

LLOYD: Tim, let me tell you something about my life. I have Gertrude on the phone to me for an hour after rehearsal every evening complaining that Polonius is sucking on Altoids through his speeches. Claudius is off for the entire week doing a commercial for Viagra. Hamlet himself - would you believe? - Hamlet? - has now gone down with a psychological problem. I keep getting messages from Brooke about how unhappy she is here, and now she's got herself a doctor's certificate for nervous exhaustion - she's going to walk! I have no time to find or rehearse another Vicki. I have just one afternoon, while Hamlet sees his shrink, to cure Brooke of nervous exhaustion, with no medical aids except a little whisky - you've got the whisky? - a few flowers - you've got the money for the flowers? - and a certain faded charm. So I haven't come to the theatre to hear about other people's problems. I've come to be taken out of myself, and preferably not put back again.