

Rosencrantz, Guildenstern

Ros. We could play at questions.

Guil. What good would that do?

Ros. Practice!

Guil. Statement! One—love.

Ros. Cheating!

Guil. How?

Ros. I hadn't started yet.

Guil. Statement. Two—love.

Ros. Are you counting that?

Guil. What?

Ros. Are you counting that?

Guil. Foul! No repetitions. Three—love. First game to...

Ros. I'm not going to play if you're going to be like that.

Guil. Whose serve?

Ros. Hah?

Guil. Foul! No grunts. Love—one.

Ros. Whose go?

Guil. Why?

Ros. Why not?

Guil. What for?

Ros. Foul! No synonyms! One—all.

Guil. What in God's name is going on?

Ros. Foul! No rhetoric. Two—one.

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Guil. What does it all add up to?

Ros. Can't you guess?

Guil. Were you addressing me?

Ros. Is there anyone else?

Guil. Who?

Ros. How would I know?

Guil. Why do you ask?

Ros. Are you serious?

Guil. Was that rhetoric?

Ros. No.

Guil. Statement! Two—all. Game point.

Ros. What's the matter with you today?

Guil. When?

Ros. What?

Guil. Are you deaf?

Ros. Am I dead?

Guil. Yes or no?

Ros. Is there a choice?

Guil. Is there a God?

Ros. Foul! No *non sequiturs*, three—two, one game all.