ANNE. Gentlemen, good day. My daughter tells me I am to present a good appearance for friends of William's in my house.

JOHN. No need to trouble yourself, Milady Shakespeare, but friends of your husband's indeed, God rest his soul.

ANNE. I hope he does rest in Heaven. He never did on earth...

JOHN. We know that indeed, milady. It's Henry Condell and John Heminges come from London.

ANNE. Of course, I remember you. He spoke of you often in his last years here. And you were at the funeral, I recall.

JOHN. We were, yes ma'am. Of course we were.

ANNE. And you are here again. Tell us why, and please excuse my condition. I am not so well nor so young as you two.

JOHN. Oh I am not your junior by many months, milady:

ANNE. Then my eyes are failing me worse than I thought. What brings you all the way to Stratford, good sirs?

JOHN. We wanted you to see ... to be the first to see ... his work.

ANNE. Whose work?

JOHN. Will's. We gathered his plays and printed them.

ANNE. Printed? All of them?

JOHN. Your husband's words meant the world to us. And we wanted you to see them first.

To see that the life you let him live was lived a thousand times over in the souls he gave us with his pen.

*(She’s trying to decide if she buys this.)*

ANNE. That's it there?

JOHN. Yes milady.

*(They give the Folio to her. Anne prepares with a deep breath ....then opens the large book's cover.*

*The first thing she sees is his picture. She catches her breath at the sight.*

*Anne nods her approval of the picture, touching it softly before turning the page. She turns a few pages then leans in to look at something.)*

ANNE. Ben Jonson wrote that? About Will?

JOHN. Yes milady. And with minimal coercion.

ANNE. Those boys. They didn’t know brotherhood if it wasn't a battle.