

# NICK / NIGEL 1

- 62 -

SOMETHING ROTTEN!

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PORTIA

Hello, daddy-o.

BROTHER JEREMIAH

You said you were in your room, reading your bible.

PORTIA

*(slurred speech)*

Ohhh, Bible-bible-bibble-babble

<BLOWING A RASPBERRY>

JEREMIAH is FURIOUS. He turns to Nigel.

BROTHER JEREMIAH

Hear me now, sinner. You dare to cross me and corrupt my daughter!? So help me God, I will smite these Bottoms—and smite them hard.

~~HE pauses, rethinking what he said.~~ Then turns to Portia.

COME WITH ME!

PORTIA

*(giggling as SHE exits)*

Smite their bottoms...

~~HE drags her away. NIGEL goes after them.~~

NIGEL

Portia!

NICK

*(grabbing Nigel)*

And you—come with me!

HE grabs Nigel and pulls him across the stage in the opposite direction.

NIGEL

Let me go! I'm not a child!

NICK

Then why are you acting like one?! I told you to stay away from her and now look what's happened—we're on the most wanted list of a deranged Puritan! And Shakespeare nearly got your notebook full of ideas—which, by the way, is the only reason he invited you here.

NIGEL

No!

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STOP

# NICK / NIGEL 2

SOMETHING ROTTEN!

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MUSIC STARTS...

SHAKESPEARE

That's what's missing! Why don't I collect all these pages and hold them for safe keeping?

SHAKESPEARE takes the pages back from Nick but NIGEL takes them from Shakespeare.

**START**

NIGEL

Nick, I'm worried you aren't thinking clearly here. Read it. I think it's good.

NICK

I am reading and where's the Omelette?

NIGEL

There is no omelette.

NICK

What do you mean there's no omelette, there has to be an omelette.

NIGEL

Why?

#16 - To Thine Own Self Be True (Part 1)

NICK

Because it's called OMELETTE!

NIGEL

Why does it have to be called Omelette!?

NICK

It just... does, okay? You have to trust me on this.

NIGEL

*(to the troupe)*

He's not hearing me.

FRANCIS FLUE

Just read him what you wrote...

NIGEL

Why? He won't listen.

SHAKESPEARE

**STOP**

*(taking pages from Nigel)*

I should really take these before this turns ugly.

# NICK / NIGEL 3

SOMETHING ROTTEN!

- 101 -

**NIGEL**

Ugggh, this is hopeless.

**FRANCIS**

You really should listen, Nick – it just makes your heart wanna soar.

*The TROUPE steps center stage and forms a choir, singing a capella.*

**TROUPE**

SURE AS THE DAY, FOLLOWS THE NIGHT  
SURE AS THE SKY TURNS TO BLUE  
THIS MUCH I KNOW...

**NIGEL**

THIS MUCH I KNOW

**TROUPE**

THIS MUCH IS TRUE

**NIGEL**

THIS MUCH IS TRUE...

**NIGEL, TROUPE**

ABOVE ALL ELSE IN WHATEVER YOU DO  
TO THINE OWN SELF  
TO THINE OWN SELF... TO THINE OWN SELF  
BE TRUE  
TO THINE OWN SELF BE TRUE

*Silence. NICK appears to have listened. He steps up to Nigel – then SCREAMS.*

**NICK**

WHERE'S - THE OMELETTE??

**NIGEL**

Wow. What has happened to you? Where's the brother who had integrity, who inspired me to become a writer?

**NICK**

He finally has a great idea! And I can tell you for a fact it will be known as the single greatest play ever written!

**NIGEL**

HOW CAN YOU POSSIBLY KNOW THAT??

**NICK**

I just do! Now we don't have time for this. We open in a week. Are you gonna help me write Omelette or not?

**START**

**STOP**