

An excerpt from...

"THE REAL PROBLEM"
One Act Play
by Bruce Kane

In a comedy about love and men, Juliet gets conflicting advice from the ever loyal and romantic Desdemona, whose husband Othello still suspects her of having an affair; "Taming of the Shrew's" Katherine, who claims that "all men are pigs"; and, finally, the head of Henry VIII's late wife Anne Boleyn, who believes women should be free to pursue their appetites... in spite of her present condition.

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WARNING No one shall make any changes to this play for the purpose of production. Publication of these plays does not imply its availability for production.

"THE REAL PROBLEM"
by Bruce Kane

SETTING: The Cauldron – An Elizabethan era pub

CHARACTERS:

Desdemona: Blonde, beautiful, sweet, trusting, married to Othello

Juliet: Young, pretty, impatient – dating Romeo

Katherine: Brunette, voluptuous, ill tempered – engaged to Petruchio
Anne Boleyn: Late wife of Henry VIII. Actually just the head of Anne Boleyn.
Hecate: Waitress at The Cauldron. One of the witches from MacBeth

(Lights up on Juliet pacing impatiently while Desdemona sits at a table on which sits the head of Anne Boleyn.)

JULIET: *(quite Shakespearean)* Romeo... Romeo... Wherefore art thou Romeo?

ANNE: *(annoyed)* Is she gonna do that all day?

DES: Leave her alone... She's in love.

ANNE: Love... Give me a break. *(to Juliet)* How long have you and this..?

JULIET: Romeo...

ANNE: Romeo... been getting it on?

JULIET: We're not getting it on.

ANNE: Then what's the point?

DES: They just met. A relationship takes time to grow... to mature.

JULIET: The real problem is...

ANNE: I knew it... Now we're getting down to the nitty gritty. What's her name?

JULIET: What's whose name?

ANNE: The real problem. What's her name?

JULIET: There's nobody else.

ANNE: There's always somebody else. Until my recent surgical procedure the real problem was usually me, I'm happy to say.

JULIET: The real problem is that he's a Montague.

ANNE: Oh, crap.

JULIET: Exactly.

DES: So, he's a Montague?

JULIET: Our families hate each other.

DES: Tell me about it.

JULIET: Your families don't get along, either?

DES: His side is fine... It's mine... You know... The whole racial thing.

JULIET: It's terrible. We're always having to sneak around so no one will see us.

ANNE: I know... Isn't that hot?

DES: Oh please... Look what sneaking around got you. *(to Juliet)* Relax... He'll be here.

ANNE: Yeah, when he wants something.

(The front door slams open with a bang. Katherine storms in.)

KATHERINE: I... Hate... Men.

ANNE: Look who's here. The Duchess of "Shrews-bury".

KATHERINE: Men... Are... Pigs.

DES: Oh, you don't mean that, Katherine.

KATHERINE: All... Men... Are... Pigs.

ANNE: Alright... What did Petruchio do this time?

KATHERINE: He's a man. Isn't that enough?

DES: You say that about every guy you date.

KATHERINE: That's because every guy I date... is a pig.

DES: What about Lorenzo? You two were pretty hot and heavy there for a while.

KATHERINE: Until he turned into a... Pig. A whiny, sniveling, momma's boy... Pig.

DES: Antonio wasn't a momma's boy.

KATHERINE: No Antonio was a preening, self absorbed, narcissistic... Pig.

DES: Okay. Marcello wasn't sniveling, he wasn't self absorbed and he certainly wasn't a momma's boy.

KATHERINE: No, he wasn't any of those things. But he was married... the Pig.

ANNE: I didn't know that.

KATHERINE: Neither did I.

ANNE: Face it, Katie. The only reason you fight with all these guys is for the make-up sex afterwards. Not that I blame you.

(Hecate enters carrying a tray. She places the food orders in front of Desdemona and Anne)

HECATE: Two orders of eye of newt. One with a side of tongue. And one flagon of sow's blood. *(puts the flagon in front of Anne)*

ANNE: *(to Hecate)* Excuse me.

HECATE: Yes?

ANNE: A straw would be nice.

HECATE: I'll be right back. A flagon of sow's blood, Miss Katherine?

KATHERINE: A double espresso.

HECATE: Coming up.

DES: Maybe you should consider cutting back on the caffeine, Katherine

JULIET: If he doesn't show up soon, I swear I'll never talk to him again.

KATHERINE: What's her problem?

DES: Her young man didn't show up.

KATHERINE: *(to Juliet)* Count your blessings.

ANNE: That's what I tried to tell her.

KATHERINE: *(to Anne)* A girl after my own heart. High five. *(realizes)* Oh... Sorry.

JULIET: What am I going to do?

KATHERINE: For one thing, you're gonna stop mooning around over this... what'shisname?

JULIET: Romeo.

KATHERINE: *(mockingly)* Romeo? You're kidding.

JULIET: What's in a name? A rose by any other name would smell as sweet.

KATHERINE: Who told you that?

JULIET: He did.

ANNE: Before or after he put his hand down your dress?

DES: Behave yourself.

KATHERINE: You want this Romeo of yours to take you seriously?

JULIET: Yes... With all my heart.

KATHERINE: Then, tell him to take a hike.

JULIET: Excuse me.

KATHERINE: Tell him to get lost... Tell him to take long walk off a short pier.

JULIET: That doesn't make any sense.

(The play continues...)

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[RETURN TO HOME PAGE](#)