

**SCENE 7: The Theatre**

**TROUPE**

WHAT'S THAT COMING UP THE SILK ROAD OUT OF CHINA?  
THE BLACK DEATH (BLACK DEATH, OOH!)  
WHAT'S THAT CREEPING ROUND YOUR PEEPEE AND YOUR VAGINA?  
THE BLACK DEATH (BLACK DEATH, OOH!)  
THE BLACK DEATH – IT'S GONNA GET YA  
IT'S THE BLACK DEATH – IT'S GONNA HIT YA  
WITH THOSE BLISTERS OOZING LIKE SYRUP  
THAT PESTY LITTLE PESTILENCE IS KILLING HALF OF EUROPE  
IT'S THE BLACK DEATH – AND IT'S COMING FOR YOU...

*GRIM REAPERS enter with their scythes.*

MMMM MMM MMM MMM MMM... MMMM... MMMM...  
THE BLACK DEATH (BLACK DEATH, OOH)  
MMMM MMM MMM MMM MMM... MMMM... MMMM...  
THE BLACK DEATH (BLACK DEATH, OOH)  
BLACK DEATH IT'S GETTING CLOSER  
IT'S THE BLACK DEATH IT'S GETTING GROSSER  
AND IT'S MAKING IT'S WAY ACROSS ENGLAND  
SOON EVERYTHING THAT'S DANGLING  
WON'T BE ANY GOOD FOR DINGLIN'  
IT'S THE BLACK DEATH – AND IT'S COMING FOR YOU  
BLACK DEATH!

*Song ends. NICK turns to LORD CLAPHAM.*

**NICK**

Well, m'lord? What do you think?

**LORD CLAPHAM**

*They're singing.*

**NICK**

Right. That's what you do in a musical.

**LORD CLAPHAM**

But they're singing *about the plague!*

**NICK**

I know! Shakespeare would never do something like this!

**LORD CLAPHAM**

Because it's a terrible idea! You'll make me look ridiculous!

*THEY look at his outrageous costume.*

**NICK**

But I can guarantee you – everyone will love it!

**BROTHER JEREMIAH (O.S.)**

Nick and Nigel Bottom!

**NICK**

Almost everyone.

*NICK turns as BROTHER JEREMIAH and his PURITANS enter.*

Brother Jeremiah? To what do we owe the pleasure?

**BROTHER JEREMIAH**

Pleasure is a sin. As is music, which I've heard emanating from this – den of iniquity.

**NICK**

Den of iniquity? What makes you say that?

*JEREMIAH looks around at the troupe; some dressed as reapers, others like plague victims, ROBIN in his dress. HE curtsies.*

**ROBIN**

Hello.

**BROTHER JEREMIAH**

As if theater wasn't heinous enough, you've now added *music* – which leads to dancing... which *stirs the loins* and promotes lustful desires, which is why we must see the theaters pulled down – for we can not abide such ungodly erections.

*There's an awkward pause as the phrase just hangs there. JEREMIAH continues.*

As a magistrate, I have much influence with the Master of the Justice. So you listen to this, *Bottom*. If you continue promoting this filth and debauchery, I will see you tied to a post begging for mercy as I give you the rod.

*(HE pauses a moment, pondering what he said, how it sounded...)*

Good day, sir.

*The PURITANS exit. PORTIA throws one last look at Nigel.*

**LORD CLAPHAM**

That's it. I'm out.

**NICK**

But Lord Clapham...

**LORD CLAPHAM**

I am sorry, gentlemen, but these religious nutters frighten me. I must withdraw my patronage. Good day.

*CLAPHAM exits.*

**NICK**

Please, sir, you can't... UGHHHHHHH.

**PETER QUINCE**

I can't believe you just let that happen!

*THEY all start arguing, talking over each other..*

**SNUG**

*(to Tom)*

You shoulda been a better reaper! You're reaping was shite!

**ROBIN**

If we had better dresses... this wouldn't have happened!

**PETER QUINCE**

My reaping was superb! Take that back

**TOM SNOOT**

You weren't a grim reaper, you were like the *annoying reaper*/etc.

**NICK**

WOULD EVERYONE PLEASE JUST CALM DOWN!!!!

*THEY all freeze. NICK takes a big calming breath.*

I'm on it.

**#6A – The Black Death (Incidental)**

*The uncertain TROUPE exits as NIGEL stumbles downstage and the theater set transitions to...*