ALICE. To Burbage. And the stories and souls he kept alive in his head.

*(Pause. They realize what she just said. Oh god.)*

HENRY. Blessed word, she's right.

ALICE. What?

HENRY. The speeches. I didn't think of that. God's light, who knows the speeches now?

ALICE. I thought Taylor was learning the leads?

HENRY. He is, but that's just the plays we're running now, we only have

those scripts.

ALICE. Wait wait, you must have Will's old scripts, don't you?

HENRY. Do we?

ALICE. I don't know.

HENRY. Of course we do. Those words are our lives' work. We'll find the plays.

ALICE. What's past is prologue. Isn't that right? Will's words.

HENRY. Unless ... the prologue is prologue.

*(Pregnant pause.)*

ALICE. What does that mean?

HENRY. (The start of an idea.) What if we ... gather them. Collect them all… in a ... a book.

ALICE. A book?

HENRY. Of Will’s plays. A collection of Will’s work, for us.

ALICE. It would be nice to see them all again.

HENRY. Wouldn't it? I don't think Will would mind...

ALICE. I think he’d love it.

HENRY. (*Another* *idea*.) And, if we're going to collect them all in a

book anyway we could just ... publish them.

ALICE. Publish all the plays.

HENRY. For everyone.

ALICE. I don't know, I think that's rather brilliant.