

Hamlet and Hugh sit in Hamlet's bedroom, discussing the King's upcoming funeral. There's an easy air between them, two boys who've grown up together, despite the recent time they've spent with an ocean between them. They pass a commandeered bottle of champagne between them.

HUGH

He really was the best of us.

HAMLET

And then there's me.

HUGH

Hey man, you're not being fair to yourself. Don't get me wrong, your dad was incredible, and we won't see his like again. But you'll be your own type of special. You already are. You can be a total dickwad, but you're the best person I know. And I'm honored to serve you.

HAMLET

Aw man, you're the best dude I know. Really, thanks for being there for me... Fuck. Champagne always makes me sentimental as fuck. Don't let me drink champagne again.

HUGH

Perfect, we'll make sure to only serve tequila at the wedding.

HAMLET

Right, right, 'cause it's better for me to end up dancing shirtless on a table than getting sentimental.

HUGH

I thought you didn't remember that night?

HAMLET

I don't remember *that* one. Listen, it's not my fault that tequila makes me give the people what they want.

HUGH

I think what they want is to sell a picture of a drunk prince to the Daily Mail.

HAMLET

Touché. God, do I have to be a total prude once I'm king?

HUGH

Honestly, I don't think you could, even if you tried.