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.

(The Boy Hamlet enters. The bar cheers for him. He takes a grandiose, undeserved bow. BURBAGE is about to sock this little shit.)

ALICE. He's a kid, Burbage. He probably wants an autograph.

*(Boy Hamlet waves and winks at Burbage from across the room)*

BURBAGE. I'm sorry did he just wink at me?

BOY HAMLET. "Alas poor Yorick-

ALICE. Dammit, Richard, behave.

*(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