JOHN. Story's a forged life. Life’s a tempest of loss. Why do we bother with any

of it?

HENRY. To feel again.

JOHN. I feel enough.

HENRY. I said to feel again. That's the miracle of it. The fairies aren't

real but the feeling is. And it comes to us here, player and groundling

alike, again and again here. Your favorite story just ended? Come back

tomorrow, we'll play it again. Don't like the story you're in? A different

one starts in an hour. Come here, come again, feel here, feel again.

History walks here, love is lived here, loss is met and wept for and

understood and survived here and not the first time but every time.

We play love's first look and life's last here every day. And you will

see yourself in it, or your fear, or your future before the play's end.

And you will test your heart against trouble and joy, and every time

you'll feel a flicker or a fountain of feeling that reminds you that,

yes, you are yet living. And that is more than God gives you in his

ample silence. And then it ends. And we players stand up. And we

look at the gathered crowd. And we bow. Because the story was told

well enough, and it’s time for another.

*(They look at each other. They look at us right now ... or the vacant seats in the Globe Theatre.)*

HENRY. Mourn her, honor her, but do not join her yet.