! Ah, Mercutio. Such beguiling lines of prose!

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“What, dost thou make minstrels of us? An thou make minstrels of us, look to hear nothing but discords.” Ha ha!

DAVE. Ah, those silly minstrels.

TOBY. We just love Shakespeare!

HARRY. Yeah. That Mercu... erm... Mercurochrome is my favorite character.

DAVE. Yes. He’s very good with cuts and scrapes.

HARRY. Hey, Dave. Why don’t you tell Miss Nell your favorite Shakespeare line from Romeo and Juliet?

DAVE. (*Horried.*) What?

IMEE. Yeah, that’s a great idea. Let’s hear it, Dave.

DAVE. I... uh...

HARRY. Weren’t you just saying you wish Miss Nell were around to hear you?

IMEE. Yeah!

DAVE. I didn’t... I mean, I don’t...

HARRY. “Miss Nell would be so proud,” you said.

IMEE. You really would, Miss Nell.

NELL. My, my! A fellow Shakespeare aficionado! I would be most gratified to hear your favorite quote from the immortal bard.

DAVE. Erm... Well, there are so many...

HARRY. Come on, Dave. You were quoting the line to us just now.

DAVE. Oh, you mean *that* line. Right. Ha ha! Erm... (*Improvising desperately.*) “For... sooth...” (*The bell rings. Dave is visibly relieved.*)

NELL. All right. Another time, then. Ladies, gentlemen. (*The students ad-lib goodbyes as she exits.*)

HARRY. Now you really *were* saved by the bell.

JULIE. Oh, now I get it!

IMEE. Let’s just get out of here, Harry.

JULIE. Yeah, baby. Let’s go. We don’t want to upset your chakra.

TOBY. His what?

JULIE. Chakra. His life energy. (*Unseen by Harry, Julie, and Imee, Dave makes “woowoo” gestures to Lee.*)

TOBY. Wow. Life energy? That sounds really interesting, Julie.

IMEE. Give it up, lover boy.

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TOBY. *(Guilty.)* What?

HARRY. I'm not going to waste my life energy on you. I'll just save it for those losers from St. Crispian's. Another bunch of sissies. *(To Dave.)* This isn't over. *(As Harry, Julie, and Imee exit, Toby waves at Julie.)*

TOBY. Bye, Julie!

JULIE. Bye, Toby!

DAVE. I hate that guy.

SCENE 5

Tuesday night. Toby is in his bedroom, on the computer, trying to get started.

TOBY. Okay, here we go. *(Typing.)* "To be or not to be." Search. *(Clicks.)* Okay. *(Reading.)* "'To be or not to be' is the opening line of a soliloquy in William Shakespeare's play Hamlet, and arguably the most famous of all literary quotations." Okay. So far, so good. *(Reading.)* "Inscribed below is the 1623 First Folio text of the unabridged soliloquy, notwithstanding the incontrovertible fact that four emendations in italic are incorporated from the alternative canonical second Quarto of 1605." *(A beat. Toby's head is spinning. He tries something else.)* "Shakespeare... study aids... for... stupid people." *(Clicks.)* Search!

SCENE 6

Wednesday morning. Dave is pacing in the school quadrangle, right before the first bell. Lee enters.

LEE. Hey, Dave!

DAVE. Finally! You're cutting it pretty close.

LEE. What are you talking about?

DAVE. Hello! The oral report. "To Be or Not To Be"?

LEE. Right! So, what do you have?

DAVE. What do you mean?

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LEE. Let's see what you have so far.

DAVE. What do you mean, "what I have so far"? I don't have anything!

LEE. What?

DAVE. You said you'd help us! Me and Toby!

LEE. I said I'd help you with your report. I didn't say I'd write it for you!

DAVE. We're dead.

LEE. Okay, calm down. We have, what, 30 minutes before class starts? There's still time.

DAVE. We're dead.

LEE. Shut up, Dave. We have to focus here. *(Toby rushes in, dazed and ruffled.)*

TOBY. Guys!

LEE. Let me guess. You didn't do your report, either?

TOBY. Don't worry! I've got this. Thank you, overnight delivery. *(He brings out a gaudy Elizabethan necklace. A beat.)*

DAVE. We're dead.

LEE. What is that thing?

TOBY. It's the Shakespeare Talisman. *(Music stinger.)*

DAVE. The Shakespeare Talisman? *(Music stinger.)*

TOBY. Yes, the Shakespeare Talisman. *(Music stinger.)*

LEE. So what does the Shakespeare Talis— ? *(Avoiding the music stinger.)* So what does it do?

TOBY. It helps people with Shakespeare problems.

DAVE. What the heck is a "Shakespeare problem"?

TOBY. I'm not sure. I guess it's a problem that has something to do with Shakespeare.

DAVE. Wow. That's brilliant. I can't believe people call *me* the stupid one.

LEE. Shut up, Dave. *(To Toby.)* So does it work?

TOBY. I... I don't know. While waiting for the delivery, I looked it up on YouTube. I ended up watching videos of pandas falling over and I fell asleep.

DAVE. Look, we're running out of time here. Let's just start this sucker up. I'm willing to do anything.

LEE. Except your homework, apparently.

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DAVE. So how does it work?

TOBY. The manual says you're supposed to wear it and say a Shakespeare quote.

DAVE. That's it?

TOBY. Yup.

DAVE. And then what happens?

TOBY. You make a wish. And it has to start with the words "I wish..."

DAVE. As in, "I wish I could blah blah blah?"

TOBY. Yeah. It's an incantation. The manual was pretty specific about that. Oh, and also, it has to be a different quote each time you use the thing.

DAVE. That's the stupidest thing I ever heard.

LEE. I don't know about this, Toby. We have 25 minutes. I can still—

DAVE. I can't write a report in 25 minutes! Put it on, Lee.

LEE. What? Why do *I* have to put it on?

DAVE. We don't know how that thing works. What if all the knowledge and stuff goes straight into your head or something? You're the smartest one here. You'd have the best chance of explaining everything to the rest of us! (*Dave puts it on her.*)

LEE. This is stupid. Let's just go through the soliloquy line by line and—

DAVE. Lee, we don't have time for this!

LEE. So all of a sudden, this is my responsibility? I can't believe— (*The SHAKESPEARE FAIRY magically appears. He is sporting a tutu, fairy wings, a magic wand, and a golden tiara.*)

FAIRY. Hello!

TOBY + DAVE + LEE. AAAAAAHHH!

FAIRY. AAAAAAHHH! Don't do that!

DAVE. Wh— who are you?

FAIRY. Ahem. "The three of you are right now in a jam; You called in your confusion; here I am."

LEE. Erm... we didn't call you.

FAIRY. "Just wear the charm and speak some Shakespeare phrase; And I'll appear to brighten all your days."

TOBY. The Shakespeare Talisman works! We're saved!

DAVE. *Are we, though?*

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LEE. Wait, what do you mean, “speak some Shakespeare phrase”? I didn’t quote Shakespeare. Did I?

FAIRY. “The words you said were from a Shakespeare play; Those words are still in common use today.”

LEE. The words I said? What did I say?

TOBY. I think you said, “All of a sudden, this is my fault.”

FAIRY. “The phrase ‘all of a sudden’ is not new; Will Shakespeare did create that, yes, it’s true.”

DAVE. You’re annoying.

TOBY. Did you say something about granting wishes?

FAIRY. “When students beckon—“

DAVE. Would you stop that already?!

FAIRY. Sorry, sorry. Okay, this is how it works. When you wear the Shakespeare Talisman and speak a Shakespeare quote, I magically appear. Then I grant the wearer one wish. I am... the Shakespeare Fairy. (*Dramatic music stinger.*)

DAVE. Fairy, huh? Well, you certainly look the part.

FAIRY. Watch it...

DAVE. I’m just saying, the tiara is a bit much.

FAIRY. (*To Lee.*) You, madam, were the one who summoned me. I will grant you... one Shakespeare Wish.

DAVE. Hey, do we all get wishes? ’Cause I want an iPhone.

FAIRY. Sorry, I only grant Shakespeare Wishes.

DAVE. Okay, I want a Shakespeare iPhone.

LEE. Shut up, Dave.

TOBY. So what is a Shakespeare Wish?

FAIRY. A Shakespeare Wish is a wish that is related to the comprehension and appreciation of Shakespeare’s works. (*A beat.*)

DAVE. You’re even more annoying than I thought.

FAIRY. Hey!

TOBY. You have to admit, that’s pretty lame, Shakespeare Godmother.

FAIRY. That’s Shakespeare *Fairy*.

DAVE. Hey, can I wish for you to go away?

FAIRY. Listen, you churl...

DAVE. Churl? What’s a churl?

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FAIRY. A “churl” is an impolite, mean-spirited person. It was an insult used in Elizabethan times. Look it up.

DAVE. Oh, yeah? Churl this!

LEE. Wait! Hamlet!

FAIRY. My name is not Hamlet. I told you: I’m the Shakespeare Fairy.

LEE. No, no. I mean the speech! The soliloquy!

TOBY. Lee’s right! We need you to help us understand it! Can you do that, Fairy Godmother?

FAIRY. Listen kid, I’m not your Fairy Godmother. I’m the Shakespeare F—

DAVE. Look. Can you help us understand the speech or not?

TOBY. He’d better! He’s not the Shakespeare Godmother for nothing.

FAIRY. That’s Shakespeare *Godfather!* I mean, *Fairy Godfather!* I mean, the Shakespeare Fairy!

DAVE. Whatever. So can you do it?

FAIRY. Man, you people are really disrupting my chakra.

TOBY. This is good, Dave. We’re going to ace this!

FAIRY. *(To Lee.)* So is that your wish?

LEE. My wish?

FAIRY. You wear the talisman. The wish is yours.

LEE. Okay, sure. Why not? That’s my wish.

FAIRY. Put on the necklace and speak the incantation. “I wish, blah blah blah...”*(Lee puts on the necklace.)*

TOBY. Wait! Let’s get this on video. This is going to be cool!

DAVE. Here, I’ll do it. *(Dave takes out his phone.)*

LEE. Ready?

DAVE. Yup.

LEE. So... that’s my wish. To help these guys understand the “To Be or Not To Be” soliloquy from Hamlet.

FAIRY. Okay! Here we go. Stand back, everyone! Ahem.

ERAEPSEKAHS! *(The Shakespeare Fairy zaps Lee and Toby with his magic wand. Now entranced, they begin to speak in tandem.)*

LEE. “To be or not to be? That is the question:”

TOBY. To be alive or to be dead: which is better?

DAVE. Whoa...

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LEE. “Whether ’tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And by opposing end them?”

TOBY. Is it better to endure all the unpleasant things life throws at you,
or to just kill yourself so that there’s no more unpleasantness?

LEE. “To die, to sleep—
No more— and by a sleep to say we end
The heartache and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to— ’tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished.”

TOBY. Dying is really just like a kind of sleep that ends all the heartaches
we get just by being alive. So death is really something to wish for.

LEE. “To die, to sleep.”

TOBY. To die, to sleep.

DAVE. Oh, that was an easy one.

FAIRY. Shhh!

LEE. “To sleep, perchance to dream— ay, there’s the rub.”

TOBY. To sleep, and maybe to dream while you’re sleeping— but here’s
the catch:

LEE. “For in that sleep of death what dreams may come
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause. There’s the respect
That makes calamity of so long life.”

TOBY. Because who knows what kind of dreams we’d have in that sleep
of death? That’s something to worry about. And that’s why we stretch out
our sufferings for so long.

LEE. “For who would bear...”

TOBY. Who would put up with...

LEE. “The whips and scorns of time,
The oppressor’s wrong, the proud man’s contumely,
The pangs of despised love, the law’s delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes...”

TOBY. ... all these bad things...

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DAVE. Hey, you skipped some stuff.

FAIRY. Shhh. You get the point.

LEE. “When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin?”

TOBY. When you could just take a large needle and kill yourself?

LEE. “Who would fardels bear,
To grunt and sweat under a weary life,
But that the dread of something after death,
The undiscover’d country from whose bourn
No traveller returns, puzzles the will
And makes us rather bear those ills we have
Than fly to others that we know not of?”

TOBY. Why would anyone choose to go through this exhausting life unless they were afraid of what comes after death, which is a mysterious place no one ever returns from? Because of this, we just stick to things we *know* are bad instead of trying *new* things that we don’t know anything about.

DAVE. I still don’t know what a “fardel” is.

FAIRY. Shut up, Dave!

DAVE. Sorry! Geez...

LEE. “... Thus conscience does make cowards of us all,
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o’er with the pale cast of thought...”

TOBY. And so fear of death makes us all cowards, and too much thinking lessens our natural courage.

LEE. “And enterprises of great pith and moment
With this regard their currents turn awry
And lose the name of action.”

TOBY. And really important things get set aside and never get done. (*The spell is broken. Lee and Toby awaken from their trance.*)

LEE. Why am I suddenly so depressed?

DAVE. That was amazing!

LEE. What happened?

TOBY. I actually get it now!

LEE. What happened?

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DAVE. Now all we have to do is write everything down.

LEE. *What happened?!*

DAVE. The fairy princess guy zapped you both—

FAIRY. For the last time, it's Shakespeare F—

DAVE. *(Continuous.)* — and you totally explained the whole “To Be or Not To Be” speech on camera!

TOBY. Really?

FAIRY. 'Tis true.

LEE. That's awesome!

FAIRY. Thank you, thank you. Just doing my job.

LEE. So, did you take notes?

DAVE. I've got it all in here! *(They huddle around the phone as Dave replays the video.)*

LEE (VO). “To be or not to be...”

SCENE 7

Later that same day. Miss Nell is conducting class. [NOTE: This can be done as an audience participation scene, with the actors sitting in the audience to say their lines from there, if necessary.]

NELL. You seem to have relished your Hamlet assignments, since you all did such a capital job on the oral reports. So I think we'll stay on the topic of Shakespeare for the remainder of the day. *(The students groan.)* Now, now, students. It's really quite uncomplicated once you are cognizant of certain underlying elements in the text. One such example is the rhythm of the words themselves. Shakespeare, you see, was wont to write in iambic pentameter; that is to say, a line of verse with five metrical feet, each consisting of one unstressed syllable followed by one stressed syllable. To wit: Da-DUM, da-DUM, da-DUM, da-DUM, da-DUM.

HARRY. Well, it certainly sounds dumb. *(The students laugh.)*

NELL. Harold, perhaps you are using levity to veil your own sense of inquietude about Shakespeare?

HARRY. Uh... yes?

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NELL. Let's start with an example that's *not* in iambic pentameter: "Everyone can master grief but he that has it." In your estimation, what does that phrase mean? Toby?

TOBY. Oh. Me? Erm... I think it means... that it's easy to tell someone not to be sad, but when you're the one who's sad it's not that easy to snap out of it.

NELL. Marvelous! In many cases, it's simply plain English, and all you need to do is read the lines. What about this one: "When sorrows come, they come not single spies, but in battalions." Dave?

DAVE. I don't know... Bad things come in groups?

NELL. Capital! What about, "But for my own part, it was Greek to me." Let's see... Imee?

IMEE. Uh... Uh... It means... erm... Sorry, I don't get it.

NELL. Yes, that is exactly what it means! "I don't get it." Very good, Imee. I wasn't sure you were listening. Now let's all turn to page 307...

SCENE 8

Wednesday, lunch time. Dave is having lunch with Toby. Harry and Julie enter.

HARRY. Hey, Dave!

JULIE. Hi, Toby.

TOBY. Hi, Julie.

DAVE. What do you want, Harry?

HARRY. I kinda feel bad about making fun of you the other day about the Shakespeare thing.

DAVE. Right.

HARRY. No, really. I didn't want it hanging over my head during the big game on Friday.

JULIE. Negative energy.

HARRY. Don't want to upset my Chewbacca.

DAVE. Yeah. All right. Whatever. Thanks.

HARRY. So, anyway... I got you a gift. Sort of a peace offering. Here.

(Harry hands Dave a box, which Dave opens suspiciously. Inside is a pair

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of tights. As Harry and Julie exit, laughing...) Thee you around,
Shakethpeare thitheeth!

JULIE. *(To Harry.)* Do you think he liked them?

TOBY. Bye, Julie!

DAVE. I hate that guy.

TOBY. She's sweet, though.

DAVE. I'm not gonna let him get away with this. There's gotta be a way I can get back at him. I wish I could just... I wish... *(Beat.)* Wait a minute! That's it!

TOBY. What?

DAVE. I have the perfect plan!

TOBY. Hey, I hope you're not gonna do anything to Julie...

DAVE. I'm not gonna do anything to Julie. My revenge is going to be on Harry. Just Harry. Ha ha!

TOBY. What are you going to do?

DAVE. Give me the necklace thing. I'm going to use my Shakespeare Wish! *(Toby hands it to Dave, who puts it on.)* Hmm. Let's see... What's that quote about the ears? Ah! "Friends, Roman, countrymen, lend me your ears." *(The Shakespeare Fairy appears.)*

FAIRY. You called?

DAVE. Hey, Shakesfairy! I need your help.

FAIRY. It's not Shakesfairy, it's Shakespeare Fai— *(Beat.)* Never mind. What do you want, kid?

DAVE. Revenge.

FAIRY. Interesting. "The croaking raven doth bellow for revenge."

DAVE. What?

TOBY. It's another Shakespeare quote, I guess.

FAIRY. Very good! Hamlet, Act Three, Scene Two. *(Dave gives Toby back the talisman.)*

DAVE. Yeah, yeah. Look, I didn't use my wish the last time, so that means I can use it now, right?

FAIRY. "He that is thy friend indeed,

He will help thee in thy need." *(Dave and Toby stare at him blankly. He sighs.)*

Right. "Shut up, Shakespeare Fairy." So. What do you want me to do?

ATTACK OF THE SHAKESPEARE FAIRY

SCENE 9

The school gym, Wednesday afternoon. The COACH is giving the team a pep talk. [NOTE: As with Scene 7, this can be done as an audience participation scene, with the members of the cast sitting in the audience, encouraging the crowd.]

COACH. Okay, team. Remember: The game on Friday is for the championship. The Lancaster Knights versus the St. Crispian's Cavaliers. We can win this! We will win this. Fight!

ALL. Fight!

COACH. Fight!

ALL. Fight!

COACH. Fight!

ALL. Fight! *(Everyone cheers.)*

COACH. Harry, anything to say to your team? *(Harry gets up. Dramatic music begins to play.)*

HARRY. "This day is called the feast of Crispian:

He that outlives this day, and comes safe home,

Will stand a tip-toe when the day is named,

And rouse him at the name of Crispian.

He that shall live this day, and see old age,

Will yearly on the vigil feast his neighbours,

And say 'To-morrow is Saint Crispian:'

Then will he strip his sleeve and show his scars.

And say 'These wounds I had on Crispin's day.'

Old men forget: yet all shall be forgot,

But he'll remember with advantages

What feats he did that day: then shall our names,

Familiar in his mouth as household words

Harry the king, Bedford and Exeter,

Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloucester..."

COACH. Erm... who are you talking to?

HARRY. "Be in their flowing cups freshly remember'd.

This story shall the good man teach his son;

ATTACK OF THE SHAKESPEARE FAIRY

And Crispin Crispian shall ne'er go by,
From this day to the ending of the world,
But we in it shall be remember'd;
We few, we happy few, we band of brothers;
For he to-day that sheds his blood with me..."

COACH. (*Horried.*) Blood? Did you say blood?

HARRY. "Shall be my brother; be he ne'er so vile,
This day shall gentle his condition:
And gentlemen in England now a-bed
Shall think themselves accursed they were not here,
And hold their manhoods cheap whiles any speaks
That fought with us upon Saint Crispin's day." (*The music ends. A long beat.*)

COACH. So... uhm... yeah. You heard your team captain. Fight.

SCENE 10

Later that same day. Julie is meditating in a corner. Toby observes her from a distance as Lee joins him.

LEE. Toby! Have you heard?

TOBY. What?

LEE. They broke up! Harry and Julie broke up!

TOBY. No way!

LEE. It's all over the school.

TOBY. What happened?

LEE. Ever since Dave hit him with that Shakespeare spell, he's been acting all weird. Now is the perfect time to move in on Julie, while he keeps speaking French and calling her Katherine.

TOBY. I... I don't know if I can do it, Lee. I get all tongue-tied when I see her.

LEE. Well, you'd better do something soon. Half the guys in school are already lining up.

TOBY. You're right, you're right. (*Beat.*) Okay. I'm going to do it.

ATTACK OF THE SHAKESPEARE FAIRY

LEE. Great! *(The bell rings.)* Okay, gotta go. Good luck! *(Lee exits. Toby begins to approach Julie, but when she turns to look at him he changes directions and pretends to greet an unseen friend. Then he has an idea. He puts on the talisman and looks through one of his textbooks.)*

TOBY. Erm... Ah! *(Reading.)* “Tomorrow, and tomorrow, and tomorrow.” *(The Shakespeare Fairy appears.)*

FAIRY. Yes?

TOBY. Fairy, I’ve got a Shakespeare Wish.

FAIRY. Let’s hear it.

TOBY. I wish I were more eloquent and romantic.

FAIRY. Great! Romantic Shakespeare eloquence, coming right up!

ERAEPSEKAHS! *(He waves his wand. There is a flash of light as Toby is enchanted.)*

SCENE 11

Wednesday night. Julie and Imee are hanging out in Julie’s room.

IMEE. So it’s really over? As in, over?

JULIE. I just don’t understand him anymore...

IMEE. Oh, you mean he sends mixed signals.

JULIE. No, I *literally* don’t understand him. Like yesterday, he was saying something about the ocean.

IMEE. The ocean?

JULIE. Yes. He was in the cafeteria, shouting, “Once more onto the beach, dear friends, once more!”

IMEE. I was there! He wanted to plug holes in the wall with dead English people or something. What was that all about?

JULIE. Oh, never mind him. Did I tell you? I got a letter from a secret admirer today.

IMEE. *(Excited.)* You did?

JULIE. A poem. *(Julie takes out a sheet of paper and hands it to Imee.)*

IMEE. *(Reading.)* “Shall I compare thee to a summer’s day?

Thou art more lovely and more temperate:

Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,

ATTACK OF THE SHAKESPEARE FAIRY

And summer's lease hath all too short a date;
Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,
And often is his gold complexion dimm'd;
And every fair from fair sometime declines,
By chance or nature's changing course untrimm'd;
But thy eternal summer shall not fade,
Nor lose possession of that fair thou ow'st;
Nor shall death brag thou wanderlust in his shade,
When in eternal lines to time thou grow'st:
So long as men can breathe or eyes can see..."

IMEE + JULIE. "So long lives this, and this gives life to thee!"

IMEE. It's so romantic! Whatever it means.

JULIE. Yes! But too bad the poem isn't finished.

IMEE. Not finished? What do you mean?

JULIE. See? Here, in the last line, it says, "This gives life to thee."

IMEE. Okay...?

JULIE. This gives life to the... *what?*

IMEE. Uh, Julie...

JULIE. Oh! Maybe it's a to-be-continued kind of thing. I can't wait for the rest of it!

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