

PETRUCHIO (Cont'd)

(Verse)

I wrote a poem  
In classic style  
I wrote it with my tongue  
In my cheek  
And my lips in a smile  
But of late my poem (Xs R.C.)  
Has a meaning so new  
For to my surprise  
It suddenly applies to my darling, to you.  
(Looks to balcony. KATHARINE is gone.  
Sings to DANCERS)

(Refrain repeats)

Were thine that special face  
The face which fills my dreaming,  
Were thine the rhythm'd grace,  
Were thine the form so lithe and slender,  
Were thine the arms so warm, so tender,  
Were thine the kiss divine,  
Were thine the love for me,  
The love which fills my dreaming,  
When all these charms are thine  
Then you'll be mine, all mine.

ELECTRIC CUE #8  
(BLUE LIGHTING  
FOR DANCE)

(Repeat two chorus' for dance,  
picks up song on last 8 bars)

When all these charms are thine  
Then you'll be mine, all mine.

ELECTRIC CUE #9

(LIGHTS UP at end of number)

(WAITER moves table O.S. on applause)

BAPTISTA

(Enters)

'Twas not to her liking.

PETRUCHIO

But that is nothing. For I tell you, father, I am as peremptory  
as she proud minded. And where two raging fires meet together,  
they do consume the thing that feeds their fury.  
I will attend her here and woo her with some spirit when  
she comes. If she do bid me pack -- I'll give her thanks --

KATHARINE

(Enters angrily from house. SHE holds flowers in hand, as if it were a stiletto)

I bid thee pack.

(This is obviously not her cue for entrance and FRED, as Petruchio, is a little off guard. The OTHERS obviously sense something wrong)

Were thine that special face! Hah!

(LILLI tosses bouquet at FRED. HE barely catches it. Reaction)

FRED

(Ad libbing)

Grazia, Signorina.

(HE bows)

BAPTISTA

(A little nonplussed but plowing on)

And now, Petruchio, speak!

(HE exits into house)

KATHARINE

(Extracting card from bosom)

Speak, Petruchio...Though thy message is not meant for me.

(SHE tears up card, throws it in PETRUCHIO's face)

You bas---

PETRUCHIO

(Hastily breaking in)

Good morrow, Kate.

(In aside. Grabs her hand)

We're on stage, now, Lilli...

Good morrow, Kate, for that's your name, I hear.

KATHARINE

Well have you heard, but somewhat hard of hearing;

They call me Katharine that do speak of me.

(Xs D.C.)

PETRUCHIO

You lie, in faith; for you are called plain Kate.

And bonny Kate, and sometimes Kate the curst; (Throws flowers away)

But Kate, the prettiest Kate in Christendom;

And therefore Kate, take this of me, Kate, of my consolation;

Hearing thy mildness prais'd in every town,

PETRUCHIO (Cont'd)

Thy virtues spoke of, and thy beauty sounded,  
Yet not so deeply as to thee belongs --

(SHE hits him in stomach)

Myself am moved to woo thee for my wife.

KATHARINE

Hah! Mov'd in good time: let him that mov'd you hither  
Remove you hence; I knew you at the first you were a moveable.

PETRUCHIO

Why, what's a moveable?

KATHARINE

A joint stool.

PETRUCHIO

Thou hast hit it. Come, sit on me.

(Slaps knee)

KATHARINE

Asses are made to bear, and so are you.

(Xs R.)

PETRUCHIO

Women are made to bear, and so are you.

(Xs to KATE)

KATHARINE

No such jade as bear you, if me you mean.

(SHE bites his hand)

PETRUCHIO

(Nursing his hand)

Come, come, you wasp; i' faith, you are too angry.

KATHARINE

If I be too waspish, best beware my sting.

(Slaps PETRUCHIO)

PETRUCHIO

My remedy is then to pluck it out.

KATHARINE

Aye, if the fool could find it where it lies.

PETRUCHIO

Who knows not where a wasp does wear her sting? In his tail.

(KATHARINE slaps him again)

PETRUCHIO (Cont'd)

(PETRUCHIO grabs KATE, bends her back  
over his knee)

I swear I'll cuff you, if you strike again!

(Aside)

You keep on acting just the way you've been doing, Miss Vanessi,  
and I will give you the paddling of your life and right on stage.

KATHARINE

(Breaking away)

You wouldn't dare.

PETRUCHIO

No? Ha, ha, ha, ha.

KATHARINE

If you strike me you are no gentleman. What is your crest -  
a coxcomb?

(Holds up her hand)

PETRUCHIO

A combless cock, so Kate will be my hen.

(Grabs KATE's raised hand)

Come, give me thy hands.

KATHARINE

No! No!

(PETRUCHIO slaps her behind, propelling  
her to table. From other side of table  
he grabs her hands and holds them down)

PETRUCHIO

Come.

Setting all this chat aside,

Thus in plain terms; your father has consented

That you shall be my wife;

And will you, nill you, I will marry you.

Now, Kate, I am a husband for your turn

For by this light, whereby I see thy beauty

Thy beauty that doth make me like thee well --

Thou must be married to no man but me

(Brings KATE around in front of table)

For I am he, am born to tame you, Kate;

And bring you from a wild Kate to a Kate

Conformable as other household Kates.



KATHARINE

You devil; Father!

(Struggles to remove her hands)

(BAPTISTA enters quickly and SUITORS  
enter from U.R.)

BAPTISTA

And now, Signor Petruchio, how speed you with my daughter?

PETRUCHIO

How but well! How, but well. It were impossible I should  
Speed amiss. We have 'greed so well together that upon  
Sunday is the wedding day.

BAPTISTA

(Puts his hands over theirs)

God give you joy, son! 'Tis a match!

(Withdraws hands quickly)

SUITORS

Amen, say we!

PETRUCHIO

Father and wife and gentlemen, adieu:

(Swings her away from him)

(Enter CROWD)

I will unto Venice;

(SHE kicks him)

- I'm warning you! - to buy apparel, against the wedding day  
Sunday comes apace:

And we will have rings and things and fine array; and

Kiss me, Kate,

(SHE slaps him)

All right, Miss Vanessi - you asked for this and you're going to  
get it!

(HE takes her across his knee. HE begins  
paddling her)

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CHANGE OF SCENE - ORCHESTRA

KATHARINE

OH!

(HE paddles her harder. Sotto voce)

Fred, what are you doing? OH! ... OH! ... OH! ...

(SHE screams. HE paddles her harder.

Screams from CROWD)

ELECTRIC CUE #10

B L A C K O U T