BURBAGE. What in the un-muzzled dog-breath was that? That wasn't

Hamlet, that fobbing hackery, that was a defilement I have been defiled

ALICE. All right, Burbage.

BURBAGE. I have been defiled.

JOHN. It was awful, Alice.

HENRY. So very awful. I was not enough prepared for that level of

mediocrity.

JOHN. And I was not enough drunk.

ALICE. I told you not to go; I said it'd make you mad.

JOHN. I heard they sold out both days.

HENRY. BURBAGE. ALICE.

What?! What?! No!

JOHN. That's what makes me mad.

BURBAGE. Just because that little froth can hold a skull he thinks he can play Hamlet? My soul is written into that part and I'll play The Prince till I die, and after that? They better use my skull for Yorick so I can spend eternity silently judging all else.

ALICE. You could've left before he boiled over.

HENRY. We did, right after Ophelia giggled his way through Act Three.

ALICE. Giggled?

HENRY. BURBAGE. JOHN.

Giggled. Giggled. Giggled.

BURBAGE. Those pillagers of wit and charlatans of heart.

ALICE. That's what I hate most, the thievery of it. They just steal the words.

JOHN. I wish they stole the words. They just steal the title and Will's

name and make up the rest.

HENRY. Of all the piracies of Will's work this one was the worst.

ALICE. Worse than the Two Gentlemen of Antwerp?

JOHN. HENRY. BURBAGE.

The worst. The worst. The worst.

BURBAGE. Now? I’m going to have to kill that kid. First I'm going to kill the hack that pirated our play, then I'm going to kill the pimple that played my part, and just for shits and giggles I'm killing Ophelia too.

ALICE. Hasn't that girl been through enough?

BURBAGE. It was blasphemy and they must be punished.

JOHN. We shall spare you the description of Gertrude.

HENRY. The lady doth protest so very much, methinks. Did they not read the part where he says, "Do not saw the air too much with your hand"? Act Two.

JOHN. BURBAGE.

Act Three. Act Three.

HENRY. Act Three.