

Scene One

PROFESSOR SMOG and PROFESSOR BLATHER are in a laboratory, looking closely at a brain which is being preserved inside a jar.

SMOG There it is

BLATHER Astounding.

SMOG Ours to observe.

BLATHER No one can know about this.

SMOG It's so...beautiful.

BLATHER I want to understand it.

SMOG Impossible.

BLATHER There are two of us here and only one of *it*. Surely two brains can outthink one.

SMOG Do you realize who's brain this is?

BLATHER Of course. Why else would I want to understand it?

SMOG Shakespeare's brain.

Scene Two

SHAKESPEARE and DARWIN are playing checkers in Purgatory.

SHAKESPEARE You're move, Monkey Boy.

DARWIN Don't call me that.

SHAKESPEARE *(makes monkey noises)*

DARWIN Stop it.

SHAKESPEARE *(makes monkey noises)*

DARWIN Will, I'm thinking here.

SHAKESPEARE *(makes monkey noises)*

DARWIN Okay, so I made a mistake!

SHAKESPEARE Apes?

DARWIN It seemed like a clever idea at the time.

SHAKESPEARE You couldn't think of anything better than apes?

DARWIN I don't need this from you.

SHAKESPEARE From me?

DARWIN Of all the people to be stuck playing checkers with in Purgatory.

SHAKESPEARE What did I do?

DARWIN You went and uncovered the secrets of human nature, that's what you did.

SHAKESPEARE It was an accident.

DARWIN Don't be a pill.

SHAKESPEARE Any revolution I started was purely accidental, I assure you.

DARWIN Please.

SHAKESPEARE I said I was sorry.

DARWIN For being the most important man of your millennium?

SHAKESPEARE It's not like I tried to. I mean, you find something you like to do and suddenly you have a sonnet named after you.

DARWIN Hate it when that happens.

SHAKESPEARE Darwin, just because you made a mistake, you don't have to take it out on me.

DARWIN I'm not a puppy. You don't have to rub my nose in the puddle I made.

SHAKESPEARE Everyone makes mistakes.

DARWIN My mistake will land me in hell.

SHAKESPEARE Maybe not.

DARWIN We're in Purgatory. A *spiritual* place. Doesn't that tell you that I was wrong?

SHAKESPEARE Maybe God will go easy on you. I hear he's a rather nice bloke.

DARWIN When I died and the secrets of the universe were revealed to me...boy did I feel stupid.

SHAKESPEARE It could have happened to anyone.

DARWIN How am I going to explain this to God?

SHAKESPEARE He might get a good laugh out of it.

DARWIN Oh, stop.

SHAKESPEARE I got a good laugh out of it.

DARWIN You're not God...although many people seem to think so.

SHAKESPEARE I have no control over what people think.
 DARWIN Right.
 SHAKESPEARE I'm just an ordinary guy.
 DARWIN Ordinary.
 SHAKESPEARE Just a regular Joe who likes to write plays.

Scene Three

Laboratory.

BLATHER Tweezers.
 SMOG Tweezers?
 BLATHER And a scalpel.
 SMOG What for?
 BLATHER The best way to understand a rare mind is to pick at the brain.
 SMOG You're not seriously considering...
 BLATHER The implements, if you please.
 SMOG You can't slice this brain like julienne chicken! Not this masterpiece of God!
 BLATHER If I believed in God, it would be *his* brain I'd have in a jar.
 SMOG But...
 BLATHER Listen to me, you intellectual blip. I have done my life's research on the musings of this brain. I have studied its ideas, pondered its thoughts and marveled at its creations.
 SMOG As have I. However...
 BLATHER A lifetime of research. Twenty plus years. Thesis papers. Dusty folios. Cold coffee. Convoluted interpretations of a thousand academics who all find a different meaning.
 SMOG Do you have a point to make?
 BLATHER I have something that none of the other academics have. I have his brain.
 SMOG The bard.
 BLATHER The master.
 SMOG The genius.
 BLATHER The prophet.

SMOG The honey-tongued visionary.

BLATHER Well said.

SMOG Thank you.

BLATHER Now give me the implements.

SMOG Not going to happen.

BLATHER Don't take this from me, Professor Smog. You can't take this from me.

SMOG Take what from you? You have the bard's brain. What more do you want?

BLATHER I want to be *right*, blast it! Knowledge is what I want!

SMOG Don't do anything dumb.

Scene Four

Purgatory.

DARWIN Dumb move, Shakespeare. Very dumb move.

SHAKESPEARE Outwitted by a man of science. What next?

DARWIN Quite the quandary.

SHAKESPEARE Quite. Unless...

DARWIN What the...

SHAKESPEARE *(moving checker pieces, collecting several of DARWIN'S pieces)* Isn't irony fun?

DARWIN Irony?

SHAKESPEARE How many years did you say you spent in school?

DARWIN That's hardly significant now.

SHAKESPEARE I went to grammar school. Learned me some verbs.

DARWIN None of that matters!

SHAKESPEARE Quite right. Any idiot can play checkers, I suppose.

DARWIN Can we talk about something else?

SHAKESPEARE How insensitive of me. What about you? Any travel plans?

DARWIN Will, I'm going to hell.

SHAKESPEARE I hear it's hot this time of year.

DARWIN Will...

SHAKESPEARE I'm yanking your chain.

DARWIN There's nothing comical about hell.

SHAKESPEARE Quite right. Hell is... well, it's hell. Which reminds me, could you give my regards to Marlowe? That is, if you have time between the wailing and the gnashing of teeth?

DARWIN Why must you mock my fate?

SHAKESPEARE You might not go to hell. Stop obsessing.

DARWIN I'm right about this. I just know.

SHAKESPEARE I don't mean to rub it in, but you *have* been wrong before.

DARWIN (*gritting teeth*) King me.

SHAKESPEARE Beautiful move, Monkey Boy.

Scene Five

Laboratory.

SMOG Beautiful. It's so beautiful. Look at it. Why would you want to mutilate such a rare specimen?

BLATHER What's more beautiful is what we will find inside.

SMOG You might not like what you find.

BLATHER Not like what I find? Whatever I find inside this brain will be wondrous.

SMOG Mysterious.

BLATHER Unprecedented.

SMOG Squishy.

BLATHER We could find the meaning of life. The answers to the unanswerable. The mysteries of the universe. Understanding of the human condition. Inside this brain...

SMOG There could be a rich, creamy, caramel filling.

BLATHER Why do I bother?

SMOG I'm only trying to say...

BLATHER I don't want to hear it.

SMOG There could be anything inside.

BLATHER I'll get the scalpel myself.

SMOG It could be nothing more than a mass of nerve tissue. Then what?

BLATHER Did you hide the scalpel?

SMOG What if your life's research was all in vain? What if you spent twenty plus years twisting your brain around trivial nothingness? Arbitrary thoughts with no meaning? Is that what you want to find?

BLATHER You are making no sense.

SMOG On the other hand...

BLATHER There's another hand now?

SMOG What if you unlock some dark information that's better left unknown? What if you unleash a proverbial nightmare that could forever doom the world of academe?

BLATHER Why don't you want me to have this? I thought we were colleagues.

SMOG We are brothers of the mind. But...the brain must be kept intact. End of story.

BLATHER Why?

SMOG So we can run our fingers over its labyrinthine crevices and muse over the beautiful ambiguities within.

BLATHER Information is useless if it's hidden.

SMOG But if there's a demon in this mass of flesh, we'll never be able to stitch the brain back up and pretend we found nothing!

BLATHER There's no demon in Shakespeare's brain.

Scene Six

Purgatory.

SHAKESPEARE I'm not a bad guy.

DARWIN This is not the time or the place. Just let me...

SHAKESPEARE I didn't mean to offend you., Darwin. I was only trying to be funny. I wasn't aware that intellectuals were lacking in the sense of humour department.

DARWIN I am extremely funny.

SHAKESPEARE We're stuck here in Purgatory together, there's no point in making it an unpleasant experience.

DARWIN The Father of Science does not need a lecture from a dumb artsie.

SHAKESPEARE Ouch.

DARWIN Leave me.

SHAKESPEARE Where do you expect me to go? We're in Limbo here.

DARWIN Nothing like being stuck in a room with a genius to remind you of how incredibly inadequate you are.

SHAKESPEARE I don't feel inadequate.

DARWIN You're the genius, you idiot.

SHAKESPEARE I'm no genius. I can't even spell.

DARWIN If you're trying to make me feel better...

SHAKESPEARE I'm sorry. About the monkeys, that is.

DARWIN Stop. You are not sorry about the monkeys. The monkeys make you right. I never knew the truth! I was traipsing after nothing for my entire life! The whole while, my beard was getting longer, my hair whiter, but it was nothing more than time passing! Don't you get it, my life means nothing now! I mean nothing.

SHAKESPEARE Darwin...

DARWIN *I was* science. My theories were edgy. Daring. I had balls, dag-nabbit! Even if I was wrong, who cares? Nobody knows the truth anyway. Nobody cares about the truth. All anyone wants is to leave a footprint in the manure pile of thought! But now, I feel so...

SHAKESPEARE Can I make an observation?

DARWIN Wrong.

SHAKESPEARE So you were wrong.

DARWIN My life's work.

SHAKESPEARE Darwin...

DARWIN Pointless.

SHAKESPEARE Your life's work, maybe. But not your life.

DARWIN What's the difference between the two?

SHAKESPEARE Nobody's life is pointless.

DARWIN But my Theory...

SHAKESPEARE The Creationists found entertainment in it. That's got to count for something.

DARWIN's lip trembles as he attempts to suppress tears.

SHAKESPEARE Darwin? Are you crying?

DARWIN (*resisting tears*) Scientists don't cry. Weeping is illogical.

SHAKESPEARE Emote if you'd like. I understand.

DARWIN How can you?

SHAKESPEARE You know why my plays outlived those of my scholarly contemporaries? Because I understand people. All the little cogs that mechanize a human being; I know each one, where it fits and how it works.

DARWIN My feelings are not cogs.

SHAKESPEARE I knew you were going to say that. Could have scripted the words myself.

DARWIN If you understand me so well, could you please explain myself to me?

SHAKESPEARE What would you like to know?

DARWIN Why did I live?

SHAKESPEARE The answer is complex. *You* are complex. A gruff exterior usually means...

DARWIN I just wanted to be important.

SHAKESPEARE Impor...Darwin, do you have any idea what an enormous impact you had on the world of science? Thousands of people admired you. To many, your life was as meaningful as a religion!

DARWIN Thousands of people admired me?

SHAKESPEARE Maybe more.

DARWIN But I was wrong!

SHAKESPEARE Here we go...

DARWIN And all those people believed me! What have I done?

SHAKESPEARE Darwin...

DARWIN I have to warn them. Maybe if I write them a note on a paper airplane and toss it down to them...

SHAKESPEARE Darwin, that's not going to...

DARWIN *(tossing airplane)* Fly! Why won't you fly?

SHAKESPEARE Let go, Darwin. They'll figure it out on their own.

DARWIN They looked up to me.

SHAKESPEARE You were loved. Isn't that enough for you?

DARWIN *(tossing airplane)* I can't let them live in ignorance.

Scene Seven

Laboratory.

BLATHER Unhand the tweezers, oh ignorant one.

SMOG That isn't possible.

BLATHER What say you?

SMOG I ate them.

BLATHER You ate the tweezers?

SMOG I'm afraid so.

BLATHER Who eats tweezers?

SMOG I did it for scholars everywhere.

BLATHER Must you force me to live in ignorance?

SMOG Professor Blather, you don't understand.

BLATHER Exactly. I don't understand and it embarrasses me. Don't you care about Shakespeare's brain?

SMOG More than you do.

BLATHER More than...Professor Smog, do you not realize the lengths I went through to obtain this brain? Have you ever tried sneaking a four hundred year old brain through customs in a suitcase?

SMOG It should be preserved.

BLATHER This is not a jar of homemade relish.

SMOG It will be if you cut it into little pieces.

BLATHER What do you plan to do with this brain? Sit here and watch it pickle?

SMOG Can't we just gawk at it worshipfully and imagine all the innovative ideas that once swirled around inside?

BLATHER There is no room for imagination in the world of science.

SMOG You are a professor of literature.

BLATHER Scalpel.

SMOG I am not handing a literature professor a scalpel.

BLATHER If you please...

SMOG Do you even know how to use a scalpel?

BLATHER I have tenure.

SMOG Why can't you just appreciate the brain for what it is? Look at that supple tissue. It looks almost new. Like a squeezable plush toy.

BLATHER You're sick.

SMOG It's rather adorable, wouldn't you say?

BLATHER Adorable?

SMOG Cute.

BLATHER The brain?

SMOG It has personality.

BLATHER Good God.

SMOG You wouldn't mutilate something with a personality, would you? That would ruin everything.

BLATHER What is the matter with you?

SMOG Matter?

BLATHER You're behaving curiously.

SMOG No I'm not.

BLATHER Nobody compares a glob of nerve tissue to a cuddly, plush toy unless...

SMOG I...

BLATHER Why are you so obsessed? What is going on inside your head?

SMOG Why don't you dissect my brain and find out?

BLATHER Don't tempt me.

SMOG If our working relationship can not be based on trust, then maybe you should find yourself another...

Various items, which were hidden inside SMOG's lab coat, fall noisily to the floor.

BLATHER Um...

SMOG I don't know what you are talking about.

BLATHER Professor...

SMOG There is nothing hidden inside my lab coat.

BLATHER *(picking items from the floor)* Latex gloves. Jar opener. A "Top Secret. Do Not Open" label.

SMOG You're imagining things.

BLATHER Packing bubbles?

SMOG Give me that.

BLATHER You were planning on spiriting the brain away!

SMOG There's no need to...

BLATHER What else is in your coat?

SMOG You don't want to see what's...

BLATHER Why not?

SMOG Because I am naked.

BLATHER For the love of...

SMOG Beneath this garment, I am wearing nothing. My nudity may blind you.

BLATHER *(attempting to unbutton coat)* I don't believe a word of it.

SMOG Professor Blather!

BLATHER *(finding more items inside coat)* Auction papers. You son of a...

SMOG Those are my personal documents.

BLATHER Where is my name on these papers?

SMOG I...

BLATHER This explains much. You didn't want me to dissect the brain because...

SMOG Let's not overanalyze...

BLATHER You want the brain for yourself.

SMOG That's open to interpretation.

BLATHER You want the brain intact so you can sell it to the highest bidder.

SMOG *(grabbing jar with brain)* Excuse me...

BLATHER *(tackling SMOG)* The brain is mine!

SMOG Interesting thesis. Can you back it up?

BLATHER If you don't give it back I will use Derrida's Deconstruction Theory to prove you don't exist!

SMOG Look how scared I am!

*BLATHER and SMOG are wrestling on the stage.
They are uttering impolite words to one another,
that is, words that academics would find impolite.*

BLATHER Rodentis Putridus!

SMOG Your theorems wreak of mediocrity!

BLATHER If ineptitude had a face...

SMOG Back it up with three examples!

BLATHER Kiss my tenured arse!

SMOG Suma cum loudmouth!

BLATHER Comma mis-user!

SMOG *(striking BLATHER upon the chops)* Plagiarize this!

BLATHER Oof!

The jar is overturned and smashes on the floor. The brain is lying in a puddle of formaldehyde and broken glass.

BLATHER Look what you...

SMOG Don't touch it!

BLATHER Do something!

SMOG What the dickens do you expect me to...

BLATHER None of this would have happened if...

SMOG Why? Why?

BLATHER Stop asking stupid questions.

Scene Eight

Purgatory.

SHAKESPEARE Are you familiar with my work?

DARWIN You're Shakespeare.

SHAKESPEARE I know who I am.

DARWIN Everyone's familiar with your work.

SHAKESPEARE I'm not sure why.

DARWIN Don't play the fool. You know what a celebrated writer you are.

SHAKESPEARE I just don't know what the big deal is. I'm just an ordinary guy.

DARWIN Ordinary.

SHAKESPEARE Compared to you.

DARWIN Me. The monkey boy.

SHAKESPEARE I'm in the presence of a scholar. Do you know where that puts me?

DARWIN Twit.

SHAKESPEARE Exactly. When I was alive, I had to compete with intellectuals like Christopher Marlowe and Robert Greene. Nobody thought I'd amount to anything. But I wasn't trying to succeed. I just loved to play with words. They sound so...wordy.

DARWIN Says the poet.

SHAKESPEARE They laughed at me, Darwin.

DARWIN I know the feeling.

SHAKESPEARE But I didn't care. I loved what I was doing. The audiences liked me. Who cares what the academics think?

DARWIN But it's the academics who obsess over you.

SHAKESPEARE They obsess over everything.

DARWIN Excuse me?

SHAKESPEARE Academics do nothing but bicker. Ever noticed? I'd hate to be one.

DARWIN I'd hardly say...

SHAKESPEARE They argue and bark with their fists flailing in the air, opinions darting wildly in every direction.

DARWIN On the contrary...

SHAKESPEARE Being right means quite a lot to intellectuals, yes?

DARWIN It's everything.

SHAKESPEARE But I can't say I've ever seen anyone win an academic argument.

DARWIN Well, I...

SHAKESPEARE The fight ends when the tutorial hour winds down, or the latte cup is empty. Then they do it all over again the next day.

DARWIN Shakespeare...

SHAKESPEARE Nobody wins.

DARWIN Somebody has to be right.

SHAKESPEARE Darwin, you can't be right all the time.

DARWIN I am a learned man.

SHAKESPEARE But there's one thing you never did learn.

DARWIN Enlighten me.

SHAKESPEARE There's nothing wrong with being wrong.

DARWIN There's nothing wr...*(ponders)*...There's not?

SHAKESPEARE Don't put so much pressure on yourself. Settle down. Make yourself some tea.

DARWIN It's too late for me. I'm dead.

SHAKESPEARE Being a religious man, I understand that you have the rest of eternity to enjoy this knowledge. Now if you'll excuse me, I'd like to retreat to my corner of Purgatory. I'd like some time alone.

DARWIN What are you doing over there?

SHAKESPEARE Thinking.

Scene Nine

Laboratory. The brain is pulsating in a puddle of formaldehyde on the floor, amidst broken glass.

BLATHER What's happening?

SMOG The brain is pulsating.

BLATHER Which means?

SMOG It's having an idea.

BLATHER Right now? That's why it's throbbing like that?

SMOG It's alive! After four hundred years, the brain is still alive!

BLATHER Let me inside! I want to see what it is thinking!

SMOG Professor Blather! No! You'll kill it!

BLATHER Unhand me!

SMOG Leave it alone! It might be writing a play!

BLATHER It has no fingers with which to write!

SMOG Professor!

BLATHER It's a disembodied brain! Shakespeare is dead! He's unable to stop me from...

SMOG Murder!

PROFESSOR BLATHER hacks the brain in half.

Scene Eleven

PROFESSOR BLATHER is facing the audience, conducting a lecture. BLATHER is holding one half of SHAKESPEARE's brain.

BLATHER *A Midsummer Night's Dream.* Take notes, this will be on the exam. Let's discuss the imagery, shall we?

*SHAKESPEARE barges into the lecture.
PROFESSOR BLATHER is unable to see him.*

SHAKESPEARE Dog! You're the one who sliced my brain in half with the finesse of a Japanese chef!

BLATHER We see that Shakespeare drew his imagery from Ovid.

SHAKESPEARE Who's Ovid?

BLATHER Bottom's donkey head, for instance...

SHAKESPEARE What about it?

BLATHER It's all from the same source.

SHAKESPEARE Of course it's all from the same source, you imbecile. It came out of my brain!

BLATHER Why a donkey head?

SHAKESPEARE Because it's funny.

BLATHER Why not the head of a goat or perhaps a nice Angus cow.

SHAKESPEARE There's nothing comical about an Angus cow.

BLATHER But was it actually Shakespeare who wrote this play?

SHAKESPEARE Read the dust jacket.

BLATHER It's a little different from his other plays.

SHAKESPEARE What? Do you think I wrote thirty-seven identical plays?

Fade in PROFESSOR SMOG, who is facing the audience on the other side of the stage, also conducting a lecture. SMOG is holding the second half of SHAKESPEARE's brain.

SMOG *Macbeth.*

SHAKESPEARE You!

SMOG The name curses itself.

SHAKESPEARE What the...

SMOG Macbeth is both the antagonist and the protagonist.

SHAKESPEARE He's just a guy.

SMOG Therefore, his name curses anyone who says it.

SHAKESPEARE Have you been into the insane root?

SMOG This theory has been proven with the many disastrous productions of "The Scottish Play."

SHAKEPEARE That was no curse. That was bad acting.

BLATHER Let's discuss the rhyming couplets.

SHAKESPEARE This should be good.

BLATHER Why rhyming couplets?

SHAKESPEARE Because they sound pretty.

BLATHER Was Shakespeare trying to hide something? Make a political commentary?

SHAKESPEARE Everything sounds better when it rhymes!

BLATHER It is interesting to note that Shakespeare wrote *A Midsummer Night's Dream* at approximately the same time that he wrote *Richard II*. These are considered to be his two most poetic plays. What was going on that year?

SHAKESPEARE I was into poetry.

SMOG Shakespeare was a woman, and I have proof. Turn to Scene Four.

SHAKESPEARE What are you telling these impressionable, young people?

BLATHER As per the Weird Sisters...

SHAKESPEARE Oh, God! What are you going to do to the Weird Sisters?

BLATHER Who were they? Were they real? Were they figurative?

SHAKESPEARE You hate me, don't you?

BLATHER The word *weird* derives from the Anglo Saxon "wyrð," which means fate. Were the weird sisters prophetesses?

SHAKESPEARE They were *WEIRD!* (*slapping his forehead*) Stupid, stupid, smart people!

SMOG *Measure For Measure* is one of Shakespeare's *Problem Plays*.

SHAKESPEARE What's the problem?

SMOG *All's Well That Ends Well* falls under the same category.

SHAKESPEARE I don't see the problem.

SMOG Why are these called *Problem Plays*?

SHAKESPEARE I was hoping *you* knew.

SMOG Neither play follows Aristotle's template of Tragedy and Comedy.

SHAKESPEARE Aristotle? Is that old sausage crank still pushing out the bosh? I never did understand him.

SMOG It is because of Aristotle that we can diagnose Shakespeare's plays by genre.

SHAKESPEARE Diagnose? I wrote plays. Not diseases.

SMOG Hence, the *Problem Plays*.

SHAKESPEARE If you ask me, Aristotle's the one with the problem.

BLATHER *King Lear* is yet another ambiguity.

SHAKESPEARE Why?

BLATHER There is a peculiar speech, spoken by the bastard son, Edmund, in which there is gratuitous use of the letter *B*.

SHAKESPEARE What's wrong with the letter *B*?

BLATHER Let us ponder the letter *B*.

SHAKESPEARE It makes a *buh* sound. What more do you need to know?

BLATHER The letter *B* begins words like banana. Bar Mitzvah. Bratwurst. Bolshevik. Beaver. What was Shakespeare trying to say to us?

SHAKESPEARE If you'd just listen, I'd be more than happy to...

SMOG Shakespeare was in a very bad mood when he wrote *The Tempest*.

SHAKESPEARE How could you possibly know th...

SMOG Observe the speech in which Prospero renounces his magic. This is Shakespeare's way announcing his retirement from playwriting.

SHAKESPEARE Now you're pulling things out of your bum.

BLATHER All of Shakespeare's plays from *Romeo and Juliet* on, were written by Christopher Marlowe.

SHAKESPEARE Not *this* again.

BLATHER His style changed thereafter.

SHAKESPEARE My career was over thirty years long! I'd like to think my style changed many times.

BLATHER The plays became darker after the plague.

SHAKESPEARE Everything was darker after the plague. That's why the plague was "*Black!*"

SMOG How clever it was for Shakespeare to include the obviously intentional anachronism in *Julius Caesar*. A clock is referenced in a time during which clocks were not invented.

SHAKESPEARE Oops.

BLATHER Hamlet. Ham. The Prince of Denmark was a swine.

SHAKESPEARE What the...

SMOG Twelfth Night is consumed with images of death.

SHAKESPEARE It's a comedy!

SMOG Dr. Faustus.

SHAKESPEARE Wrong playwright.

BLATHER The theme of *Madness*.

SHAKESEPARE You're the expert.

SMOG Timon of Athens was never completed.

SHAKESPEARE I wrote ten drafts, you little...

BLATHER Curious use of blank verse.

SHAKESPEARE Is that what you call it?

SMOG Kings.

SHAKESPEARE Easy targets.

BLATHER Women.

SHAKESPEARE Where?

SMOG Irony.

SHAKESEPARE I'll say.

BLATHER Murder.

SHAKESPEARE You're killing me.

SMOG Did Shakespeare exist?

SHAKESPEARE I'm right *here!*

BLATHER He was many people.

SHAKESPEARE It's *me!*

SMOG He was...

SHAKESPEARE *Is.*

BLATHER A woman.

SHAKESPEARE No!

SMOG A genius.

SHAKESPEARE Nice of you to say, but...

SMOG God.

SHAKESPEARE Now wait a minute...

BLATHER Plagiarist.

SHAKESPEARE Stop it!

BLATHER Essays are due...

SHAKESPEARE No!

SMOG Define and discuss...

SHAKESPEARE Why?

BLATHER Exam.

SHAKESPEARE But...

SMOG Thirty percent of your final mark.

SHAKESPEARE Couldn't you just *enjoy*...

BLATHER We love Shakespeare.

SHAKESPEARE Then why are you trying to...

SMOG Isn't he swell?

SHAKSPEARE You're ruining me!

BLATHER/SMOG *(each holding up half of SHAKESPEARE's brain)* Shakespeare is dead and we have his brain!

SHAKESEPRE You mock me!

BLATHER and SMOG, still unaware of SHAKESPEARE's presence, each examine their half of SHAKESPEARE's brain and the other's half of the brain.

SHAKESPEARE Why are you doing this? First you thief my brain, then you...

A paper airplane floats in and falls to the ground, possibly striking him in the head first. DARWIN enters and approaches SHAKESPEARE.

DARWIN So they're wrong. Who cares?

*SHAKESPEARE looks back and forth between
DARWIN and the PROFESSORS.*

DARWIN Checkers?

*DARWIN pulls SHAKESPEARE out of the light as
they head offstage.*

SHAKESPEARE *(to SMOG and BLATHER, still examining the brain halves)* Can I have my brain back
now?...Stop picking at it!

Finis