

HENRY

(Strikes a pose.)

Sir, the Players have arrived!

Oh, don't look at us like we are, sir, please. Remove ten pounds of road dust from these ag-ed wrinkled cheeks. See make-up, caked, in glowing Powder Pink! Imagine a beard, full blown and blowing, like the whiskers of a bear! And hair! Imagine hair. In a box I've got all colors. So I beg you — imagine hair! And not these clothes. Oh no, no, no. Dear God — not rags like any beggar has. But see me in a doublet!

(Stepping down from the Prop Box with Mortimer's help.)

Mortimer, fetch the doublet!

(MORTIMER sheathes him in a worn-out doublet which he has hastily retrieved from the trunk.)

There — Imagine! It's torn; I know. Forget it. It vanishes under light. That's it! That's the whole trick! Try to see me under light! I recite.

“Friends, Romans, Countrymen...
Screw your courage to the sticking place!
And be not sick and pale with grief
That thou, her handmaidens,
Should be far more fair
Than she...
Is...”
How's that?
