

WABASH. Y-y-y-y-y-y-you w-w-were w-w-w-wonderful.

WILL. Wait! Take this and remember me.

(WILL takes the manuscript and gives it to  
VIOLA.)

WESSEX. Viola!

(VIOLA leaves with WESSEX.)

WEBSTER. (to WILL) Should've let me play Ethel then,  
shouldn't ya.

(WEBSTER exits. FENNYMAN arrives in his blue  
cap.)

FENNYMAN. Everything all right?

HENSLOWE. Closed before we opened. Let's pack  
everything up.

BURBAGE. Hold!

HENSLOWE. Oh God!

BURBAGE. Enemies. Brothers. Lend me your ears. We  
may indeed be rivals in art but we are jointly despised  
as vagrants, tinkers, peddlers of bombast. Which  
in my case might be true. But— (to MUSICIANS)  
Gentlemen...

(The MUSICIANS start to play:)

[MUSIC NO. 32: "BURBAGE"]

...my father James Burbage had the first licence  
to form a company of players and he drew from  
all the poets of the age. Their fame will be our  
fame. So let them all know, we are men of parts.  
We are a fraternity, and we will be a profession.  
Will Shakespeare has a play. I have a theatre. To be  
frank the posters are already posted. Damn the Lord  
Chamberlain. The Curtain is yours.

HENSLOWE. There is no time to be lost. We will play *Romeo*  
this Saturday at the Curtain.