

## Two. John, Henry, Alice, Burbage

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ALICE. All right, Burbage.

BURBAGE. *I have been defiled.*

JOHN. It was awful, Alice.

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JOHN. It was awful, Alice.

HENRY. So very awful. I was not enough prepared for that level of mediocrity.

JOHN. And I was not enough drunk.

ALICE. I told you not to go; I said it'd make you mad.

JOHN. I heard they sold out both days.

HENRY.                      BURBAGE.                      ALICE.  
What?!                      What?!                      No!

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ALICE. You could've left before he boiled over.

HENRY. We did, right after Ophelia giggled his way through Act Three.

ALICE. Giggled.

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Giggled.                      Giggled.                      Giggled.

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HENRY. Of all the piracies of Will's work this one was the worst.

ALICE. Worse than the *Two Gentlemen of Antwerp*?

JOHN.                      HENRY.                      BURBAGE.  
*The worst.                      The worst.                      The worst.*

BURBAGE. Now? I'm going to have to kill that kid. First I'm going to kill the hack that pirated our play, then I'm going to kill the pimple that played my part, and just for shits and giggles I'm killing Ophelia too.

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*The Globe Tap House—the comfortable haunt of our heroes and their friends.*

*John Heminges, Henry Condell, and Richard Burbage sit at their favorite table, drink their favorite beer—of which they've had several so far—and ridicule that poor actor. Burbage is mad as hell, the others laugh at and with him, and Alice Heminges keeps the beer coming. They are drunk, hilarious compatriots.*

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