*(Isaac Jaggard reenters calmly).*

ISAAC. Gentlemen if I may.

HENRY. You. Tell your father he's a scheming, dog-hearted liar. You tell him that to his face.

ISAAC. Oh, I have. Not often, but at least twice in my life. He's a bit

of a bastard but he's damn good at selling books.

HENRY. Stealing them. What do you want?

ISAAC. I want you to know that I have seen every play that William

Shakespeare ever wrote for the King's Men which means I saw you

both countless times. And bought a few dozen apples from you over

the years, Mistress Heminges. I love the plays and I loved you in them. My father is a bit of a dog but I'm not. And despite his swagger, I run the shop now. And I want to publish these plays as they should be published. Cleanly. Rightly.

*ALICE. (Fancies Isaac more than a bit.)* Handsomely*.*

ISAAC. (*Fancies* *her* *too*.) Yes. A book that will last. If that is what

you wish for as well, please consider this partnership.

HENRY: I don't trust your father and I don't trust you.

ISAAC. Well it will be my pleasure to earn that from you.

HENRY. “I like not fair terms and a villain's mind.”

ISAAC. Merchant of Venice. Bassanio if I recall correctly.

ALICE. I think he's right about that.

HENRY. I don't care! They could ruin our plays, run away with them, who knows what!

ISAAC. I promise you, Master Condell. An unrivaled book of unrivaled plays, that's what I want. If you do too .... join us tomorrow. At the Half-Eagle-and-Key in Barbican at 3. You can meet the other owners, see the presses, hear the plans. If we can all agree ... we'll start right away.