

# MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S SPAGHETTI



BY ALEXI ALFIERI

# MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S SPAGHETTI

A SHAKESPEAREAN SPOOF  
WRITTEN BY ALEXI ALFIERI

## CAST

### LARGE ROLES

ANCHOVY (F/M)	<i>Confident, charming Narrator</i>
KING ALFREDO (M)	<i>Loving husband/frustrated father of the Royal Pasta Family</i>
KING BIRDIE (M)	<i>Loving husband/frustrated father of the Royal Garden Family</i>
QUEEN FETTUCCINE (F)	<i>Loving wife/patient mother of the Royal Pasta Family</i>
QUEEN BEE (F)	<i>Loving wife/patient mother of the Royal Garden Family</i>

### MEDIUM ROLES

PRINCESS PARMESANA (F)	<i>Rebellious, stubborn daughter of the Royal Pasta Family</i>
SAUSAGE (M)	<i>Lovesick beau of Princess Parmesana</i>
COUNT MEATBALL (M)	<i>Boring, clueless suitor of Princess Parmesana</i>
LADY MARINARA (F)	<i>Lovesick cousin of Princess Parmesana</i>
PRINCESS BUTTERFLY (F)	<i>Rebellious, flighty daughter of the Royal Garden Family</i>
RIGATONI (M)	<i>Male lead of the Royal Players</i>
RAVIOLI (F)	<i>Female lead of the Royal Players</i>

### SMALL ROLES

TOAD (M)	<i>Repulsive suitor of Princess Butterfly</i>
BEAR (F/M)	<i>Supporting actor of the Royal Players</i>
MOONLIGHT (F/M)	<i>Supporting actor of the Royal Players</i>
HEDGE (F/M)	<i>Supporting actor of the Royal Players</i>

# SYNOPSIS

*Midsummer Night's Spaghetti* tells the story of two families: the Royal Pasta Family and the Royal Garden Family. King Alfredo and Queen Fettuccine of the Royal Pasta Family are celebrating twenty-five years of marriage, while King Bird and Queen Bee of the Royal Garden Family are celebrating twenty-five days of marriage. Both couples have an only daughter for which they are concerned. Princess Parmesana of the Royal Pasta Family has fallen in love with a commoner, Sausage, rather than be interested in the man her father has chosen for her, Count Meatball. Princess Butterfly of the Royal Garden Family has been falling in love with every male insect in the garden rather than deciding upon one respectable choice as her father wishes her to do. Both King Alfredo and King Bird recruit Anchovy, the play's narrator, to work a little magic on their daughters. King Alfredo would like to see Princess Parmesana with Count Meatball once and for all, despite the fact that it is Lady Marinara, Parmesana's cousin, who is truly in love with the Count. King Bird would like to see Princess Butterfly fall for Toad, albeit briefly, as punishment for her fickle nature and her current infatuation with Spider. The garden soon becomes the scene for much confusion as the men, the women, the insects, and the amphibians fall in and out of naps and in and out of love. But in the end, all is made magically right by Anchovy. Princess Parmesana is paired with Sausage, Count Meatball becomes enamored with Lady Marinara, and Princess Butterfly has decided she'd just as well be on her own. The anniversary celebration for both royal couples takes place, and a short play within the play is performed by a separate group of characters: Rigatoni, Ravioli, Bear, Moonlight, and Hedge to the delight of all concerned.

# SETTING

A lovely garden with a mixture of plants, trees, and flowerbeds

# CAST

16 performers

6 Female, 6 Male, 4 Female or Male

# PLAYING TIME

Approximately 45 minutes

# SCENE 1

## ANCHOVY, KING ALFREDO, QUEEN FETTUCCINE, AND PRINCESS PARMESANA

*(Anchovy enters stage right and stands center stage.)*

**ANCHOVY:** Good evening, everyone! Welcome to our show: Midsummer Night's Spaghetti! My name is Anchovy, and I shall be your narrator tonight. Now you may think I'm just some smelly little fish, but you'll soon find out that I am nothing short of magical. This is a far-fetched, twisted-up version of Shakespeare's famous play, and you are bound to get confused. But I shall quickly prove to you that an anchovy is going to make it all better. So let's begin with the entrance of the Royal Pasta Family, shall we? King Alfredo and Queen Fettuccine are set to come on any minute now and take a stroll in the royal garden. Then their daughter, Princess Parmesana, will join them.

*(Anchovy exits stage right. King Alfredo and Queen Fettuccine enter stage left, strolling slowly, arm in arm.)*

**KING ALFREDO:** *(Lovingly)* Oh, my darling Fettuccine. Has it really been a whole twenty-five years?

**QUEEN FETTUCCINE:** *(Lovingly)* Yes, my dear Alfredo. I can hardly believe it. Tonight we'll be celebrating a quarter century of wedded bliss.

**KING ALFREDO:** And all this time, you've been my little bowl of pure heaven. Served perfectly al dente, of course.

**QUEEN FETTUCCINE:** And you have been my creamy plate of lovely bliss. Adorned with a sprig of parsley, naturally.

**KING ALFREDO:** And to top it all off, we have our daughter, Parmesana.

**QUEEN FETTUCCINE:** What would life be without her?

**KING ALFREDO:** As bland as unsalted sauce, to be sure. *(Pauses and frowns)* Although, recently, I dare say, I'd settle for a little less sharpness from her. Something along the lines of a soft mozzarella might be quite nice.

**QUEEN FETTUCCINE:** Yes, I do admit Parmesana's strong will has always been a tough rind to chew through.

**KING ALFREDO:** *(Becoming upset)* It's all this nonsense about Sausage!

**QUEEN FETTUCCINE:** *(Shrugging)* She's in love, my dear. *(Crooning)* You know what that's like.

**KING ALFREDO:** Well, yes, but she's not being reasonable! She's been promised to Count Meatball, and she knows they're to be married one day.

**QUEEN FETTUCCINE:** Yes, Alfredo, but she's not in love with Count Meatball.

**KING ALFREDO:** *(Throwing up arms and growing louder)* But this Sausage? Who is he? Some greasy, mysterious character no doubt. Where did he come from? What is he really made of?

**QUEEN FETTUCCINE:** Now, calm down, my love. I believe Sausage is related to some duke or another.

**KING ALFREDO:** I doubt it! I wouldn't be surprised if he's some over-stuffed package of grisly...

*(Princess Parmesana enters stage left, interrupting Alfredo's tirade.)*

**PRINCESS PARMESANA:** *(Scolding)* Papa!

**KING ALFREDO:** *(Calming himself)* Parmesana? What are you doing down here in the royal garden? Aren't you supposed to be getting dressed for our celebration tonight?

**PRINCESS PARMESANA:** I shall not get dressed until you promise me that you'll be good, Papa.

**KING ALFREDO:** What are you talking about? *(Stands proudly with hands on hips and speaks with authority)* I am Alfredo, the Royal King of Pasta. I am always good.

**PRINCESS PARMESANA:** I mean that you'll be good to Sausage when you meet him tonight.

**KING ALFREDO:** Sausage? Who invited *him* to tonight's festivities?

**PRINCESS PARMESANA:** I did.

**KING ALFREDO:** Oh no. This will never do, Parmesana. Tonight, you will be escorted by Count Meatball.

**PRINCESS PARMESANA:** *(Scowling)* Count Meatball? That round, chubby fellow you're always trying to roll over to my side of the room at parties?

**KING ALFREDO:** That's the one.

**PRINCESS PARMESANA:** Papa, you couldn't possibly think we're a good match.

**KING ALFREDO:** And why not? Count Meatball is an old-fashioned, solid fellow. He's wholesome. He's...*(pauses, searching for the word, then with confidence)*...meaty!

**PRINCESS PARMESANA:** He's boring.

**KING ALFREDO:** I beg your pardon?

**PRINCESS PARMESANA:** Oh, Papa. He just doesn't compare to my irresistible Sausage.

**KING ALFREDO:** Irresistible, is he? Do you even know where Sausage comes from, Parmesana?

**PRINCESS PARMESANA:** I don't care, Papa. He's wonderful, and I'm in love with him!

**KING ALFREDO:** My dear Fettuccine, do you have nothing to say to our daughter about her choice? Can't you talk some reason into her?

**QUEEN FETTUCCINE:** I'm afraid not. When it comes to love, there is no rhyme or reason.

**PRINCESS PARMESANA:** Thank you, Mama! *(Kisses Queen Fettuccine on the cheek and exits quickly stage left.)*

**KING ALFREDO:** *(Mournful)* And I was so looking forward to this evening.

**QUEEN FETTUCCINE:** *(Assuring)* It will still be wonderful, my dear Alfredo. An anniversary party out here in the garden on a midsummer night's eve? With all the spaghetti anyone could ever hope to eat? It will be positively magical. *(Kisses King Alfredo on the cheek and exits stage left.)*

**KING ALFREDO:** *(Thoughtful)* Hmmm...a little magic might be just what we need on the menu. *(Exits stage left.)*

## SCENE 2

### ANCHOVY, KING BIRDIE, QUEEN BEE, AND PRINCESS BUTTERFLY

*(Anchovy enters stage right and stands center stage.)*

**ANCHOVY:** Alright. Things seem pretty straightforward so far, wouldn't you say? But just in case you're experiencing any early confusion, I'll summarize. Parmesana loves Sausage, and she doesn't love Meatball. Got it? Good. Now you're going to meet the other royal family who lives here. Here, meaning in the garden. King Bird, Queen Bee, and their daughter, Princess Butterfly.

*(Anchovy exits stage right. King Bird and Queen Bee enter stage right.)*

**KING BIRD:** Oh, my darling Bee. Has it really been a whole twenty-five days?

**QUEEN BEE:** Yes, my dear Bird. I can hardly believe it. Tonight we'll be celebrating almost a whole month of wedded bliss.

**KING BIRD:** And all this time, you've been my beautiful bundle of energy. You buzzed right into my heart, my love.

**QUEEN BEE:** And you've been my handsome, feathered true love. You perched right on my soul and stayed there, my darling.

**KING BIRD:** And to complete our life together, we have our daughter, Butterfly.

**QUEEN BEE:** What would life be without her?

**KING BIRD:** Dull as a weed patch certainly. *(Pauses and frowns)* But I have to say...lately, I could have done with a lot less of her flighty behavior.

**QUEEN BEE:** Yes, Butterfly does like to change her mind an awful lot.

**KING BIRD:** *(Growing upset)* It's all this flitting about! At one time or another, she's fallen in love with every male insect here in the garden. You'd think she was in middle school!

**QUEEN BEE:** *(Soothing)* Yes, but you know what it's like to be in love.

**KING BIRD:** Of course I do, but I don't remember getting a crush on any wasps or hornets.

*(Princess Butterfly enters stage right.)*

**PRINCESS BUTTERFLY:** *(Calling out)* Father!

**KING BIRD:** Butterfly! Aren't you looking lovely this evening!

**QUEEN BEE:** You're beautiful, my darling.

**PRINCESS BUTTERFLY:** Thank you. I'm dressed and ready for your anniversary party.

**KING BIRD:** Excellent! And who will be escorting you this evening?

**PRINCESS BUTTERFLY:** Oh, it's going to be Cricket. *(Pauses and reflects)* Or was it Grasshopper? *(Snaps her fingers as if remembering)* No, now that I think about it, I'm pretty sure it's Spider tonight.

**KING BIRD:** *(Alarmed)* Spider!?

**PRINCESS BUTTERFLY:** Oh yes, Father. *(Dreamily)* He has the most mesmerizing sets of eyes. If you look into them deeply, you'll see your own reflection again and again and again...

**KING BIRD:** *(Interrupting forcefully)* As the Royal King of the Garden, I forbid you to come to the party with Spider. He's bound to scare someone...or be mistaken for an appetizer.

**PRINCESS BUTTERFLY:** *(Angry)* But Father!

**KING BIRD:** And all this fluttering around you're doing, not knowing what you want or who you want to be with...it's madness! My dear Bee, please tell our daughter that she needs to start acting more sane.

**QUEEN BEE:** Oh my dear, it's no good. When it comes to love, there is no sanity.

**PRINCESS BUTTERFLY:** Thank you, mother! *(Kisses Queen Bee on the cheek and exits quickly stage right.)*

**KING BIRD:** *(Mournful)* And I was so looking forward to this evening.

**QUEEN BEE:** Don't despair, my Bird. An anniversary party out here in the garden on a midsummer night's eve? With all the spaghetti you could ever wriggle in? It will be positively magical. *(Kisses King Bird on the cheek and exits stage right.)*

**KING BIRD:** *(Thoughtful)* Well, now. That gives me an idea. *(Exits stage right.)*

## SCENE 3

### COUNT MEATBALL, SAUSAGE, AND LADY MARINARA

*(Anchovy enters stage right and stands center stage.)*

**ANCHOVY:** Oh yes, I know what you're thinking. What's so confusing? Two worlds, two sets of royal families, both couples having an anniversary, and both with a rebellious daughter. The plot seems easy. Well, I just advise you to keep focused. You're about to see what a love rectangle looks like.

*(Anchovy exits stage right. Count Meatball and Sausage enter stage left.)*

**COUNT MEATBALL:** Well, Sausage, I don't know why a commoner like yourself is even bothering to come to the king and queen's anniversary party tonight. After all, *I'm* the one escorting Princess Parmesana.

**SAUSAGE:** *(Scoffing)* Ha! You only think you're escorting her, Meatball, but really, she's with me.

**COUNT MEATBALL:** You are sorely mistaken. I, *Count* Meatball, am her escort. Her father said so.

**SAUSAGE:** Haven't you figured out by now that Princess Parmesana rarely does as she's told?

**COUNT MEATBALL:** Oh, don't flatter yourself into thinking you know her better than I do. We've been destined for each other since the invention of pasta.

**SAUSAGE:** But you don't really love her.

**COUNT MEATBALL:** Of course I do.

**SAUSAGE:** *(Skeptical)* Really. How do you know?

**COUNT MEATBALL:** Her father said so.

*(Sausage begins to speak in a dreamy-eyed, moony fashion.)*

**SAUSAGE:** So when you see her, do you sizzle as if someone has tossed you into a hot skillet?

**To Be Continued...this is a 10-page sample of the playscript**