

ANDREW (*astonished*): That's not mine! How did that get there? (BARRYMORE opens the cabinet, and removes a sword, a duelling rapier. He tosses the sword to ANDREW, who catches it) A sword? Oh my God. (BARRYMORE strides to the opposite side of the room. He tugs a sheet from another shrouded object, revealing a suit of armor) I should call the movers.

CROSS,  
FLOURISH,  
BOTH HANDS  
TOGS  
FLAT  
STRAIGHT

1

(BARRYMORE removes a second sword from the suit of armor. He tests the sword, bending it, and then raises it above his head. He points it at ANDREW)

BEND KNEES

3  
MOVEMENTS  
R - L  
R - L  
OVER WHO  
DOWN

APPEL - ON GUARD  
BARRYMORE: En garde!

DROP IT: A. SQUEAK JUMP BACK, HOLD SWORD BY POINT  
ANDREW: What? ← BOTH WATCH DRUP - 1-2-3 - REACTS, BACK TO 2 HANDS

BARRYMORE: The drama's conclusion. Hamlet's duel and death. LUNGE - ON POINT SWIPE

(BARRYMORE begins to advance on ANDREW, brandishing his sword)

ANDREW: Excuse me? I can't fence.

BARRYMORE: Hamlet can. I can.

B A  
TH 4 → P 2 HAND 4  
HEAD SWIPE → QUICK  
TH MID → P 2 HANDS STRAIGHT DOWN

(BARRYMORE takes a swipe at ANDREW, who jumps back)

ANDREW: Stop that! I hate swords! I hate violence! (BARRYMORE takes another swipe. ANDREW backs away, rapidly) I have a gym excuse!

PAUSE

TING TING

6

A BIG STEP  
BACK,  
HOLD SWORD  
STRAIGHT OUT  
PARALLEL

PAUSE 59

B BACK A  
IN CIRCLE  
B A  
C 4 → P 4  
C 3 → P 3

I HATE HAMLET

Ax TO NEAR SOFA

BARRYMORE: As does Hamlet, until the closing moments of the drama. At last, he takes action. He assumes a tragic stature.

(B) X IN

B-SWIFTS MID LEFT TO RIGHT - A. JUMPS ONTO SOFA

(BARRYMORE feints at ANDREW, who jumps again)

ANDREW: He dies! - HOLD SWORD AT HIS THROAT WITHDRAW

FACE D.S.

ENJOYS THIS SWISH SWORDS SIDE TO SIDE MOVEMENTS

BARRYMORE: A hero! (He slashes the air with his sword, bounding about in his best swashbuckling manner)

A. SCRAMBLE OVER SOFA (IN FRONT OF FIREPLACE)

This is why one acts! This is why actors are envied! We are allowed to do this sort of thing! - FACE S.R.

ATTACH INVISIBLE FURRY STAB-STAR-STAB

ANDREW: Not anymore. We have stunt people. Doubles.

BARRYMORE: Of course—for the soliloquies! (BARRYMORE advances on ANDREW, who runs and hides in the passage beneath the staircase. ANDREW then backs out, on the other side of the staircase. BARRYMORE has anticipated this and has circled around to meet him. The exact fight choreography is, of course, left to the discretion of any individual production. BARRYMORE feints at ANDREW who, for the first time, raises his sword to defend himself) Well done!

TURN STAB AT ANDREW OVER SOFA

A. RUN HIDE NEXT TO STAIRS - B. UP TO LANDING, THRUST DOWN - A. BLOCK W/ RING - RUN TO D.S.E. TURN - B. TOWARDS TO S.W. ENVELOPE 3X PUSH HIS BLADE DOWN

ANDREW: (No) Stop it! I can't do this. (ANDREW lays down his sword. During ANDREW's next speech, BARRYMORE might stand on the couch, bouncing and slashing the air with his sword, in a playful if dangerous mood) I'm stopping, okay? You're very cute, but I'm not going to play. You think you can force me to be like you, to be Hamlet. To be bold and dashing and vengeful. Well,

REALIZES

PART TWO

DO THAT? B. FEINTS INVISIBLE OPPONENTS OVER ON OTHER SIDE, ENJOYING MUSCLE

24 22 25 - TURN, FACE NEW OPPONENT

ACT I (4)

TU TU CU  
1 3 4

R-L L-R  
SWIPE - SWIPE - SWIPE

no. I don't do that. I'm a liberal. So no duels. No macho behavior. Not in my house. POSE ON GUARD

L-R R-L  
SWIPE SWIPE  
L MOVING  
R MOVING

STEP IN TOWARD SOFA

BARRYMORE (outraged): Your house?

U.S. (3)

(BARRYMORE leaps from the couch. He and ANDREW face off. BARRYMORE raises his sword. Decisively, he slashes the couch, ruining the upholstery) (4)

ANDREW (in disbelief): My couch. You slashed my couch.

BARRYMORE: It offended me. So modern.

WHERE  
(?)

X TO ?

(BARRYMORE looks around. He raises his sword and sweeps a lamp off a table. It crashes to the floor) (5)

FOLLOW REAR

ANDREW: Stop it! That's my lamp! You're making a mess!

BARRYMORE: Buy a new lamp! Residuals!

THREATEN  
OTHER  
OBJECTS ?

(6)

(BARRYMORE sweeps a vase off a shelf with his sword; the vase shatters. Alternately, and to save money, BARRYMORE might pick up a vase and hurl it offstage, through the archway, from which appropriate crashing noises might issue.)

X BACK TO  
SWORD  
PICK UP  
ON GUARD  
D.R.

(7)

ANDREW, livid at the destruction of his property, picks up his sword and brandishes it. He becomes a decisive man of action)

ANDREW: That's enough! The girl doesn't come until Friday! Someone is going to vacuum!

STEP DRC

PART THREE

5

# I HATE HAMLET

BARRYMORE (*delighted*): Not II

RUN OVER STG TO D.R.

SMO? ← FENCE

(BARRYMORE *gestures*, and exciting, galloping swordfight music begins, very Errol Flynn. He and ANDREW begin some serious fencing.)

1

PHRASE 1

ANDREW *lunges* at BARRYMORE; they cross swords, above their heads)

ANDREW: Again!

(ANDREW and BARRYMORE *fence*, moving across the stage. BARRYMORE *fences* with one hand and swigs from the bottle of champagne with the other. At one point, BARRYMORE uses the bottle to fence with)

2

PHRASE 2

BARRYMORE: Nicely done!

(BARRYMORE *shakes* the bottle of champagne and sprays ANDREW with the fizz. They continue to fence, with great brio, all over the stage. ANDREW *backs* BARRYMORE up the staircase. He *disarms* BARRYMORE, whose sword falls. ANDREW's sword is now at BARRYMORE's throat)

3

PHRASE 3

ANDREW: Say it! Say I don't have to do it! No Hamlet!

BARRYMORE: But Andrew—you're already doing it. Look!

PART FOUR

(ANDREW is distracted and BARRYMORE *kicks* the sword out of ANDREW's hand, grabbing it for himself. He backs ANDREW down the stairs, at swordpoint, and says glee-fully) Hamlet—rookie prince! (ANDREW retrieves BARRYMORE's previous sword and they continue to fence) Hamlet?

1

2

3

6  
ANDREW: I can't!

BARRYMORE: Then shall I kill you? (BARRYMORE knocks the sword from ANDREW's hand; ANDREW is now defenseless, as BARRYMORE advances on him) Right now? Curtail your precious mediocrity? Imagine your epitaph—"Andrew Rally, Beloved Coward. Beloved Hack. Here Lies No One!" (BARRYMORE feints at ANDREW and seemingly wounds him. ANDREW clutches himself and moans; he slumps to the floor. His injury is highly believable. BARRYMORE is aghast; he had not intended to actually hurt ANDREW) Lad?

ANDREW (trying to speak, clearly in great pain): No . . . you're right . . .

BARRYMORE (kneeling): What? Are you . . . shall I call someone? A physician?

ANDREW: No . . .

BARRYMORE: I'm sorry, I didn't intend to . . . wound you.

ANDREW (barely able to speak): Call . . .

BARRYMORE: Call whom? Deirdre?

6  
(ANDREW leaps to his feet, fully recovered and triumphant. He grabs his sword and points it at BARRYMORE)

ANDREW: Shakespeare!

BARRYMORE: Ha!

7  
(BARRYMORE grins and makes an arm gesture; a jubilant trumpet flourish is heard.)

Curtain.

(S.R.)

(S.L.)

ANDREW

BARRY WORK

DIAGNOSE "... VACUUM

GO ON GUARDS

ENGAGED (BLADES TOUCHING)

NOT I! GESTURE, MUSIC

MOVE TO ON GUARDS

BEAT (HIT HIS BLADE LIGHTLY)

RETREAT (HIGH LEFT) PARRY 4 ←  
ON EACH (HIGH RIGHT) PARRY 3 ←

CUT 4 (HIGH RIGHT) ADVANCE ON EACH!  
CUT 3 (HIGH LEFT)

(LOW LEFT - PARRY 1 ←  
LOOK AT WATCH)

THRUST 1 (POINT STRAIGHT LOW R)

(HIGH RIGHT) CUT 4 →

PARRY 4 (HIGH LEFT)

(LOW LEFT) CUT 2 →

PARRY 2 (LOW RIGHT)

(STRAIGHT DOWN TO TOP OF HEAD) CUT 5 →

PARRY 5 (ABOVE HEAD PARRYING, KNUCKLES UP, FLOWING)

FOLLOW SHUNT ←

SHUNT TO LEFT - SLIDE HILT OVER SHARPLY TO STRIKE HIS BLADE

TURN BODY TO FOLLOW ARM - END UP FACING AWAY

PARRY 3 ←

CUT 4

PARRY 4 ←

CUT 3

HOLD BLADE STRAIGHT DOWN IN FRONT

THRUST STRAIGHT BETWEEN FEET

PIVOT AROUND TO FACE HIM, DUCK

WITHDRAW

SWIPE ARMING R TO L, CONTINUE OVER HEAD + REPEAT SWIPE

RECOVER UP, PARRY 4 ←

(LOOK AT WATCH, LIFT OVER HEAD, BRING BLADE DOWN TO STRIKE HIS BLADE, SLIDE DOWN + OFF - CONTINUE)

PULLING ONE →

← PULLING ONE

PULLING ONE →

← PULLING ONE

OUT TO RIGHT UP, ALL THE WAY AROUND TO LEFT, DOWN TO RECEPT

ADVANCE THRUST 2 →

RETREAT, CIRCLE PARRY 2

ADVANCE THRUST 2 →

RETREAT, CIRCLE PARRY 2

'FOLLOW' BIND ←

ON 2ND PARRY - BIND UP

DO THE SAME

LIFT BLADE UP, WALK UNDER

KEEP BLADES TOUCHING

YOUR ARM TO HIS LEFT

(S.L.)

INTO STANDARD GUARDS (PAUSE)

INTO REVERSE GUARDS (S.R.)

A.

S.L.

B.

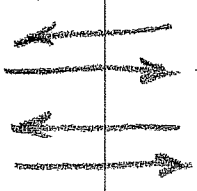
S.R.

REALIZES: "AGAIN!" ON GUARD

[RING THE BELLS FAST!]

NO FOOTWORK - LEAN IN

PARRY 4  
CUT 4  
PARRY 3  
CUT 3



CUT 4  
PARRY 4  
CUT 3  
PARRY 3

NO FOOTWORK - LEAN IN

FOLLOW ENVELOPMENT TURNED AROUND, MOVED AROUND REVERSE, AWAY - ARM LOW THRUST AND RUN TOWARD HIM

FOLLOW - PULL BY HIM, REPEAT TO SWITCH, STOP, TURN, FACE, AWAY AGAIN RUN IN TO HIM

STEP IN TO STANDARD GUARD

[RING THE BELLS FAST!]

ENVELOPE AROUND 3X - FINAL FLUENT TRNS A AROUND PIVOT U.S. - PARRY 1 WIDE

HIM PART LIKE BULFIGHTER - REACH W/ BLADE, SWITCH HIS BUTT CROSS D.L TO PICK UP BOTTLE

STAND FEEL D.S. + DRINK WHILE DRINKING:

HIGH D.S. - CUT 4  
HIGH U.S. - CUT 3  
LOW U.S. - CUT 2  
LOW D.S. - CUT 1

SPRINGS DOWN TO HEAD

THRUST LOW MID

CUT 5 (HEAD)

FOLLOW, PIVOT SO THAT YOUR LEFT SHOULDER CONTACTS HIS RIGHT SHOULDER

FOLLOW, PIVOT TO YOUR RIGHT REVERSE TO FACE ON GUARD

PARRY 4 - HIT FORWARD  
PARRY 3 - HIT BACK  
PARRY 2 - LOW BACK  
PARRY 1 - LOW FORWARD

STOP DRINKING - TURN TO FACE - PARRY 5 (ARMS NEAR) - SHUNT AWAY - CHANGE GRIP ON BOTTLE

CROSS PARRY - MOVE SWORD AND BOTTLE OUT, THEN OVER AND IN TO CENTER - SWORD OVER BOTTLE - CATCH SWORD BETWEEN KEEP TOGETHER - LIFT UP HIT TO CATCH

KEEP HIS SWORD BETWEEN BOTTLE, PIVOT TO FACE D.S. SHOULDER TO SHOULDER

PAUSE: DIALOGUE: "NICEY DONE"

SLIGHT PULSE TO LEFT, PUSH YOUR SHOULDER ON HIS TO PUSH AWAY TURN TO FACE ON GUARD

S.R.

S.L.

PART THREE  
PHRASE THREE

(S.I.R.)

(S.L.)

ANDREW | BARRY MORE

RUN IN WITH LOW THRUST

BULLFIGHTER MOVE - SAME AS BEFORE

SWITCH SIDE

(S.L.)

RECOVER

(S.P.)

FOLLOW TO WINDOW

RUN TO WINDOW, FACE OUT FOOT UP ON SEAT

THRUST 4 HIGH

PARRY 4 HIGH LEFT

THRUST 3 HIGH

PARRY 3 HIGH RIGHT

FOLLOW

'TRAD' HIS SWORD TO WINDOW FRAME - ON SECOND PARRY, PUSH HIS BLADE TO FLOOR

RECOVER - FOLLOW

RUN U.S. TO FIREPLACE, LEAN UP ON HEARTH

THRUST 4 HIGH

PARRY 4 HIGH LEFT

THRUST 3 HIGH

PARRY 3 HIGH RIGHT

FOLLOW

PUSH HIS SWORD DOWN

RECOVER, FOLLOW TO S.L. OF SOFA

UP, RUN TO S.R. OF SOFA

THRUST 1

BRING SWORD DOWN TO PIN HIS SWORD TO SOFA, LEFT THEN RIGHT

THRUST 2

RECOVER, FOLLOW TO D.R.C. ON GUARD

RUN TO D.L.C. ON GUARD

PARRY (6)

LEAN IN, THRUST HIGH RIGHT

TURN PALM UP

ENVELOPE 3 TIMES

FOLLOW

(TURN YOUR BLADE AROUND HIS, KEEPING CONTACT) ON LAST ONE, BRAT BLADE ON TOP OF HIS BLADE  
POINT BLADE AT HIM

DROP SWORD, TURN STRAIGHT UP

CONTINUE TO PART 4



# PART 4

## ANDREW

POINTING SWORD AT HIM

DIALOGUE: "SAY IT! SAY I DON'T HAVE TO DO THAT!"

LOOK DOWN AT SWORD, LOSE FOCUS

'Follow' (YOU ARE IN CONTROL)  
RELEASE SWORD

HANDS UP, THREATENED

BACK UP

REACT AS IF WOUNDED,  
DROP TO KNEES, TURN TO FLOOR, IN 'PAIN'

"YES, YOURS PLEASE!"

CRAWL TO OTHER SWORD

SWITCH SIDES

S.L. GRAB SWORD, UP TO ON BLADE ON "SURRENDERABLE"

ENDS WITH SWORDS CRUISED D.C.

## BARRYMORE

"BUT ANDREW, YOU'RE ALREADY DRINK IT. LOOK!"

STEP IN V.S. ABOVE HIM, GRAB SWORD BLADE WITH BOTH HANDS, 'PULL + TOSS' HIM TO S.L. - KEEP SWORDS - TAKE GRIP - POINT BLADE AT HIM.

"HAWKET, POTHE PRINCE!"

STEP IN CLOSER

"HAWKET?"

BACK HIM TO D.R. DURING THIS

"TALK WITH I KILL YOU? RUN NOW? WORTH... etc. →

ON "WERE LIES NO ONE" - FIRE AWAY FROM HIM D.S. - BIG GESTURE WITH SWORDS THAT 'ACCIDENTALLY' MAKES CONTACT WITH HIS BACK (CAREFULLY)

KNEEL DOWN TO HIM:

"WHAT? ARE YOU... etc →

WATCH HIM CRAWL

ON "HA!"  
CROSS SWORDS

S.R.

