

**CELESTE.** My gifts have undone me. In truth, it's not a bad part. As you said, great death scene.

**MAGGIE.** One of the best.

**CELESTE.** And he's a thinker, isn't he? A brooder.

**MAGGIE.** Not everyone gets that, yes.

**CELESTE.** Almost a minor Hamlet at times – like his sleep soliloquy?

**MAGGIE.** I think Andrew cut that.

**CELESTE.** I think it's back in.

**MAGGIE.** All right.

**CELESTE.** Although I understand the impulse. Always dangerous to bring up sleep in a theater. Next thing you know half your audience has nodded off.

**MAGGIE.** That was the thinking.

**CELESTE.** A deal: if I get so much as a yawn, it's out again.

**MAGGIE.** Deal.

*(CELESTE recites in a beautiful, simple fashion.*

*MAGGIE sits to listen on the couch, getting more and more comfortable as the soliloquy goes along.)*

**CELESTE AS HENRY IV.** How many thousand of my poorest subjects

Are at this hour asleep! O sleep, O gentle sleep,

Nature's soft nurse, how have I frightened thee,

That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids down

And steep my senses in forgetfulness?

Canst thou, O partial sleep, give thy repose

To the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude,

And, in the calmest and most stillest night,

Deny it to a king? Then happy low, lie down!

Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.

*(MAGGIE is out, sleeping like the dead.)*

**CELESTE.** Poor thing. This hasn't been easy, has it? I imagine you've had a sleepless night or two, yourself.

*(She tucks MAGGIE in.)*