

*[He licks the bloody severed hand.]*

A/LAVINIA: *[Excited by the clever line.]*

*[They try to give each other a high-five, but since neither has a hand, it is a miserable failure. They shoot an angry look at the face in the pie and then pummel it with their stumps and elbows.]*

J/TITUS and A/LAVINIA: *[Angry pummeling sounds.]*

J/TITUS: Does that taste like closure, Lavinia?

A/LAVINIA: *[Happy agreement sounds.]*

There you go. It's another kitchen catharsis! Be sure to watch our next episode, a two-parter where Coriolanus will share his recipe for Hoarded Cornbread, and we'll see Timon of Athens in a meaty new take on the Greek Salad. Till then, *bone appetit!*

*[TITUS and LAVINIA exit to a musical outro sting. DANIEL rises and dusts himself off.]*

DANIEL: Remember, I warned you about all the violent, patriarchal crap. But let's move on from his earlier, cruder plays to his later work. Adam will now interpret the Bard's more mature treatment of the themes of jealousy, revenge, and betrayal in his dark and brooding tragedy, *Othello, the Moor of Venice*.

*[DANIEL exits. Lights go dim and moody. ADAM enters as OTHELLO, with plastic boats on a string draped around his neck.]*

A/OTHELLO: "Speak of me as I am; let nothing extenuate

Of one who loved not wisely, but too well:"

For never was there a story of more woe

Than this of Othello and his Desdemona.

*[He stabs himself with a tugboat.]*

O, Desi!

*[He dies amid a clatter of plastic boats.]*

*[DANIEL and JESS watch in distress from a doorway. They confer briefly, then enter.]*

DANIEL: *[To the light booth.]* Bob, can we have some lights please?

*[Lights come back up.]*

DANIEL: Adam. Oh. My god. That was so embarrassing.

JESS: [*To audience.*] Indeed. It seems that Adam, secure in the infallibility of the Internet, has Googled the word ‘Moor’ and determined that it’s a place where you tie up boats.

ADAM: I didn’t Google it, I Wiki’d [*or ChatGPT’d it, or whatever the latest dispenser of digital misinformation might be*] it.

JESS: Lose the boats.

[*ADAM looks to DANIEL for support. DANIEL shakes his head. ADAM stomps petulantly towards the wing and flings the boats offstage.*]

DANIEL: [*To audience.*] Just curious—how many of you here know what a ‘Moor’ is? Go on, shout it out.

[*The audience shouts various responses.*]

DANIEL: [*He also has no idea what a Moor is.*] Can you believe these people? Wow. So, Jess, what’s a Moor?

JESS: Seriously? [*Shakes his head.*] You know what? I think this is an opportunity for a much-needed deep dive into the important issues of ethnic, ‘racial’ identity vis-a-vis male/female power dynamics in an arguably white male supremacist society.

DANIEL: [*After a beat.*] I have a better idea! What if the boats were awesome, and we’re done with Othello?

ADAM: [*Raises a fist in triumph.*] Yes!

JESS: [*Annoyed but compliant.*] Fine.

ADAM: Hey, howzabout we take a little break from all these heavy tragedies and move on to the comedies?

JESS: They *do* have fewer issues with outdated notions of ethnicity.

DANIEL: [*Enthusiastically.*] Not really, but sure!!

ALL: [*ALL raise a fist.*] Comedy!