

SHAKESPEARE

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SOMETHING ROTTEN!

START

NIGEL

No, this is something I tried to write on my own.

SHAKESPEARE

May I?

NIGEL hands him the pages. SHAKESPEARE turns away, reads. Is amazed.

"When sorrows come, they come not single spies but in battalions"

(blown away)

God...

NIGEL

Oh god, is it that bad?

SHAKESPEARE

(sincerely)

No.

(changing tactics)

No... it's just...

(pointing to pages)

"To be or not to be" "What a piece of work is man..." It's a lot of cliches, Nigel.

NIGEL

Really? That's been done?

SHAKESPEARE

Oh yeah—and as your friend, I will read this and see if there's anything here that can be salvaged. But I don't want to see this with your name on it.

(tucks pages in his shirt)

But your "musical..." "OMELETTE?" I've told everyone I know they simply must go and see it.

NIGEL

Really? But it's so...

SHAKESPEARE

Bold? Daring? Yes. A lesser writer would shy away. Would you?

(a hand on his back)

Write your Omelette.

(points to the pages)

Not this. That. Forget this. Write that.

SHAKESPEARE exits. NIGEL heads for the bench SL and sits.

STOP