

SAM. It's beautiful.

WILL. "Arise fair sun..."

HENSLOWE. What about Ethel? I paid for a pirate's daughter.

WILL. Patience. All will come together.

VIOLA/KENT. Does Romeo get his Juliet?

WILL. Of course. It is a comedy.

FENNYMAN. Enough "speaky speaky." Let's get on with it.

HENSLOWE. From the top.

NED. Gentlemen. Capulets stage left, Montagues stage right. And square up.

(As ACTORS set their positions, WILL steals a private word with KENT.)

WILL. Thomas, Master Kent, I have a letter for Lady Viola de Lesseps. The lady of your house. You know her?

VIOLA/KENT. As well as I know myself, sir. What is it about?

WILL. Fourteen lines. Give it to her. I shall ever be in your debt.

(WILL leaves. Transition.)

[MUSIC NO. 14: "LETTER - UNDERSCORE"]

VIOLA. Oh, it is complete. *(reads)*

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?
Thou art more lovely and more temperate.
Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,
And summer's lease hath all too short a date.

Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,
And often is his gold complexion dimm'd;
And every fair from fair some time declines,
By chance, or nature's changing course untrimm'd:
But thy eternal summer shall not fade

Nor lose possession of that fair thou ow'st,
Nor shall Death brag thou wander'st in his shade
When in eternal lines to time thou grow'st.
So long as men can breathe or eyes can see,
So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

[END MUSIC NO. 14]

Oh, I am made immortal!