

Six.

*John and Henry loom over poor Ed Knight in the Globe Theatre's back offices. Ed has his hands and desk and room full of papers and scrolls. Ralph Crane is in the corner furiously copying scripts with ink-stained hands. Ed is an ass to Crane, Crane just takes it. No one listens to Crane.*

ED. *All the plays?*

HENRY. Ay. Everything by Will property of the King's Men. We'll take everything you have.

ED. All right.

I don't.

*(To Crane.) Crane. Switch to the other. It's been moved up.*

CRANE. Yessir.

HENRY. You don't...what?

ED. I don't have them.

*(To Crane.) Crane.*

CRANE. Here, sir, yessir.

JOHN. You hold the promptbooks, Ed, you have to have them.

ED. Yes well I have the ones on our boards right now. I don't have them *all*.

HENRY. What does that mean, he wrote dozens of plays for us.

ED. Yes—

HENRY. *Four* dozen if you count collaborations.

JOHN. *Five* if you count rewrites.

HENRY. *Six* if you add up all the clowns. That man could fit a clown in anything.

ED. *All of this I know.*

HENRY. *Then where are the scripts?*

ED. Marry. We had them. But you might recall that rather off-putting fire a few years back. Poof. Will stopped writing right before the blaze. Back to Stratford he goes, the cannon effect in *Henry VIII*, to which

you might also recall my stern objection, sets the whole theatre alight and everything in it. What am I to do?

JOHN. We lost everything?

HENRY. The first drafts in his own hand? The originals?

ED. We almost lost you, Henry, yes we lost Will's manuscripts, the promptbooks, we had a library of actor sides but, as I said, poof. I told Will, I said "no cannons" I said it to his face a hundred times.

HENRY. Bloody poof and we're sunk from the start.

JOHN. Well which plays *do* you have, Ed?

ED. *The Winter's Tale, Hamlet, Othello, and Henry IV Part Two.*

CRANE. And *Twelfth Night*.

ED. And *Twelfth Night*. Thank you, Crane. How's that copying coming?

HENRY. That's it? That's all we have? Five?

ED. Might be a few more in some of the prop boxes.

CRANE. I actually think we might—

ED. (*Not even hearing Crane.*) I don't know and I don't have time.

CRANE. I mean there's a chance I could—

HENRY. (*Not even hearing Crane.*) You're supposed to manage the stage, Ed!

ED. *And you were supposed to manage the cannon.*