

BARRYMORE. But . . . you were ghastly. You said so. Deirdre agreed.
The papers—everyone in New York.

ANDREW. I heard. And that's part of it. Last night, right from the start, I knew I was bombing. I sounded big and phony, real thee and thou, and then I started rushing it, hi, what's new in Denmark? I just could not connect. I couldn't get ahold of it. And while I'm . . . babbling, I look out, and there's this guy in the second row, a kid, like sixteen, obviously dragged there. And he's yawning and he's jiggling his legs and reading his program, and I just wanted to say, hey kid, I'm with you, I can't stand this either! But I couldn't do that, so I just keep feeling worse and worse, just drowning. And I thought, okay, all my questions are answered—I'm not Hamlet, I'm no actor, what am I doing here? And then I get to the soliloquy, the big job, I'm right in the headlights, and I just thought, oh Christ, the hell with it, just do it!

To be or not to be, that is the question;
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles and by opposing, end
them.

And I kept going, I finished the speech, and I look out, and there's the kid—and he's listening. The whole audience—complete silence, total focus. And I was Hamlet. And it lasted about ten more seconds, and then I was back in Hell. And I stayed there. But for that one little bit, for that one speech—I got it. I had it. *Hamlet*. And only eight thousand lines left to go. *(The preceding monologue must grow extremely passionate; Andrew must be transported back to the previous evening onstage in the park. A lighting change and musical cues are possibilities. All of Andrew's frustrations, with his career and his life, must impact on the speech; when he reaches "To be or not to be" he should be D.C., using the audience in the theater as the audience in the park. Andrew's delivery of the soliloquy fragment should show real . . . during*

