ALICE. 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)*

"Sleep no more!

Macbeth does murder sleep," the innocent sleep,

*(Switching to Richard III in an 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)*

Lord ... what fools these mortals be.

*(And Burbage is done)*

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*.)