

Hello Everyone,

My name is Rodney Lloyd Scott and I am the director of Paul Rudnick's *I Hate Hamlet*.

I wanted to share a few things which may help while you prepare for the audition.

1. All of these characters except for Andrew are meant to be played big.
2. Andrew and Barrymore are stars (and they know it).
3. Felicia is straight New York. Sounds New York. (Heavy Accent)
4. Lillian is definitely funnier with a German Accent.

These points are not necessary but may be beneficial.

1. Dramaturgy work always help. Examples... Who are these people? Any research you can find on Barrymore, time period, finding any visuals of him on stage and in film. What was his style of acting?
2. Research the time period of New York from the 80's and 90's. What did they eat? How did they dress?
3. It never hurts to have read the entire play before the audition. It sometimes helps with the character range.

When you enter the space come in to have fun. Try to get in as many reps as you can.

Thank you. Hope some of this helped.

Enjoy!

Rodney

~~off to one side, upholstered in white canvas. Folding chairs and the stacks of costumes provide additional seating.~~

~~As the curtain rises, the stage is in darkness. Myster music, and a supernatural lighting effect might precede the action.~~

~~The doorman on the front door rattles, and the door is flung open. Felicia Dantine bursts into the room, and immediately bustles around the apartment, switching on lights. Felicia is a tall, imposing woman with a mane of boldly streaked hair. She wears high suede boots, and a long vest of ragged purple leather and fur. Felicia is a real estate agent, with an almost carnal passion for Manhattan apartments. She speaks in a hoarse, buoyant voice, with a hint of Queens nasality, a jubilant New York honk.~~

Andrew Rally, the apartment's new tenant, follows Felicia into the apartment. Andrew is an actor, in his late twenties or early thirties; he is handsome and charming, possessing the polished ease of a television star. Andrew could easily glide through life, wafting on a cloud of good looks and affability. He is not without ego, however; he is more than accustomed to being the center of attention.

This is Andrew's first moment in the apartment; he carries a box of personal belongings. He stares at his new surroundings, with a mixture of awe and uneasiness.

ANDREW. (Looking around.) Oh my God.

FELICIA. Isn't it fabulous? I'm so glad you took it sight unseen. I just knew it was perfect.

ANDREW. It's amazing, but ... gee, I'm sorry. This isn't what we talked about. I was thinking of, you know, something ... less.

FELICIA. But it's a landmark! John Barrymore, the legendary star! And now you, Andrew Rally, from *LA Medical*! I loved that show! You were adorable! Why did they cancel it?

ANDREW. Bad time slot, shaky network — I don't think I

ANDREW & FELICIA

can live here, this isn't what we discussed.

FELICIA. I know, I know — but honey, I'm not just a broker. I want you to be happy! You belong here.

ANDREW. Don't worry, it's my mistake, I'll move back to my hotel, it's fine.

FELICIA. *(Gesturing to the cartons.)* But your things are here! It's a match! You and Barrymore!

ANDREW. *(Flattered.)* Please, I'm no Barrymore.

FELICIA. Of course you are, Dr. Jim Corman, rookie surgeon! I even love those commercials you do! What is it — Tomboy Chocolate?

ANDREW. Trailburst Nuggets. It's a breakfast cereal.

FELICIA. *(Delighted.)* And...?

ANDREW and FELICIA. *(Singing the jingle.)* "An anytime snack!" *(The doorbell buzzes.)*

FELICIA. An anytime snack! I love it! I love that ad! *(Felicia goes to the intercom, which is located in a niche beside the front door. Into the intercom.)* Hello? He sure is! *(Passing the receiver to Andrew.)* For you! Your first guest!

ANDREW. *(Into the receiver.)* Hello? Sure ... come on up. Please! *(To Felicia.)* It's my girlfriend. She can't wait to see the place.

FELICIA. *(Excited.)* Do I know her? Was she on your show?

ANDREW. ~~No, I met Deirdre in New York. But I'm from I.A. I like modern things. High tech. Look at this place — I mean, is there a mouse? *(There is a knock on the front door. Andrew opens it. Deirdre McDavey is standing outside, crutching a bouquet of roses. Deirdre wears a green wool cape, a long cream shawl, and antique blouse and pants, lace-up Victorian boots. Her hair streams down her back, Alice-in-Wonderland style. Deirdre is Andrew's girlfriend, she is twenty-nine years old, but appears much younger. Deirdre is the breathless of romantic enthusiasm. She is always on the verge of swooning. Deirdre's life is a miracle a miracle. Deirdre is irresistibly appealing. Valley girl in a high-tech a beautiful woman. Deirdre stands in the doorway, holding and on the verge of tears. Her eyes are clenched shut. She is practically hysterical. she speaks in a passionate, strangled whisper.)*~~

DEIRDRE. Andrew...?

DEIRDRE
&
ANDREW

~~LILLIAN. Oh Pally, where is your sense of adventure? Tele-
vision has ruined you. (The sound of thunder and rainfall is
heard, increasingly heavy.) I must go. I only wanted a look at the
place.~~

~~FELICIA. I'd better split too. Before it starts pouring.~~

~~LILLIAN. (Casting around.) It is... as I recall. Perhaps
smaller. But still a jewel. The elevator is new. (She starts cough-
ing.)~~

~~ANDREW. Lillian, are you okay? Have you been to the doc-
tor?~~

~~LILLIAN. (Getting him off.) Doctors. I have seen too many
doctors. Mostly played by you. Enough Pally, when do re-
hearsals begin?~~

~~ANDREW. I'm not discussing it.~~

~~LILLIAN. But I need to negotiate, on your behalf. It is
Shakespeare in the Park. It is non-profit. I will make them
bleed. (Felicia and Lillian now have their coats on.)~~

~~FELICIA. (Taking a last look at the apartment.) It's a great
space. Don't listen to me, I say that in cabs. Someday they're
gonna say, Andrew Rany lived here!~~

~~DEIRDRE. A great Hamlet!~~

~~LILLIAN. And an anytime snack.~~

~~ANDREW. Out.~~

~~FELICIA. Bye kids!~~

~~LILLIAN. Wait. (Lillian pauses, feeling an emanation. She goes
to the mantel, and finds an object. She gladly holds the object aloft.)
My hairpin! (A chord of ghostly music is heard. Felicia and Lillian
exit. Andrew and Deirdre face each other, both excited at being alone
together.)~~

DEIRDRE. Andrew ... (Deirdre runs into Andrew's arms, and they
embrace.) Hamlet! Why didn't you tell me?

ANDREW. Because I knew you would be the most excited.
And I knew you would tell me I have to do it.

DEIRDRE. Of course you have to!

ANDREW. But why? Just because it's supposed to be this
ultimate challenge? Because everyone's supposed to dream of
playing Hamlet?

DEIRDRE. No — because it's the most beautiful play ever

written. It's about how awful life is, and how everything gets betrayed. But then Hamlet tries to make things better. And he dies!

ANDREW. Which tells us ...

DEIRDRE. At least he tried!

ANDREW. But why do I have to be Hamlet? I can get another show, maybe even movies. I don't need Hamlet.

DEIRDRE. But Andrew — you went to drama school.

ANDREW. Only for two years.

DEIRDRE. But wasn't it wonderful? The great plays — Ibsen, O'Neill — nothing under four hours. And Shakespeare — didn't you love it?

ANDREW. Sometimes. But I left.

DEIRDRE. Why?

ANDREW. *(Thrilled by the memory.) LA Medical! The bucks! TV Guide. My face at every supermarket check-out in America, right next to the gum. I felt like — every day was my Bar Mitzvah. Everyone I saw was smiling, with an envelope with a check. That's what California is, it's one big hug — it's Aunt Sophie without the pinch.*

DEIRDRE. Andrew, Jim Corman was terrific, but now you're back.

ANDREW. On a whim. The show was dead, I thought, okay, try New York, why not? Take some classes, maybe do a new play, ease back in. But now — this place. *(He gestures to the apartment.) Hamlet. That's not the plan.*

DEIRDRE. Of course it is! It's your old plan, your real one! You know the only thing that would be better? Better than Hamlet?

ANDREW. The Cliff notes?

DEIRDRE. *Romeo and Juliet. Remember, when we did that scene in class? ~~(Dressed in a red dress, she climbs up the stairs to the roof, stopping at the landing which she will use as Juliet's balcony. Her acting should be long on eagerness, if somewhat lacking in technique. She is very big on expressive hand gestures. As Juliet.)~~*

~~Remember not by the moon,~~

~~(She points to the moon)~~

~~the inconstant moon,~~

ANDREW & BARRYMORE

~~a golden dagger hangs. A full-length capote swirls about him. He is phenomenally sexual and dashing, he is the very image of a shy romantic hero. Barrymore lifts his head, still appearing quite sober. He smiles radiantly. He surveys the apartment, he's been gone a long time. He slowly descends the staircase, studying what has become of his former residence. Finally, Barrymore sees Andrew. Andrew is frozen, holding the champagne bottle. Barrymore smiles at him.~~

~~BARRYMORE. Dear fellow. (Barrymore spots the bottle. He grabs a glass and bows for Andrew, he hasn't had champagne in ages. He holds out the glass, gesturing to the bottle.) May I? (Andrew remains frozen. He tries to speak, only choking sounds emerge from his throat.) Pardon? (Andrew tries to speak again, but cannot. He holds out the bottle, Barrymore takes it, fills his glass and utters, with vast enjoyment.)~~

ANDREW. You're ... him.

BARRYMORE. Am I?

ANDREW. You're ... dead.

BARRYMORE. You know, occasionally I'm not truly certain. Am I dead? Or just incredibly drunk?

ANDREW. You're ... Barrymore.

BARRYMORE. Yes. Although my father's given name was Blythe; he changed it when he became an actor, to avoid embarrassing his family. Your name?

ANDREW. *(Still completely unnerved.)* Andrew. Rally. It's really Rallenberg. I changed it, to avoid embarrassing ... the Jews.

BARRYMORE. *(Surveying the premises.)* Behold. My nest. My roost. *(Indicating where things had been, perhaps with musical cues.)* A grand piano. A renaissance globe. A throne.

ANDREW. You're dead! You're dead! *What are you doing here?*

BARRYMORE. Lad — I'm here to help.

ANDREW. Wait — how do I know you're a ghost? Maybe you're just ... an intruder.

BARRYMORE. *(Toying with him.)* Perhaps. Cleverly disguised as Hamlet. *(Andrew slowly sneaks up on Barrymore. He touches Barrymore's forearm. Barrymore is very nonchalant.)* Boo.

ANDREW. But — I can touch you. My hand doesn't go through.

BARRYMORE. I'm a ghost, Andrew. Not a special effect.

ANDREW. But ... ghosts are supposed to have powers! Special powers!

BARRYMORE. I just rose from the dead, Andrew. And how was *your* morning? Now shall I truly frighten you?

ANDREW. (*Not impressed.*) I'm not afraid of you.

BARRYMORE. Shall I cause your flesh to quake?

ANDREW. (*Very cocky.*) You couldn't possibly.

BARRYMORE. Shall I scare you beyond all human imagination?

ANDREW. Go ahead and try.

BARRYMORE. In just six weeks time, you will play Hamlet. (*Andrew screams.*)

ANDREW. (*Genuinely terrified.*) Oh my God, you really are him, aren't you?

BARRYMORE. John Barrymore. Actor. Legend. Seducer. Corpse.

ANDREW. So — it worked. The seance. Felicia, her mother — she brought you back, from over there.

BARRYMORE. Not at all. You summoned me.

ANDREW. I did?

BARRYMORE. As a link in a proud theatrical tradition. Every soul embarking upon Hamlet is permitted to summon an earlier player. From Burbage to Kean to Irving — the call has been answered.

ANDREW. Wait — you mean you're here to help me play Hamlet? Because you did it?

BARRYMORE. Indeed.

~~ANDREW. Okay. Fine. Then the problem's solved. Because I'm not going to play Hamlet. No way. So you can just go back to wherever.~~

~~BARRYMORE. I'm afraid that's not possible.~~

~~ANDREW. Why not?~~

~~BARRYMORE. I cannot return. I will not be accepted, until my task is accomplished. Until you have ...~~

~~ANDREW and BARRYMORE. Played Hamlet.~~

~~BARRYMORE. Really.~~

~~ANDREW. (*Completely floored.*) Oh no. Oh my God. You mean, if I don't go through with it ...~~

DEIRDRE
GARY
ANDREW
BARRYMORE

ANDREW. Go thy ways to a nunnery! (*Andrew tosses Deirdre onto the couch; she reaches out to him. He regards her with majestic disdain, thoroughly rejecting her.*) Call my machine!

DEIRDRE. No! (*Deirdre moans, and continues reaching out to Andrew, imploringly. Andrew turns to Barrymore; they shake hands, both very full of themselves and their success. Andrew turns back to Deirdre. She pleads.*) My lord Hamlet!

ANDREW. Fair maiden. (*Andrew lowers himself onto the couch, into Deirdre's arms. They kiss passionately; just as things are about to progress, the doorbell buzzes. Unbearably frustrated.*) NO! (*The doorbell buzzes repeatedly.*) GO AWAY! (*Deirdre leaps up and goes to the intercom.*)

DEIRDRE. (*Into phone, composing herself.*) Hello?

BARRYMORE. Poor boy! Within one couplet! Shakespeare — the most potent aphrodisiac.

ANDREW. (*In frantic despair.*) I was almost there! I was going to have sex!

DEIRDRE. (*Still on the intercom.*) It's Gary!

BARRYMORE. Gary?

ANDREW. A friend. A director. From LA. He did my show. Why is he here? Why?

BARRYMORE. You are Hamlet. A study in frustration. Thwarted action. (*Deirdre has opened the front door, and is peering out into the hall. Gary Peter Leskowitz appears. Gary is in his thirties; he personifies LA shaggy-chic. He wears extremely expensive casual clothing; an Armani suit or a \$5,000 suede jacket with a baseball cap. Gary should be played as an extremely happy, overgrown child, an oddly appealing creature of pure appetite. Reality is of very little importance to Gary, the deal is all.*)

GARY. Dee Deel!

DEIRDRE. Gary! (*Gary and Deirdre hug.*) What are you doing here? Why aren't you in LA?

GARY. I'm here for my man. My man Andrew Rally. Andy boy! (*Gary opens his arms to Andrew.*) Talk-time, Andy man. Fusion has occurred. Yes! (*Gary goes into a brief physical spasm, a celebratory combination of war dance and gospel fervor.*)

DEIRDRE. I'll let you guys talk. I'm going to finish my read-

ing. (*Deirdre begins ascending the stairs to the roof. She turns to Andrew, longingly.*) My liege?

ANDREW. (*Disgruntled.*) Yeah, to a nunnery. (*Deirdre trembles visibly, and utters a passionate moan.*)

DEIRDRE. Oooh! (*She runs upstairs and out the door to the roof.*)

GARY. Reading? She's reading?

ANDREW. I don't understand it.

GARY. Still no...? (*He makes an obscene hand gesture denoting sexual intercourse.*)

ANDREW. No, Gary. Still no hand gestures.

GARY. Whoa. Man, if I was with a lady for that long, and there was still no return, I don't know, I might start thinking trade-in. Turn-around. And who's this? (*Gary gestures to Barrymore. Andrew looks at Barrymore, shocked that Gary can see him.*)

BARRYMORE. Of course he can see me. Because it won't make any difference. (*Introducing himself to Gary.*) John Barrymore.

GARY. Barrymore. Right. Disney? VP?

BARRYMORE. No. I'm an actor.

GARY. An actor! Whoa! Not another one. Good luck, big guy. I mean it. See, that's what's great about you guys. You're both actors, you're like in direct competition, but you can still give the appearance of friendship. See, I'm fucked up, I can't be friends with anyone like me.

BARRYMORE. We understand.

GARY. I mean, the way I monitor, there's only bungalow space for so many hyphenates, right?

BARRYMORE. Hyphenates?

GARY. Writer-producer-director. Gary Peter Lefkowitz.

BARRYMORE. Ah. I see. So, if you also designed the scenery, would you require an additional name?

GARY. Cute. That's cute. (*Admiring Barrymore's outfit.*) Great look. What is that? Japanese? Washed silk?

BARRYMORE. Hamlet. Shakespeare.

GARY. Right. Nice. Retro.

BARRYMORE. Sixteenth century.

GARY. Whoa. God, other centuries. Like, people who

weren't me. Okay, tell me, total truth, am I like the most self-obsessed person you've ever met? My answer? Yes. Okay, enough about me. Figure of speech. Andy, Andy boy, Andy my love — we got it. Green light. The go-ahead. Network approval! A pilot and five episodes!

ANDREW. A pilot and five episodes — of what?

GARY. Of the show! Of *our* show!

ANDREW. What are you talking about?

GARY. Okay, I didn't tell you. Because I didn't want you to be disappointed, and blame me, if it didn't go. But it went! I used your name to tip it through the hoop. I told the network it was your all-time favorite project, that you were ready to roll. And after Jim Corman, you're network candy, they're crawling.

ANDREW. Really?

GARY. America cries out! Your commitment was just the push!

BARRYMORE. But he's not committed. He's playing Hamlet.

ANDREW. Well ...

GARY. Wait a second — which network?

BARRYMORE. In the park. This summer.

GARY. What, it's like for some special? Hallmark Hall Of Fame?

BARRYMORE. It's not for anything. It's ... theater.

~~GARY. Wait, let me get this. It's Shakespeare, right, it's like algebra on stage. And it's in Central Park, which probably seats, what, 500 tops. And the only merchandising involves, say, Cigital cassettes and Mostly Mozart tote bags. And on top of this, it's free. So Andy, tell me, who the hell is representing you nowadays?~~

ANDREW. Lillian is all for it.

~~GARY. Lillian! Jesus, of course. Andy, I love her, but she's a war criminal. I'm not kidding. She's a ten-hour documentary, waiting to happen. Okay Andy, fine, do your little show in the park. Is it a deduction? I mean, it's not even dinner theater. What, they sell whole wheat biscuits and little bags of nuts and raisins. It's snack theater. It's Shakespeare for~~

ACT TWO

Scene 1

FELICIA
&
DEIRDRE

Place: The same.

Time: Opening night, six weeks later.

The apartment has been transformed, into a true medieval lair. All of Andrew's furniture has been replaced by elaborately carved, heavy dark oak pieces. There is a richly upholstered chaise, and an ottoman center stage. An ornate throne sits off to one side, and the glorious fireplace is now fully revealed. A tapestry hangs on one wall, with a chandelier above. A renaissance globe stands near the staircase. The floor is covered with oriental carpets, stacks of antique leather-bound books, and atmospheric mounds of brocade cushions. Various candelabra and sconces are located around the room, as yet unlit. The suit of armor and other appropriately Gothic pieces complete the lavishly theatrical mood.

Several vases of flowers have been placed about; other boxes of flowers are stacked by the front door.

As the curtain rises, Barrymore descends from the roof, singing to himself. He crosses to the globe, which opens to reveal a fully-stocked bar. Barrymore pours himself a drink. He is still dressed as Hamlet.

Felicia enters, very dressed up, from the archway. She cannot see Barrymore. She stares at the apartment's new furnishings, shaking her head.

FELICIA. Oh my God. What got into him? *(Deirdre enters, also from the archway, carrying a vase of flowers. Deirdre is dressed*

in a flowing velvet, medieval-style gown, complete with a lengthy train and trailing sleeves. She is playing one of Ophelia's ladies-in-waiting, and a wreath of flowers has been braided into her hair.)

DEIRDRE. Isn't it incredible? It's Barrymore! Andrew says this is exactly what it used to look like! He says it's been helping him, to get in the mood.

FELICIA. Well I hope he's there — in the mood. It's opening night! *(Deirdre and Felicia shriek with excitement. They are wildly excited; this entire scene should be played with an air of giddy anticipation and suspense.)*

DEIRDRE. Opening night! *Hamlet!*

FELICIA. So where is he? Doesn't he have to get to the theater?

DEIRDRE. He's upstairs, getting ready, on the roof. He's in costume, too, he wears it everywhere. And he talks to Barrymore.

FELICIA. Really? He got through?

DEIRDRE. No, he just imagines. I catch him at it all the time. Do you think he's here? Watching over us?

FELICIA. Barrymore?

DEIRDRE. Yes! Oh John Barrymore, wherever you are! Bless this evening! Bless Andrew! *(As Deirdre invokes Barrymore, she runs through the room, seeking the ghost. Barrymore follows her, skipping along behind her, highly amused. Finally he stretches out on the chaise.)*

FELICIA. Honey, you better calm down. *(Barrymore beckons to Deirdre from the chaise. He opens his arms.)*

DEIRDRE. I know, I've been like this all day, all week, I can't sit still ... *(Deirdre, pulled by unseen forces, sits on the chaise beside Barrymore. She lies down, as he gently strokes her hair. She is unaware of his presence, but he has his effect.)* Felicia, what's it like? Sex? *(Felicia is busily putting finishing touches on her makeup, inspecting herself in the mirror of her compact.)*

FELICIA. Sex? Oh, that's right — you're still on the bench. No wonder you're nervous. Sex is great. With the right guy.

DEIRDRE. Really? But what about with the wrong guy?

FELICIA. *(After a beat.)* Better.

~~DEIRDRE. Felicia sounds terrible! *(Barrymore kisses Deirdre's*~~

GARY MONOLOGUE

GARY. ~~Exactly. I mean, maybe it's foolproof. Maybe with Shakespeare, there's no difference between bad and good. And everybody's afraid to say it. I mean, at the movies, on the tube — either you're funny, or you're cancelled. You're good-looking, or you're best-supporting. I mean, you can talk. But Shakespeare — it's just real hard to tell who's good, without tradecraft.~~

~~DEIRDRE. Gary — have you ever been to the theater?~~

GARY. Yeah. Not lately. Can I be frank? I don't get it. The theater. It doesn't make sense. It's like, progress, right? Take it step by step. Back in Neanderthal times, entertainment was like, two rocks. Boom boom. Then, in the Middle Ages, they had theater. Then came radio. Then silent movies. Then sound. Then TV. That's like, art perfected. When you watch TV, you can eat. You can talk. You don't really have to pay attention, not if you've seen TV before. Nice half-hour chunks. Or even better, commercials. Thirty seconds. Hot girl, hot guy, the beer, it's all there. It's distilled. I mean, when I go to the theater, I sit there, and most of the time I'm thinking — which one is my armrest? ~~(The door to the roof swings open. Andrew appears, dressed as Hamlet, in a black costume similar to, although not identical to, Romyrom's Andrew's Hamlet might have modern touches, but it must include ruffs and a capelet, as well as a sword and a dagger. Andrew has been drinking, although he is by no means drunk. His vocal and physical style now resemble Barrymore's: he has acquired a grandeur, and is somewhat larger than life. He carries a bottle of champagne.)~~

~~ANDREW. OUI!~~

~~DEIRDRE. Andrew!~~

~~GARY. Big guy!~~

~~ANDREW. Ouh! Tonight I shall play Hamlet. I must be alone.~~

~~DEIRDRE. Andrew, honey, can't we take you to the theater?~~

~~ANDREW. No! I have drunk, I have drunk, I seek only solitude. ~~(Andrew stands on the landing halfway up the stairs. Gary climbs the stairs to meet him.)~~~~

~~GARY. I hear you. And Andy, it's working like a charm. I told the network, Andy's not sure. He's drinking, he's doing~~

LILLIAN & BARRYMORE

~~ANDREW. Lillian, I have to do this, don't I?~~

~~LILLIAN. No. You can stay here and cancel the production.
I'll have grand Gal (Andrew looks Lillian faces Barrymore) Yes,~~

I can see you, you swine.

BARRYMORE. How?

LILLIAN. I am very old. I see everything. And it so happens I know you.

BARRYMORE. You do?

LILLIAN. Ha! I knew you would not remember.

BARRYMORE. *(As he stares at her.)* Could it be?

LILLIAN. *(Challenging.)* What?

BARRYMORE. No. Yes. Is it ... you?

LILLIAN. I was very young.

BARRYMORE. A young wife. Of ... a conductor.

LILLIAN. A violinist.

BARRYMORE. A violinist. Yes. With a mistress.

LILLIAN. Bravo.

BARRYMORE. *(Circling her.)* I was in town promoting a film. There was a cocktail party. Your husband was to meet you. He did not.

LILLIAN. Do not be smug. You were married as well. To an actress.

BARRYMORE. To an actress? Is that legal? I found you sobbing, in a coatroom.

LILLIAN. I did not sob!

BARRYMORE. Out of anger. We came here.

LILLIAN. Out of madness. Temporary insanity.

BARRYMORE. We had a fire. *(Barrymore makes a sweeping gesture, and a fire springs up in the fireplace.)*

LILLIAN. And candlelight. *(Barrymore makes another gesture, and all the candles, located throughout the room, suddenly glow. The stage lights dim, creating an impossibly romantic mood. A moon might appear at the window.)*

BARRYMORE. We stole champagne, from the party.

LILLIAN. And bought chocolate bars, from the five and dime.

BARRYMORE. We broke every commandment. We made love.

LILLIAN. And gained weight.
 BARRYMORE. (*Delighted.*) You were impossible.
 LILLIAN. You were ... Barrymore. (*The mood has become very intimate; Barrymore and Lillian are almost in an embrace. Barrymore breaks away.*) What?
 BARRYMORE. No!
 LILLIAN. What is the matter?
 BARRYMORE. You are far too kind. I am undeserving. I have failed utterly. I return for a single purpose, and now ...
 LILLIAN. What? What is your purpose?
 BARRYMORE. That Andrew should play Hamlet.
 LILLIAN. So? It is done.
 BARRYMORE. But there's more, so much more. I wanted Andrew ... to learn.
 LILLIAN. To learn what?
 BARRYMORE. From all that he accuses me of! From my sorry excuse for a life! I was offered — the planet. Every conceivable opportunity. Andrew is my last vain hope. My cosmic lunge at redemption.
 LILLIAN. Tell me, Barrymore — when did it happen?
 BARRYMORE. What?
 LILLIAN. When did you turn — scoutmaster?
 BARRYMORE. Excuse me?
 LILLIAN. Rally is a big boy. You have pushed him, as have I. He needed that. But — tonight must be his. And his alone.
 BARRYMORE. So why do you stay? What do you want?
 LILLIAN. I am like anyone else. I have come to see Barrymore.
 BARRYMORE. A sideshow.
 LILLIAN. A three-ring circus. ~~A tame oddity. A movie son, a Danish prince. A womanizer, but never a drunkard, but at least until recently, never a bore. Tonight I had hoped for one last encounter. An answer. But it was long ago. Perhaps I remember incorrectly. I will go. (*She starts to leave.*)~~
 BARRYMORE. Lillian?
 LILLIAN. (*Pausing.*) Yes?
 BARRYMORE. ~~Will he be all right, Andrew?~~