

**Side 7: Scene Two, Pages 62 to 66, (Ralph Crane, Isaac Jaggard, Henry Condell, Elizabeth Condell, Alice Hemings)**

**Two.**

*The Globe Tap House.*

*Henry, Elizabeth, Ralph Crane, and Isaac Jaggard gathered around piles of pages.*

*This group is editing the damn thing.*

CRANE. Again, anything that is not the closest to Will's mind and hand we do not include. If it is suspect, we don't include it. If it is written in too much collaboration, we do not include it.

ISAAC. So, we lose *Two Noble Kinsmen*?

HENRY. With Fletcher? Yes.

ISAAC. And *Cardenio*?

CRANE. Not a chance.

ISAAC. Well what about *Love's Labour's Won*?

CRANE. It's lost.

ISAAC. I know that, but we HAVE *Love's Labour's Lost*, where's *Love's Labour's Won*?

CRANE. I'm saying it's lost.

ISAAC. I know, but he also wrote *Won*.

CRANE. *Which is lost.*

ISAAC. There are *two* plays, man!

CRANE. (*Losing it.*) And one of them is gone—we can't find it—*Won* is lost—all we have is *Lost* because we lost *Won*, *all right*?

ISAAC. All right.

HENRY. *All right.* We're all here for the same reason.

CRANE. And it is of utmost importance to me. He was a great man, Will, and a great friend to me and I feel it's my duty to care for his legacy like it were my own, and I do not see *any* humor in editing.

*John has entered with Alice. Graciously he offers a joke to the room.*

JOHN. I don't either, Crane, I've always said there's nothing to laugh

about in the theatre.

HENRY. John, come in. Come, sit.

JOHN. Hello friends. Carry on.

CRANE. Sir, welcome back.

ELIZABETH. Darling John. Ali, how are you?

ALICE. I take each day as it comes, but here we are.

JOHN. And ready to work. If you are.

ISAAC. Indeed we are, sir. (*To Alice.*) And I am so sorry for you.

ALICE. Thank you. Being here feels right. Mum loved this effort like she loved the plays themselves. Well. Like she loved—

ELIZABETH.  
The comedies.

JOHN.  
The comedies.

ALICE.  
The comedies.

*A moment to laugh as Rebecca would have.*

JOHN. Shall we?

HENRY. We shall. We start editing the *unpublished* plays, of which we've got five copies from Master Crane in his fine hand.

ISAAC. (*Revealing a stack of neatly copied plays.*) Yes sir. *Two Gents, Merry Wives, Measure for Measure, Winter's Tale, The Tempest.*

CRANE. Also I can vouch for these copies of *Caesar, As You Like It, Macbeth, and Cymbeline.*

HENRY. We all know these nine are true and good as we have watched and performed them ourselves.

JOHN. Good. Next.

CRANE. Next are the foul papers.

*Crane reveals a pile of messy scrolls of foul papers. Alice leaps at them.*

ALICE. First drafts?!

CRANE. These escaped the fire under my arm.

HENRY. And thank God they did. Will's papers plus our memory can give us a fair version of these.

CRANE. *Comedy of Errors, Taming of the Shrew, All's Well, Antony, Coriolanus, Timon, and Henry VIII.* That's sixteen.

HENRY. *Henry VI* we have Will's own manuscript.

*Crane reveals a single, perfect manuscript.*

ELIZABETH. The man gets a say at last.

*Crane brings up the heavier promptbook for King John.*

CRANE. For *King John* we have a promptbook, and that makes eighteen. The rest of the folio will come from the *published* plays that we have in quarto, good and bad.

*And finally Crane reveals a stack of printed quartos.*

HENRY. Do not trust the quartos as most of them are not sanctioned by Will or the King's Men.

ELIZABETH. The best quarto we have is *Much Ado*.

CRANE. It's nearly perfect. Won't take time at all to set it.

ELIZABETH. *Romeo and Juliet* and *Love's Labour's* are mostly intact.

ALICE. *Midsummer's* not bad, but use the second quarto not the first. Not that anyone likes *Midsummer* anyway.

ISAAC. Oh I do. I love a love story.

*Alice likes the sound of this—John doesn't.*

CRANE. Now for *Merchant* we'll use the first quarto not the second, and I think the latest quarto of *Richard II* is the best if we use the promptbook for the abdication scene.

HENRY.

JOHN.

Agreed.

Agreed.

CRANE. Good. Now. *Hamlet*.

ISAAC. *Hamlet's* first quarto is a mess, but the second's not bad.

ELIZABETH. And we have promptbooks and sides for *Hamlet*.

ALICE. We all know that one so well, we'll be fine on it.

HENRY. But *Lear* needs work.

*Henry accidentally spills his drink on Lear—prompting outrage.*

ELIZABETH.

ISAAC.

ALICE.

HENRY.

Henry!

Oh God.

Careful!

Sorry! Sorry.

CRANE. Now it needs *lots* of work.

HENRY. I said I'm sorry.

ISAAC. *Titus* needs work too, *Othello* is good, *Troilus* is done from Walley's copy, just some minor fixes.

CRANE. It's the other *Henrys* that are going to take time. I'll fix it but some idiot added heaps of low speech throughout.

JOHN. You focus on those, Crane. Condi and I will start going through the plays in the order we've laid them out for publishing. Comedies first.

HENRY. Remember, we aim to be careful and correct, not quick.

ISAAC. Perhaps a touch quick. As soon as you finalize the plays my men will set the type, start printing, and we...will have our book. In a year or so.

HENRY. All right, let's not take a decade. I'd certainly like to live to see the damn thing done. Are we agreed?

ELIZABETH.	ISAAC.	ALICE.	CRANE.
Yes indeed.	That we are.	Aye.	We are.

*Satisfaction.*

HENRY. Wait. Did we mention *Pericles*? Where's *Pericles*?

CRANE. It's...out.

HENRY. WHAT.

ELIZABETH. Henry

HENRY. WHAT?

CRANE. Its origins are dubious, Master Condell. I'm sorry, it's out.

HENRY. John!

CRANE. *You heard me.*

JOHN. Henry. Look. We'll have Crane pen a special copy of the play just for you, all right?

CRANE. We'll have Crane do *what*?

JOHN. (*To Crane, "please go with me on this."*) All right?

CRANE. Fine.

HENRY. (*Grudgingly.*) *All right.* But use the good ink. There's a future in that one.

ELIZABETH. Everyone please. We are all of us here grateful for all of us here. (*Talking about Becky.*) And for all those not, we do this for them.

ALICE. Aye.

JOHN. That we do. Fourteen comedies. Ten histories. Eleven tragedies.  
And thank you.

*Satisfaction and energy. As we transition...*

### Transition from Two...

*John, Henry, Elizabeth, Crane, Isaac, and Alice work to edit  
the plays.*

*It's a group effort, ink and pages fly from hand to hand,  
scrolls and quartos and memories are consulted.*

*As finally...*

*stacks of finished pages pile up.*

*As we move to...*

### Three.

*Jaggard's print shop. An inky place with two presses, raw leather  
for binding, and huge sheets of blank paper stacked everywhere.  
The printed pages are hanging like sails. It's a forest of paper.*

*The presses spring into action—men inking plates, laying  
paper, strong-arming the press, removing the pages, hanging  
the pages on lines.*

*Then the presses stop.*

*John and Henry walk in, marveling at the hanging pages.  
Henry walks up to a hanging page and reads it.*

JOHN. Look at that.

HENRY. There it is. There it is, John.

JOHN. *Romeo and Juliet.*

HENRY. *"Enter Sampson and Gregory, with Swords and Bucklers, of  
the House of Capulet."*

JOHN. Just look at it. Beautiful. Clean and clear and... (*Looking*