

## Side 2: Scene Two, Pages 18 to 21 (Richard Burbage, Boy Hamlet, Barmen 1 & 2, John Hemings, Alice Hemings)

BURBAGE. A life of ages and pages.

*Pause. Henry looks at his ring.*

HENRY. I miss him. Three years gone and I miss Will every day.

JOHN. Aye. He'd know what to say to shut up all our bleating.

BURBAGE. To Will.

Who bequeathed us three these rings to remind us that good friends are behind all good stories. And good stories make for good lives.

JOHN.

HENRY.

ALICE.

To Will.

Hear, hear.

That I like

*A lovely moment...*

*That is soon destroyed when Boy Hamlet stands on a table as the gathered crowd cheers and starts clapping for the boy to do a speech.*

CROWD.

BOY HAMLET.

Speech! Speech! Speech!

Yes, yes. Thank you, yes!

BURBAGE. *(Making a fist with his ringed hand.)* Or perhaps Will just meant us to leave a mark.

ALICE. Oh dear.

HENRY.

JOHN.

ALICE.

Burbage, let's not.

What's the point,  
Burbage.

Dammit, Richard,  
*behave.*

BOY HAMLET. "Alas poor Yorick—"

*Burbage rises on the table—cuts the boy off.*

*He is a lion of a man and throws his ire at the Boy Hamlet.*

BURBAGE. *YOU. BOY. Speak not that speech, I pray you.*

Mine ears repel the broken lines you claim as Shakespeare.

BOY HAMLET. I claim it not, Master Burbage. I only play the part as written.

BURBAGE. IT WAS NOT WRITTEN FOR YOU.

Those lines are not Shakespeare's and not yours. And Hamlet does not flinch at death, nay he leans into it, he examines, he defies, he does not, as you did today, fall to his knees and whine about it.

*The crowd laughs at this.*

You deserve the crown more than you deserve that play.

BOY HAMLET. You misunderstand me, Master Burbage. I defer to you, sir. I hope in my old age I will be as well seasoned.

BURBAGE. I'M NOT A GODDAMNED SOUP, YOU ARTLESS MINNOW.

ALICE. Time to go, young man.

HENRY. This is the house of the King's Men, and we have seen enough of you today.

BARMAN. You know I just saw you play Polonius last week, Condell. Had a good cheer when they poked you to death.

BARMAN 2. Finally shut him up.

HENRY. Oh, you think you're being funny?

BARMAN 2. Oh, not as f-f-funny as it was watching Johnny all those years ago.

BARMAN. I do miss the crackling of old St-St-Stuttering Heminges.

HENRY.

ALICE.

That is *not* this good man's name.

Hey now, none of that in here.

JOHN. Leave it, Henry.

BARMAN. No wonder they moved him to m-m-management.

HENRY. OUT OF HERE OR A BROKEN JAW FOR BOTH.

JOHN. (*Getting upset, which triggers his stutter.*) Just l-l-leave it, I said, leave it.

*The barmen explode into laughter and mock John's stutter.*

*Alice smacks her hand on the table, shutting them up.*

ALICE. *This is Master John Heminges' Tap House next to the Globe Theatre on the boards of which he made real men, gentlemen, kings, and queens laugh with wit and wisdom and the soul of the ages, while you were trying to think of a comeback to the cheap whore who wouldn't have you. So unless you want to feel even more like the desperate asses you are, you'll learn from these gentlemen players, steal better, and go drink by your own playhouse, not ours.*

*The bar cheers for her.*

JOHN. (*To Alice.*) Never tell your brothers but you are my favorite.

*Burbage quiets them.*

BURBAGE. Wait, wait, wait, Ali my dear, I'm sorry but these men are not going to leave until they bear witness.

ALICE. To what? Burbage. Don't. Whatever you're about to do.

BURBAGE. To do? No. NoNoNo.

*Burbage jumps full force into Hamlet—speedy delivery, deft, quick, confident, leaving them all in the dust.*

To be, or not to be, that is the question:  
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer  
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,  
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,  
And by opposing end them: to die, to sleep  
No more—

*Switching to Macbeth—Henry, John, and Alice clap.*

“Sleep no more!  
Macbeth does murder sleep,” the innocent sleep,

*Switching to Richard III in a instant.*

Let not our babbling dreams affright our souls  
Conscience is but a word that cowards use—

*Then Caesar.*

Cowards die many times before their deaths;  
The valiant never taste of death but once.

*Then Henry V.*

Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more!  
Or close the wall up with our English dead—

*Then Richard II.*

this England,  
This nurse, this teeming womb of royal kings,  
Fear'd by their breed and famous by their birth,

*Then Lear.*

When we are born, we cry that we are come  
To this great stage of fools.

*Last, to Midsummer—delivered directly to the barmen.*

Lord...what fools these mortals be.

*And Burbage is done.*

*The bar bursts into applause and cheers for Burbage, who goes to the barmen.*

Now. If you taint my good friend's name with another one of your specious displays, the King's Men will put down the props and pick up the real swords.

*Boy Hamlet and the barmen get the hell out of there and fast.*

*As the applause rolls on, Burbage nods good night to Alice, raises his ring to John and Henry, who raise theirs back to him, downs his drink, smiles and...*

Exit, Burbage.

*And he does.*

### Transition from Two...

*The sounds and bustle of the streets of London, 1619. The crier walks through town...as a few posters for plays are nailed or hung by workers.*

CRIER. Three plays this week at the Globe Theatre! One lamentable tragedy of *Hamlet, Prince of Denmark*; one excellent farce of *Volpone*; and the enchanting comedy *Twelfth Night*. 3 o'clock in the afternoon, a penny for the pit! One penny for a play today!

*The crier walks on through the crowd.*

### Three.

*John is in his Tap House surrounded by papers or log books, trying to make those managerial decisions managers do...*

*When Henry runs in, breathless.*

HENRY. John.