I did all that shit for you and what did it get me? (Beat.)
Every ten seconds you're reviving
one-a Shakespeare's bullshits.
He was a pedophile — you know that, right?
And a deadbeat dad.
That's right, he was a terrible father! (Beat, starts getting ready.)

But, on the other hand,
the nice thing about the future is you can
actually use negroes in your plays now.
That's pretty great. You really save on makeup.
But can you believe you have to pay them?
So we could only afford three negroes,
And my assistant here is playing the other negroes.
I'm supposed to tell you that.
Though he was a more convincing negro
than the ones who came to audition ... (Shrugs.)
But that's show business. (Beat, more getting ready.)
'Course, you still can't find any Indian actors —
Hey, where did all the Indians go?
Though, I suppose it's okay.
I was always pretty good at this part ... (Beat, more getting ready.)
You know —
my name is actually derived from Dionysus.
You know who that is?
The god of harvest and beekeeping,
wine and theatre — that's who! (Beat, finishes getting ready.)

Isn't that weird?
I always thought that was a little weird. (Beat, surveying the room.)
Perverts. (To Assistant, re: the music.)
I'm sick of this. Change it. (Playwright puts on the beaddress — his final
touch — as the Assistant changes the song on the music-playing device.
Another song starts playing — whatever's super-popular on the radio right
now, though preferably loud, vulgar, bass-heavy, hyperfeminine, and
upbeat. Playwright perks up upon hearing it. To Assistant.)

What is this?
I like this.
Turn it up.
I said, turn it up! (Assistant can't turn it up any louder.)
Then put it in the speakers, you genius! (Assistant finds the remote
and turns it up. It makes the entire room quake, which Playwright