I. The Characters

Lord Philip of Nottingham — Corey Fedorowich
Lady Barbara of Nottingham — Laura Allan

Lord Cumberland — Matthew Prusinski
Lady Cumberland — Alexis Wolfer

Lord Westmorland — Ted Swanson
Lady Westmorland — Emily Barth

Lord Berkshire — Doug McCaskey
Lady Berkshire — Elizabeth Brayman

Lord Somerset — Jonathan Shoup
Lady Somerset — Lauren Smith

Lord Blaine — Joshua Cohen
Lady Blaine — Demi Ferker

Lord Cheshire — Mari Ma
Lady Cheshire — Jessica Williams

Señor Manuel de Cervantes — Chris Doblovosky
Señor Mendoza — Joe Canuso

II. The Outline

Guests will enter the dining room between 7:10 and 7:30 to harpsichord or string music.

At 7:30 we should have a fanfare to announce the arrival of the Lords and Ladies (that’s you, folks).
Lords and Ladies process in to harpsichord music. Go to the head table, gentlemen helping their ladies
to the chairs. The Lord and Lady of Nottingham are the hosts, and should be seated in the center.

Welcoming dialogue. Entrance of Cervantes and Mendoza.

Pouring of the Wassail (sing Gloucestershire Wassail). A Little more dialogue.

The Boar’s Head is presented to the head table for inspection and approval. Dr. P. will present the Boar’s
Head and sing the first verse. Lord Philip of Nottingham sings the second verse, and Lord Cumberland
sings the third verse. Upon approval of the main dish, the dinner will be served to the guests.

During the Dinner all soloists will perform throughout the room (we’ll set the order at the dress
rehearsal on Thursday).

Following the dinner will be some dialogue, some dancing, some lute playing, some juggling, some
storytelling, and the concert portion of the evening. Eventually, everyone will get tired and go home.
Today’s date is February 27, 1585
You are in the castle of the Lord and Lady of Nottingham

[At about 7:30 the singers will enter the Great Court down the staircase from the second floor, (we’ll lock valuables in the closet in the Main Auditorium). After a trumpet fanfare to announce the host’s entry, the singers process in as couples. The following dialogue begins while the singers are still standing at their places at the head table]

Lord Philip of Nottingham:
Lords, Ladies, and honored guests, I bid you welcome to the home of the Lady Barbara and myself. We are met tonight, as always, by the grace of God, and under the protection of our glorious Queen Elizabeth. I thank you all for coming, and trust you will enjoy this evening’s festivities. Please, be seated.

[Gentlemen seat the ladies, and sit down themselves]

Two Spaniards walk forward

Senor Manuel de Cervantes:
My Lord, we are visitors on a diplomatic mission from Spain. Your servants were unsure of our seating.

[Lord Philip looks around, a bit confused]

Lady Barbara of Nottingham:
[to Philip] The Queen sent her regrets, but asked that we extend our hospitality to these gentlemen.

Lord Philip of Nottingham:
[rising] In that case, you are both welcome in my home. What are your names?

Senor Manuel de Cervantes:
I am Manuel de Cervantes; my companion is Señor Mendoza.

Lord Cumberland:
Are you related to the poet, Miguel de Cervantes?

Senor Manuel de Cervantes:
He is my uncle.

Lord Cumberland:
A fine writer.

Lady Cumberland:
I thought you said he was a madman.

Senor Manuel de Cervantes:
[clearly annoyed] I beg your pardon.

Lord Chesire:
Well, his views are a bit... unusual.
Lady Westmorland:
  Besides, madmen are the children of God.

Lord Philip of Nottingham:
  [looks at Lady Westmorland] That’s the silliest thing I’ve ever heard.

Señor Mendoza:
  [with irritation, to Señor Cervantes] I am getting tired of standing here.

Lord Cumberland:
  [stands and walks out from behind the table, followed by Lord Philip] Gently, Señor Spaniard. I understand that your troubles on the high seas are making you edgy, but I’m sure you will prevail eventually.

Lady Cumberland:
  I thought you said Francis Drake was “kicking their Mediterranean Butts.”

Señor Mendoza:
  This is an outrage!

Senor Manuel de Cervantes:
  They are English—you cannot expect good manners from them.

Lady Barbara of Nottingham:
  You may not like our manners, but your half-wit King Philip has learned to respect our cannons.

Senor Manuel de Cervantes:
  King Philip will go down in history as a great king.

Lord Cumberland:
  [in the Spaniard’s face] King Philip is an idiot.

Senor Manuel de Cervantes:
  [with venom] Queen Elizabeth is frigid.

Lord Philip of Nottingham:
  [draws sword] Apologize or be run through!

Senor Manuel de Cervantes:
  [draws sword and makes sweeping bow to the audience] I’m sorry that Queen Elizabeth is frigid.

Lord Philip of Nottingham:
  Defend yourself!

[swordfight—ends with Lady Westmorland clocking Señor Manuel de Cervantes with a serving tray]

Lady Barbara of Nottingham:
  I think that’s enough. Now, why don’t you sit down and join us for a glass of ale.
Señor Mendoza:
  You have no wine?

Lady Cumberland:
  This is England, my Lord. We drink ale.

Lord Berkshire:
  Personally, I could use a glass of wassail.

Lord Somerset:
  By all means, some ale!

Lady Westmorland:
  Don’t get your hopes up—there is no alcohol in wassail.

Lord Berkshire:
  [holding up “Lord Ralph’s Magic Elixir”] Maybe not in yours. . .

[trumpet fanfare. Servers bring in the wassail, head table first. At cue from director, the group begins singing. Gloucestershire Wassail. Verses 1, 2, 7, 8]

Lord Philip of Nottingham:
  [standing, with glass held high, to audience] To our good and gracious Queen—Long may she live.

[singers ad. lib. assents][Lord Berkshire pours “Lord Ralph’s” into his cup]

Lord Cheshire:
  So, will the Queen’s juggler be joining us this evening?

Lady Barbara of Nottingham:
  No, we’ve been told that he is unavailable.

Lord Cumberland:
  I heard that he didn’t show up for an engagement he promised to attend and he’s now doing an aquatic act.

Lady Berkshire:
  An aquatic act?

Lord Cumberland:
  Yes, the Queen sent him to Sicily to sleep with the fishes.

[Lord Cheshire, who is sitting stage right walks briefly offstage and returns with a scroll]

Lord Cheshire:
  My Lords, I have been handed a message from the constable. It says here that there is a spy in our midst, and even though their accents sound fake, it’s not one of the Spaniards.

Lady Cumberland:
  But most of the guests at this table have been here every year for 25 years.
Lord Berkshire:
    Who says it's someone at the table? [looks suspiciously at the audience—points at a random man] That guy looks pretty disreputable to me.

Lord Blaine:
    That guy holds the mortgage on my castle; leave him alone.

Lady Somerset:
    How do you intend to uncover the spy?

Lord Blaine:
    While they're eating their dinner, we'll walk around and ask innocent sounding questions. We're English nobles—we're smarter than some Spanish spy.

Señor Mendoza:
    Indeed my Lord; it's a good thing they can't hear you planning your maneuver.

Lord Somerset:
    Enough of this foolishness; are you ever going to feed our guests?

Lord Westmorland:
    That does seem a reasonable question.

[Trumpet fanfare. Court musician enters, holding the boar's head, singing the first verse of the Boar's Head Carol] [Singers all stand. Verse 2 is sung by Lord Philip; verse 3 by Lord Cumberland] [the Head is shown to all the members of the audience for approval]

Lord Philip of Nottingham:
    Let the feast begin!

[the singers sit down. Harpsichord music is played. After a reasonable number of people have been served, the singers begin going around to tables, serenading the diners.] [We'll determine the exact order of the music at the dress rehearsal]

munch, munch, chomp, chomp, scarf, scarf.

Lord Philip of Nottingham:
    [stepping out in in front of the head table, but talking to the singers at the table] Gentlemen, step forward. I need to clear away the cobwebs—who would like to sing the first catch?

[the singers all come around to the front of the table]

Lord Westmorland:
    I have one you may enjoy, if two of you will join me.

[Tom Kisses the Book—Ted, Matt, Doug]

Lord Blaine:
    [to Lord Westmorland] I didn't realize you were spying on our neighbor Tom, my Lord.
Lady Blaine:
   Don’t encourage him, my Lord. That song was boring—we have one that is far more interesting.

[Roll me over—Emily, Liz, Demi]

Lord Chesire:
   [smiling] Well now, that was very well done.

Lord Philip of Nottingham:
   You’ve obviously had too much ale, my Lord. Gentlemen, Lady Cheshire thought our last catch was too prim. I have one here that was written by one of our former members; I wager this one will not bore her.

[Farmer John—Chris, Joe, Corey]

Lady Westmorland:
   [to Lord Philip] I don’t concede that “crude” is better than boring. [to the women] Surely we have something that will actually amuse our audience.

Lady Chesire:
   We have one here that should be more to your liking, my lady.

[Caviar—Alexis, Emily, Jessica, Lauren]

Señor Manuel de Cervantes:
   A virgin sturgeon—sounds like an English fish to me.

Lord Cumberland:
   Just what we need: insight from a man whose uncle can’t tell a windmill from a giant.

Lord Somerset:
   I have another catch to take our minds off of him, my Lord.

[Clarinda was jocose—Josh, Mari, Jon]

Lady Barbara:
   [to Lord Westmorland] Well thank you for sharing the dreams of a drunken male. Do we know any songs from the real world?

Lady Berkshire:
   I have, in fact, a true tale of an event that happened to an Irish Noblewoman. I’m sure it will entertain our visitors.

[Chastity Belt—Liz, Alexis, Laura]

Court Musician:
   If the Lords and Ladies would like, perhaps we could sing some newly published music.

Lord Berkshire:
   [who is somewhat inebriated; looks over toward Lady Barbara] I’d rather hear some more dirty songs.
Lady Berkshire:
Oh no, you wouldn’t. [lifts her husband out of his chair by the ear]

[singers stand— sing:]

Rest Sweet nymphs
April is in my mistress’ face
Those dainty daffadillies
Fyer, fyer

Lord Philip of Nottingham:
Well sung, everyone.

[singers return to their seats, gentlemen seating the women.]

Lady Cumberland:
As much as I enjoy the music, I understood that you were going to have some additional entertainment this evening.

Lady Barbara:
Well, we had expected the Queen’s juggler, but it seems he has been dispatched to his just reward. So I’m afraid we will have to settle for one of the Court Musicians’ stories; let’s hope it doesn’t include one his dreadful Shakespearian puns.

[enter the Court Musician; tells The Tale of the City Doctor and the Country Maiden] [exits]

Lady Cumberland:
We still have the issue of the spy to contend with.

Lord Philip of Nottingham:
I believe Lord Cheshire has more information for us.

Lord Chesire:
Indeed, my Lord. During the Court Musician’s obviously fictional story I learned that some manuscripts of the great composer, Thomas Tallis, had been handed over to the Spanish Court.

Lady Barbara of Nottingham:
But only a musician would have recognized the value of those manuscripts. And surely the Queen would know that; why wouldn't she have had the Court Musician arrested?

Lord Chesire:
Good questions, my Lady. We’ve often wondered how a trouble maker like the Court Musician has kept his job, and now I can answer that question: I went into the storage closet that we let him use as an office and found this: [holds up picture]

Lord Berkshire:
Is that...?

Lady Berkshire:
Oh my God...
The Nottinghams, Westmorlands and Cumberlands simultaneously:
   It's a picture of Queen Elizabeth with a goat.

Senor Manuel de Cervantes:
   Well, it appears I was wrong; Queen Elizabeth is not frigid.

Lady Blaine:
   Court Musician—what have you to say about this?

Court Musician:
   My shameful secret has been exposed.

Lady Berkshire:
   What are you going to do with him, my Lord?

Lord Somerset:
   We hang spies in England, my Lady.

Court Musician:
   Excuse me, my Lord, but could we sing one final set of madrigals before you hang me?

Lord Philip of Nottingham:
   Oh, very well, if we must.

[The singers move into sections and perform:

   I Fall and then I rise again
   I saw my lovely Phyllis
   Asciugate I begli occhi
   Arise awake
   Il est bel et bon]

[exit]