Overture - Final
January 29, '15

Words & Music by
Wayne Kirkpatrick &
Karey Kirkpatrick
Segue as one
MINSTREL:
system. Holy crusades, Bubonic plague,
can't say that we've really missed 'em So
dark and barbaric, So dull and mundane that was
so Middle Ages, that was so... Charlemagne.
Welcome to the Renaissance with poets painters, and bon____

_p___v_i-v___a_n_t_s_ and m_e_r_r_y m_i-n___t___r_e_l_s_ who stroll the streets of Lon-don___a-stru_m-min' their lutes In

_puf-fy p_a-n_ts and poin-ty lea-ther boots Wel-come to the Ren-a-is-sance Where we Oooh___a_h___you with am-

-bi-ence____we're so pro-gres-sive____The la-test and the great-est____we bring it to you____with
ALL:

much ado

Welcome to the Renaissance where

G2

G9

Fmaj7

MINSTREL:

ev 'ry thing is new

DM9

F/G

C

MW/AS/BJN/LG:

BW/STH/AK/ES:

We have the latest gadgets and ap-

Here we've made advances in the sciences

C

Dm

G
pli-ances  Our mugs are made of pew-ter Our hou-ses all are Tu-dor Dec-o-ra- ted with a mo-dern flair

LG/MW: JH/BJN/AS:

See us in our Pet-ti- coats and far-thing-gales

BW/ES/AP: STH/AK/RV/BS:

We're

MEN:

Our tren-dy beards we trim to look like swallow-tails

MINSTREL:

We're

JEREMIAH:

called E-liz-a-be-thens You're all a bunch a hea-thens

JEREMIAH:

Hea-thens head-ed straight for you know where

PORTIA:

called E-liz-a-be-thens

WOMEN:

Our tren-dy beards we trim to look like swallow-tails

MINSTREL:

While

called E-liz-a-be-thens

JEREMIAH:

called E-liz-a-be-thens
MINSTREL:

witches are burning, and wars tend to start. We bring you moments of culture and art.

MW/LG/CMS: BJN/JH/AS: A tempo, easy Bounce \( \frac{1}{4} = 120 \)

Cul - ture and art... Wel - come to the Ren-

B/W/ES/AP/AL/MJS: STH/AK/RV/BS/DH: MEN:

Cul - ture and art... Wel - come to the Ren-

molto ritard. Dm Dm7/G

- ais - sance Well, our printing press has the fancy fonts That's

- ais - sance Well, our printing press has the fancy fonts That's

Fm7 C2 Fmaj7 C2 /E C2
WOMEN:
right we're fancy and very literary theatrical too

MEN:
right we're fancy and very literary theatrical too

what we do
Welcome to the Renaissance

-ais-sance Where every thing is

-ais-sance Where every thing is

#2-Welcome To The Renaissance-Final
Hey, look, it's Francis Bacon with a chicken. What's he making? Well, I
think he's found a way of freezing meat. That's new! Hey, look, it's Walter Raleigh, found a
new world, by golly. And, he's brought us all to bacco, what a treat! Also new! And we have a list of writers who are
always writing something new,

It's true! We do! Like

It's true! We do!


Yo

Tho-mas Kyd, Tho-mas Mid-dle-ton, Tho-mas Moore!

Yo

He's the bomb, the soul of the age._ The wiz of the E-liz-a - beth-an_ stage, He's in-

He's the bomb, the soul of the age._ The wiz of the E-liz-a - beth-an_ stage, He's in-
ALL:
cred-i-ble, Un - for-get-ta-ble, He's just so freak-in'

F F6 Fmaj7 F6 G G6 G7 G
p cresc.

124
125
126
127
128

awe-some Shakes-peare!

f

129
130
131
132
133
134
We

WOMAN In CROWD: Shakes-peare!

Look, there he is!

135

We

G5 A5 G5 A5 A sus A sus
ff subito p
ALL:

love him we love him we love him we love him We love him we love him we love him we love him His

plays are so brilliant his writing's first rate His acting's incredible

WOMEN:

We love him we love him we love him we love him we

MEN:

is n't he great? Is n't he great? We

C#m/E Bm/E cresc. C#m/E Bm/E
A tempo, easy Bounce \( \text{\textbackslash{}texttt{d} = 120} \)

\begin{align*}
\text{love him we love him we love him} & \quad \text{Wel\- come to the Ren-} \\
\text{D/E} & \\
\text{E sus} & \quad \text{rall.} \\
\text{E} & \\
\text{LG/MW:} & \\
\text{OTHERS:} & \\
\text{\textbackslash{}texttt{f}maj 7} & \quad \text{\textbackslash{}texttt{c}2} \\
\text{\textbackslash{}texttt{f}maj 7} & \quad \text{\textbackslash{}texttt{c}2} \\
\text{\textbackslash{}texttt{e}} & \\
\text{MINSTREL:} & \\
\text{one in\_ Eng\_land\_ The one where Wil\- liam Shake\- speare is cream of the crop} & \\
\text{one in\_ Eng\_land\_ The one where Wil\- liam Shake\- speare is cream of the crop} & \\
\text{G} & \quad \text{\textbackslash{}texttt{f} Em \quad \text{\textbackslash{}texttt{d}m} &} \\
\end{align*}
one where William Shakespeare is the top

Welcome to the Renaissance

Experience

To a sixteenth century experience

In the Renaissance
Yeah!

age that's golden
The olden days are over
we bid them adieu
Well,
age that's golden
The olden days are over
we bid them adieu
Well,

/Women:

Hal-le-luh!
Welcome to the Ren-

/Men:

Hal-le-luh!
Welcome to the Ren-

G2

G9
Fast Rock $\frac{3}{4} = 150$

168 - ais-sance where ev-'ry-thing

169 - ais-sance where ev-'ry-thing is

170 new! Ev-'ry-thing is new,

171 Wel-come to the new!

172 Ev-'ry-thing is new, Wel-come to the
Renais-sance,
Ev-ry-thing is new,
'Cause Renais-sance means re-birth!

Renais-sance,
Ev-ry-thing is new,

Segue after applause
Renaissance Playoff-Final
February 1, '15

Words & Music by
Wayne Kirkpatrick &
Karey Kirkpatrick

"Something Rotten"
ais-sance Where not ev'ry one's get-ting what he wants it's so frus-tra-ting 'Cause

F maj9
C2/E

if you're name is Shake speare you're hot-ter than hot But if you're a-ny o-ther wri-ter then you're not

G  F  Em  Dm  G7sus
God, I Hate Shakespeare-Final
February 13, '15

NIGEL: "On my word, we'll not carry coals for then we should be colliers!" (troupe laughs)
NICK: That's not funny! [GO]

NIGEL: "On my word, we'll not carry coals for then we should be colliers!"

TROUPE: (Gasp)
NIGEL: No!

NICK: I just don't get it, how a me - di - o - cre ac - tor from a mea-sly lit - tle town is

ROBIN: Why?
suddenly the brightest jewel in England's Royal Crown. Oh, God, I hate Shakespeare! His plays are wordy but oh no, the great Shakespeare! That little turd he has no sense about the audience, he makes them feel so dumb The
NICK:

bas - tard does - n't care that my poor ass is get - ting numb

B7

BW/MJS/AP/AL: AK/DH/RV: STH/BS/ES: TROUPE:

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

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

G D/F# Em G+/D# C G/B A D

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

God, I Hate Shakespeare-Final 02-13-15
Don't be a penis, the man is a genius.

His genius is he's fooling all of you! But he's brilliant, what majesty flows from his pen. His
NIGEL:
poetry soars like a sweet violin.

God's

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

captures my soul!
You should hate Shakespeare!

Well, I don't. I try to emulate Shakespeare.

Well, there's your problem, you're so blinded by the Bard who's such a pompous little man.

Why is it a problem to admit that I'm a fan and I could never hate Shakespeare!

I hate to quibble, but you overrate Shakespeare.
and all his driv- el. Oh, you know that he has ta- lent. I'll ad - mit he has a knack for

mak - ing some - thing out of be - ing no - thing but a hack! GASP!

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.
TROUPE: I just wish that he would go a-way

(NONETTE)

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

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 another thing I

hate about Shakespeare... is all the twits who bloviate about Shakespeare, and how they prat-tle on a-

E

B7/D#
bout his great accomplishments, well, la-di-da-di-da! And once they start their gushing, there's no stopping them and then it's blah blah blah, Shakespeare And he walks in, it's dum-da-
dum Ta da! Shakespeare! He's holding court and they say, "Will, you're such a genius, and your writing is divine." "A rose by any other name is flowery
such a clever line!" And they're all "Ooh!", and he's all "Stop!", and they're all "Yay!" and I'm all "Ugh!" And I'm really getting sick of it!
And Oh!, Oh!, Oh!, I hate Shakespeare!
I think by now we sorta know you hate Shakespeare.

Shakespeare! The way he feigns humility when all he does is gloat, the way he wears that silly, frilly collar 'round his throat, the
post-er child for why no-one should ever pro-create, let me
make a short-er list and I will give it to you straight! Ev-’ry lit-tle thing a-bout
Shake-speare is what I
NICK:

Hate!

TROUPE:

Hates, he hates, he clearly, surely, really, truly hates Shakespeare!

NIGEL:

Don’t hate.

Hates, he hates, he clearly, surely, really, truly hates Shakespeare!

FF G D/#+ G D/#+ G D/F# G D/F# G
“Something Rotten”

Right Hand Man-Revised
March 10, '15

Words & Music by
Wayne Kirkpatrick &
Karey Kirkpatrick

CUE-NICK: Listen, Bea...

BEA: No, you listen. Cause I keep telling you and telling you but you just don't seem to get it.

Driving 4 $d=154$

BEA:

If there's e-ver got in trou-ble I would be there on the dou-ble, just to bail you out ___

Right Hand Man-Revised
March 10, '15
BEA:

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

Think of me as your side-kick, _ Help-ing you when-ever I can_ I'm

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

NICK: But you're not a man... I'm the man. BEA: Uggghh! You're not hearing me.

BEA:
BEA: e-VER in a pic-kle, you can call for me and quick-ilI'll be how fast I run _ You and

NICK: But... I'm not in a pickle. Shouldn't you just let me handle things?

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

Sure, I could stay in the back-ground just smi-ling ev-ry now and a-gain
NICK: And it's a lovely smile.

But just to be a pretty lady that would be a pity baby.

NICK: Okay, more soup!

Let me be your right hand man

I am stronger than you

BEA:

think Don't be thinkin' I ain't tough I am where you oughta go when the go-in's gettin' rough So when things

mf
are going badly

But if they were

But they're not

But things are

But if they weren't

Luv Mmm You're doing it again

fine But it's okay What? What!!
NICK:
Will you please put the spoon down?

BEA:
Not until I know that if you're ever in a fix, and it's a fix you need to nix then I'm your "go-to-guy" for by don't forget I'm not a shrinking violet, a solid rock am I.
So don't be thinking I'll crumble.

When you know what hits the fan, there's no

poco rit.
prob-l-em that's too big When you're mar-ried that's the gig so don't be a sex-ist pig

Is it

as-king too much of you it's on-ly 'cause I love you Let me be your right_______ In fact I'll

show you that I'm right______

NICK: Where the hell are you going?
BEA: I'm gonna get you boys some MEAT!
B-a-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

right
man

right
man

Let me be your right hand man
NICK: It’s okay. Get some sleep. 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) Good night. [GO]

God, I Hate Shakespeare (Reprise)-Final
March 12, 15

Don’t know what I’d do without you.

God I hate Shakespeare, but when I sit and really contemplate Shakespeare,

I guess I hate the fact that he is every-thing I ever dreamed that I could be, I
most-ly hate the way he makes me feel a-bout me. It wouldn't be that

bad to be Shakes-peare. In fact I'd give my left nad to be Shakes-peare, If I could on-ly have one

ti-ny lit-tle smid-gen of his not-o-ri-e-ty It could re-lieve me from the pres-sures of re-

cresc.
NICK: What the future holds...

sponsibility I've got to make it happen, got to find that pot of gold if there was just some way to know just what the future holds
GYPSY WOMAN: Lucky heather sir? NICK: Well, it obviously worked for you.

NICK: Psst. Hey. I'm looking for a soothsayer.

EYEPATCH MAN: Norbert the Knowing. Supposed to be the best.
NICK: "Out of business due to unforeseen circumstances." So obviously not the very best.
**A Musical-Final**

**March 11, '15**

**CUE-NICK:** An actor is saying his lines and then, out of nowhere, he just starts singing??

**NOSTRADAMUS:** Yes!

**NICK:**

Broadly

Bright 4 (colla voce)

Well, that is the stupid-est thing that I have ever heard.__ You're doing a play, got something to say, so you sing? It's absurd! Who on earth is going to sit there while an actor breaks into song?

What possible thought can the
NICK:

audience think, other than this is horribly wrong?

NOSTRADAMUS: Remarkably, they won't think that.
NICK: Seriously? And why not?
NOSTRADAMUS: Because.

NOSTRADAMUS: Bright 4

It's a musical, a musical, and

no-thing's as a-maz-ing as a musical! With song and dance and

sweet romance and happy endings happening by happenstance.
NOSTRADAMUS:

bright lights, stage fights, and a dazzling chorus. You wanna' be great, then you gotta create a musical!

NICK: I don't know, I'm still having a hard time believing someone would actually pay to see something like this.

Let's just say it's a Saturday night, and you wanna' go out on the town.

Got a lady to flatter who might give it up if you don't let her down.
You could go see a tragedy, but that wouldn't be very fun. Or a

play from Greek mythology, see a mother have sex with her son, Ew!

Grandly (colla voce)

You could go see a drama, with all that trauma and pain,

or go see something more relaxing and less taxing on the brain

colla voce
Go see a musical, a musical,
a puff-y piece re-leasing all your blues-i-cals._ Where croon-ers croon a catch-y-tune, and

MJS/AL/DH/BS:

Ah_

lim-ber leg-gy lad-ies thrill ya' till ya' swoon._ Oohs, ahhs, and app-lause,
NOSTRADAMUS:

with a standing o-va-tion, the future is bright if you can just write a mu-si-cal.

Gm  G+ G7  C13  F13  Bb

NOSTRADAMUS:

Some make you hap-py some make you sad some are quite big, some quite small

Eb6  Bb6  Cm7/F  F9

ENSEMBLE:

Some are too long, some are just plays with song (Ah!)

Bb6  Emaj9  Am11  Am7

NOSTRADAMUS:

Some mus-i-cals have no talk-ing at all.

G7sus  ritard.

NICK: No talking at all?
That's right, there's no talking, all of the dialogue is sung, in a very dramatic fashion.

Yes, really, there's no talking, and they often stay on one note for a very long time so that when they change to a different note, you notice.
NOSTRADAMUS:

And it's supposed to create a dramatic effect but mostly you just sit

NICK:

Sounds miserable.

there asking yourself, "Why aren't they talking?"

NICK: And people actually like this?
NOSTRADAMUS: No! They love it!
And what's not to love?

I believe it's pronounced "Miserable."

It's
NOSTRADAMUS: such a delight there's nothing quite like a musical...

NOSTRADAMUS: Whoa, wait! Another vision. I haven't even told you the best part.

NOSTRADAMUS: Feel that fascinating rhythm move into your cal VAMP

NICK: Um...what is that?

NOSTRADAMUS: Feel your ass...gyrating

A7 SHAKER
NICK: Whoa... are you okay?

NOSTRADAMUS: to that ti-ti-lating beat.

You

TOM

You

NOSTRADAMUS: It's called a “dance break.” Apparently, this happens in a musical as well. People on stage, just bursting into spontaneous dance!

NICK: What the hell are you doing now?

NOSTRADAMUS: Stop-Time
NICK: Why? Does it advance the plot?
NOSTRADAMUS: No.

NICK: Advance character?
NOSTRADAMUS: Not necessarily.

NICK: Then why do it?
NOSTRADAMUS: Because -- IT'S ENTERTAINING!
March 7 rewrite:
MS. 118 & 119 are rewritten

Oklahoma!
Stop-Time

NOSTRADAMUS:

Grab a seat and just relax

NOSTRADAMUS:

La Cage

Musicals have just two acts

Military

Peel Off
NOSTRADAMUS: More visions!

It's a

NOSTRADAMUS:

mu-si-cal what-ta-ya talk what-ta-ya talk it's a mu-si-cal a Seus-si-cal? No a mu-si-cal with girls on stage

ENSEMBLE:

We've got snap-ly re-par-tee And the wo-man are ris-que And the cho-rus boys are kind-a gay

ENSEMBLE:
NOSTRADAMUS:

A true blue new musical

E D/E E7 E6

ALL:

(cal!

A E+7

NOSTRADAMUS:

Stand back! It's a musical

Bb

03-11-15

-15-
NOSTRADAMUS:
Some musicals are very serious.

It is a musical it is a musical a musical.

March 7 rewrite:
MS. 160-162 are rewritten
MS. 163 & 164 are cut

"Into The Woods"

It's a musical for us I'm stay in I'm

"Dreamgirls" (And I Am Telling You)
March 7 rewrite:
MS. 172 is cut
MS. 173 is rewritten

NOSTRADAMUS:

WOMEN: S1:
S2/A:

MEN:

It's a musical
It's a musical
It's a musical
It's a musical

E6/B

G6/D
NICK: Yes! Now, I get it!

We'll do a musical

Rubato NOSTRADAMUS:
No kidding...

What could be more amazing than a musical?

With
Start slow, then accel.

song and dance and sweet romance and with a musical we might have {clap!} half a chance

NICK/NOSTRADAMUS:

Oohs Ahhs big applause with every one cheering for us

CHORUS GIRLS: Good job, Nick!/Bravo!/Yay, Bottom!/etc.

And for
some un-explain-able rea-son the crowd goes wild ev-ry time

When

B9/F

G7

Cm9

C7

dan-cers kick in uni-son in one big won-der-ful

B9/F

B9/6

G7

C9

line!

And then you've got your-self a

WOMEN:

And then you've got your-self a

MEN:

And then you've got your-self a
NICK/NOSTRADAMUS:

A la la la la la la pa-looz-i-cal! With

WOMEN:

A la la la la la la pa-looz-i-cal! With

MEN:

A la la la la la la pa-looz-i-cal! With

B/F#  G#7  F#7/A  F#7/A#
splashy style and a big fake smile a snazzy band, some jazzy hands, I

swear that I'll Cross my heart hope to die If it isn't a doozy

Doubletime

B/F# F#7 E6 Em6/G B G#7
Take it from me__

They'll be flock-ing to see__

Your

star-lit, won't quit, big hit musical!

NICK:

NOSTRADAMUS:

WOMEN:
A big hit musical!

MEN:
A big hit musical!

E/F#
A Musical (Tag)-Final
February 16, '15

NOSTRADAMUS: Actually, sometimes it works so well -- you do the end of
the exact same song -- AGAIN!

NOSTRADAMUS:

Five, Six Seven, Eight! Take it from me... Oh, they'll be flock-in' to see...

Your star-lit, won't quit, big hit musical!

Karey Kirkpatrick
Wayne Kirkpatrick &
The Black Death-Final
March 4, '15

Words & Music by
Wayne Kirkpatrick &
Karey Kirkpatrick

NICK: I've got it! Yes!
Why didn't I think of this before?
NIGEL: What?!
NICK: The most significant historical event in the last thousand years! [CUE]
10. it's gonna get ya it's the
11. Black Death

12. it's gonna hit ya with those
13. Black Death

14. Blisters oozin' like syrup that pest-y lit-tle pest-i-ence is
15. Black Death

16. killing half of Eu-roe it's the Black Death and it's com-ing for
17. Black Death
you

TROUPE:

Death. Black death woo!

The Black
Black Death

it's getting closer it's the Black Death

it's getting grosser and it's making its way across England soon

everything that's danglin' won't be any good for dinglin' it's the
Black Death

and it's com-in' for

you.

Black Death!
#7

"Something Rotten"

What I Love-Final
March 6, '15

CUE-NIGEL: Wow. You really love poetry.

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

Light waltz, in 1 \( \frac{3}{4} \) = 66

PORTIA: I love

Sidney and Marlowe and often I borrow their words to express how I feel

I love poems of mystery fantasy history

Words & Music by Wayne Kirkpatrick & Karey Kirkpatrick

CUE-NIGEL: Wow. You really love poetry.
PORTIA:

oh what seductive appeal at night alone in my

bed - room satisfying my

need the candle-light fire ignites my desire to

read.

A7 Em7 A
Oh, every time I hear a perfect rhyme I get all ting-ly, because I know that to find a perfect rhyme is not an easy thing-ly.

I love the places that words let me go,
I love the way that your words move me so,
No words have touched me the way that yours do.

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

PORTIA: It seems to have made me lose my inhibitions. NIGEL: It's okay.

NIGEL (cont.): I never knew poetry could affect someone the way it affects me. PORTIA: Me neither. [GO!]

NIGEL: It's just the greatest, isn't it?

end all the be all oh you ought to see all the books that I hide on my
PORTIA:

I find pleasure perusing those writings and musings so shelf.

NIGEL:

Wait, that didn't sound right. No, I know what you mean when I'm deep in the throes of impassionate prose I
NIGEL: could scream!

PORTIA: You scream? So do I!

PORTIA: Oh, I love a lilt-ing line of lyr-i-cal al-li-ti-

NIGEL: Who does-n’t love al-li-ta-

PORTIA: and then I’m like whoa,
PORTIA:

when the phrases come together like a consummation.

sweet emotion.

PORTIA:

I love the rhapsodic rhythm of rhyme

NIGEL:

I love it too.

sonnets sublime

I love the way that all poetry speaks to my

I love the way all poetry speaks to my
PORTIA:
soul

NIGEL:
soul

D7sus

BOTH:
I love the places that words let me go
I love the way that your

words move me so
I love that you feel the same way I

D/F# G Am C G2 Am G/B

N:\n
Am7 G2/B C2 G2/D Em7

N:\'

Em7
BOTH:

\[ \text{do} \quad \text{and} \]

\[ F/C \quad C \]

\[ G/D \quad D \]

\[ G/C \quad D \quad \text{Am9} \]

\[ I \quad \text{love} \quad \text{you know that} \]

I __________ love __________ you know that

I __________ love __________ you know that I __________
love

NIGEL: Me too.
**Will Power-Final**  
**February 18, '15**

*CUE-CROWD (O.S.):* WE - WANT - WILL!  
WE - WANT - WILL!

**ANNOUNCER:** Ladies and Gentlemen, all the way from Stratford Upon Avon, the King of Couplets, the Sultan of Sonnets, the man who put the I AM in iambic pentameter, put your hands together for the one, the only - WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE!

**SHAKESPEARE:** Thank you! Is it good to see me or what?!

**WOMAN IN CROWD:** Do Sonnet 18!

**MAN IN CROWD:** Do "Kingdom for a horse!"

**OTHERS IN CROWD:** Soliloquy from Richard the Third!/The Balcony Scene!, etc

**SHAKESPEARE:** Okay, okay -- here's one for all you beautiful Tudors out there, a little sonnet that's been very good to me, let's see if you know it.

**CROWD:** Yeah! Thou art more love-ly and more temp-er-ate, and the

To____ a sum-mer's day!

**SHAKESPEARE:** Shall I com-pare thee?

**CUE-CROWD (O.S.):** WE - WANT - WILL!

**CUE-CROWD (O.S.):** WE - WANT - WILL!

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**CUE-CROWD (O.S.):** WE - WANT - WILL!

**CUE-CROWD (O.S.):** WE - WANT - WILL!

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**CUE-CROWD (O.S.):** WE - WANT - WILL!

**CUE-CROWD (O.S.):** WE - WANT - WILL!
SHAKESPEARE:

rough winds shake the dar____ling buds of May, yeah, and summer's lease, I a-

CROWD:

Hath all too short a date!

dore the a-do-rat-ion, tho' oth-ers may ap-pall it, It's quite the new sen-sa-tion, what shall we call it?

Ah, Ah!

B5 D5 D# E5 C#5 D5 C#F

I am the Will of the peo-ple now!

Will Pow-er!

He is the Will of the peo-ple now! Will
SHAKESPEARE: Aw, I’m feeling it too. In fact I’d like to feel you a little bit later. Do you want more? Oh yeah? When do you want it? Tomorrow? Later?

CROWD:

Lem-me hear you say, "Now..."

Lem-me hear you say, "Now is..."

Now!

Now is!
"Now is the..."

CROWD:  

Now is the!

SHAKESPEARE: Do you know it? Well do it with me!

Now is the winter of our discontent,

Now is the winter of our discontent,

Made glorious summer by this son of York.

Made glorious summer by this son of York.
"Glor-i-ous!"

CROWD:

Glor-i-ous! Glor-i-ous! Glor-i-ous!

L-O-R-I-O-U-S", who fits that bill? I guess! There's a fever go-in' round, has

It's Will!

Ah,

a-ny-bo-dy caught it?

Me thinks you've got it!

We're shakin' it for Shakes-peare!
CROWD:

I am the Will of the people now!

SHAKESPEARE:

Will Power!

He is the Will of the people now!

I am the Will of the people now!

Huz-zah!

Will Power!

He is the Will

B9 (a la James Brown)
SHAKESPEARE: Oh, that is music to my ears. And if music be the food of love -- play on! That's a new one, don't know where to put it yet.

But speaking of love...Here's one for all you lovers out there.

SHAKESPEARE: Thank you.

But soft, what light through yonder window breaks?

it is the East, and Juliet is the sun.
SHAKESPEARE:

83
rise, fair son, and kill the

84

85

86

87

envious moon. Oh, the moon,

88

89

90

who is already sick and pale,

91

92

93

94

so sick and so pale with grief
SHAKESPEARE:

that thou her maid
art far more

fair than she,

than she.

WOMAN IN CROWD: EEEEEEEEEEEKK!!!

SHAKESPEARE: Thank you. I like that one, too.
A Tempo $\frac{4}{4}=150$

CROWD:

$$\sum_{n=1}^{\infty} \sum_{m=1}^{\infty} \#$$

DRUMS

$$\sum_{n=1}^{\infty} \sum_{m=1}^{\infty} \#$$

SHAKESPEARE:

I am the Will with the skill to thrill you with the quill, yeah!

CROWD:

Pow-er!
I am the hard working bard you regard, yeah! I am the Will Power!

Yeah!  

Allegro

Will! I am the Will! I am the Will!

He is the Will! He is the Will!

name you wanna see up on that bill! I am the Will! Will Will Will Will
swan of the A- von, the chosen one that God in heavens smiled upon, and if you

Beauti-ful swan The one in Stratford. ThankyouGod!

wan-na' see perfection on any given day, You know what they say "When there's a Will there's a

WOMEN:

Ah, Ah, Ah!

MEN:

Ah, Ah, Ah!
Where there's a Will there's a way

CROWD:

Will power

Will power

Will power

Will power

SHAKESPEARE:

Good night! Good night! Parting is such sweet sorrow!!
**Bottom's Gonna Be On Top-Final**

**March 4, '15**

**CUE-NICK:** Oh man oh man, this is gonna change
EVERYTHING! Who can see the future now? Me! That’s who!

**NICK:**

```
colla voce

No more mis-ter a-non-y-mous
No more world that is Nick
Bot-tom-less __

My name _ will be syn-o-ny-mous _
With be-ing on the

Bright, In 2
```

Words & Music by
Wayne Kirkpatrick &
Karey Kirkpatrick
I can see it now, I'm the cat's meow,

It's a hit, Pow! It's gonna' be great, gonna' be great.

Everywhere I go, People love me so,

Hail my name, Oh!, it's gonna' be great, gonna' be great.
TOWNSPEOPLE:
MW/LG/JH:
CMS/AS/BJN:

Master Bottom, you're such a wonderful writer.

Master Bottom, you're such a wonderful writer.

And your talent is talent beyond compare.

And your talent is talent beyond compare.

You're a star, you are, and you couldn't be brighter.

You're a star, you are, and you couldn't be brighter.

NICK: Well, now you're just embarrassing me.
You're a real visionary.

WOMEN: Thank you Jesus and hail Mary! This

You're a real visionary.

MEN: This

Bot-tom's gon-na' be on top. Man,

Bot-tom's gon-na' be on top. This Bot-tom's gon-na' be on top. This Bot-tom's gon-na' be on top. This Bot-tom's gon-na' be on top.

C Dm7 Fmaj7/G C C#7 Dm7 Fmaj7/G
HORNS

NICK:
Throw ___ a big parade, Praises will be ___ made,

Comp ___ liments paid, It's gonna' be great, gonna' be great.

BEA:
Me and Baby are so eternally grateful.

NICK: You're who I'm doing it for.

NICK: Aw, anything for you, babe!

NIGEL:
Thank you for our cottage in the woods.

If
gratitude was food, I'd have a big plateful.

Bm E7 Am

NICK: Nice metaphor, bro!

Bm E7 Am

You're the greatest, "You da' man!" I really shouldn't say it, but Yes, I am! And this

Em7 Ebm7 Dm Am G9
NICK:

Bot-tom's gon-na' be on top,____ This Bot-tom's gon-na' be on top,____ Once

WOMEN:

Bot-tom's gon-na' be on top,____ This Bot-tom's gon-na' be on top,____

MEN:

Bot-tom's gon-na' be on top,____ This Bot-tom's gon-na' be on top,____

---

I get go-ing, ne-ver gon-na' stop. And____ this Bot-tom's gon-na' be on top!____

Oo__________________ wah,____ And____ this Bot-tom's gon-na' be on top!____

Oo__________________ wah,____ And____ this Bot-tom's gon-na' be on top!____
NOSTRADAMUS: A prince! A ghost! MURDER!
NICK: Write down everything you see! Cause I see me. And I'm not a bard. I'm the Bard!

Slightly Slower

Dig in (a little slower)

Writers:

We are the royalty of the Renaissance writers.

NICK: Indeed you are.

But
Now we're handing down the crown to you.

You were a nobody, but then overnight you're someone,

Better than the rest of us, Now you are the best of us.
SHAKESPEARE (O.S.):
Not - so - fast!

NICK: Hello, Will. I knew you wouldn't go down without a fight.

SHAKESPEARE: The top, sir? Nay, thou surely doth jest. I say, on my honor here, I doth protest.

NICK: Yawn. Rhyming couplet. That is so 1594.

SHAKESPEARE: Oh yeah? Well....

If you want to make it to the top, then you're gon-na' have to go through me. 'Cause on the top is where I live and I will not be giving up that easily. So there!

NICK: Oh

SHAKESPEARE:

man I have been wait-ing for this mo-ment for so long I'm gon-na' en-joy it when I knock you off your perch.
SHAKESPEARE:

won't!  Oh, no you won't!  Oh, no you won't!  Oh, no you

NICK:

Oh, yes I will!  Oh, yes I will!  Oh, yes I will!

won't!  My ac-comp-lish-ments are much more ac-comp-lished than yours!

In your dreams, I'm the best!

SHAKESPEARE:

You can't be the best be-cause I am the best!  I have writ-ten twelve

plays and each one is a test-a-ment to my great skill!  I am the Will!  And I wrote

(STRAIGHT 8's)

"Tam-ing Of The Shrew" and "Rich-ard III" and "Rich-ard II" and Hen-rys Four and Five and Six, and
"Titus Andronicus!" And, oh, did I forget...? "Romeo and Juliet"!

Well

I have just written the thing that the critics are calling the greatest thing they've ever seen, and the people are loving it, can't get enough of it, everyone, even including the Queen! She recently invited me to her castle where she knighted me, and privately she told me that you're

Not any good! Not any good! Not any good! Not any good! And she

told me that all of your plays make her vomit, and nothing's as good as my musical, "OM-LETTE"!
SHAKESPEARE:

Wait a minute! You wrote “OM 'LETTE”?

NICK:

Yes...

Rubato

SHAKESPEARE:

I never thought that I would meet my equal, But, I conceded I have been best-ed by the best. May-be we could part-ner on a se-quel...

Faster
Oh, my, how the tide has turned. Let's re-view, what have we learned? See,
you were here, but now we swap. So, kiss this bot-tom, I'm on the top!
NICK:  

WOMEN:  

MEN:  

He's on top!  
He's on top!  
He's on top!  

Yeah__ this Bot-tom's gon-na' be on top__  

Wah wah wow__ wow Yeah__ this Bot-tom's gon-na' be on top__  

Wah wah wow__ wow Yeah__ this Bot-tom's gon-na' be on top__  

Right where__ I ought-a' be__  

He's on top!

It's nice up here.

I'm enjoying the view.

Yeah, this Bottom's gonna be on top!

Yeah, this Bottom's gonna be on top!
NICK:

_ this Bot-tom's gon-na' be on top! Yeah_ this Bot-tom's gon-na' be_ on

WOMEN:

_ this Bot-tom's gon-na' be on top Yeah_ this Bot-tom's gon-na' be_ on

MEN:

_ this Bot-tom's gon-na' be on top Yeah_ this Bot-tom's gon-na' be_ on

NIGEL: ..."OMELETTE"?
Really?
I'm not sure about this.
NICK: Well, I am. So raise a
glass, little brother,

...to "OMELETTE, The Musical!"

TAPS

Bot-tom's Up!

Bot-tom's Up!
Yeah, this Bot-tom's gon-na' be on top!

Yeah, this Bot-tom's gon-na' be on top!

Yeah, this Bot-tom's gon-na' be on top!
Welcome To The Renaissance-Reprise-Final
February 23, '15

DIRECT SEGUE from 11

Easy Bounce $\frac{4}{4}$

Words & Music by
Wayne Kirkpatrick &
Karey Kirkpatrick

Nick and Nigel Bottom are starting to sweat 'Cause they don't have the story written

G    F    Em    Dm

G
yet Welcome to the Renaissance Got to give the audience what it wants But it's not easy And if you're William Shakespeare you're feeling the heat To still be new Welcome to the Renaissance What's a famous bard to
Segue from #11A:
"Welcome To The Renaissance Reprise"

Rock Shuffle, Swing 8's ($q = 111$)

LH - orchestrate these bars, we may need them later

SHAKESPEARE:

My days are so busy, it's making me dizzy, there's so much I gotta' do. It's

mf $G7$

simile

lunches and meetings, and poetry readings, and endless interviews. Got-ta'
pose for a portrait, and how I deplore sitting there for eternity. Then it's off to the Inn, where my Innkeeper friend wants to name a drink after me! Then it's back to my room where I resume my attempt to write a hit—Just me and my beer and the terrible fear that I might be losing it And it's
SHAKESPEARE:

MAN SERVANTS:

AP:

BW:

BS/RV:

It's hard, it's really hard! very very hard,

make it look easy, but honey believe me it's hard, it's hard, it's so incredibly hard. So

It's hard, It's hard, incredibly hard.

inconceivably, unbelievably hard,

It's hard to be the Bard!

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

I got so many fans with so many demands, I can hardly go take a piss.

Be it the theatre freak, or the autograph seeker, they all want a piece of this!

It's the cross that I bear, I'm like Jesus I swear, it's a burden but I suffer through it. It's all

SHAKESPEARE: (last X)

Hoo! Ah - woo,

Gim-me' gim-me'
part of the game, the trap-pings of fame, but some-body's got ta' do it. And I

Hoo! Ah - woo, So he does it!

know, I know, I got ta' go and get back to my pen and ink Oh, Don't make me do it don't make me go through it can

Hoo! Got-ta go! Hoo — Oo

some-body get me a drink? 'Cause it's hard, It's hard, It's real-ly real-ly hard, It's

It's hard, It's hard, it's real-ly hard!

(Drums)
SHAKESPEARE:

sex-y but it's hard, This bar that I'm rais-ing to be this a-ma-zing it's hard, it's hard, it's

MAN SERVANTS:

sex-y but it's hard.

It's hard, It's hard,

so an-noy-ing-ly hard. So un-a-void-a-bley, un-en-joy-a-bley hard,


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

(last X)

what peo-ple just don't un-der-stand is that writ-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 your pac-ing the floor and search-ing for just a bit of di-verse 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
not even close, you remember that damn it, your play's got to be in iambic pentameter. Then you

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

NEED a good word, but you CAN'T find the word. Oh, what is it? Where is it? Where is it? What is it?

SHAKESPEARE: Ughhh......!
VALET: Sir...?

SHAKESPEARE: Hellooo....! [GO]

VALET: You asked for information on what Nicholas Bottom is writing. Our spy is here with news.

SHAKESPEARE: Did he see me losing it?

VALET: He's half blind, sir.

SHAKESPEARE: Oh, good. Then he only saw half of it. Ha ha, see what I did? Speak, man. What news?

EYEPATCH MAN: I saw Nick Bottom, I did. He paid a soothsayer to foresee what Shakespeare's greatest play would be.

SHAKESPEARE: <GASP> That sneaky little thief! Why doesn't he get his own idea?!

SHAKESPEARE: Oh yeah. It is, isn't it?

MAN SERVANTS: It's hard!

SHAKESPEARE: It's really the worst. Makes me wonder why I didn't think of that first. Hard to al-lev-i-ate the

MAN SERVANTS: It's hard!

SHAKESPEARE: It's hard!
SHAKESPEARE:

press-ure to cre-ate,  

MAN SERVANTS:

It's hard!

G  

All

It's hard!

Well, I'll hoist him by his pe-tard.

hard!

So hard in fact that he's steal-ing from the Bard.

Ooh

All that I need is a cle-ver dis-guise.

I'll make him pay for his de-vice-ous lies.

Let him do all the te-di-ous stuff, the

Cle-ver dis-guise.

De-vice-ous lies.

C  

G  

A/C#  

C  

Em  

G
SHAKESPEARE: Nice try, Nicky Bottom.
But I think Shakespeare needs to know what
Shakespeare's biggest hit will be.

MAN SERVANTS:

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

Ooh, Ah!

Shakespeare's biggest hit will be.

But I think Shakespeare needs to know what

Nice try, Nicky Bottom.

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

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

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

It's hard it's tot-al-ly hard
NICK: Okay, everyone, let’s take it from the top of the song. [CUE]
Watch and weep Shakespeare. Watch and weep.

Bright 4

TROUPE:

What's that cooking on the grid - dle, whipped up and beaten?

G

simile

It's eggs! It's eggs, woo! Throw some fix - ins in the middle so good for eat - ing.

D7

It's eggs! It's eggs, woo! I
see within this fluffy fold, the scrambled nature of my soul. I'm cracking up as I begin to

see the bits of me within this Om Om Om Om Om Om

Om Om Om Om 'lette

Om Om Om Om

Om Om Om Om Om Om Om 'lette
NIGEL: Wait, is that a good thing? We know better than anyone how that story ends -- with me drinking poison and you with a dagger in your heart [GO]

PORTIA: Maybe it doesn't have to. Maybe we can write a different ending.

I'm tired of listen'ing to the same sad story. How lovers fail because it's written in the stars.

The feud'ing fam'ly plot is starting to bore me. I'm think'ing we can show 'em that's not who we are.
It may take a little more persuading. For those who think it's better that we are a-part.

I have no doubt their doubts will soon be fading, We'll show 'em how true love finds a way!

Even though I know what they'll say.

No, no, that won't do,

No, no, that won't do,
God has plans for you. If you live in sin, you let the Devil win.

PORTIA: But then, they'll hear the words of truth you're written from your heart!

No, no, that won't do

Con moto, in 1

love is a sickness then find me no cure, for

'tis only love that I know to be pure.
PORTIA: Then they'll think [GO] about it... ...and pray about it... ...then their hearts will open...

70's Pop =110

PURITANS: Hmm... Yeah... ...and

they'll be sing-in' a diff'-rent tune.

PURITANS: We see the light, 'cause

We see the light, You changed how we're think-in', 'cause

we were blind.

We're

we were blind, but you showed us the way. We're
wrong, you're right,
do what is true to you, and you do it with
wrong, you're right, Salvation is yours if you do what is true to you, and you do it with

Luh-uh-uh-uh-ove
Do it with Luh-uh-uh-uh-ove
Yeah,

Luh-uh-uh-uh-ove
Do it with Luh-uh-uh-uh-ove
Yeah,

C
F/C
C
F/C

NGEL:

PORTIA:

JEREMIAH:

Your father! Yeah, he's a hard man to be moved, and he'll say: This is unacceptable,

Oh!

Oh!
I do not approve. But, I know you'll win him over, His heart is gonna sing. And

PORTIA: Go on, do it. Do it right now. Do it.

he'll love you when you do your thing. If

PORTIA: Then let it be known about it... and pray about it... then their hearts will open...

JEREMIAH: Good God, y'all...

let me opine, That all love is surely divine. I

Go on, do it! Go on, do it right now... Yeah!
see the light. You’ve changed how I’m thinkin’

But you

PURITANS:

You’ve changed how he’s thinkin’ ’cause HE was blind.

You’ve changed how he’s thinkin’ ’cause HE was blind.

showed me the way. I’m wrong, you’re right.

He’s wrong, you’re right, Salvation is yours if you

He’s wrong, you’re right, Salvation is yours if you

Bb F F/A Bb
JEREMIAH:

Brether-en, I say un-to you,
I say, Who are we to judge these two?

PURITANS: (SLIDE UP)

Say what? (SLIDE UP)

(GBT. "WAKA-WAKA")

Say what?

C (DRUMS CONTINUE) (etc.)
So true, Preach it!

He's a writer, he's doing what he can,
She's the daughter of a preacher man.

So true, Preach it!
What he can.

And they got the right, They got the right,
They got the right, to be together. I need no further proof, these

They got the right, to be together.

words they speak the truth.

And the truth will set you free,
When you

(etc.)
do what is true to you, and you do it with

G

NICK:

Wait!

NIGEL:

Read!

OH...

DRUMS

PURITANS:

Luh uh uh uh ove.

Do it with Luh uh uh uh ove.

Luh uh uh uh ove.

Do it with Luh uh uh uh ove.

f D

G/D

D
Yeah we see the light, you've changed how we're thinkin', 'cuz we were blind. but you showed us the way. We're wrong, you're right. 'cuz we were blind. You showed us we're wrong, you're right.

Yeah we see the light, you've changed how we're thinkin', 'cuz we were blind. but you showed us the way. We're wrong, you're right. 'cuz we were blind. You showed us we're wrong, you're right.
va - tion is yours if you do what is true to you, And you do it with

va - tion is yours if you do what is true to you, And you do it with

Sal - va - tion! do what is true to you, And you do it with

Sal - va - tion! do what is true to you, And you do it with

C

A

C

MW (ad lib to fine):

Yeah, feel the po - wer of it!

PURITANS:

Luh - uh - uh - uh - ove.

Luh - uh - uh - uh - ove.

Luh - uh - uh - uh - ove.

Luh - uh - uh - uh - ove.
I've been changed, I've been changed, I've been changed by love!

And what we need is__

Luh-uh-uh-uh-ove._ Pure

Luh-uh-uh-uh-ove._ Pure

G/D

D

G/D

Luh-uh-uh-uh-ove._

We see the light!

Luh-uh-uh-uh-ove._

We see the light!

D

G/D

DRUMS

D

AP (ad lib):

MJS (ad lib):

PURITANS:

JH (ad lib):

D
We See The Light-Playoff-Final
March 12, '15

Words & Music by
Wayne Kirkpatrick &
Karey Kirkpatrick

#14A
"Something Rotten"

APPLAUSE SEGUE

ENSEMBLE:

Luh - uh - uh - uh - ove. ___ Do it ___ with

Luh - uh - uh - uh - ove. ___ Do it ___ with

Luh - uh - uh - uh - ove. ___ Do it with love!

Luh - uh - uh - uh - ove. ___ Do it with love!

C

poco rit.
CUE-NICK: BUT WHERE’S THE OMELETTE?!

NIGEL: Uggggh. Maybe there isn’t an omelette! Did you ever consider that???
NICK: NO, BECAUSE I’M CERTAIN THAT THERE IS! [GO ON]

NIGEL (last x):

Uggghhh... I'm sick and I'm tired of the way that you boss me a-round, al-ways treat-ing me like I'm a ba-by and
tell-ing me what I should do be-cause you know it all and you ne-ver con-sid-er that may-be you're

wrong. You're wrong. But you ne-ver ad-mit that you're wrong. Well, I'm

What?

To Thine Own Self Be True
March 12A, '15

Words & Music by
Wayne Kirkpatrick &
Karey Kirkpatrick

#15
"Something Rotten"
NIGEL: not gonna do any more acquiescing, I've written a thing that I love, but I'm guessing you hate it because it is truly expressing a feeling I'm feeling in here.

PETER QUINCE: So what are you gonna do about it?
NIGEL: It doesn't matter. He won't listen.
SHAKESPEARE: Right! That's settled. Back to Omelette then!

BRIAN: Read him that other thing.
FRANCIS: Yeah! Use your words!
NICK: What the hell are they talking about?
Sure as the day follows the night sure as the sky turns to blue.

This much I know This much is true Above all in whatever you do

To thine own self be
TOM SNOUT: That’s so beautiful!
FRANCIS: It’s like - good line and good advice!
TROUPE: Yeah/Life changing!/Hear hear!
SHAKESPEARE/TOBY: Oh, I don’t know. It’s a bit sappy to me. I thought the whole breakfast theme was really strong.

NIGEL & TROUPE:

NICK: Yes! Thank you, Toby. The only one who’s making any sense around here.
PETER QUINCE: But it is good, Nick.
NICK: Oh is it??
NICK: "To thine own self be true" Right. Because it’s really that simple - IN YOUR POEMS. But this is the real world, Nige. So you wanna hear my truth??

Who is the one who puts food on your plate and a roof o - ver - head, Yeah, it’s me and you're wel - come, al -
NICK:

though it's not like - ly that you'd e - ver both - er to no - tice or thank me be - cause you are sel - dom a - ware.

D m  A m/C  B b maj 7  A m  B b maj 7  A m

ware. So, there. Un - a - ware, and you don't e - ven care. While I'm dealing with all of the mess and the stress, you're off wri - ting the truth that you have to pro - fess. You're o - bliv - i - ous to the con - tin - u - ous pres - sure from choi - ces that I have to make.

G sus  p  G 7  A sus  A 7  C sus  C 7  D 7 sus  D m

cresc. poco, poco

You got - ta be

TROUPE:

You got - ta be
NICK: No, I gotta do what I have to do... because I have responsibilities.

TROUPE:

NIGEL: You don’t “have to do” anything - not if you know it’s not right! Portia says that all my best...

NICK: Oh Portia, Shmortia! I don’t care what she...

NIGEL: It's so simple. LISTEN TO THEM!

TROUPE:

Sure as the day follows the night sure as the sky turns to blue.
This much I know
This much is true
Above all else in whatever you do

tap break

To thine own self
be

NICK: This is a waste of time. WE HAVE A SHOW TO WRITE.
NIGEL: And I've written what I think it should be. Help me finish it!

You got-ta be

true

Dm Am/C Dm
Dm Am/C Dm
(p under dialogue)

NICK: What, this?? Truth? Death? Suicide?
Nobody cares!

NIGEL: I care!

You got-ta be true
You got-ta be true, you got-ta be true, you got-ta be..
NICK: Shut up!

NIGEL: No! Keep rehearsing the song.
NICK: Oh, you’re in charge now?
NIGEL: Nick, listen...
NICK: No, you listen.

NICK: I didn’t come here to get preached to. We open in a week! Now are you gonna help me write Omelette or not?

NIGEL: I can’t. It doesn’t feel right. And deep down, I think it doesn’t feel right to you either.
NICK: Hey! You know why I never wanted to write that sappy “brother who carried you from Cornwall” story? It’s because I’m still carrying you. And I’m sick of it!
NIGEL: Then why don’t I just get off your back?
SHAKESPEARE (AS TOBY): Why don’t I see if I can go talk that “to be or not to be” stuff out of his head. But for what it’s worth... Omelette?
    (gestures mind blowing)
I can’t imagine ever coming up with an idea like that.
NICK: I want to tell you all something I bet you thought you’d never hear me say. We’ve sold out. Standing room only. For OMELETTE.
Now, I could lie to you and say you should follow my brother and his audience-repelling death play - or I can be truthful and say you should be a part of a sure-fire, crowd pleasing hit that will actually pay you. A lot. {STOP MUSIC}

So whaddaya say...?

TROUPE:

NICK: That’s what I thought you’d say.  

NICK: Now let’s get back to work.
NICK:

When you're back's against the wall.

And, you're about to lose it all. When it

true

You gotta be true

comes to right or wrong, they say there are no in-betweens But still I gotta believe the end will

justify the means.

TROUPE:

I hope it justifies the means

I hope it justifies the means

E

C7
Sure as the day follows the night

Surely we must see this through

Damned if I don’t

But

Lost if I do

Don’t!

Do!

Damn it I don’t have the luxury to

Luxury to
NICK:

Hang all my hope on some simplistic trope like To thine own self be

TROUPE:

To thine own self be

ROBIN:

Oh God, I hope what he's saying is true

Please be true please be true please be true

Please be true please be true please be true

Please be true please be true please be true
CUE-BEA: Hey, hey...
We'll get through it, like we always have.

NICK: You deserve better, Bea.
Sometimes I don't know why you put up with this. With me.

BEA: Now, how can you say that...?

Ballad, in 4

BEA: 5

The first time that I saw you, I knew my days a - lone

were done.

The first time that I saw you,
I knew at once you were the one. And I heard music, the sweetest melody, and it sounded like La la la la la la la la la la (like a bell) Love, love, love, Yes, it was love, love
PORTIA: The first time that you held me, I was taken by surprise.

DRUMS IN

The first time that you held me, I felt a million-but-
flies. And I heard music, Heaven's harmony,

Dm Dm7 Am7 Am7 A

La la la la la la la la la.

and it sounded like La la la la la la la la la.

F C/E Dm G7

Doo doo doo doo doo doo doo doo doo doo,

PORTIA:

Doo doo doo doo doo doo doo doo, And it was lovely, Yes, it was

C/Bb F/A Abdim C/G
Love-ly love. And when you
love-ly, love-ly love.

Feel love, a real love, Never let it
a real love, Never let it

Go. Let the nay-sayers nay, while the song keeps playing
Go. Let the nay-sayers nay, while the song keeps playing
on 'til the end of forever. The first time that you kissed me

on 'til the end of forever.

I was yours eternally.

You are the reason I do what I

first time that I saw you...

first time that you kissed me

it was perfect poetry.

The first time that I met you...

You were my

The

The

The

The

The

The
And I heard music, A rousing rhapsody. And it sounded like La la la la la. And it sounded like La la la la.

And I heard music, A rousing rhapsody. And it sounded like La la la la la. And it sounded like La la la.
Doo doo doo doo doo doo, And it was
Doo doo doo doo doo doo doo, And it was
Doo doo doo doo doo doo doo, And it was
Doo doo doo doo doo doo doo, And it was

love-ly, Yes, it was love-ly

Love-ly, Love-ly, it was

It was love-ly, Love-ly

Love-ly, Love-ly
And it's still lovely, lovely love.

It was lovely

And it's still lovely

Love.

Love.

Love.

Love.
CUE-SHAKESPEARE: Oh I'll be there.

Moderately

ff

New Tempo

FLAPS

ENSEMBLE:

There's something rotten.

There's something rotten.

You can smell it, you can tell it's something rotten.

Now the kingdom is shot and it's all gone to pot.
**Something Rotten (Reprise)**  
*March 9, '15*

**NICK:** God, I hope I get it! {THUNDER} [GO]

**NICK:** Father!  
**QUINCE:** Remember...who...you are!

---

**Words & Music by**  
Wayne Kirkpatrick & Karey Kirkpatrick

**Fade into scene**
Intro To Omelette-Final
March 12, '15

CUE-BEA: Where's the money, Nick?

NICK: Bea...
BEA: All our savings... Where is it??

Freely

BEA: Where's the money, Nick?

NICK: That's my cue.
I have to go on! They're waiting!
BEA: Nick. What haven't you told me??

NICK: After the show. All will be well -- AFTER THE SHOW!

Words & Music by Wayne Kirkpatrick & Karey Kirkpatrick
NICK: Though my behavior may suggest madness, there is method in it. Simple truths which quelled my troubled mind, I now beseech thine ears to hear.

SHAKESPEARE (TOBY): Pray, nephew - what dost thou mean?
NICK: Well, I’ll tell you...

The fruit of

SEGUE AS ONE
life can't always taste like sweet persimmons,

Sometimes it's hard to swallow, I'm afraid.

But when life has handed you some

lemons,

Then hand it back a mug of lemonade.

My
NICK:

fath-er said this to me, that he did, and then he blew me a-way with wis-dom sim-ple and con-cise. He said,

"Eg-bert, life is mere-ly what you make of it. So heed this sound ad-vise.

You make wine from so-ur grapes, You got a flat pan-cake, hey call it a crepe. When

life gives you eggs, make an ome-lette. You get
NICK:

co-

la from a nut,

A dir-
ty worm makes silk from out of his butt. When

life gives you eggs,

make an ome-

lette, ome-

lette. The so-
lution to your trou-
bles is cheese and ve-
geta-
bles, and

NICK +

3 CHEFS:

Bm7

Gm6/Bb

D6/A

E7

cheese and vege-
tables, and
NICK +
3 CHEFS:

NICK:
bacon make an omelette, yeah! When it
bacon make an omelette! yeah!

looks like you should quit, Find another way of

You gotta make that...

When life gives you eggs, You gotta make that...

When life gives you eggs, You gotta make that...
3 CHEFS:

Om, Om, Om, Om -'lette.

Om, Om, Om, Om, Om, Om, Om, Om -'lette.

sweetly

mf

D Em A9 D6

Om, Om, Om, Om, Om, Om, Om, Om -'lette.

D Em A9 A7b9 D D6

Om-lette!

Om-lette!
NICK: Father!

NOSTRADAMUS:

The solution to your troubles right here in River City, yes!

poo-pi, Chicago, omelette, yeah! When it looks like you should quit

ENSEMBLE:
Find a no-ther way of look-in' at it when life gives you eggs, Just a

When life gives you eggs, Just a

When life gives you eggs, Just a

great big bowl of eggs, When life gives you eggs, You got-ta make that...

great big bowl of eggs, When life gives you eggs, You got-ta make that...

great big bowl of eggs, When life gives you eggs, You got-ta make that...

You got-ta make that...
Hand Jive

Em7  A7

Slower, \( \frac{1}{7}=180 \)

Dm

Crack! Splat! Pzzzz...

Make an om-'lette.

Dm7b5
Crack! Splat! Pzzzz...

Make an om-lette.

Tap tacet

What do YOU think?

3 CHEFS:

3 CHEFS:

om-lette make an om-lette now

om-lette make an om-lette now

C#m6/D Dm6 C#m6/F Dm6/F D^7 E^7 Dm6/F A7/E

Toe Tap

First melt a table-spoon of butter in a medium frying pan over
me·di·um heat

Add the ham pie·ces

Add the ham pie·ces

o·me·lette make an o·me·lette make an o·me·lette now

Add the

ENSEMBLE:

Ooh

Ooh

Ooh

Ooh

Ooh

mf D₆/E♭ Eb₆ D₆/E♭ Eb₆ Đ♭⁷ F7 Eb₆

bea·ten egg

As the
3 CHEFS:

cresc. egg starts to set lift the edges of the omelette to get cooked

NICK:

Make an

Flap Heels

NICK:

omlette make an omlette make an omlette now

ENSEMBLE:

Ooh

Ooh

Ooh

Ooh

Ooh

D\#m6/E Em6

D\#m6/E Em6

C\#7/E F\#7

Em6
3 CHEFS:

Turn off the heat
Let the om'lette sit one minute in the skillet so the

Turn off the heat
Let the om'lette sit one minute in the skillet so the

3 CHEFS:

in-side cooks right through

in-side cooks right through

1st 8-Tap tacet "CHALLENGE"

2nd 8-Tap tacet

3rd 8-Tap tacet

4th 8-Tap tacet
ENSEMBLE:

You make
waste from sour grapes____ You got a flat pancake just call it a crepe. When

waste from sour grapes____ You got a flat pancake just call it a crepe. When

life gives you eggs____ make an Omelette. Shake a

life gives you eggs____ make an Omelette. Shake a

leg and slap a thigh____ If your cholesterol’s high you’ll probably die____ When

leg and slap a thigh____ If your cholesterol’s high you’ll probably die____ When
ENSEMBLE:

No sheet music to transcribe.
white and yellow and
white and yellow and

Ah white and yellow and
white make an
white and yellow and
white and yellow and
white and yellow and
white make an

white and yellow and
white and yellow and
white and yellow and
white and yellow and
white make an

make an omelette!
make an omelette!

D6/Eb
Ep6
Bb/G Amaj7

Em6/Bb
Ep

CUE-BEA: Before sentencing is pronounced, I think we'd all like to know...what on earth was he thinking?

NICK: The learned counselor is right. I lost my mind. No, worse. I lost myself. And it wouldn't have happened if I just listened.

Rubato

NICK: Someone much wiser tried to tell me.

Sure as the day follows the night, Sure as the sky turns to blue.

Words & Music by Wayne Kirkpatrick & Karey Kirkpatrick
(NICK:)

This much I know, this much is true.

Above all else in whatever you do, To thine own self be true.

Why did I wander so far from the man that the two of you knew I could be?
(NICK:)

___ I lost sight of all ___ that mat - tered some - how. ___ I could

not see it then, ___ but I see it

now.

I just didn’t think ___

I had it in me ___
(NICK:)

So I made it harder than it had to be.

Shoul-da followed my heart,

Shoul-da listened to you.

To thine own self be true.
To thine own self _____ be true.
Welcome To America-Revised
April 10, '15

ANNOUNCER: Ladies and gentlemen, pioneers and pilgrims, all the way from jolly old England, the Bottom Brothers give you their touching life story; in a new play...with songs!!

CUE-NIGEL: And I bet they'll be open to something new and original.
NICK: And I know just the story we should tell. [GO]

CUE-NIGEL:

TROUPE:

Who's that coming out of Cornwall?

Bright 4

Who's that starting out with nothing but each other?

B

Who's that starting out with nothing but each other?

B9

Who's that coming out of Cornwall?

E
NICK & NIGEL:

TROUPE:

Yes, we are the Bot-tom bro-thers wri-ting plays just like our mo-ther

Nick, and Ni- gel Bot-tom

E

A

E

BEA: >13A

said we ough-ta do  We've learned a thing or two!  He

BEA:

NICK: Sorry!

PORTIA:

NICK & NIGEL:

al-most got us all be-head-ed  In- stead we just got ban-i shed-ed  We

April 10 rewrite: MS. 13A-13D are new, MS. 14 is cut
April 10 rewrite: MS. 17-20 are rewritten
MS. 21-33 are cut

NICK & NIGEL:

15 came from London on a boat and landed here and went and wrote a

NICK/NI GEL/TROUPE/

BEA/PORTIA:

play with songs And dancers galore It's something no one else has ever seen before

NICK/NI GEL/TROUPE:

So

Slightly Slower

April 10 rewrite: MS. 34-37 are rewritten

NICK/NI GEL/TROUPE:

here we go putting on a show And not just any old ordinary show A
Big pullback!

WOMEN:

musical,____

MEN:

musical,____

ALL:

no-thing's as amaz-ing as a mu-si-cal____ With song and dance And

no-thing's as amaz-ing as a mu-si-cal____ With song and dance And
ALL:

sweet romance
And happy endings happening by happenstance
And

DOUBLETIME FEEL

48A

you'll see it will be only the beginning
It's

48B

you'll see it will be only the beginning
It's

48C

April 10 rewrite: MS. 48A-48G are new

48D

radi-cal_ dramatica-ly Fan-tas-tic-ly fa-na-ti-cal_ This glo-ri-ous cre-a-tion called a mu-si-cal

48E

48F

48G

rall.
SHYLOCK: Have you heard the news?
Shakespeare’s new play opened. They say it’s his masterpiece.
NICK/NIKEL: What’s it called?
SHYLOCK: “Hamlet”
NOSTRADAMUS: Hamlet! I was this close.

MS.55-62 are cut

F maj 7 C2 C2/E

We’re
least we made it over, so cut us some slack. We've cut us some slack. We've

barely had a moment to unpack. Welcome to America. We came from way over there-

barely had a moment to unpack. Welcome to America. We came from way over there-

G F Em Dm

Added counter-melody

G Fmaj7/G Fmaj7 C2 Fmaj7 C2
ALL:

Every thing is

Every thing is

Fast Rock \( \frac{4}{4} = 150 \)

new! Welcome to America Ev'rything is

new! Welcome to America Ev'rything is

C Bb F C C Bb F C

new____ Welcome to America Land of op-por-tu-ni-ty!

new____ Welcome to America

C Bb F C C Bb C
Welcome To America-Revised
April 16, '15

CUE-NIGEL: And I bet they'll be open to something new and original.
NICK: And I know just the story we should tell. [GO]

ANNOUNCER: Ladies and gentlemen, pioneers and pilgrims, all the way from jolly old England, the Bottom Brothers give you their touching life story; in a new play...with songs!!

CUE-NIGEL: And I bet they'll be open to something new and original.
NICK: And I know just the story we should tell.

Words & Music by Wayne Kirkpatrick & Karey Kirkpatrick
Yes, we are the Bot-tom bro-thers wri-ting plays just like our mo-ther

Nick, and Ni-gel Bot-tom

said we ough-ta do  We've learned a thing or two!  He

al-most got us all be-head-ed  In- stead we just got ban-i-shed-ed  We

April 10 rewrite: MS. 13A-13D are new, MS. 14 is cut
came from London on a boat and landed here and went and wrote a
play with songs And dancers galore It's something no one else has ever seen before
here we go putting on a show And not just any old ordinary show A
big and bold extraordinary show A must see magical new original

Big pullback!

MEN:

WOMEN:

ALL:

nothing's as amazing as a musical

With song and dance

And

nothing's as amazing as a musical

With song and dance

And
ALL:

sweet romance And happy endings happening by happenstance And

Doubletime feel

you'll see it will be only the beginning It's

April 10 rewrite: MS. 48A-48G are new

radi-cal drama-ti-cal Fantas-tic-ly fa-na-ti-cal This glo-rious cre-a-tion called a mu-si-cal
SHYLOCK: Have you heard the news?
Shakespeare’s new play opened. They say it’s his masterpiece.
NICK/NIGEL: What’s it called?
SHYLOCK: “Hamlet”
NOSTRADAMUS: Hamlet! I was this close.

ALL:

Welcome to America Where nothing rhymes with America But who’s complaining? We’re

MS.55-62 are cut
G

F

Em

Dm

G

Fmaj7/G

Fmaj7

C2

Fmaj7

C2

ALL:

MINSTEL (ad lib)
Hey look, we're rhyming! We're living in the new world we're living the dream. It's our debut Welcome to America Where
ALL:

ev'rything is

ev'rything is

Dm Em7 Fmaj7 G7sus

Fast Rock \( \text{\textpm} = 150 \)

new!

Welcome to America

Ev'rything is

new!

Welcome to America

Ev'rything is

C Bb F C

C Bb F C

new

Welcome to America

Land of opportunity!

new

Welcome to America

C Bb F C

C Bb F C

C
Do it with love!
"Something Rotten"

Exit Music
March 27, '15

Words & Music by
Wayne Kirkpatrick &
Karey Kirkpatrick

Bright 2, swing 8s

"Bottom's Gonna Be On Top"
Big stripper pullback!

#22-Exit Music
03-27-15