

MARCUS. *Do not touch the pages. No one touches my pages.*

HENRY. We were just looking, friend.

MARCUS. *Looking leads to touching. No touching.*

JOHN. They're *our* pages, young man.

MARCUS. Your pages?

HENRY. Yes, *this is our book*. Ours.

MARCUS. 'Cause I thought you were dead.

HENRY. No. We're not him.

JOHN. We're not William Shakespeare.

MARCUS. Yeah 'cause he's dead.

HENRY. *We are well aware. We're his friends. We're the ones who started the entire effort.*

MARCUS. AllRightAllRight. No need to yell about it. If you were Master Shakespeare I'd have a thing or two to tell you.

JOHN. Really.

MARCUS. The end of—what's that one—*Lear*? Yeah. Coulda worked on that one.

HENRY. Excuse me?

MARCUS. Just saying. Little dark, don't you think?

JOHN. It's a tragedy.

MARCUS. He coulda added a dance or something.

