JOHN. Why do we bother?

HENRY. With what?

JOHN. With stories. Dramas. Especially the dramas. Isn't that ridiculous? Grown men dressing up as kings and, even more ridiculously, queens. And the people come to see it. And they laugh. But they also weep. They weep with us. Why do they do it?

HENRY. Because stories are real in their own way.

JOHN. No. Real life keeps going on and on, and the villains aren't

caught and the endings aren't right, and it's rough seas and dark days and we sit here in this barn playing fictions for willing dreamers. We tell it over and over and over again. And I sit through it and its false and it's hot air and I need it. When I have nothing left to say I need it. When I hurt so much I can't breathe, when I've got a horse for a heart and it won't stop running and pounding and running me down, I need it .... Am I godless? I look to fairies and false kings instead of holy people. Does that a heathen make?

HENRY. No. Of course not, no.

JOHN. I cannot breathe without her, I cannot breathe at home or in the street or in the yard where she now lies. I cannot breathe in this world but here. Here I am come. And I am lulled into meaning. And that is greatest fiction of all. (*Then* *with* *great* *ferocity*) And

God and His angels mock us every ending we play but the tragic ones, for if they aren't tragedies, they will soon enough be.