



AUDITION
SIDES

PROVIDED FOR STUDY ONLY.
MEMORIZATION NOT EXPECTED.



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Music & Lyrics by
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SOMETHING ROTTEN!
Audition Sides

SCENES:

Bea & Nick # 1
Bea & Nick # 2
Nick & Nigel # 1
Nick & Nigel # 2
Portia & Nigel
Will Shakespeare

MUSIC:

God, I Hate Shakespeare – Nick
Right Hand Man – Bea
God, I Hate Shakespeare (reprise) – Nick
I Love the Way – Portia & Nigel
Hard to Be the Bard – Shakespeare

BEA & NICK #1 (-1-)

SCENE 4: INT. NICK AND BEA'S FLAT

Nick's wife BEATRICE ("Bea") is at the sink doing dishes as Nick enters.

BEA
<HUMMMING...>

NICK
Hello, Bea darling...

He gives her a warm hug and a kiss.

NICK
Mmmm. Smells delicious. What is it?

BEA
(over her shoulder)
I'm boiling your underwear. Trust me, you don't want that.

Nick, who was about to take a sip off a spoon, pours it back in.

BEA
It would have been soup but just as I was going to market the landlord turned up demanding the rent -

Nick has just ladled himself a cup of water from a wooden bucket.

BEA
...which means we couldn't afford the well rights so I got river water.

Nick pours the water back in. Bea vomits into a bucket.

NICK
And now you're sick. That does it. We're dipping into the savings.

Nick goes to the SMALL WOODEN CHEST on the mantelpiece...

BEA
NO!!

She practically dives across the room and puts herself between him and the wooden chest.

BEA (CONT'D)
We agreed, Nicky, we never take money out of here! Ever! This money is for the country home where we can raise a family up proper. Now, I know things are tight, but that's why I was thinking I should get a part-time job.

NICK
A job?

BEA

I'd be a hell of a lot more convincing than those little boys pretending to be women. Couldn't you see me as Richard's French Queen?

(thick French accent)

"I hate ziss English cooking! Je' voudrais un croissant, du camembert, vive la France -- hee-haw-hee-haw!"

NICK

I have no idea what you just said. And you know it's illegal to put women on stage.

NIGEL

And also our play's been cancelled.

NICK

Not cancelled, Nige. That's such a negative way to put it. I mean, yes, we are no longer doing Richard the 2nd but only because we've come up with... something better.

BEA

Oooh, what is it?

NICK

Can't say. Don't want to jinx it.

(holding her, comforting her)

But, I'm telling you, Bea -- it's gonna be a hit, and I'm gonna get you outta this dump and into that country home - and everything's gonna be great.

BEA

Oh, I can't wait. (she hugs him) See, I knew you'd come through. Even though everyone says you're rubbish, I don't listen.

NICK

Aww, that's swee-- wait, what? Who says I'm rubbish?

BEA

Oh, nobody important. The butcher, the neighbors, my parents. But...

NICK

Your parents?

END

BEA & NICK #2

Nick turns and bumps into a man who is hurrying across stage carrying a burlap sack (it's Bea).

NICK

Oh! Sorry, sir.

BEA (LOW VOICE)

No worries, mate... just somethin' we men do, bump into each other and what not...

She's about to continue on when...

NICK

Bea? Not this again...

BEA

Had you for a minute, didn't I?

NICK

What are you doing? I told you to cut this out!

BEA

I know, but they were looking for good strong men to break down the stage and haul the wood away.

Bea vomits into her burlap sack.

NICK

You're still sick?

BEA

Actually, I was gonna tell you about that when you got home. You know how I've having these wild mood swings?

NICK

No.

BEA

YES YOU DO! - I TOLD YOU ABOUT THEM!!!

(feeling her stomach)

Well, there's a reason for it.

NICK

Oh God, you've got the plague.

BEA

No. I'm *pregnant*.

NICK

You sure it's not the plague?

BEA

No! Isn't it wonderful?

She hugs him.

NICK & NIGEL # 1

- 1 -

SCENE 3: EXT. LONDON STREET/OUTSIDE THEATER

TOWNSPEOPLE mill about. Nick walks, Nigel follows..

NICK

Okay...new idea, new idea...

NIGEL

If we're looking for new ideas, I still say we should write our life story -- two orphaned brothers, their father lost at sea, whose mother died of a broken heart. How you, at age 14, carried me, your sickly little brother on your back all the way from Cornwall.

Nick has stopped to listen. His head tilts back, he snores, snaps awake.

NICK

No! We need something big! Gimme your notebook.
(takes notebook, opens it)
"Ode to Love?" Poetry?

NIGEL

If I'm really being true to myself, that's what I am. A poet. Which is why maybe you should just go back to writing without me.

NICK

Don't say that. We're a team. You just need take all that poetry energy and channel into something people might pay to see.

NIGEL

Like the Bard.

NICK

A bard. And you know what? -- this little setback might be exactly what we needed. Failure is just opportunity in disguise.

NIGEL

And we've had a lot of opportunities.

NICK

We have to *innovate*. The world is changing, Nige. I recently heard about a man who has a toilet that *flushes*.

NIGEL

Really?? He doesn't throw his shit into the street?

NICK

No. He pulls a lever and it gets *whooshed* down a pipe and then into the street. And that's what we need. Something new. C'mon, let's get to work...

NICK & NIGEL #2

He pulls Nigel away, not noticing that he is still staring at Portia. She throws him one last glance before she exits.

NICK

Forget about her. It'll never work. Now listen. You know the big idea we're looking for? Well, I've got it.

NIGEL

You have?

NICK

Yes. Now, I want you to listen with an open mind because it's a bit radical.

NIGEL

Okay. What is it?

NICK

(painting it in the sky)

A MUSICAL.

(Nigel looks confused)

It's a play with songs -- but the songs advance the plot and develop character as they seamlessly segue from dialogue into singing.

Nigel thinks about it for a beat.

NIGEL

That...is...a fantastic idea.

NICK

Yeah?

NIGEL

It's *brilliant* actually. Might be your best yet.

NICK

I don't know, I've had some pretty good ideas. I mean "Hannibal?" Hello?

NIGEL

But this! -- how better to express the inner longings of the human soul than with music? And you're always writing songs on your lute.

NICK

I already dusted it off and started banging out some melodies. And all those poems of yours? -- there's your lyrics!

END

PORTIA & NIGEL

- 1 -

Nigel starts to walk away but notices a peasant woman in a cloak and hood who has stepped into his path.

NIGEL

Words, words, words. Good day, mistress.

PORTIA

"Good days were those when lit with love, till dusk of death did herald th'eternal night"

NIGEL

Hey -- I wrote that.

The woman lowers her hood, revealing herself to be Portia.

PORTIA

Yes, I know.

(holding up a page)

I accidentally took this after our first encounter. Your sonnet. I've memorized it word for word.

NIGEL

Really? And you thought it was... good?

PORTIA

It... touched me in places I did not know could be touched.

Portia suddenly realizes how that sounded, turns away - embarrassed.

PORTIA

Forgive me. Poetry is forbidden in my house, especially poems of earthly love. My father says they are the tools of Satan.

(melodramatically; to the heavens)

OH, IS THERE NO PITY IN THE CLOUDS THAT SEES INTO THE BOTTOM OF MY GRIEF?!

NIGEL

Romeo and Juliet, Act 1, Scene 5.

PORTIA

You've seen it?

NIGEL

Six times. And you?

PORTIA

Eight! If my father knew, he would disown me.

NIGEL

My brother, too.

PORTIA & NIGEL

- 2 -

PORTIA

I adore Shakespeare.

NIGEL

Me, too! I've got Comedy of Errors, first edition.

PORTIA

I've got Sonnet number 1. Signed!

NIGEL

Wow!

(checking over his shoulder)

OK, I've never shown this to anyone before but -- a letter. To me. From the Bard. Saying he has received my sonnet.

PORTIA

You sent him a sonnet?

NIGEL

I know Ben Johnson's cousin who knows a guy who works for Shakespeare and he gave it to him.

PORTIA

And he's read it??

NIGEL

Well, he said he would. I mean, he's probably way too busy. He doesn't know who I am or anything.

WILL SHAKESPEARE

SHAKESPEARE

Is that a young Bottom I see?!

Nigel Bottom -- playwright, poet and prestigious prodigy.
(to attendant)

Oooh, that was a lot of alliteration -
(singing it)

OCCUPATIONAL HA-ZARD!

(shaking Nigel's hand)

So, you're Nicky Bottom's little brother. His "secret weapon." Nice to finally meet you. And pray tell -- who is this delightful damsel, this maiden fair, this feast for the eyes?

NIGEL

Oh, um... This is Portia.

SHAKESPEARE

Portia. Good name.

PORTIA

<BIG GASP, BREATHING QUICKLY>

SHAKESPEARE

That's right. This is happening. Just breathe...

PORTIA

M-m-m-master Shakespeare...

SHAKESPEARE

Aw, she's bedazzled. You like that word? I made it up, it's what I do!

(turns to crowd)

Let's drink to that!

END

Piano-Vocal Score

NICK
NIGEL
MALE ENSEMBLE

NICK

Something Rotten!

3

God, I Hate Shakespeare

Music & Lyrics by
Wayne Kirkpatrick and
Karey Kirkpatrick

NICK: Comedies?!? Name one thing of his that's funny.
Give me a line, anything.

NIGEL: "On my word, we'll not carry coals for
then we should be colliers!" (*TROUPE laughs*)

NICK: That's not

Brisk Rock (♩ = 150)

NICK: **2**

fun-ny! Argh... God, I hate Shakes-peare! That's right, I said it. I do, I hate Shakes-peare! I just don't get it, how a

TROUPE: **NIGEL:** **ROBIN:**

<GASP> No! Why?

f

E B/D#

1 2 3 4 5

me-di-o-cre ac-tor from a mea-sly lit-tle town is sud-den-ly the bright-est jewel in Eng-land's Roy-al Crown. Oh,

mp

E/B B⁷_{sus} E/B A_m B⁷

6 7 8 9

V.S.

God, I hate Shake-speare! His plays are word-y but oh no, the "great" Shake - speare! That lit-tle turd, he has no

mf E B/D#

10 11 12 13

sense a-bout the au-di-ence, he makes them feel so dumb. The bas-tard does-n't care that my poor · ass is get-ting numb.

mp E/B B7sus E/B Am B7

14 15 16 17

18 Half-time feel

NICK:

TROUPE:

[NIGEL SINGS]

It's ea - sy, I can say it 'cause it's ab-so - lute - ly true.

How can you say that? How can you say that?

How can you say that? How can you say that?

f G D/F# E_m G⁺/D# *mp* C G/B A D

19 20 21

Waltz in '1' (♩. = 56)

NIGEL:

His gen-ius is he's fool-ing all of you! But he's

Don't be a pe-nis, the man is a gen-ius.

Don't be a pe-nis, the man is a gen-ius.

f G D/F# E_m G⁺/D# *mp* C B

22 23 24 25

26

poco rit.

bril-liant what maj-e-s-ty flows from his pen. His po-e-try soars like a sweet vi-o-lin. God's

E/G# A F#⁺/A# B² G#⁺/B# C#_m A_{ma}7 A/B

27 28 29 30 31 32 33

a tempo

poco rit.

NICK: Jeez, you sound just like him!
NIGEL: Really? Thanks!

own in-spi-ra-tion, like light-ning doth strike him, and he cap-tures my soul!

E/G# A B² C#_m² A_{ma}7

34 35 36 37 38 39 40 41

VS. →

Tempo I

NICK: You should hate Shake-speare! <GASP> Well, there's your pro-blem, you're so

TROUPE:

NIGEL: Well, I don't. I try to em-u-late Shake-speare.

blind-ed by "the Bard" who's such a pom-pous lit-tle man.

Why is it a prob-lem to ad-

'Cause he's a hack with a knack for steal-ing an-y-thing he can!

mit that I'm a fan?

f E B⁷/D[#]

mp E/B B⁷_{sus} E/B A_m B

B⁷

42 43 44 45 46 47 48 49 56 57

58

TROUPE:
[NIGEL SINGS]

How can you say that? How can you say that? The man real-ly knows how to write a bitch - in' play.

How can you say that? How can you say that? The man real-ly knows how to write a bitch - in' play.

f G D/F# E_m G⁺/D# C G/B A D

59 60 61

NICK:

subito p
(Whispered) I just wish that he would go a - way!

You wish you could pen one, We wish we were in one!

You wish you could pen one. We wish we were in one!

G D/F# *mp* E_m G⁺/D# *mf* C B

62 63 64 65

66

NIGEL: Well, that's not gonna happen because everyone I know says he's the greatest writer England's ever known!

NICK:

And that's a-noth-er thing I

p B7 *f*

67 68 69 70

VS.

hate a-bout Shake-speare... is all the twits who blo-vi-ate a-bout Shakes-peare, and how they prat-tle on a-

71 72 73 74

bout his great ac-comp-lish-ments, well, la-di-da-di-da! And once they start their gush-ing, there's no stop-ping them and then it's "blah blah

75 76 77 78

79 blah blah blah," Shake-speare. And he walks in, it's "dum da dum Ta da!" Shake-speare! He's hold-ing court and they say,

80 81 82

"Will, you're such a gen-ius, and your writ-ing is di-vine." "A rose by a-ny oth-er name is such a clev-er line!" And they're all

83 84 85 86

"Ooh!" and he's all "Stop!" and they're all "Yay!" and I'm all "Ugh!" And I'm real-ly get-ting sick of it! And Oh!, Oh!,

87 88 89 90

E/B *B7* *E/B* *B7* *B7*

91

Oh!, I hate Shakes-peare! Shmake-speare! The

TROUPE:
[NIGEL SINGS]

I think by now we sor-ta know you hate Shakes - peare.
I think by now we sor-ta know you hate Shakes - peare.

ff *E* *f* *B7/D#*

92 93 94

way he feigns hu-mil-i-ty when all he does is gloat, the way he wears that sil-ly, fril-ly col-lar 'round his throat, the

mp *cresc. poco a poco* *E/B* *B7sus* *E/B* *B7sus* *F* *C7sus* *F* *C7sus*

95 96 97 98

V.S. →

99

post-er child for why no-one should ev-er pro-cre-ate, let me make a short-er list and I will give it to you straight!

G/D D7sus G/D D7sus G/D D7sus G/D D7sus

100 101 102

Ev - 'ry lit - tle thing a - bout Shake - speare is what I

D7sus D7

103 104 105

NICK:

NIGEL:

hate! Don't hate.

TROUPE:

Hates, he hates, he clear - ly, sure - ly, real - ly, tru - ly hates Shake - speare!

Hates, he hates, he clear - ly, sure - ly, real - ly, tru - ly hates Shake - speare!

ff G D/F# G D/F# G D/F# G D/F# G

106 107 108 109 110

Short Scene (2 lines)

Piano-Vocal Score

BEA
NICK
NIGEL

BEA

Something Rotten!

Right Hand Man

4

Music & Lyrics by
Wayne Kirkpatrick and
Karey Kirkpatrick

BEA: So... there is no idea...
NICK: Well, we've had the idea that
we need an idea.
BEA: Then let me help you! I'll go
out and earn some money and that'll
take the pressure off you guys.
NICK: Bea, listen... [GO m.1]

Driving, but not too fast (♩ = 150)

BEA: No, you listen. 'Cause I just want to make things better and I need to know that you understand...

BEA:

If you

5

e - ver got in trou - ble I would be there on the dou - ble, just to bail you out. —

If there's

a - ny - thing you lack you know I've al - ways got your back, that's what it's all a - bout. —

VS. →

13

Think of me as your side - kick, Help-ing you when-e-ver I can — I'm

mf *p* *f*

14 15 16

more than just a wo-man, ba-by, When the pres-sure's co-min', ba-by, Let me be your right hand man.

p

17 18 19

NICK: But you're not a man... I'm the man.

BEA: Uggghh! (to NIGEL) He's not hearing me. (back to NICK)

If you're

f *p (under dialogue)* *f*

20 21 22 23

24

NICK: But... I'm not in a pickle.

e-ver in a pic-ple, you can call for me and quick-'ll be how fast I run. — You and

mf

25 26 27

me should be a team for an - y dream or an - y scheme, that's how it should be done. _____

28 29 30 31

Sure, I could stay in the back - ground just smi - ling ev - ry now and a - gain But

32 33 34 35

just to be a pret - ty la - dy that would be a pi - ty, ba - by, Let me be your right hand man

36 37 38

NIGEL: You should probably listen. She's usually right. NICK: Eat your cabbage.

BEA:

I am strong - er than you

39 40 41 42

V.S. →

43

think Don't be think-in' I ain't tough I am where you ough-ta go when the go-in's get-tin' rough So ___ when things

mf

44 45 46

___ are go-ing bad-ly But if they weren't Luv Mmm

BEA:

NICK: But they're not No, things are fine But it's o - kay What?

NIGEL: They kind of are

47 48 49 50

f

BEA: Quit trying to protect me! **NICK:** Can we change the subject please? **BEA:**

Not un-til I know that if you're

What!!

p

51 52 53 54

55

e-ver in a fix, and it's a fix you need to nix then I'm your "go-to - guy". — Don't be so lit-er-al. —

NICK:
You're not a guy.

And don't for-get I'm not a shrink-ing vi-o-let, a so-lid rock am I. —

So don't be think-ing I'll crum - ble — When the you know what hits the

poco rit.

fan, —

V.S. →

69 Colla voce

There's no prob-lem that's too big, When you're mar-ried that's the gig so don't be a sex-ist pig! _____

colla voce

p

68 70 71

A Tempo

73

Is it as-king too much of you? It's on-ly 'cause I love you Let me be your right, _____

f

72 74 75

NICK: What are you doing now?
 BEA: I'm gonna get you boys
 some MEAT!

In fact I'll show you that I'm right... _____

VAMP

p (under dialogue)

76 77 78 79

80

Ba-by I'm your right Don't put up a fight I can be your right Start-ing here to-night Let me be your

f

81 82 82A 83

Musical score for measures 84-87. The system includes a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line has lyrics "right" and "hand" with a long line underneath. The piano accompaniment features a melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. Measure numbers 84, 85, 86, and 87 are indicated at the bottom of the piano part.

Musical score for measures 88-91. The system includes a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line has lyrics "man" and "Let me be your right hand" with a long line underneath. The piano accompaniment features a melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. Measure numbers 89, 90, and 91 are indicated at the bottom of the piano part.

Musical score for measures 92-93. The system includes a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line has the lyric "man." with a long line underneath. The piano accompaniment features a melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. Measure numbers 92 and 93 are indicated at the bottom of the piano part. The system concludes with the text "Short Scene" below the piano part.

God, I Hate Shakespeare (Reprise)

4A

Music & Lyrics by
Wayne Kirkpatrick and
Karey Kirkpatrick

NICK: It's okay. Breathe, breathe...
I'll see what I can come up with and we'll start
again first thing in the morning.

NIGEL: OK - sorry Nick. (*hugs him*) [GO]

Slow, Delicate (♩ = 100)

NIGEL: I love you so much.

NICK: I love you, too. Get some sleep. NIGEL: Okay.

poco rit.

Freely

5

NICK:

V.S. →

NICK: 'Cause the truth is...
[CLEAR]

14 *a tempo*

It would-n't be that bad to be Shake-speare. In fact I'd give my left nad to be Shake-speare.

13 15 16

If I could on - ly have one ti - ny lit - tle smid-gen of his not - o - ri - e - ty It could re -

17 18 19

22

lieve me from the pres-sures of re - spon-si - bi - li - ty. I've got to make it hap - pen, got-ta

20 21

rall.

find that pot of gold if there was just some way to know just what the fu - ture holds

23 24 25 (to m. 28)

NICK: What the future holds!
[GO m. 28]

28 Triumphant Idea Music (♩ = 112) *rall.*

Musical score for measure 28, 'Triumphant Idea Music'. The tempo is marked as *rall.* (rallentando). The music is in a 3/4 time signature. The piano part features a steady eighth-note accompaniment. The right hand has a melodic line with some ties. Chord symbols are provided below the piano part: G^b/D^b, A^bm/D^b, B^bm/D^b, and C^b/D^b. Measure numbers 29 and 30 are indicated at the end of the system.

Musical score for measure 30. The tempo is marked as *poco rit.* (poco rallentando). The music is in a 3/4 time signature. The piano part features a steady eighth-note accompaniment. The right hand has a melodic line with some ties. Chord symbols are provided below the piano part: G^b/D^b, A^bm/D^b, B^bm/D^b, and C^b/D^b. Measure numbers 31 and 32 are indicated at the end of the system.

ASTROLOGER: Tarot cards! Palm readings! Amputees get half price! GYPSY WOMAN: Lucky heather sir? NICK: Thanks, but... I need more than luck.

32 In '3' (♩ = 66)

Musical score for measure 32, 'In 3'. The tempo is marked as *p* (piano) and is noted as being *(under dialogue)*. The music is in a 3/4 time signature. The piano part features a steady eighth-note accompaniment. The right hand has a melodic line with some ties. Measure numbers 33, 34, 35, 36, and 37 are indicated at the end of the system.

NICK: Psst. Hey. I'm looking for a soothsayer. EYEPATCH MAN: Norbert the Knowing. Supposed to be the best.

Musical score for measures 38, 39, 40, and 41. The music is in a 3/4 time signature. The piano part features a steady eighth-note accompaniment. The right hand has a melodic line with some ties. Measure numbers 38, 39, 40, and 41 are indicated at the end of the system.

42 *Brisk!* (♩ = 148)

Musical score for measure 42, 'Brisk!'. The tempo is marked as *Brisk!* (♩ = 148). The music is in a 3/4 time signature. The piano part features a steady eighth-note accompaniment. The right hand has a melodic line with some ties. Measure numbers 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, and 48 are indicated at the end of the system.

NICK walks SL to sign on door

NICK: "Out of business due to unforeseen circumstances."
So obviously not the very best. [GO m. 48]

Scene

Piano-Vocal Score

PORTIA
NIGEL

PORTIA · NIGEL

I Love the Way

Something Rotten!

7

Music & Lyrics by
Wayne Kirkpatrick and
Karey Kirkpatrick

PORTIA: Oh yes. Your sonnet has
Shakespearean sophistication mixed
with the complexity of Daniel Webster
and the sensitivity of Samuel Daniel. [GO m. 1]

Light Waltz, in 1 (♩ = 66)

NIGEL: Wow. You really love poetry.

PORTIA: Oh, I do. I really really do.

PORTIA:

The musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is a vocal line for Portia, starting with the lyrics "I love". The middle staff is the piano accompaniment, marked *mf*, in 3/4 time. It features a series of chords: G, Am, G/B, C, G, Am, G/B, and C. The bottom staff shows the bass line with fingerings 1 through 8. An arrow labeled "V.S." points to the right at the end of the piano part.

9

Sid-ney and Mar-lowe and of-ten I bor-row their words to ex-press how I feel. I love

po-ems of mys-ter-y, fan-ta-sy, his-tor-y, Oh, what se-duc-tive ap-peal. At

25

night, a-lone in my bed-room, sa-tis-fy-ing my need, the

can-dle-light fi-re ig-nites my de-si-re to read.

41

Oh, _____ ev - 'ry time I hear a per - fect rhyme I get all ting - ly, _____

Em Em7 A7 A/D D

p

42 43 44 45 46

_____ be - cause I know _____ that to find a per - fect rhyme is not an ea - sy

A/D D Gm Gm7 C7

p *f*

47 48 49 50 51 52

V.S. →

57

thing - ly. _____ I love the pla - ces that words let me go,

p *mf*

C/*F* *F* *C*/*D* *D* *G*² *A*_m *G*/*B* *C*

53 54 55 56 58 59 60

I love the way that your words move me so, No words have touched me the

*G*² *A*_m *G*/*B* *C* *G*² *A*_m

61 62 63 64 65 66

way that yours do _____ and I _____ love _____

G/*B* *F*/*C* *C* *p* *G*/*D* *D*

67 68 69 70 71 72 73 74 75

76

PORTIA: Youuuuu are really doing something to me, Mr. Poetry Man. Forgive me. I never get to discuss poetry in this way.

G *F*[#]/*G* *G* *F*[#]/*G*

77 78 79 80 81 82

87

NIGEL: It's okay. I never knew poetry could affect someone the way it affects me. PORTIA: Me neither!

NIGEL:

It's the

p G Am G/B C G Am G/B C

88 89 90 91 92 93 94

95

PORTIA: Me too!

PORTIA:

end all the be all, Oh, you ought to see all the books that I have on my shelf. I find

mf G² Am⁷ G/B C² G² Am⁷ G/B C²

96 97 98 99 100 101 102

plea-sure pe - rus - ing those writ - ings and mus - ings so of - ten I plea-sure my - self.

G² Am⁷ G/B C² G² Am⁷ D^{sus}

103 104 105 106 107 108 109 110

111

NIGEL:

Wait, that did - n't sound right. No, I know what you mean, when I'm

Dm⁷ G⁷ C F² B^{b2} E⁷ G^{maj7/A} A⁷

112 113 114 115 116 117 118

VS.

PORTIA: You scream? So do I! AH!!!

deep in the throes of im - pas-sion-ate prose I could scream!

119 *p*. 120 *p*. 121 *p*. 122 *p*. 123 *p*. 124 *p*. 125 *p*. 126 *p*.

PORTIA:

Oh... I love a lilt-ing line of lyr-i-cal al-lit-er - a - tion. And then I'm like

127 *p* 128 *p* 129 *f* 130 131 132 133 134

NIGEL:

Who does-n't love al-lit-er - a - tion.

p *f*

Em Em7 A7 A/D D Em/D D

127 128 129 130 131 132 133 134

whoa... when the phra-ses come to - ge-ther like a con-sum - ma - tion.

135 136 137 138 139 140 141 142

sweet e - la - tion!

p *f*

Gm Gm7 C7 C/F F Am7/D

135 136 137 138 139 140 141 142 (to 159)

159

BOTH:

I love the pla - ces that words let me go I love the way that your words move me so

f G² Am G/B C² G² Am G/B C²

160 161 162 163 164 165 166

NIGEL:
PORTIA:

I love that you feel the same way I do and

G² Am G/B F/C C *p*

167 168 169 170 171 172 173

174

poco rubato

love, you know that I love,

G/D D G/D D

175 176 177 178 179 180 181 182

rit.

188
a tempo

rit.

NIGEL: Me too.

you know that I love...

Am⁹ D *p* G Am G/B C² G *p*

183 184 185 186 187 189 190 191 192 193

Scene

SHAKESPEARE

Hard to Be the Bard

Something Rotten!

12

Music & Lyrics by
Wayne Kirkpatrick and
Karey Kirkpatrick

Rock Shuffle, Swing 8's (♩ = 111)

MINSTREL: do? **SHAKESPEARE:** My

7

days are so bu-sy, it's mak-ing me diz-zy, there's so much I got-ta do. It's lunch-es and meet-ings, and po-e-try read-ings, and

end - less in - ter - views. Got-ta pose for a por-trait, and how I de-plore sit-ting there for e-tern-i-ty. Then it's

10 11 12

VS.

off to the inn, where my inn-keep-er friend wants to name a drink aft-er me! Then it's back to my room where I re-sume my at-

tempt to write a hit, — Just me and my beer and the ter-ri-ble fear that — I might be lo-sing it. And it's

19 SHAKESPEARE:

hard, It's hard, It's real - ly real - ly hard, So ve - ry ve - ry hard, I

BARD BOYS:

It's hard, it's hard, it's real - ly hard! Ve - ry ve - ry hard,

f G G A D D B7 Em

make it look ea - sy, but ho - ney be - lieve me it's hard, it's hard, it's so in - cred - i - bly hard. So

It's hard, It's hard, in - cred - i - bly hard.

C G G A D

22 23 24

Detailed description: This system contains measures 22, 23, and 24. The vocal line features triplets of eighth notes. The piano accompaniment includes chords C, G, G, A, and D. Measure 24 ends with a fermata over the D chord.

in - con - ceiv - a - bly, un - be - liev - a - bly hard. It's hard to be the Bard!

in - con - ceiv - a - bly, un - be - liev - a - bly hard.

D B7 Em C C7

25 26 27

VS.

Detailed description: This system contains measures 25, 26, and 27. The vocal line continues with triplets. The piano accompaniment includes chords D, B7, Em, C, and C7. Measure 27 ends with a fermata. A 'VS.' symbol with an arrow is located at the bottom right of the system.

SHAKESPEARE: Honestly,
I don't know how I do it. I mean,
there's only so much of me that
can go around.

29

(Last X)

I got so ma-ny fans with so ma-ny de-mands, I can hard-ly go take a piss. Be it

Hoo! Ah - woo, He can't peel

4X

the-a-tre freak, or the aut-o-graph seek-er, they all want a piece of this! It's a cross that I bear, I'm like Je-sus I swear, it's a

Hoo! Ah - woo, Gim-me gim-me Hoo! Ah -

bur - den but I suf - fer through it. It's all part of the game, the trap-pings of fame, but

woo, He is suf - fer - ing! Hoo! Ah -

bur - den but I suf - fer through it. It's all part of the game, the trap-pings of fame, but

woo, He is suf - fer - ing! Hoo! Ah -

bur - den but I suf - fer through it. It's all part of the game, the trap-pings of fame, but

some - bo - dy's got - ta do it. And I know, I know, I got - ta go and get

woo, So he does it!

36 37

back to my pen and ink Oh, Don't make me do it, don't make me go through it, can some-bo-dy get me a drink? 'Cause it's

Oo

G7 G5 [Drums]

38 39 40 V.S.

41

hard, It's hard, It's real - ly real - ly hard, It's sex - y but it's hard, This

BARD BOYS:

It's hard, It's hard, it's real - ly hard! sex - y but it's hard.

f G (b) G A D D B7 Em

bar that I'm rai - sing to be this a - ma - zing it's hard, it's hard, it's so an - noy - ing - ly hard. So

It's hard, It's hard, an - noy - ing - ly hard.

C G (b) G A D

SHAKESPEARE: It's hard to be the Bard, baby!

SHAKESPEARE: I know writing made me famous, but being famous is just so much more fun. (Last X)

un - a - void - a - bly, un - en - joy - a - bly hard, You see, what

un - a - void - a - bly, un - en - joy - a - bly hard.

VAMP

D B7 Em C C7 *p*

51

peo - ple just don't un - der - stand is that wri - ting's de - mand - ing, it's men - tal - ly chal - leng - ing, and it's a

bore! It's such a chore to sit in a room by your-self, oh my God, I just hate it. And you're try - ing to find an op - en - ing

line or a brill - iant i - dea and you're pac - ing the floor and search - ing for just a bit of di - vine in - ter - ven - tion, that

one lit - tle nug - get, that one lit - tle spark then Eu - re - ka! You find it, you're rea - dy to start, so now you can write, right? Wrong! You're

VS. →

not e - ven close, you re - mem - ber that damn it, your play's got - ta be in i - am - bic pen - ta - me - ter! So you

G E7/G# Am D7

62 63 64

write down a word, but it's NOT the right word, so you TRY a new word, but you HATE the new word, then you

Am E Am E

65 66

NEED a good word, but you CANT find the word. Oh, what is it, where is it, where is it, What is it?

Am E Am E

67 68

[Drums]

69 70

BARD BOYS: **74** SHAKESPEARE:
Oh yeah. It is, isn't it?

(last x)

It's hard!

4X **VAMP**

p *C7* *p* *G7* *G* *f*

71 72 73 74 *simile*

SHAKESPEARE:

It's real-ly the worst. Makes me won-der why I did-n't think of that first. Hard to al-lev-i-ate the

BARD BOYS:

It's hard! It's hard!

G *C7* *G* *G* *C7* *G*

75 76 77 78 **VS.**

pres-sure to cre-ate, Hard to do some-thing as good as the last thing I did that was al-rea-dy great. _____

It's hard! It's

G C7 G D7

79 80 81

82

It's hard! Well, I'll hoist him by his pe-tard.

hard! So hard that he is steal-ing from the Bard. Ooh _____

G G A D D B7 Em

83 84

All that I need is a cle-ver dis-guise. I'll make him pay for his de-vi-ous lies. Let him do all the te-di-ous stuff, the

Cle-ver dis - guise. De - vi - ous lies.

C G A/C# C Em G

85 86 87

SHAKESPEARE: Nice try, Nick Bottom. But I think *Shakespeare* needs to know what...

work that's ter - ri - bly and un - bear - a - bly hard. _____

Ooh, _____ Ah!

D B7 Em C

p (under dialogue)

88 89 90 91

...Shakespeare's biggest hit will be.

'Cause it's hard. 'Cause it's hard. 'Cause it's

It's hard it's tot - al - ly hard It's hard it's tot - al - ly hard

D7#9 *p* *f* G C7 G C7

92 93 94

hard. I've got for - tune and fame ev - ry - one knows my name I can't help it, it's still frig - gin' hard.

It's hard it's tot - al - ly hard

G C7 G13

95 96 97