Desdemona - Teen Drama **Maeve**

Emilia - Children’s Show (Dora) **Katey**

Othello - Soap Opera  **Cole**

Iago - Mime **Taren**

Cassio - Western  **Ben**

Bianca - Horror **Taren**

Scene 4

*Enter Desdemona, Emilia, and Clown.*

**Desdemona**: *(sighing, disgusted) (looking at her nails, chewing gum)* Ugh, Emilia, where is my handkerchief?

**Emilia**: (*enthusiastically)* I don’t know. *(looking to audience)* Do you know where the handkerchief is?

**Desdemona**: (*rolls eyes)* I’d rather have lost my Dior purse. Othello will literally be *so* angry when he finds out I lost the handkerchief his mom gave him on her deathbed, or whatever. Like it’s even that important. Uh, no.

**Emilia**: I think I’ve found Othello! Can you find Othello?! (*points off-stage)*

**Desdemona**: Othello? No way!

**Emilia**: *(pointing)* Look! Here he comes!

*Enter Othello*

**Desdemona**: (*To Emilia)* I’m not going until he talks to Cassio -- (*To Othello)* Hey. What’s up?

**Othello**: Hello, my love. How are you?

**Desdemona**: I’m fine.

**Othello**: Give me your hand. *(takes her hand)* It’s… moist.

**Desdemona**: Of course it is. Do you even notice how much hand cream I use every day? It’s like you don’t even know me anymore! (*yanks hand away)*

**Othello**: *(laughs)* Oh, Desdemona. Of course I do. Your soft hand speaks to your beautiful heart (*puts hand on his heart dramatically)* Hot, moist. Your hand, it deserves a break from all that you do. It is a sign. It sweats from your generosity. It pours love.

**Desdemona**: Yeah, I guess I love you.

**Othello**: Tell me what’s on your mind, my dear.

**Desdemona**: Your promise.

**Othello**: My promise? Anything for you, my love.

**Desdemona**: Good. I texted Cassio and told him you would talk with him.

**Othello**: *(sniffles)* Excuse me. I am afraid I am coming down with something. Can I use… *(dramatic pause)* your handkerchief?

**Desdemona**: *(hands him a generic handkerchief)* Here.

**Othello**: Desdemona... (*dramatic pause)* This is a Kleenex. Where is the one I gave to you?

**Desdemona**: *(annoyed/offended)* I don’t know, God. Get off my back.

**Othello**: *(shocked)* Don’t know?

**Desdemona**: I told you. No. I totally have like zero clue.

**Othello**: *(aghast)* That handkerchief belonged to my mother! It was her most prized possession. It gave her powers over people, including my father. On her deathbed, she looked me in the eyes and said, “Othello, my love, take this. Find a good woman and give it to her. Be sure that she should never lose it, or you will lose your love.”

**Desdemona**: For real? Again with the deathbed? Seriously, Othello?!

**Othello**: Do you not remember its quality? It is perhaps the finest silk in the world, from the rarest worms. With their last breaths did they provide the thread for that handkerchief.

**Desdemona**: Listen, Othello: I can’t talk to you when you’re like this. (*Walks away from him, arms crossed)*

**Othello**: But it is all true. Where is it? Has it gone missing?

**Desdemona**: *(turns back around to face Othello, obviously changing subject about handkerchief)* What we NEED to talk about Cassio. What you’ve done to him is totally unfair!

**Othello**: But the handkerchief. Where is it?

**Desdemona**: Well, I’m not *saying* it’s lost… But, I mean, like, if it were--you know, would that really be such a big deal?

**Othello**: Have you not been listening?! I need that handkerchief.

**Desdemona**: I’m not tell you anymore about the handkerchief until you tell me what’s going on with Cassio. He’s your *friend*, Othello--you’ve shared dangers together! He’s been with you through everything!

**Othello**: Desdemona!

**Desdemona**: What?!

**Othello**: The handkerchief!

**Desdemona**: Ugh!! Do you even care about how *I* feel? *(sulks off, arms crossed, and gives Othello the silent treatment)*

**Othello**: Oh, Mother. If only you were here. *Othello exits.*

**Emilia:** Oh, men! (*to Desdemona)* Do you know what *men* are, Desdemona? *(slight pause as Desdemona nods her head)* They’re just like tummies! Men gobble up their women and burp them out as soon as they’re through! Delicioso!

*Enter Iago and Cassio.*

**Iago**: *(over-exaggerated miming) (points to Cassio) (looks over to Desdemona, sharply nods towards her, winks) (points to Desdemona, indicating Cassio should go over to her)*

**Desdemona**: *(flirting?) (fixes hair) (winks at audience)* Heyyy Cassio. What’s up?

**Cassio**: *(Straw in mouth, like what they do in the movies*) Howdy, little lady. I’m just in need of your delicate assistance regardin’ a little quarrel I got myself in with your man, Othello. (*sighs)* I reckon I need my pal, my partner. You know? I could hand him all of the fields in Nebraska, and the horses in Nevada, and he still wouldn’t be forgivin’ me. If what I did was so darn-tootin’ bad that this guy can’t build a bridge to get over it, then please, little lady, tell me now so I can saddle-up and get a-movin’ on. Yee-haw!

**Desdemona**: Listen, Cassio: (*puts hand on his shoulder)*  I know this is literally *the worst thing* that has ever happened to you; I get that. I understand that. I empathize with that. Totally. I’m basically going through the same thing as you, really. I am trying the best I can with him to help you out--you have to know that!

**Iago**: *(shrugs, looking around in confusion)*

**Emilia**: *(to Iago)* Othello? *(to audience)* Did you see where he went? *(pauses)* He must have gone that way. *(points)* Why don’t you go find Othello?!

**Iago:** *(acts like rope is tied to him and force off-stage) (starts moving with the “rope”)*

**Desdemona:** God, Emilia, why is Othello acting like this? It can’t just be the handkerchief. Maybe work has got him all stressed out. Oh, god, what if it’s me?! *(snickers)* No, that can’t be it. I don’t know what it is, but it’s seriously hurting my feelings, and I have a lot of feelings! I’m only a teenager! I don’t even know why I’m already married!

**Emilia**: Do you know what *jealousy* is, Desdemona?

**Desdemona**: Well, yeah. Duh.

**Emilia**: I think Othello is… *jealous*. Let’s say it all together now, *jealous! Jealous! (raises hands enthusiastically, trying to get audience to join in and say “jealous”)*

**Desdemona**: Jealous?!

**Emilia**: *(misunderstanding Desdemona’s shock)* Good job!

**Desdemona**: OMG. I need to find Othello!

**Emilia:** Va-va-vamanos! *Exit Desdemona and Emilia*

*Enter knife-wielding Bianca from the shadows.*

**Bianca:** I’m baaaacccckkk!! Heeerreee’s Bianca!

**Cassio**: Bianca? Sweetie-pie?

**Bianca**: *(crazy eyes*) *(puts down knife slightly, almost by her side)* I’ve been waiting for you. Seven days, three hours, twenty-six minutes, fifty-four seconds. *(Raises knife towards him)* Why haven’t you called me? I won’t be ignored, Cassio!

**Cassio:** My, you are far from the pond! (*Hesitantly) (Steadies her arms so she stops pointing the knife at him)* My dearest apologies, sweetie-pie. There has been a lot running through this mind o’ mine. *(removes him from her arms)* Actually, I was just about to mosey on over to your place, my little peach, when you uhhh… caught me by surprise! Say, you think you could make me a little something like this? *(Gives her the handkerchief.) (Smiles suavely--he’s really proud of himself for getting her this awful gift)*

**Bianca**: *(examines the handkerchief, glances suspiciously at Cassio)* Does this belong to another woman? One who likes… strawberries?

**Cassio***: (puts hands on hips. He’s mocking her a little)* Now, I can’t believe you think this handkerchief could have come from another lady! I swear it has not, sugar! (*spits into hand, attempts to shake on it)*

**Bianca**: *(refuses his handshake)* Then whose is it?

**Cassio***:* Oh, I found this ol’ thing down yonder … at the tavern! It sure is stitched well, so I’m sure someone is a-searchin’ near and far for this. Why don’t just take it for me and head on out?

**Bianca:**  Of course. *(touches Cassio’s shoulder)* I’m sorry, dear. *(backs away from him)* We all go a little mad sometimes. (*sharpens knife) (dramatic pause) (looks up at Cassio)* Haven’t you?

**Cassio**: Sure thing, darlin’. Now, how about you run along. *(straightens shoulders, gets in “officer” mode)* I’m on the job, awaitin’ for the sheriff, and I don’t want to be spotted in town with a lady--even one as uhh… *fine* as yourself! And it ain’t because I don’t love ya.

**Bianca:** Good. Because you can’t run from love, Cassio. Love will always find its way.

*Exit Bianca.*

**Cassio:** (*Winking)* Don’t I know it? Y’all come back now, ya hear?!

*End Act III, Scene IV*