



*Marcus and a compositor are looking at the Droeshout portrait of Shakespeare.*

## MARCUS + COMPOSITOR

MARCUS. I dunno.

COMPOSITOR. Yeah is that... Is that him?

MARCUS. Doesn't quite look like it, does it?

COMPOSITOR. I only met him twice but—

MARCUS. I saw him onstage a dozen times. In costume I'll warrant but...

COMPOSITOR. That's it! It's the ruff. Not sure about the ruff. Trying to make him look kingly I suppose.

MARCUS. I think it makes his head look like a ham on a platter.

COMPOSITOR. That's what it is. A touch decapitalational.

MARCUS. Floats there, eyeing you like a frog on a rock.

COMPOSITOR. Why do they need a picture of him anyway? Makes me nervous him looking at me while I'm trying to read.

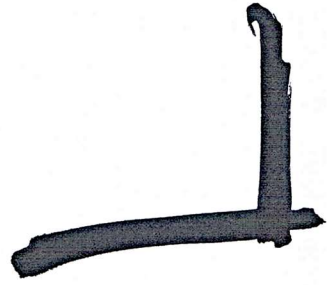
MARCUS. Those two friends of his commissioned it special.

COMPOSITOR. Well I never heard of a book with a picture of the author in it. Seems to be beside the point.

MARCUS. Though they won't admit it, I find writers tend to like being noticed.

COMPOSITOR. Even the dead ones?

MARCUS. Especially them.



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