BURBAGE. Wait, wait, wait, Ali my dear, I'm sorry but these men are not going to leave until they bear witness.

ALICE. To what? Burbage. Don't. Whatever you're about to do.

BURBAGE. To do? No. NoNoNo.

Burbage jumps full force into Hamlet—*speedy delivery, deft, quick, confident, leaving them all in the dust.*

To *be*, or not to be, that is the question:
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And by opposing end them: to die, to sleep
No more—

Switching to Macbeth—*Henry, John, and Alice clap.*

"Sleep no more!
Macbeth does murder sleep," the innocent sleep,

Switching to Richard III *in a instant.*

Let not our babbling dreams affright our souls
Conscience is but a word that cowards use—

Then Caesar.

Cowards die many times before their deaths;
The valiant never taste of death but once.

Then Henry V.

Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more!
Or close the wall up with our English dead—

Then Richard II.

this England,
This nurse, this teeming womb of royal kings,
Fear'd by their breed and famous by their birth,

Then Lear.

When we are born, we cry that we are come
To this great stage of fools.

Last, to Midsummer—*delivered directly to the barmen.*

Lord...what fools these mortals be.

And Burbage is done.

The bar bursts into applause and cheers for Burbage, who goes to the barmen.

Now. If you taint my good friend's name with another one of your specious displays, the King's Men will put down the props and pick up the real swords.

Boy Hamlet and the barmen get the hell out of there and fast.

As the applause rolls on, Burbage nods good night to Alice, raises his ring to John and Henry, who raise theirs back to him, downs his drink, smiles and...

Exit, Burbage.

And he does.