

*Back to Henry and Elizabeth.*

HENRY. Now that we *can* do this, we must! If we do not, who will?

ELIZABETH. Oh please, darling, I'm not dissuading you, I think the book is a fine idea and a brilliant tribute. But you need to watch the money. We want to be *investing* in this book, not donating.

HENRY. We'll work out the deal when we have the partners. Right now we drink!

ELIZABETH. You need to think of it now. And I will not have you do all this work for nothing.

HENRY. It's not nothing, it's pride, it's love, it's not about profit.

ELIZABETH. Henry. There no such thing as a business that's non-profit. Now before you sign any papers let me read them, I want a return and a percentage of the earnings.

HENRY. I love it when you talk business.

ELIZABETH. I know you do.

HENRY. I get swept away with the heart of a thing.

ELIZABETH. I know you do.

HENRY. And now I need to kiss my beautiful wife.

ELIZABETH. Nothing in your way that I see.

*He chases her off.*

JOHN. I've already put my life into this theatre, I don't know if I can put the rest into a book.

REBECCA. A theatre is an empty thing. A theatre you fill up. With words.

*Alice enters.*

ALICE. Dad. We need to talk about this.

JOHN. Ali, not now.

ALICE. Dad, this book is—

JOHN. I know what it is, and I know what it's not. Half the country can't read, the other half can't pay, the paper alone is worth the whole theatre, and I'm not bankrupting the King's Men for this.

ALICE. There's a way.

REBECCA. There must be.

JOHN. *There's not, I'm telling you there's not.*

I'm sorry. I'm tired, Becky.

REBECCA. So am I. I'm tired too, I'm tired after *my* long days, and I know my lines aren't grand ones, "apples, pears, figs, and nuts," but I say them every day, on cue, with no applause. Because not everyone doing good work gets applause. And not everyone gets the chance at a legacy.

JOHN. Is a legacy worth a life?

REBECCA. You're damn right it is.

ALICE. Dad, I can help more if that would—

JOHN. I've tried, I've tried, I've given it too much already and I'm done.

REBECCA. *Dammit John that book is mine too.* Those plays are mine and Ali's and your sons', and I should tell you to abandon this thing just so I can have you at home, so your children can have you, you know the little people who sleep here at night.

JOHN. Becky, please—

REBECCA. I should tell you to drop this whole thing because that would make *my* life better and probably yours. But those plays are not yours and not Will's and not Burbage's, no, they're ours and if

hey are lost to time, I'm sorry my love, but that will be on your head.  
So you *will* do it. Yes you will.

JOHN. *All right*, women, all right.