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.

HENRY. You don’t ... what?

ED. I don't have them.

HENRY. 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 **aIl**.

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

ED. Yes-

HENRY. Four dozen if you count collaborations - Five: if - you count rewrites

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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?

HENRY. We lost everything?

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. You're supposed to manage the stage, Ed!

ED. And you were supposed to manage the cannon.