

George/Henry

GEORGE: *(Doing his best to say something his character might.)* Poor Sibyl.
She's going to hang herself.

SARAH: Some women should be hung regularly like tapestries. Oh who cares? Whose yacht do you think that is?

GEORGE: *(Remembering.)* The Duke of Westminster, I exp...

SARAH: *(Furious.)* How dare you mention that time in Mozambique?
(Slaps him.) Oh, darling, I'm sorry. *(Moving her cigarette grandly.)* I love you madly!

GEORGE: *(Gasps.)* I've inhaled your cigarette ash.

(He coughs three times. Sarah looks confused, then unzips the front of his Hamlet doublet. He looks confused, then slaps her. She slaps him back with a vengeance. They both look confused.)

SARAH: There, we're not angry anymore, are we? Oh, Elyot, wait for me here and I'll pack my things and we'll run away together before Victor gets back. Oh, darling, isn't it extraordinary how potent cheap music can be?

(She exits; recorded applause on her exit. George sort of follows a bit, but then turns back to face the audience. Flash photos are taken again; George blinks and is disoriented. Lights change, the sound of trumpets is heard, and Henry Irving, dressed in Shakespearean garb, enters and bows grandly to George.)

HENRY: Hail to your Lordship!

GEORGE: Oh hello. Are you Victor?

HENRY: The same, my Lord, and your poor servant ever.

GEORGE: This doesn't sound like Noel Coward.

HENRY: A truant disposition, good my Lord.

GEORGE: You're not Victor, are you?

HENRY: My Lord, I came to see your father's funeral.

GEORGE: Oh yes? And how was it?

HENRY: Indeed, my Lord, it followed hard upon.

GEORGE: Hard upon? Yes, I see.

(Enter Meg.)

GEORGE: Oh, good, the maid.

(She whispers to him.)

GEORGE: Thrift, thrift, Horatio. The funeral baked meats did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables. What does that mean?

(Meg exits.)

GEORGE: Ah, she's gone already.

HENRY: My Lord, I think I saw him yesternight.

GEORGE: Did you? Who?

HENRY: My Lord, the king your father.

GEORGE: The king my father?

HENRY: Season your admiration for a while with an attent ear till I may deliver upon the witness of these gentlemen this marvel to you.

GEORGE: I see. I'm Hamlet now, right?

HENRY: *Sssh! (Rattling this off in a very Shakespearean way.)*

Two nights together had these gentlemen,

Marcellus and Bernardo, on their watch

In the dead waste and middle of the night

Been thus encountered. A figure like your father,

Arméd at point exactly, cap-a-pe,

Appears before them and with solemn march

Goes slow and stately by them. Thrice he walked

By their oppressed and fear-surprised eyes

Within his truncheon's length, whilst they, distilled

Almost to jelly with the act of fear,

Stand dumb and speak not to him. This to me

In dreadful secrecy impart they did,

And I with them the third night kept the watch,

Where, as they had delivered, both in time,

Form of the thing, each word made true and good,

The apparition comes. I knew your father.

These hands are not more like.

GEORGE: Oh, my turn? Most strange and wondrous tale you tell, Horatio. It doth turn my ear into a very...*(At a loss.)* merry...bare bodkin.

HENRY: As I do live, my honored lord, tis true, and we did think it writ down in our duty To let you know of it.

GEORGE: Well, thank you very much. *(Pause.)*

HENRY: Oh yes, my Lord. He wore his beaver up.

GEORGE: His beaver up. He wore his beaver up. And does he usually wear it down?

HENRY: A countenance more in sorrow than in anger.

GEORGE: Well I am sorry to hear that. My father was a king of much renown. A favorite amongst all in London town. *(Pause.)* And in Denmark.

HENRY: I war'nt it will.