

JAGGARD. We hope to engage you men in a conversation about the plays of William Shakespeare of which we hear rumor you are arranging for print.

HENRY. Yes sir, that we are. How do you come to know this?

JAGGARD. I know everything on Fleet Street. I know the cost of paper in Normandy, I know which whores have crabs (most of them), and I know that you are asking every printer in town about some grand project but not me.

ISAAC. We are printers, sirs.

JOHN. You are?

JAGGARD. This is my son, Isaac, who manages the presses I have, large ones too, folio imprint, and the like.

ALICE. "Folio"?

JOHN. Well we are glad to make your acquaintance. Please sit.

ALICE. A drink for you, sir? Or your son?

ISAAC. Thank you, milady.

*Alice gives him a drink.*

JAGGARD. You say you have a great many of the man's plays? How many?

HENRY. We have eighteen or so all together. None of them ever printed before. We have his *Caesar*, *Macbeth*—

ALICE. *As You Like It.*

JAGGARD. Well. With my eighteen we could print the lot then, couldn't we?

HENRY. Your...eighteen?

JAGGARD. That's right. My eighteen plays by William Shakespeare *have* been printed. By me. So though you managed to shut down my last attempt to publish your friend, I stand here willing to forgive that slight and forge ahead with a complete collection.

HENRY. No. *No*—

JAGGARD. William Jaggard, at your service.

HENRY. *OH FOR GOD'S SAKE.*

ALICE. Henry.

HENRY. GET OUT, YOU DOG.

JOHN. *Henry.*

HENRY. He comes here to forgive *us!* *To forgive us?*

ISAAC. No, please, I can explain—

JAGGARD. You stopped my presses, you cost me coin. I could sue you for damages—

HENRY. You stole those plays, which you had no right to print nor call Will's!

JAGGARD. Poets don't have rights, not to their names and not to their work. It's business, friends, no harm in it.

JOHN. There is harm in deceit, there is always harm in that.

ISAAC. Yes, and we only want to make it right—

JAGGARD. What we want to make is a deal, a partnership between us to create a volume of plays by—

HENRY. NO. Again and again *NO.*

JAGGARD. If you want to do this, you cannot do it without me.