

Master Henslowe's Diary

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[Underlined text is actual quotation from the diary or associated documents]

1

Enter Henslowe's maidservant, Jane. Henslowe writing in his diary. Calendar on wall 1594

H: Accompts, accompts...

J: Master Forman the conjuror wishes to see you, sir.

H: Jane, how oft have I told thee. Master Simon Forman is an astrologer, an herbalist.

J: An't please you, sir, but my mistress saith he is a magician, for his magic hath oft cured her agues.

H: Well, let be, let be. Bid him welcome.

Exit Jane. Enter Forman

H: Master Forman.

F: Master Henslowe.

H: I am surprised to see you. I had thought you were my unwilling neighbour, i' th' Clink.

F: Ay, was I in prison, but no longer since Friday was a week.

H: What was the cause this time?

F: Ah, bethink you of the remedy I told you about fowls.

H: Ay, I wrote it in my diary, just as you told it me.

F: 'Twould be wise to take much care when using it.

H: [Looks for the page] Here 'tis. To make a fowl fall down. Picture it in paper, and when it is making, let one say m, a, n to the end with bat's blood. Behold her with thine eyes and prick the picture in the head with a pin and she will fall down immediately.

F: Ay.

H: And then, here also, to make a fowl fall down dead. Picture it in paper and when it is making let one say m, a, n. to the -

F: No more, Master Henslowe, there lies danger.

H: Wherefore?

F: You must picture exceeding well. If you draw wrong, and the picture resembleth another, such as your mistress, then be ware. There lay my error. My lady Frances greatly resembles a fowl in her features, and when I demonstrated my remedy she fell down in a faint in front of me, and upon waking, called an officer, and impeached me of attempting to murder her. I was two days i'th' Clink.

H: No more than two?

F: Ha, I cured the gaoler of an ague.

H: I would well learn that remedy.

F: I have it with me. 'Tis why I am come.

Takes it out. Henslowe reaches for it, but Forman withdraws until Henslowe pays.

H: To draw away a grievous ague or a ague quotidian. Take stibium - stibium?

F: Antimony.

H: And beat it in powder very fine. Then take a stewed prune and pluck out the stone and put in as much as will fill it and swallow it down whole and it will help you by the grace of God - probatum. It has been proved.

H: I will write this also in my diary, for with my Agnes the ague can be very strong.

F: Much good may it do her. And ... [*takes from pocket*] I have two more such remedies. [*H pays eagerly*] And how doth the Rose?

H: Well, well. The new play doth exceeding well.

F: Its name?

H: The Wise Man of Chester.

F: I do not know it.

H: 'Tis a book from Anthony Munday. Some call it John of Kent and John of Cumber. I paid him two pound for it. A good bargain, for it bringeth in many.

F: I hope to hear it.

H: Pray God the pestilence doth not return. I wish not to have to play in Newington again. My Lord Admiral's Men had to share the venue with the new company -

F: The Lord Chamberlain's Men.

H: [*spits*] Ay. And 'twas not easy, for the space is small, and we were there ten days.

My receipts were mongst the worst I ere had. List [*finds and reads*]:

3 of June 1594 Received at Hester and Ahasuerus. 8 shillings.

4 of June 1594 Received at The Jew of Malta. 10 shillings.

F: Ten only for the Jew!

H: Ay.

5 of June 1594 Received at Andronicus. 12 shillings.

6 of June 1594 Received at Cutlack. 11 shillings.

8 of June 1594 Received at Bellandun, a new play. 17 shillings.

9 of June 1594 Received at Hamlet. 8 shillings.

F: Eight only. I expected more of this author.

H: 'Tis an old story, poorly told. I avised him to make many additions or he will ne'er play at the Rose. And the rest of our time at Newington was no better.

10 of June 1594 Received at Hester. 5 shillings.

11 of June 1594 Received at The Taming of a Shrew. 9 shillings.

Another that needs much addition.

12 of June 1594 Received at Andronicus. 7 shillings. Even worse.

13 of June 1594 Received at the Jew. 4 shillings. Worst of all.

Not even five pounds in all for ten days. Now, for just one playing of The Wise Man of Chester, I brought in over three pound.

F: Fare you well Master Henslowe. May your fortunes mend. And your goodwife's ague. I must to Billingsgate.

H: You will bring more remedies?

F: Presently. Fear not.

Henslowe sees him out.

2

Enter Agnes, sneezing, with Jane.

A: Oh, I am sick. I cannot smell, nor hear.

J: Master Forman has been a-visiting, madam.

A: What?

J: [*louder*] Master Forman has been a-visiting, madam. Perchance he has brought a new remedy?

A: What?

J: Perchance he has brought a new remedy?

A: I hope. Where is my husband's book?

J: Here it is, madam.

A: And new remedies here, not yet inscribed. I will add them, for I con well my husband's hand. And God be praised, here is the very one.

A medicine for deafness in the ears which hath been proved

Take ants eggs and stamp them and strain them through a cloth, [they react with disgust] then take swine's grease or knot grass, [again] stamp the same and take the juice and mix with the other straining of the eggs and put into the ear certain drops. It will help and hold deafness if God permit. Probatum.

Jane, get you to th'apothecary immediately, and buy you there ants eggs and swine's grease.

J: Oh madam, might Bryan go. I like not to handle such medicines.

A: What?

J: Might Bryan go?

A: As you will. But straightway.

[*Exeunt. On way out Jane changes calendar to 1595. Music.*]

3

Enter Henslowe, opens book.

H: Accompts, accompts...

A note what I have laid out about my playhouse for painting and doing it about with calm boards and other reparations as followeth 1595 in Lent.

Item: bought 300 and a quarter of elm boards - 24 shillings

Item: paid the carpenters their wages - 8 shillings

Item: given the painter in earnest - 20 shillings

Item: given the painter more - 10 shillings

Item: given more unto the painter - 20 shillings

Item: paid unto the painter - 10 shillings

Next time I will paint it myself. [*yawns*]

Item paid for three hinges - 2 shillings

Item: Paid for five pound of spikes - 15 pence...

[*sleeps*] [*enter ghost of Marlowe, with bandage over eye*]

M: Philip Henslowe.

H: Kit... Kit Marlowe.

M: How fare my plays?

H: Passing well. But yet...

M: I like not but yet. Read me thy receipts for the month of December.

H: Must I read?

M: Read.

H: 1 of December 1594 received at the Grecian Comedy - four shillings - an old play, I was not surprised.

[*reads rapidly*]

2 December 1594 - new - received at The Wise Man of Chester = 33 shillings

3 December 1594 - received at Tasso's Melancholy - 6 shillings

M: Tarry, tarry. How much for The Wise Man of Chester?

H: 33 shillings.

M: A goodly sum, i'faith. Read on to my plays.

H: 4 December 1594 - received at Mahomet - 11 shillings

6 December 1594 - received at The Wise Man of Chester = 34 shillings

M: Again, a goodly sum. And now my Faustus?

H: 8 December 1594 - received at Dr Faustus = 15 shillings.

M: Fifteen only? When The Wise Man of Chester has 34?

H: 9 December 1594 - received at The Jew = 3 shillings.

M: What!

H: I am full sorry, Kit.

M: I understand thee not. Every company at the Rose hath played the Jew - Strange's Men, Sussex's Men - always it hath been popular.

H: It still plays, Kit. Be satisfied.

M: Surely Tamburlaine did well?

H: Indeed. 17 December 1594 - received at Tamburlaine = 31 shillings

19 December 1594 - received at the second part of Tamburlaine = 41 shillings

M: Good, good, good. What happened to my plays after Christmas, always your best time?

H: Exceeding well.

27 December 1594 - received at Dr Faustus = 52 shillings. Ah. Enough, Kit.

[tries to close diary, clumsily. Marlow stops him]

M: Continue.

H: 29 December 1594 - received at The Wise Man of Chester = 3 pounds 2 shillings.

M: What? More than my Tamburlaine? Let me hear some of this play.

[Henslowe finds it]

H: It starteth thus: Enter Sir Griffin Meriddock, of South Wales, and Jeffrey Powesse.

[Enter Meriddock and Powesse]

Meriddock: Powesse, in vayne perswadste thou patience;

In vayne thou dreamste of lykely remedies;

In vayne thou telst of this or that conceit;

Winde breathed woordes are vayner than the winde:

Only our weapons must affect our weale.

M: Winde breathed woordes are vayner than the winde!

Only our weapons must affect our weale.

Zounds. This is doggerel.

H: But it...

M: The man is possessed by the spirit of w.

H: But it...

M: Winde breathed woordes are vayner than the winde!

H: But it...

M: *[points to another playscript on the floor]* Tamburlaine. Read from it, you.

Actor *[Powess]*:

If all the pens that ever poets held

Had fed the feeling of their masters' thoughts,

And every sweetness that inspir'd their hearts,

Their minds, and muses on admired themes;

If all the heavenly quintessence they still

From their immortal flowers of poesy,

Wherein, as in a mirror, we perceive

The highest reaches of a human wit;

If these had made one poem's period,

And all combin'd in beauty's worthiness,

Yet should their hover in their restless heads

One thought, one grace, one wonder, at the least,

Which into words no virtue can digest.

[*Actors bow to Marlowe and leave*]

M: That is poesy. Is that vainer than the wind?

H: No, Kit. But receipts are receipts. And I believe they show us the way. We must move with the times. I am sorry, but if my receipts soothsay aright, in 400 years the multitude will still come to hear The Wise Man of Chester, and Dr Faustus will be no more.

M: [*turns and leaves, dejected*]

H: [*to himself, as waking up*]: I am sorry, Kit. [*looks around, goes back to work*]

Item: paid for one load of sand - 14 pence.

Item: paid the painter - 5 shillings...

3

Enter Agnes and Jane, reluctantly carrying a bowl

H: How now, wife?

A: What?

H: How now, wife?

A: I have a new remedy from Master Forman. 'Twill cure my deafness. Jane.

[*Jane pours drops into Agnes's ear. They wait.*]

H: Doth it work?

A: What?

H: [*Writes down and shows Agnes*] Doth it work.

A: 'Twill take some time, perchance.

H: Jane, fetch your mistress a chair. I have some accompts to show her. Look you here, Agnes: A note what money my Brother Edmond Henslowe owes me at several times lent him as appeareth hereafter 1593. Read you.

A: Lent my brother when he took the lease of his house in Southwark - 4 pounds

Lent my brother when he took the lease of his house on the Bankside - 4 pounds

Lent my brother when he took the lease of his house at Lambeth March - 4 pounds

He takes on too many houses, i'faith.

Lent my brother for to make an end with one of his customers dwelling on the bridge when his ware was attached in the fair - 20 shillings.

Wherefore were his goods seized?

H: Twas on London Bridge at Southwark Fair 8 September last. Why I know not.

Those merchants are most quarrelous.

A: What?

H: Tis naught. Read you.

A: What?

H: [*gestures*]

A: More he had of me a gown of my wife's, new, which cost me 50 shillings, and he to give me so much for it.

H: And so he did, and I have this now in ready money for a new gown.

A: And I shall purchase one tomorrow. You shall go with me, Jane.

H: Why, wife, your hearing is quite restored.

A: We must bless Master Forman for it. Come, Jane.

[*Exeunt Agnes and Jane, who turns calendar to 1598. Music.*]

4

H: [*at his diary*] Acompts, accompts...

Paid unto Thomas Dekker the 20 December 1597 for additions to Faustus 20 shillings and 5 shillings more for a prologue to Marlowe's Tamburlaine, so in all I say paid 25 shillings.

Enter Jane

J: Master Jonson wishes to see you, sir.

H: Let him enter. [*Exit Jane*] Hmm. [*flips through pages*]. Ah.

Enter Jonson

B: Godgigooden, Master Henslowe.

H: This has not been a good year for thee, Benjamin.

B: You say true, Master Henslowe.

H: Listen to my diary.

Lent unto Benjamin Jonson the 3 of December 1597 upon a book which he was to write for us before Christmas next after the date hereof, which he showed the plot unto the company. I say lent in ready money unto him the sum of twenty shillings.

B: It was a good plot.

H: Indeed, and it is now a full twelvemonth later, and I have yet no book.

B: [*gestures helplessly*]

H: 'Tis fortunate I found others to provide me. List again.

Lent unto Robert Shaw and Jubj the 23 of October 1598 to lend unto Mr Chapman on his play book and - list well - two acts of a tragedy of Benjamin's plot the sum of 3 pounds.

B: I have not been idle this past year.

H: Indeed not, for the benefit of the Lord Chamberlain's Men [*spit*] and mine host at the Curtain. People flocked to hear Every Man in his Humour, and came not to the Rose.

B: I wrote also for you.

H: One third of a play, if that. [*Looks in diary*]

Lent unto the company the 18 of August 1598 to buy a book called Hot Anger Soon Cold of Mr Porter, Mr Chettell and Benjamin Jonson in full payment the sum of 6 pounds.

But [*mock looking through diary*] of my 20 shillings there is no sign.

B: It was full my intention to complete it, but other er - occasions befell me.

H: Indeed. [*Looks at diary*]

Lent unto Gabriel Spenser the 19 of May 1598 to buy a plume of feathers which his man Bradshaw fetched of me - 10 shillings. I say lent.

B: Twas money badly lent.

H: Not so. He was an honest man.

B: He was a murtherer.

H: But an honest one. I have his depositions in my diary.

[*Enter Spenser's ghost, with bandage on his side near his heart.*]

S: Be it known unto all men by this presents that I Gabriel Spenser of London doth acknowledge myself to owe and stand firmly indebted unto Philip Henslowe the sum of four pounds of good and lawful money of England, and for the true payment hereof I bind me my heir's executors and administrators by this presents. In witness hereto I have set my hand the 20 of April 1598 against St George's Day. Exit

H: You killed him -

B: Twas a fair fight.

H: But you loved him once. You were in Marshalsea prison together for writing Isle of Dogs - you the author, him the actor.

B: He was a good actor, I grant you. But he had a fierce temper, and twas he who began our argument, and drew first on me, with a longer sword. And the court agreed I was not to blame.

H: You escaped death only because it was your first offence, and you could recite from the bible.

B: I was punished for my part in th'affair.

H: You merely lost some chattels, and received a sore thumb. [*shows Jonson's branded thumb, T*] Bricklayer! [*Jonson reacts but self-controls*] He was a member of my company and I miss him greatly.

B: I will write for you again, Master Henslowe.

H: I will none of your writing. Stay you with your Chamberlains [*spit*].

B: You would do well to attend to th'advice of my prologue, for that way profits lie.

H: Prologue. What prologue?

B: To Every Man.

H: I have not heard it.

B: I had one o'th Chamberlain's men, Shakspere, read it. He liked it. Tis a new style which he plans to use himself in his plays.

H: Let me hear it.

B: [*during the reading, H gets increasingly uncomfortable*]

Though need make many poets, and some such
As art and nature have not better'd much;
Yet ours for want hath not so loved the stage,
As he dare serve the ill customs of the age,
Or purchase your delight at such a rate,
As, for it, he himself must justly hate:
To make a child now swaddled, to proceed
Man, and then shoot up, in one beard and weed,
Past threescore years; or, with three rusty swords,
And help of some few foot and half-foot words,
Fight over York and Lancaster's king jars,
And in the tiring-house bring wounds to scars.

H: Why, this is a describing of my house and my affairs!

B: He rather prays you will be pleas'd to see
One such to-day, as other plays should be;
Where neither chorus wafts you o'er the seas,
Nor creaking throne comes down the boys to please;
Nor nimble squib is seen to make afeard
The gentlewomen; nor roll'd bullet heard
To say, it thunders; nor tempestuous drum
Rumbles, to tell you when the storm doth come;

H: What actions else? What else?

B: But deeds, and language, such as men do use,
And persons, such as comedy would choose,
When she would shew an image of the times,
And sport with human follies, not with crimes.
Except we make them such, by loving still

Our popular errors, when we know they're ill.
I mean such errors as you'll all confess,
By laughing at them, they deserve no less:
Which when you heartily do, there's hope left then,
You, that have so grac'd monsters, may like men.

You, Master Henslowe, have graced monsters. Perchance one day, you may also like men.

H: Hieronymo still plays well.

B: Leave Kyd in his grave. And Marlowe.

H: [*thoughtful*] Deeds, and language, such as men do use,
And persons, such as comedy would choose. [*recollects himself*]

For this present, I will none. Get you gone to the Chamberlains. [*spit*]

B: You will have need. Give you good den. [*Exit*]

H: [*looks again at diary, sadly*] Lent unto Gabriel Spenser to buy a plume of feathers - 10 shillings. A plume of feathers...

[*Exit*]

5

Enter Agnes and Jane

A: Oh I faint for pain. My chest. My back. Oh. Find me Master Forman's remedy, I beg thee.

J: I have it already, madam. I copied it from Master's diary. Tis already prepared.

A: Read it me.

J: I cannot read, madam. I copied out the letters only. It took me all morning, and my hand now hurts.

A: Give me.

A proved and good medicine for the pleurisy when letting of blood will not serve or help.

I have had the doctor let my blood and it did not serve.

Take a sheaf brown bread, cut it square to the quantity of your hand, then take a sheet of brown paper and wrap it about the bread, then wet the paper and bread in the water, and so done put it in hot embers and so back the same. This done, then spread upon the bread treacle and lay to the place grieved 12 hours and use it three times. You must lay it to the bare skin as hot as you may suffer it.

Have you done all this?

J: Yes, madam. Here tis. Tis so hot I can feel it through my thick glove.

A: Then place it. [*checks door*] I would not for the world have my husband know of this.

J: Then you must make no sound, madam, for he lieth in the next chamber.

A: [*offers her back. Jane places it. Agnes reacts with various repressed noises*]

J: Now away, madam, before my master cometh.

[*Exeunt. Jane turns the calendar to January 1599. Music.*]

6

[*Enter Henslowe and Forman. Henslowe sits down at his diary.*]

H: Tis now November, and tis needful we make our decision.

F: The situation doth not mend?

H: Not a jot. List to some of our receipts from the months of May and June.

Received the 18 of May 1599 - 12 pounds 4 shillings
Received the 20 of May 1599 - 11 pounds 11 shillings
Received the 27 of May 1599 - 16 pounds 8 shillings
Received the 3 of June 1599 - 16 pounds 12 shillings

F: Over 50 pounds.

H: Indeed. And now, for October and last week.

Received the 13 of October 1599 - 2 pounds
Received the 20 of October 1599 - 4 pounds 3 shillings
Received the 27 of October 1599 - 3 pounds 14 shillings
Received the 18 of November 1599 - 2 pounds 17 shillings

F: Twelve pounds. A quarter of what once was.

H: And we both know why.

F & H: The Globe.

[both spit together]

H: Tis hard... to build it so close - a stone's throw, as they now say. Dekker told me he could hear Shakspeare's new play from the roof of our house, without paying.

F: The groundlings flock to hear Shakspeare. They mock him no longer.

H: Jonson was right. Deeds and language such as men do use. But I am friends again with Jonson now, and he writes for us.

F: You have his book?

H: Tis finished, and we already purchase properties. List. William Bird, or Borne as he calls himself, was our go-between.

Lent unto William Borne alias Bird the 10 of August 1599 to lend unto Benjamin Jonson and Thomas Dekker in earnest of their book which they a-writing called Page of Plymouth, the sum - 40 shillings

Tis a good play, and there are several tracts on't. I have one here. 'A true discourse of a cruel and inhuman murder, committed upon Master Page of Plymouth the 11 day of February last, 1591, by the consent of his own wife, and sundry other.'

F: And I hear ballads sung on it still. Tis an excellent murder. Perchance twill do well. But tis ten years since, and there have been better murders.

H: Still, Jonson will write more for The Admirals Men. List.

Lent unto William Borne the 27 of September 1599 to lend unto Benjamin Jonson, in earnest of a book called The Scots Tragedy, the sum of 20 shillings.

F: A Scots tragedy likes me not. London people have tragedy enough of their own. They care not for what happens in Scotland. ... Though perhaps if Shakspeare were to write a Scottish play for you...

H: No, he is now too heavily committed to Chamberlains Men. He will not write for Admirals again.

F: And others write with Jonson?

H: Ay. Dekker, Harry Chettell....

F: It therefore cannot be that Jonson will change your fortunes.

H: In any case, tis too late. My aging house cannot equal the glories of Peter Street's new-timbered Globe. [*spits*]

F: So what will you do?

H: As you know, son Edward and I have for some time thought to build a new house closer to the city, as to reach Bankside is not easy for many, especially in winter time. We have now decided. We will leave Maiden Lane.

F: And go where?

H: We will go to the place Burbage left.

F: Cripplegate?

H: Ay, for tis much easier for people to hear plays there.

F: So this will be the New Rose?

H: No, my new house will be called the Fortune. A statue of the goddess Fortuna will stand at the door.

F: A good name. I will study the disposition of your horoscope and advise you of the best time to move. And who will build it?

H: Why, I will engage Peter Street. He is good at building theatres. [*actors look around the Wanamaker*]

[*Enter Agnes and Jane*]

A: Master Forman. I knew not you were here.

F: Mistress.

A: Would you, perchance, have any...?

F: Indeed I have, Mistress. [*produces from his pocket*] For the wind in the stomach.

A: O, tis most apt. I suffer greatly from such wind. [*burps*]

F: Take cumin and beat it to powder and mingle it with red wine and drink it last at night three days and ye shall be whole.

A: [*reaches for it, Forman withholds, looks at Henslowe*] My love? [*Henslowe pays Forman.*] Jane, go thou straightway to th'apothecary and buy me an ounce of cumin seed. The red wine I have already. [*burps*]

[*Jane curtsies and gets as far as the door*]

A: I am much beholden to you, Master Forman.

F: Three days, mind.

A: [*calls after Jane*] Three ounce of cumin seed, Jane.

[*J curtsies again and again tries to leave*]

A: Three days... And Jane, a large flask of Canary, for our cask is almost empty.

H: But twas full only yesternight, wife.

A: Marry, tis strange. [*burps, leaves with Jane*]

F: Three days is exceeding important - no more, no less.

H: I will write it in my diary. But I know not, Simon, whether I shall purchase many more remedies from you. I fear great expense for my new house. Yet I think my son will be of great help to me in this.

[*As they go out*] And I will tell Street to make it bigger than the Globe. [*both spit*]

[*Enter Jane, on her way to the apothecary, turns calendar to January 1600. Music.*]

7

[*Enter Henslowe, Alleyn, Street, scrivener Harris, with contract*]

Ha: This indenture made the eight day of January and in the two and fortieth year of the reign of our sovereign lady Elizabeth by the grace of God queen of England, France and Ireland, defender of the faith etc.

H: Between Philip Henslowe

E: and Edward Alleyn of the parish of St Saviours in Southwark in the county of Surrey gentlemen on th'one part

PS: And Peter Street citizen and carpenter of London on th'other part

Ha: Witnesseth: that whereas the said Philip Henslowe and Edward Alleyn the day of the date hereof have bargained, compounded and agreed with the said Peter Street for the erecting, building and setting up of a new house and stage, for a playhouse in and upon a certain plot or parcel of ground appointed out for that purpose

H [*to E, proudly*]: Situate and being near Golden Lane in the parish of St Giles without Cripplegate of London

Ha: [*rapidly*] To be by him the said Peter Street or some other sufficient workmen of his providing and appointment and at his proper cost and charges for the consideration hereafter in these points expressed, made, erected, builded and set up in manner and form following (that is to say):

PS [*slowly, as if to himself*]: The frame of the said house to be set square...

H: Not like the Globe. [*spits*]

E: [*takes contract from Harris, who is annoyed at the intrusion, skips over some text*] And the said frame to contain three storeys in heighth... with four convenient divisions for gentlemen's rooms, and other sufficient and convenient divisions for twopenny rooms with necessary seats to be placed and set as well in those rooms and throughout all the rest of the galleries of the said house...

H: [*Harris tries to retrieve it, but Henslowe takes it from Alleyn*] and with such like stairs, conveyances and divisions without and within as are made and contrived in and to the late erected playhouse on the Bank in the said parish of St Saviour's called the Globe [*H and E spit*]

E: [*takes the contract*] with a stage and tiring house to be made erected and set up within the said frame, with a shadow or cover over the said stage... and the same lower storey to be also laid over and fenced with strong iron pikes

H [*to A*]: No man shall creep in without payment.

E: And the said stage to be in all other proportions contrived and fashioned like unto the stage of the said playhouse called the Globe [*H and E spit*]

H: with convenient windows and lights glazed to the said tiring house

PS: [*takes the contract*] and the said frame stage and staircases to be covered with tile, and to have sufficient gutter of lead to carry and convey the water from the covering of the said stage to fall backwards

not as with the Rose

H to E: [*aside*] but they say there is much wetness in the Globe even now. ...

Ha: [*finally retrieves the contract*] That he the said Peter Street his executor and assigns shall and will at his or their own proper cost and charges well workmanlike and substantially make erect, set up and fully finish in and by all things ... before the five and twentieth day of July next

[*all look at Street, who gulps and nods*] ... and shall also provide and find all manner of workmen, timber, joists, rafters, boards, doors, bolts, hinges, brick, tile, lathe, lime, [*H, E, and PS all bored, Harris irritated, continues*] hair, sand, nails, lead, iron, glass, workmanship and other things whatsoever which shall be needful... and shall also make all the said frame in every point for scantlings larger and bigger in size than the scantlings of the timber of the said new-erected house, called the Globe...

[*E and H nod with satisfaction*] ... in consideration of all... the said Philip Henslowe and Edward Alleyn shall and will well and truly pay or cause to be paid unto the said Peter Street the full sum of four hundred and forty pounds.

[Pause. PS looks at E and H, who nod without enthusiasm]

PS: And tis agreed you shall pay the workmen's wages and look after their victuals.

H: We shall [*smirking at Harris*] and will.

PS: For this is far less than my wage from the Chamberlains.

E: We shall look after you well, Master Street, never fear.

Ha: In witness whereof the parties abovesaid to these indentures interchangeably have set their hands and seals. Sealed and delivered by the said Peter Street in the presence of Master William Harris public scrivener.

[*all sign and shake hands*]

H: Will you accompany us to the tavern, Master Harris?

Ha: With pleasure, Master Henslowe, for tis nigh dinner time.

[*Exeunt. Enter Jane who changes calendar to November 1600 and exit. Music.*]

8

[*Enter Henslowe and Alleyn. They go to the diary.*]

H: So, Edward, the work hath gone well.

E: Ay, father, Street worked well, i'faith. Though he lost his date, for twas well into August before all was done.

H: And his demands were great. He was a huge feeder. Look here.

Paid the 2 of June 1600 for Street's dinner and mine - 12 pence

Paid the 3 of June 1600 for Street's dinner and mine - 8 pence

Paid the 4 of June 1600 for Street's dinner and mine - 12 pence

And so forth, nearly every day in June, July, and August - over 3 pound in dinners - so far.

E: But we had no alternative, for no other buildeth like Street.

H: You say true.

E: I would see the reckoning of all we have laid out.

H: Tis here [*finds page*].

E: You keep fine records, father.

H: Ay, tis my custom.... Ah.

A note what I have laid out since we went about our new house as followeth 1600

There is so much we did not expect.

Paid for the removing of the dung with the cart - ten shillings

Who would have thought there would be so much.

Paid for drink when we paid wages - 5 pence

Paid at the Red Cross for breakfast when we sought Street - 2 shillings

You see? Breakfast too.

Given to the workmen to drink - 6 pence

E: They drink like fishes.

H: Paid for a breakfast for Street - 12 pence. [*shakes head in despair*]

E: All in all, can you reckon what our final laying out will be, when tis finished?

H: [*refers to diary*] four hundred and forty pound for Street... 80 pound for the painting, which Street would not do ... the lease for our land, 240 pound, for 30 year ... payment to our neighbour citizens for the relief of the poor in Finsbury, and many many other expenses, which I have added here [*shows him*]

E: More in part of payment the 7 February myself for men's wages - 8 pound

More the same in part of payment for widow martin's timber - 10 pound

H: That was a good bargain, for twas fresh timber left over from her new house.

E: Paid Master William for nine thousand of bricks, 30 of May - 4 pound 10 shillings.

To Street to buy cart wheels the 6 of June - 15 shillings

And what's this?

The 10 June, to Street to pacify him - 4 shillings

Why should he need be pacified?

H: He was much angered by the attorneys for the Theatre, who still press him over the theft, as they see it, of the timber for the Globe. [*E and H spit*] He became exceeding wroth and said he would build no more. But after two or three stoups of wine, all was well again.

E: Burbage will deal with the matter, I doubt it not. But to the matter. What is our total reckoning.

H: [*points*] Here.

E: [*pause, shocked*] One thousand, three hundred, twenty pound.

H: I remain eternally grateful to you Edward, for I could ne'er have raised this sum alone.

E: [*hardly able to speak*] Nor I neither.

H: But we shall both be rewarded this Christmas tide, when advantage will appear through the nearness of our house to the city.

E: I need a stoup of wine now.

H: [*calling, as they exit*] Jane.

[*Enter Jane, bringing wine. Changes calendar to 1611 as she passes.*]

9

[*Enter Henslowe and Agnes, with his diary, chuckling as he flips through*]

H: Memories, memories...

Laid out 25 of March 1598 at the tavern in Fish Street for good cheer the sum of 5 shillings.

A: You were too oft in Fish Street.

H: Lent unto Robert Shaw the 10 of March 1599 to lend William Haughton to release him out of the Clink the sum of ten shillings.

A: You should have left him there. Young Haughton was a brawling rogue.

H: But straightway he wrote me Poor Man's Paradise. A good putting out.

Laid out for the company for the mending of Hugh Daves' tawny coat which was eaten with the rats the sum of 7 shillings 6 pence.

A: Ah, those Bankside rats. How I hated them.

H: Lent at the appointment of the company unto the little tailor to taffeta sarsenet to make a pair of hose for Nick to tumble in before the Queen the 25 of December 1601, sum of 14 shillings.

A: A very fine silk, indeed. And her majesty was well pleased.

H: Laid out for the company to get the boy into the ospital which was hurt at the Fortune - 10 shillings.

A: Ay, poor lad. For he ne'er survived his fall.

Received of Mr Henslowe this 7th of February 1599 the sum of 22 shillings to buy two trumpets - Robert Shaw.

A: Why two?

H: I cannot now recollect.

[*Enter Jane*]

J: Master Mulcaster wishes to talk with you, sir.

H: Let him come up. [*Jane exit*]

A: Is this the high master of Paul's.

H: No longer. But yes, he was principal there for ten years or more.

[Enter Mulcaster]

H: Master Mulcaster.

M: Your servant, sir. And yours, madam.

H: Why do you honour us with this unadvised visitation?

M: By your leave, I will to my purpose directly. [*Henslowe gestures*] You will remember my book.

H: Of course. The Elementary. Twas widely read.

M: So you will remember my proposals for the reform of our English tongue, and especially its spelling.

H: I rather remember, as do all, your advice to take up the football play. Good for the bowels.

A: Sir!

H: I pray you pardon me, my dear.

M: Tis my bad fortune that all know of that advice, and few know of my labour to make our writing certain. And in this I beg your help.

H: In what way?

M: To speak frankly, I have been very sick, and am like to die soon. [*A and H react*]. I therefore wish to leave copies of my propositions concerning orthography with many of those who deal every day with the writing of our tongue. You, sir, are, by virtue of your calling, among the foremost of these. You would do me great honour if, in your own writing, and in receiving the writing of others, you would take pains to spell your words according to my recommendations.

H: Perchance I already do so?

M: I think not. With your permission... [*reaches for the diary*] Here, at the very outset, you write of a note concerning moneys for your playhouse. Here it is spelled n, o, t, e, and then on the next page it is writ n, o, t, t, and here n, o, t, and ... here n, o, t, t, e.

H: It matters not. [*laughs at own pun, but Mulcaster not amused*] Tis how I say the word, 'not'. For spelling ought to resemble our pronunciation, should it not?

M: By your leave, no, for there are many tuners of accent. Tis a grave matter, for if everyone spelleth as they sound, or as they will, we will be unable to understand what another writeth. And if one person useth many spellings, the confusion will be all the greater.

H: You say true.

M: And when two words rhyme, they should be spelled in the same way. Tis how people learn to pronounce correctly. I was of late with Master Shakspere, and pointed out errors in his writing of rhymes. His Sonnets are full of such errors...

Till nature as she wrought thee fell a dotinge,

By adding one thing to my purpose nothing.

He spelleth 'doting' with t and 'nothing' with th, though they sound the same.

H: Did he well agree?

M: It was of little use. He mocketh me with Holofernes in his play.

H: Tis true that oft I have trouble with the names of my men, when they make a deposition with me. I am never sure whether Robert Shaw and Robert Shaa are one and the same, for sometimes I see the name with w and sometimes with a.

M: Shakspere knows not neither, for each time I see his name it spelleth different.

[*taking up the diary*] And your own name, sir, I see hath many spellings.

H: In truth?

M: Look here. Henslow, here Hensley, here Hinchlie ... Henchlowe ... Hynsley. It seemeth that none do know to spell your name. It is important that you choose one spelling and teach all to use it.

H: I will think further on't, Master Mulcaster. May I entreat you to sup with us?

M: Alas, I cannot, I have many others to see. But I thank you.

A: Here lies your way, Master Mulcaster.

M: Your servant, madam. *[Exit]*

[Henslowe looks at his diary]

H: Hensloe, Hinchlow, Henslowe... tis true, tis true... And now I look with Master Mulcaster's eyes... I write here of the play Strange News out of Poland, which word I spell s, t, r, a, n, g, e and pronounce 'strange'. And here is William Haughton who writeth Straunge News, with an a and an u, and I have heard him sound it 'strawnge'.

[Agnes enters, flustered, with Forman hard behind her]

A: And now Master Forman is here. Marry, the hand of death is all around us today, for he gives me a sheaf of remedies and tells me to use them well for he is to die soon.

H: Surely not so, Simon. *[reaches for his purse]*

F: No cost, no cost, Philip, for tis so. I know I shall die a-Thursday night. I have no need of money now. It is my profession as soothsayer, for which I oft curse myself. I had visions as a child, and I have them still.

H: Be of good cheer, Simon. It may not be. Sit you down and tell us your news. Have you seen new plays?

F: Ay, at the Globe. *[both spit]* A new play from Shakspere. A Winter's Tale. Hast seen it?

H: I go not to the Globe.

F: Twas well penned. Tis a tale of Leontes, the King of Sicilia, who was overcome with jealousy of his wife with the King of Bohemia his friend, that came to see him; and how he contrived his death and would have had his cupbearer to have poisoned, who gave the King of Bohemia warning thereof and fled with him to Bohemia.

H: Tales of jealousy always do well. What liked you best?

F: A Rogue that came in all tattered like coll-pixie, and how he feigned him sick and to have been robbed of all that he had, and how he cozened the poor man of all his money, and after came to the sheep-shear with a peddler's pack, and there cozened them again of all their money. And how he changed apparel with the King of Bohemia his son, and then how he turned courtier...

[awkward pause]

H: Tis a goodly tale. *[awkward pause]*

F: Ah, beware of trusting feigned beggars or fawning fellows.

[Lights begin to dim]

H: All may yet be well, Simon.

A: Ay, i'sooth. All may yet be well.

[awkward pause]

H: Thou canst really soothsay, Simon?

F: Ay, Philip, I can soothsay.

H: Couldst thou soothsay of me?

F: I could. What is't thoudst wish to know.

H: Will I be remembered, Simon, like Shakspere, Marlowe, and all my playmongers will be?

A: Will he, Master Forman?

F: *[Picks up diary]* Thou wilt, Philip, thou wilt.

[They all look at the diary.]

*[Jane comes in, turns page of calendar to show: Simon Forman 1552-1611, bustles around, then turns page again to show: Philip Henslowe, 1550-1616]
[Extinguishes candles. One light remains on diary. Black.]*