

now.

ANDREW. No, no, I'm fine, I'm fine. Hamlet. Whoa. Hamlet.

BARRYMORE. Glory!

ANDREW. Glory ...

BARRYMORE. Shakespeare!

ANDREW. Shakespeare ...

BARRYMORE. Blind, unspeakable terror!

ANDREW. That's it!

BARRYMORE. Of course you're shaking. And for the noblest of reasons. The role. The moment. The test.

ANDREW. Come with me. Be there.

BARRYMORE. I cannot. You know that.

ANDREW. Then help me. There must be some ... ancient secret of the Hamlets. A trick, something you've been saving.

BARRYMORE. Of course. *(Barrymore looks around, checking to see that no one is listening. He seats Andrew, perhaps on a pile of cushions on the floor. Barrymore sits beside him, on the throne, as if about to impart confidential information.)* Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you, trippingly on the tongue. But if you mouth it, as many of our players do, I had as lief the town crier spoke my lines. Nor do not saw the air too much with your hand, thus, but use all gently; for in the very torrent, tempest, and, as I may say, whirlwind of your passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance that may give it smoothness. Be not too tame neither, but let your own discretion be your tutor. Suit the action to the word, the word to the action, with this special observance, that you o'erstep not the modesty of nature. For anything so o'erdone is from the purpose of playing, whose end, both at the first and now, was and is to hold as 'twere the mirror up to nature, to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time his form and pressure. Now this overdone or come tardy off, though it makes the unskillful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve. Go make you ready. *(Barrymore has delivered the speech magnificently. Andrew rises, quite shaken.)*

ANDREW. I don't think so.