

... larger than life.

BARRYMORE. What size would you prefer? Gesture, passion — these are an actor's tools. Abandon them, and the result? Mere reality. Employ them, with gusto, and an artist's finesse, and the theater resounds! I do not overact. I simply possess the emotional resources of ten men. I am not a ham; I'm a crowd! Andrew, who is Hamlet?

ANDREW. A prince?

BARRYMORE. A star.

ANDREW. What?

BARRYMORE. A star. The role is a challenge, but far more — an opportunity. To shine. To rule. To seduce. To wit — what makes a star?

ANDREW. Talent? (*They exchange a look.*) Sorry, I wasn't thinking.

BARRYMORE. A thrilling vocal range? Decades of training? The proper vehicle? (*He shakes his head, no.*) Tights.

ANDREW. Tights?

BARRYMORE. Tights. Where are you looking? Right now?

ANDREW. I am not!

BARRYMORE. Of course you are! The potato, the cucumber, the rolled sock — this is the history of Prince Hamlet.

ANDREW. You mean — you padded yourself?

BARRYMORE. Unnecessary. Even for the balcony. (*Pause, as he gazes upward.*) The second balcony.

ANDREW. So Hamlet should be ... horny?

BARRYMORE. Hamlet is a young man, a college boy, at his sexual peak. Hamlet is pure hormone. Ophelia enters, that most beguiling of maidens. Chastity is discussed.

ANDREW. Please, don't joke. Not about chastity.

BARRYMORE. Why? What?

ANDREW. I can't talk about it.

BARRYMORE. Oh dear. Your beloved? A problem?

ANDREW. A nightmare. Five months.

BARRYMORE. What?

ANDREW. Nothing.

BARRYMORE. Truly?

ANDREW. Necking at the Cloisters. Picnics on Amish quilts.

Sonnets.

BARRYMORE. Not ... sonnets.

ANDREW. Yes. And I've been faithful. Totally. It's unnatural. Do you know what happens when you don't have sex?

BARRYMORE. No.

ANDREW. Thanks.

BARRYMORE. But why?

ANDREW. Why her, or why me? Deirdre won't have sex because ... she's not sure. Because she's the victim of a relentlessly happy childhood, which she fully expects to continue.

BARRYMORE. And you?

ANDREW. Me? Why do I put up with all this? Why have I begged Deirdre to marry me, practically since the day we met? Because, in the strangest way, she's the most passionate woman I've ever met. Because when she sees a homeless person, she gives them a fabric-covered datebook. Deirdre's just ... she makes me think that love is as amazing as it's supposed to be. She's romantic, which means she's insane. I know I love her, because I want to strangle her. Does that make sense?

BARRYMORE. Of course. A virgin goddess.

ANDREW. Please — don't encourage her.

BARRYMORE. She is to be treasured, and honored. I have known few such women in my sensual history. Perhaps only five hundred. They are the most adorable saints. But ... there are ways.

ANDREW. (*Eagerly.*) What?

BARRYMORE. No. It would be unthinkable.

ANDREW. *What?*

BARRYMORE. I could never condone such Casanova-like tactics. Such Valentino mesmerism.

ANDREW. Such Barrymore deceit.

BARRYMORE. (*Mortally offended.*) Cad.

ANDREW. Yes?

BARRYMORE. Knave.

ANDREW. Please?

BARRYMORE. Hamlet!

ANDREW. No! Stop with that.

BARRYMORE. Hamlet, to cunningly expose his father's