*(Crane runs in with a large bag in his hand. He's more than a bit awkward.)*

CRANE. Masters good evening. I- -well--you must forgive me but-

HENRY. Speak. Crane. What is it?

CRANE. Now I know it was mostly wrong of me, but I swear I didn't

mean any harm, I just—

HENRY. WhatWhatWhat is it man?

*(Will he reveal or flee ...)*

CRANE. All the Shakespeare I could find.

*(He dumps the contents on the table-papers spill out.)*

CRANE. Please don’t sack me. Master Knight didn’t know I kept them. I wasn’t supposed to, but I made copies of my favorites. Just for private reading and study.

HENRY. Cymbeline, Antony, Lear… Oh my God, Crane, l could kiss you.

CRANE. Thank you, let's not.

HENRY. Tempest, Two Gents, King John.

CRANE. I had a lot of favorites.

HENRY. Blessed Heaven you did. As much as you can drink, Master Crane! On the house!

CRANE. That's very kind but I just want to keep the job.