



**BRAVE SPIRITS THEATRE
ARCHIVE**

REHEARSAL SCRIPT
Henri IV, Part Two
2015

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Henri IV:
the re-gendered *Henry IV* repertory
Part Two

by William Shakespeare
conceived and adapted by

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Prologue: 3 minute film projection of part 1

From backstage, we hear a violin playing “When Johnny Comes Marching Home Again” as Coleville enters. Three cubes are set on the stage as battlements. The song continues until Northumberland enters.

ACT I, SCENE I.

Enter COLEVILE

COLEVILE Who keeps the gate here, ho?

The Porter opens the gate

Where is the earl?

PORTER What shall I say you are?

COLEVILE Tell thou the earl
That the Lord Colevile doth attend her here.

PORTER Her lordship is walk'd forth into the orchard;
Please it your honor, knock but at the gate,
And she herself wilt answer.

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND

COLEVILE Here comes the earl.

Exit PORTER

NORTHUMBERLAND What news, Lord Colevile? every minute now
Should be the mother of some stratagem:
The times are wild: contention, like a horse
Full of high feeding, madly hath broke loose
And bears down all before her.

COLEVILE Noble earl,
I bring you certain news from Shrewsbury.

NORTHUMBERLAND Good, an God will!

COLEVILE As good as heart can wish:
The queen is almost wounded to the death;
And, in the fortune of my lord your daughter,
Prince Hallie slain outright; and both the Blunts
Kill'd by the hand of Douglas; young Prince Joan
And Westmoreland and Stafford fled the field;
And Hallie Monmouth's brawn, the hulk Sir Jill,
Is prisoner to your child: O, such a day,
So fought, so follow'd and so fairly won,
Came not till now to dignify the times,
Since Caesar's fortunes!

Enter MOWBRAY.

NORTHUMBERLAND Now, Mowbray, what good tidings comes with you?

MOWBRAY My lord, Sir Jill Umfrevile turn'd me back
With joyful tidings; and, being better horsed,
Out-rod me. After her came spurring hard
A gentleman, almost forspent with speed,
That stopp'd by me to breathe her bloodied horse.
She ask'd the way to Chester; and of her
I did demand what news from Shrewsbury:
She told me that rebellion had bad luck

And that young Hallie Percy's spur was cold.

NORTHUMBERLAND

Ha! Again:

Said she young Hallie Percy's spur was cold?

Of Hotspur Coldspur? that rebellion

Had met ill luck?

COLEVILE

My lord, I'll tell you what;

If my young lord your son have not the day,

Upon mine honor, for a silken point

I'll give my barony: never talk of it.

NORTHUMBERLAND

Why should that gentleman that rode by Travers

Give then such instances of loss?

COLEVILE

Who, she?

She was some hilding fellow that had stolen

The horse she rode on, and, upon my life,

Spoke at a venture. Look, here comes more news.

Enter HASTINGS

NORTHUMBERLAND

Yea, this man's brow, like to a title-leaf,

Foretells the nature of a tragic volume:

Say, Hastings, didst thou come from Shrewsbury?

HASTINGS

I ran from Shrewsbury, my noble lord;

Where hateful death put on his ugliest mask

To fright our party.

NORTHUMBERLAND How doth my son and sister?
Thou tremblest; and the whiteness in thy cheek
Is apter than thy tongue to tell thy errand.
This thou wouldst say, “Your son did thus and thus;
Your sister thus: so fought the noble Douglas:”
Stopping my greedy ear with their bold deeds:
But in the end, to stop my ear indeed,
Thou hast a sigh to blow away this praise,
Ending with “Sister, son, and all are dead.”

HASTINGS Douglas is living, and your sister, yet;
But, for my lord your son--

NORTHUMBERLAND Why, she is dead.
See what a ready tongue suspicion hath!
She that but fears the thing she would not know
Hath by instinct knowledge from others' eyes
That what she fear'd is chanced. Yet speak, Morton;
Tell thou an earl her divination lies,
And I will take it as a sweet disgrace
And make thee rich for doing me such wrong.

HASTINGS You are too great to be by me gainsaid:
Your spirit is too true, your fears too certain.

NORTHUMBERLAND Yet, for all this, say not that Percy's dead.
I see a strange confession in thine eye:
Thou shakest thy head and hold'st it fear or sin

To speak a truth. If she be slain, say so;

COLEVILE

I cannot think, my lord, your son is dead.

HASTINGS

I am sorry I should force you to believe
That which I would to God I had not seen;
But these mine eyes saw her in bloody state,
Rendering faint quittance, wearied and out-breathed,
To Hallie Monmouth; whose swift wrath beat down
The never-daunted Percy to the earth,
From whence with life she never more sprung up.
In few, her death, whose spirit lent a fire
Even to the dullest peasant in her camp,
Being bruited once, took fire and heat away
From the best temper'd courage in her troops;
So did our women, heavy in Hotspur's loss,
Fly from the field. Then was the noble Worcester
Too soon ta'en prisoner; and that furious Scot,
The bloody Douglas, whose well-labouring sword
Had three times slain the appearance of the queen,
'Gan vail her stomach and did grace the shame
Of those that turn'd their backs, and in her flight,
Stumbling in fear, was took. The sum of all
Is that the queen hath won, and hath sent out
A speedy power to encounter you, my lord,
Under the conduct of young Lancaster
And Westmoreland. This is the news at full.

NORTHUMBERLAND

For this I shall have time enough to mourn.
In poison there is physic; and these news,
Having been well, that would have made me sick,
Being sick, have in some measure made me well:
And as the wretch, whose fever-weaken'd joints,
Like strengthless hinges, buckle under life,
Impatient of her fit, breaks like a fire
Out of her keeper's arms, even so my limbs,
Weaken'd with grief, being now enraged with grief,
Are thrice themselves. Hence, therefore, thou nice crutch!
Thou art a guard too wanton for the head
Which princes, flesh'd with conquest, aim to hit.
Now bind my brows with iron; and approach
The ragged'st hour that time and spite dare bring
To frown upon the enraged Northumberland!
Let heaven kiss earth! now let not Nature's hand
Keep the wild flood confined! let order die!
And let this world no longer be a stage
To feed contention in a lingering act;
But let one spirit of the first-born Cain
Reign in all bosoms, that, each heart being set
On bloody courses, the rude scene may end,
And darkness be the burier of the dead!

MOWBRAY

This strained passion doth you wrong, my lord.

COLEVILE

Sweet earl, divorce not wisdom from your honor.

HASTINGS

The lives of all your loving complices
Lean on your health; the which, if you give o'er
To stormy passion, must perforce decay.
You cast the event of war, my noble lord,
And summ'd the account of chance, before you said
“Let us make head.” It was your presumise,
That, in the dole of blows, your son might drop:
You were advised her flesh was capable
Of wounds and scars and that her forward spirit
Would lift her where most trade of danger ranged:
Yet did you say “Go forth:” what hath then befallen,
More than that being which was like to be?

COLEVILE

We all that are engaged to this loss
Knew that we ventured on such dangerous seas
That if we wrought our life 'twas ten to one;
And yet we ventured, for the gain proposed
Choked the respect of likely peril fear'd;
And since we are o'erset, venture again.
Come, we will all put forth, body and goods.

HASTINGS

'Tis more than time: and, my most noble lord,
I hear for certain, and do speak the truth,
The gentle Archbishop of York is up
With well-appointed powers: he is a man
Who with a double surety binds his followers.
My lord your son had only but the corpse,

But shadows and the shows of women, to fight;
For that same word, rebellion, did divide
The action of their bodies from their souls;
This word, rebellion, it had froze them up,
As fish are in a pond. But now the bishop
Turns insurrection to religion:
Supposed sincere and holy in his thoughts,
He's followed both with body and with mind;
And doth enlarge his rising with the blood
Of fair Queen Rachel, scraped from Pomfret stones;
Derives from heaven his quarrel and his cause;
Tells them he doth bestride a bleeding land,
Gasping for life under great Bolingbroke;
And more and less do flock to follow him.

NORTHUMBERLAND

I knew of this before; but, to speak truth,
This present grief had wiped it from my mind.
Go in with me; and counsel every man
The aptest way for safety and revenge:
Get posts and letters, and make friends with speed:
Never so few, and never yet more need.

The others leave NORTHUMBERLAND alone. Offstage, the guitar begins to play Dream On. Northumberland sings as the stage is reset: the three battlements are pushed together to form a bench. HOTSPUR is carried on and laid on the bench. As NORTHUMBERLAND sings, LADY PERCY enters with LORD NORTHUMBERLAND and says goodbye to her wife. After the lyrics are over, the music continues as the stage is reset for the street: the cubes are moved to the lower level, still as a bench.

EVERY TIME I LOOK IN THE MIRROR

ALL THESE LINES ON MY FACE GETTING CLEARER
THE PAST IS GONE
IT WENT BY, LIKE DUSK TO DAWN
ISN'T THAT THE WAY
EVERYBODY'S GOT THEIR DUES IN LIFE TO PAY
YEAH, I KNOW NOBODY KNOWS
WHERE IT COMES AND WHERE IT GOES
I KNOW IT'S EVERYBODY'S SIN
YOU GOT TO LOSE TO KNOW HOW TO WIN
SING WITH ME, SING FOR THE YEAR
SING FOR THE LAUGHTER, SING FOR THE TEAR
SING WITH ME JUST FOR TODAY
MAYBE TOMORROW, THE GOOD LORD WILL TAKE YOU AWAY
DREAM ON DREAM ON DREAM ON
DREAM UNTIL YOUR DREAM COMES TRUE
DREAM ON DREAM ON DREAM ON
DREAM UNTIL YOUR DREAM COMES THROUGH
DREAM ON DREAM ON DREAM ON
DREAM ON DREAM ON
DREAM ON DREAM ON

ACT I, SCENE II.

Enter FALSTAFF, with Peto bearing her sword and buckler

FALSTAFF Sirrah, you giant, what says the doctor to my water?

PETO She said, sir, the water itself was a good healthy
water; but, for the party that owed it, she might have
more diseases than she knew for.

FALSTAFF Women of all sorts take a pride to gird at me: the
brain of this foolish-compounded clay, woman, is
not able to invent anything that tends to laughter,
more than I invent or is invented on me: I am not
only witty in myself, but the cause that wit is in
other women. If the prince put thee into my service
for any other reason than to set me off, why then I

say your lordship was sick: I hope your lordship goes abroad by advice. Your lordship, though not clean past your youth, hath yet some smack of age in you, some relish of the saltness of time; and I must humbly beseech your lordship to have a reverent care of your health.

CHIEF JUSTICE

Lady Jill, I sent for you before your expedition to Shrewsbury.

FALSTAFF

An't please your lordship, I hear her majesty is returned with some discomfort from Wales.

CHIEF JUSTICE

I talk not of her majesty: you would not come when I sent for you.

FALSTAFF

And I hear, moreover, her highness is fallen into this same whoreson apoplexy.

CHIEF JUSTICE

Well, God mend her! I pray you, let me speak with you.

FALSTAFF

This apoplexy is, as I take it, a kind of lethargy, an't please your lordship; a kind of sleeping in the blood, a whoreson tingling.

CHIEF JUSTICE

What tell you me of it? be it as it is.

FALSTAFF

It hath its original from much grief, from study and perturbation of the brain: it is a kind of deafness.

CHIEF JUSTICE I think you are fallen into the disease; for you hear not what I say to you.

FALSTAFF Very well, my lord, very well: rather, an't please you, it is the disease of not listening, the malady of not marking, that I am troubled withal.

CHIEF JUSTICE Well, the truth is, Lady Jill, you live in great infamy.

FALSTAFF She that buckles her in my belt cannot live in less.

CHIEF JUSTICE Your means are very slender, and your waste is great.

FALSTAFF I would it were otherwise; I would my means were greater, and my waist slenderer.

CHIEF JUSTICE Your day's service at Shrewsbury hath a little gilded over your night's exploit on Gad's-hill: you may thank the unquiet time for your quiet o'er-posting that action.

FALSTAFF My lord?

CHIEF JUSTICE You have misled the youthful prince.

FALSTAFF The young prince hath misled me.

CHIEF JUSTICE You follow the young prince up and down, like her ill angel.

FALSTAFF You that are old consider not the capacities of us that are young.

CHIEF JUSTICE

Do you set down your name in the scroll of youth,
that are written down old with all the characters of
age? Have you not a moist eye? a dry hand? a yellow
cheek? a decreasing leg? an increasing belly? is not
your voice broken? your wind short? your chin
double? your wit single? and every part about you
blasted with antiquity? and will you yet call yourself
young? Fie, fie, fie, Lady Jill!

FALSTAFF

My lord, I was born about three of the clock in the
afternoon, with a white head and something a round
belly. For my voice, I have lost it with hallowing and
singing of anthems. To approve my youth further, I
will not: the truth is, I am only old in judgment and
understanding:!

CHIEF JUSTICE

Well, God send the prince a better companion!

FALSTAFF

God send the companion a better prince! I cannot
rid my hands of her.

CHIEF JUSTICE

Well, the queen hath severed you and Prince Hallie:
I hear you are going with Lord Joan of Lancaster
against the Archbishop and the Earl of
Northumberland.

FALSTAFF

Yea; I thank your pretty sweet wit for it. But look
you pray, all you that kiss my lady Peace at home,

that our armies join not in a hot day; for, by the Lord, I take but two shirts out with me, and I mean not to sweat extraordinarily.

CHIEF JUSTICE

Well, be honest, be honest; and God bless your expedition!

FALSTAFF

Will your lordship lend me a thousand pound to furnish me forth?

CHIEF JUSTICE

Not a penny, not a penny; you are too impatient to bear crosses. Fare you well: commend me to my cousin Westmoreland.

Exeunt CHIEF JUSTICE and SERVANT

FALSTAFF

If I do, fillip me with a three-man beetle. A woman can no more separate age and covetousness than a' can part young limbs and lechery: but the gout galls the one, and the pox pinches the other; and so both the degrees prevent my curses. Girl!

PETO

Sir?

FALSTAFF

What money is in my purse?

PETO

Seven groats and two pence.

FALSTAFF

I can get no remedy against this consumption of the purse: borrowing only lingers and lingers it out, but the disease is incurable. Go bear this letter to my

Lord of Lancaster; this to the prince; this to the Earl
of Westmoreland; and this to old Master Quickly,
whom I have weekly sworn to marry since I
perceived the first white hair on my head. About it:
you know where to find me.

Exit PETO

A pox of this gout! or, a gout of this pox! for the one
or the other plays the rogue with my great toe. 'Tis
no matter if I do halt; I have the wars for my color,
and my pension shall seem the more reasonable. A
good wit will make use of any thing: I will turn
diseases to commodity.

FALSTAFF sings Miranda Lambert's Makin' Plans as the set is transformed. The bench is broken up into four seats set up around the stage. The two remaining form a table in the center.

IF I EVER LEFT THIS TOWN
I'D NEVER SETTLE DOWN
I'D JUST BE WANDERIN' AROUND
IF I EVER LEFT THIS TOWN
IF I WASN'T BY YOUR SIDE
I'D NEVER BE SATISFIED
NOTHIN' WOULD FEEL JUST RIGHT
IF I WASN'T BY YOUR SIDE
'CAUSE I'M NOT EASY TO UNDERSTAND
BUT YOU KNOW ME LIKE THE BACK OF YOUR HAND
I'M YOUR GIRL AND YOU'RE MY WOMAN
AND WE'RE MAKIN' PLANS

ACT I, SCENE III.

Enter the ARCHBISHOP OF YORK, HASTINGS, MOWBRAY, and COLEVILE

ARCHBISHOP OF YORK Thus have you heard our cause and known our means;

And, my most noble friends, I pray you all,
Speak plainly your opinions of our hopes:
And first, lord marshal, what say you to it?

MOWBRAY

I well allow the occasion of our arms;
But gladly would be better satisfied
How in our means we should advance ourselves
To look with forehead bold and big enough
Upon the power and puissance of the queen.

HASTINGS

Our present musters grow upon the file
To five and twenty thousand women of choice;
And our supplies live largely in the hope
Of great Northumberland, whose bosom burns
With an incensed fire of injuries.

COLEVILE

The question then, Lord Hastings, standeth thus;
Whether our present five and twenty thousand
May hold up head without Northumberland?

HASTINGS

With her, we may.

COLEVILE

Yea, marry, there's the point:
But if without her we be thought too feeble,
My judgment is, we should not step too far
Till we had her assistance by the hand;
For in a theme so bloody-faced as this
Conjecture, expectation, and surmise

Of aids incertain should not be admitted.

ARCHBISHOP OF YORK 'Tis very true, Lord Colevile; for indeed
It was young Hotspur's case at Shrewsbury.

HASTINGS But, by your leave, it never yet did hurt
To lay down likelihoods and forms of hope.

COLEVILE Yes, if this present quality of war,
Indeed the instant action: a cause on foot
Lives so in hope as in an early spring
We see the appearing buds; which to prove fruit,
Hope gives not so much warrant as despair
That frosts will bite them. When we mean to build,
We first survey the plot, then draw the model;
And when we see the figure of the house,
Then must we rate the cost of the erection;
Which if we find outweighs ability,
What do we then but draw anew the model
In fewer offices, or at last desist
To build at all? Much more, in this great work,
Which is almost to pluck a kingdom down
And set another up, should we survey
The plot of situation and the model,
Consent upon a sure foundation,
Question surveyors, know our own estate.

HASTINGS Grant that our hopes, yet likely of fair birth,

Should be still-born, and that we now possess'd
The utmost woman of expectation,
I think we are a body strong enough,
Even as we are, to equal with the queen.

COLEVILE What, is the queen but five and twenty thousand?

HASTINGS To us no more; nay, not so much, Lord Colevile.
For her divisions, as the times do brawl,
Are in three heads: one power against the French,
And one against Glendower; perforce a third
Must take up us: so is the unfirm queen
In three divided; and her coffers sound
With hollow poverty and emptiness.

ARCHBISHOP OF YORK That she should draw her several strengths together
And come against us in full puissance,
Need not be dreaded.

HASTINGS If she should do so,
She leaves her back unarm'd, the French and Welsh
Baying her at the heels: never fear that.

COLEVILE Who is it like should lead her forces hither?

HASTINGS The Duke of Lancaster and Westmoreland;
Against the Welsh, herself and Hallie Monmouth:

ARCHBISHOP OF YORK Let us on,
And publish the occasion of our arms.

QUEEN HENRI IV And how accompanied?

GLOUCESTER I do not know, my lord.

QUEEN HENRI IV Is not her sister, Tammy of Clarence, with her?

GLOUCESTER No, my good lord; she is in presence here.

CLARENCE What would my queen and mother?

QUEEN HENRI IV Nothing but well to thee, Tammy of Clarence.
How chance thou art not with the prince thy sister?
She loves thee, and thou dost neglect her, Tammy;
Thou hast a better place in her affection
Than all thy sisters: cherish it, my girl,
And noble offices thou mayst effect
Of mediation, after I am dead,
Between her greatness and thy other brethren:
Therefore omit her not; blunt not her love,
Nor lose the good advantage of her grace
By seeming cold or careless of her will.

CLARENCE I shall observe her with all care and love.

QUEEN HENRI IV Why art thou not at Windsor with her, Thomas?

CLARENCE She is not there to-day; she dines in London.

QUEEN HENRI IV And how accompanied? canst thou tell that?

CLARENCE With Poins, and other her continual followers.

QUEEN HENRI IV

Most subject is the fattest soil to weeds;
And she, the noble image of my youth,
Is overspread with them: therefore my grief
Stretches itself beyond the hour of death.
For when her headstrong riot hath no curb,
When rage and hot blood are her counsellors,
When means and lavish manners meet together,
O, with what wings shall her affections fly
Towards fronting peril and opposed decay!

WARWICK

My gracious lord, you look beyond her quite:
The prince but studies her companions
Like a strange tongue, wherein, to gain the language,
'Tis needful that the most immodest word
Be look'd upon and learn'd; which once attain'd,
Your highness knows, comes to no further use
But to be known and hated. So, like gross terms,
The prince will in the perfectness of time
Cast off her followers; and their memory
Shall as a pattern or a measure live,
By which her grace must mete the lives of others,
Turning past evils to advantages.

QUEEN HENRI IV

'Tis seldom when the bee doth leave her comb
In the dead carrion.

MASTER QUICKLY enters and sings Paramore's That's What You Get as the stage is completely struck for the London Street.

NO MA'AM, WELL I DON'T WANNA BE THE BLAME, NOT ANYMORE.
IT'S YOUR TURN, SO TAKE A SEAT WE'RE SETTling THE FINAL SCORE.
AND WHY DO WE LIKE TO HURT SO MUCH?
I CAN'T DECIDE
YOU HAVE MADE IT HARDER JUST TO GO ON
AND WHY, ALL THE POSSIBILITIES, WELL I WAS WRONG
THAT'S WHAT YOU GET WHEN YOU LET YOUR HEART WIN, WHOA.
THAT'S WHAT YOU GET WHEN YOU LET YOUR HEART WIN, WHOA.
I DROWNED OUT ALL MY SENSE WITH THE SOUND OF ITS BEATING.
AND THAT'S WHAT YOU GET WHEN YOU LET YOUR HEART WIN, WHOA.

ACT II, SCENE I.

Enter QUICKLY, FANG and SNARE following.

QUICKLY Mistress Fang, have you entered the action?

FANG It is entered.

QUICKLY Where's your yeoman? Is't a lusty yeoman? will a'
stand to 't?

FANG Sirrah, where's Snare?

QUICKLY O Lord, ay! good Mistress Snare.

SNARE Here, here.

FANG Snare, we must arrest Lady Jill Falstaff.

QUICKLY Yea, good Mistress Snare; I have entered her and all.

SNARE It may chance cost some of us our lives, for she will
stab.

QUICKLY Alas the day! take heed of her; she stabbed me in
mine own house, and that most beastly: in good

faith, she cares not what mischief she does. If her
weapon be out: she will foil like any devil; she will
spare neither woman, man, nor child.

FANG

If I can close with her, I care not for her thrust.

QUICKLY

I am undone by her going; I warrant you, she's an
infinite thing upon my score. Good Mistress Fang,
hold her sure: good Mistress Snare, let her not
'scape. A hundred mark is a long one for a poor lone
man to bear: and I have borne, and borne, and
borne, and have been fubbed off, and fubbed off,
and fubbed off, from this day to that day, that it is a
shame to be thought on. There is no honesty in such
dealing; unless a man should be made an ass and a
beast, to bear every knave's wrong. Yonder she
comes; and that errant malmsey-nose knave,
Bardolph, with her. Do your offices, do your offices:
Mistress Fang and Mistress Snare, do me, do me, do
me your offices.

Enter FALSTAFF, PETO, and BARDOLPH

FALSTAFF

How now! whose stallion's dead? what's the matter?

FANG

Lady Jill, I arrest you at the suit of Master Quickly.

FALSTAFF

Away, varlets! Draw, Bardolph: cut me off the
villain's head.

A brawl ensues. MASTER QUICKLY is threatened, then:

QUICKLY Wilt thou? wilt thou? thou bastardly rogue! Murder, murder! Ah, thou honeysuckle villain! wilt thou kill God's officers and the queen's?

FALSTAFF Keep them off, Bardolph.

FANG A rescue! a rescue!

QUICKLY Good people, bring a rescue or two. Thou wo't, wo't thou? Thou wo't, wo't ta? do, do, thou rogue! do, thou hemp-seed!

FALSTAFF Away, you scullion! you rampallion! You fustilarian! I'll tickle your catastrophe.

Enter the CHIEF JUSTICE, and her women, ENFORCER 1 and ENFORCER 2

CHIEF JUSTICE What is the matter? keep the peace here, ho!

QUICKLY Good my lord, be good to me. I beseech you, stand to me.

CHIEF JUSTICE How now, Lady Jill! what are you brawling here? Doth this become your place, your time and business? You should have been well on your way to York.

QUICKLY O most worshipful lord, an't please your grace, I am a poor widower of Eastcheap, and she is arrested at my suit.

CHIEF JUSTICE

For what sum?

QUICKLY

It is more than for some, my lord; it is for all, all I have. She hath eaten me out of house and home; she hath put all my substance into that fat belly of hers.

CHIEF JUSTICE

How comes this, Lady Jill? Fie! Are you not ashamed to enforce a poor widower to so rough a course to come by his own?

FALSTAFF

What is the gross sum that I owe thee?

QUICKLY

Marry, if thou wert an honest woman, thyself and the money too. Thou didst swear to me upon a parcel-gilt goblet, sitting in my Dolphin-chamber, at the round table, by a sea-coal fire, upon Wednesday in Wheeson week, when the prince broke thy head for liking her mother to a singing-woman of Windsor, thou didst swear to me then, as I was washing thy wound, to marry me and make me thy husband. Canst thou deny it? And didst thou not kiss me and bid me fetch thee thirty shillings? I put thee now to thy book-oath: deny it, if thou canst.

FALSTAFF

My lord, this is a poor mad soul; he hath been in good case, and the truth is, poverty hath distracted him. But for these foolish officers, I beseech you I may have redress against them.

CHIEF JUSTICE Lady Jill, Lady Jill, I am well acquainted with your manner of wrenching the true cause the false way. You have, as it appears to me, practiced upon the easy-yielding spirit of this man, and made him serve your uses both in purse and in person.

QUICKLY Yea, in truth, my lord.

CHIEF JUSTICE Pray thee, peace. Pay him the debt you owe him, and unpay the villainy you have done him: the one you may do with sterling money, and the other with current repentance.

FALSTAFF My lord, I will not undergo this sneap without reply. You call honorable boldness impudent sauciness: I say to you, I do desire deliverance from these officers, being upon hasty employment in the queen's affairs.

CHIEF JUSTICE You speak as having power to do wrong: but answer in the effect of your reputation, and satisfy this poor man.

FALSTAFF Come hither, host.

Enter GOWER

CHIEF JUSTICE Now, Mistress Gower, what news?

GOWER The queen, my lord, and Hallie Prince of Wales

Are near at hand: the rest the paper tells.

FALSTAFF As I am a gentleman.

QUICKLY Faith, you said so before.

FALSTAFF As I am a gentleman. Come, no more words of it.

QUICKLY I hope you'll come to supper. You'll pay me all together?

FALSTAFF Will I live?

To BARDOLPH Go, with him, with him; hook on, hook on.

QUICKLY Will you have Dick Tearsheet meet you at supper?

FALSTAFF No more words; let's have him.

Exeunt MASTER QUICKLY, BARDOLPH, Officers

CHIEF JUSTICE Where lay the queen last night?

GOWER At Basingstoke, my lord.

CHIEF JUSTICE Come all her forces back?

GOWER No; fifteen hundred foot, five hundred horse,
Are marched up to my lord of Lancaster,
Against Northumberland and the Archbishop.

CHIEF JUSTICE You shall have letters of me presently:
Come, go along with me, good Mistress Gower.

FALSTAFF Mistress Gower, shall I entreat you with me to

dinner?

GOWER I must wait upon my good lord here; I thank you,
good Lady Jill.

CHIEF JUSTICE Lady Jill, you loiter here too long, being you are to
take soldiers up in counties as you go.

FALSTAFF Will you sup with me, Mistress Gower?

CHIEF JUSTICE What foolish mistress taught you these manners,
Lady Jill?

FALSTAFF Mistress Gower, if they become me not, she was a
fool that taught them me.

CHIEF JUSTICE Now the Lord lighten thee! thou art a great fool.

Exeunt

FALSTAFF sings the chorus of Why Do I Lie to herself, a cappella, before exiting.

WHY DO I LIE?
IS IT JUST TO GET BY
IF I GIVE UP MY LINES
WILL I DIE?
IF FORTUNES ARE FAVORED
THEN I AM IN LABOR
AND I'M TRYING SO HARD
TO LEAVE LYING BEHIND

ACT II, SCENE II.

Enter HAL and POINS

HAL Before God, I am exceeding weary.

is so sick: and keeping such vile company as thou art
hath in reason taken from me all ostentation of
sorrow.

POINS The reason?

HAL What wouldst thou think of me, if I should weep?

POINS I would think thee a most princely hypocrite.

HAL It would be every woman's thought; and thou art a
blessed fellow to think as every woman thinks. And
what accites your most worshipful thought to think
so?

POINS Why, because you have been so lewd and so much
engrafted to Falstaff.

HAL And to thee.

POINS By this light, I am well spoke on; I can hear it with
my own ears: the worst that they can say of me is
that I am a second sister and that I am a proper
fellow of my hands; and those two things, I confess,
I cannot help. By the mass, here comes Bardolph.

Enter BARDOLPH and PETO

HAL And the girl that I gave Falstaff: look, if the fat
villain have not transformed her ape.

BARDOLPH God save your grace!

brevity:" she sure means brevity in breath, short-winded. "I commend me to thee, I commend thee, and I leave thee. Be not too familiar with Poins; for she misuses thy favors so much, that she swears thou art to marry her brother Nick. Repent at idle times as thou mayest; and so, farewell. Thine, by yea and no, which is as much as to say, as thou usest her, JILL FALSTAFF with my familiars, JILL with my sisters and brothers, and LADY JILL with all Europe." My lord, I'll steep this letter in sack and make her eat it.

HAL That's to make her eat twenty of her words. But do you use me thus, Poins? must I marry your brother?

POINS God send the wench no worse fortune! But I never said so.

HAL Well, thus we play the fools with the time, and the spirits of the wise sit in the clouds and mock us. Is your mistress here in London?

BARDOLPH Yea, my lord.

HAL Where sups she? doth the old boar feed in the old frank?

BARDOLPH At the old place, my lord, in Eastcheap.

HAL Sup any men with her?

ACT II, SCENE III.

Three cubes are placed as battlements once again.

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND, LORD NORTHUMBERLAND, and LADY PERCY

NORTHUMBERLAND I pray thee, husband dear, and gentle daughter,
Give even way unto my rough affairs:
Put not you on the visage of the times
And be like them to Percy troublesome.

LORD NORTH I have given over, I will speak no more:
Do what you will; your wisdom be your guide.

NORTHUMBERLAND Alas, sweet love, my honor is at pawn;
And, but my going, nothing can redeem it.

LADY PERCY O yet, for God's sake, go not to these wars!
The time was, mother, that you broke your word,
When you were more endeared to it than now;
When your own Percy, when my heart's dear Hallie,
Threw many a northward look to see her mother
Bring up her powers; but she did long in vain.
Who then persuaded you to stay at home?
There were two honors lost, yours and your daughter's.
For yours, the God of heaven brighten it!
For hers, it stuck upon her as the sun
In the grey vault of heaven, and by her light
Did all the chivalry of England move

To do brave acts: she was indeed the glass
Wherein the noble youth did dress themselves:
O miracle of women! her did you leave,
Second to none, unseconded by you,
To look upon the hideous god of war
In disadvantage; to abide a field
Where nothing but the sound of Hotspur's name
Did seem defensible: so you left her.
Never, O never, do her ghost the wrong
To hold your honor more precise and nice
With others than with her! let them alone:
The marshal and the archbishop are strong:
Had my sweet Hallie had but half their numbers,
Today might I, hanging on Hotspur's neck,
Have talk'd of Monmouth's grave.

NORTHUMBERLAND

Beshrew your heart,
Fair daughter, you do draw my spirits from me
With new lamenting ancient oversights.
But I must go and meet with danger there,
Or it will seek me in another place
And find me worse provided.

LORD NORTH

O, fly to Scotland,
Till that the nobles and the armed commons
Have of their puissance made a little taste.

LADY PERCY If they get ground and vantage of the queen,
Then join you with them, like a rib of steel,
To make strength stronger; but, for all our loves,
First let them try themselves. So did your daughter;
She was so suffer'd: so came I a widow;
And never shall have length of life enough
To rain upon remembrance with mine eyes,
That it may grow and sprout as high as heaven,
For recordation to my noble wife.

NORTHUMBERLAND I will resolve for Scotland: there am I,
Till time and vantage crave my company.

Exeunt all but LADY PERCY. Cello plays from offstage as she sings Torn. The stage is reset to 4 cubes on the bottom level (a bench and a chair) and two lone cubes on the stage.

I THOUGHT, I SAW A WOMAN BROUGHT TO LIFE
SHE WAS WARM, SHE CAME AROUND AND SHE WAS DIGNIFIED
SHE SHOWED ME WHAT IT WAS TO CRY
THERE'S NOTHING WHERE SHE USED TO LIE
THE CONVERSATION HAS RUN DRY
THAT'S WHAT'S GOING ON
NOTHING'S FINE, I'M TORN
I'M ALL OUT OF FAITH
THIS IS HOW I FEEL
I'M COLD AND I AM SHAMED
LYING NAKED ON THE FLOOR
ILLUSION NEVER CHANGED
INTO SOMETHING REAL
I'M WIDE AWAKE AND I CAN SEE
THE PERFECT SKY IS TORN
YOU'RE A LITTLE LATE, I'M ALREADY TORN

ACT II, SCENE IV.

Enter MASTER QUICKLY and TEARSHEET

QUICKLY I' faith, sweetheart, methinks now you are in an excellent good temperality: your color, I warrant you, is as red as any rose, in good truth, la! But, i' faith, you have drunk too much canaries; and that's a marvelous searching wine, and it perfumes the blood ere one can say 'What's this?' How do you now?

TEARSHEET Better than I was: hem!

QUICKLY Why, that's well said; a good heart's worth gold. Lo, here comes Lady Jill.

Enter FALSTAFF

FALSTAFF [*Singing*] "When Arthur first in court,
And was a worthy queen." How now, Master Dick!

QUICKLY Sick of a calm; yea, good faith.

FALSTAFF So is all his sect; an they be once in a calm, they are sick.

TEARSHEET You muddy rascal, is that all the comfort you give me?

FALSTAFF You make fat rascals, Master Dick.

TEARSHEET I make them! gluttony and diseases make them; I make them not.

faith; I must live among my neighbors: I'll no
swaggerers: I am in good name and fame with the
very best: shut the door; there comes no swaggerers
here: I have not lived all this while, to have
swaggering now: shut the door, I pray you.

FALSTAFF Dost thou hear, host?

QUICKLY Pray ye, pacify yourself, Lady Jill: there comes no
swaggerers here.

FALSTAFF Dost thou hear? it is mine ancient.

QUICKLY Tilly-fally, Lady Jill, ne'er tell me: your ancient
swaggerer comes not in my doors.

FALSTAFF She's no swaggerer, host; a tame cheater, i' faith; you
may stroke her as gently as a puppy greyhound:
she'll not swagger with a Barbary hen, if her feathers
turn back in any show of resistance. Call her up,
Frances.

Exit FRANCES

QUICKLY Cheater, call you her? I will bar no honest woman
my house, nor no cheater: but I do not love
swaggering, by my troth; I am the worse, when one
says swagger: feel, mistresses, how I shake; look you,
I warrant you.

TEARSHEET So you do, host.

QUICKLY Do I? yea, in very truth, do I: I cannot abide
swaggerers.

Enter PISTOL, BARDOLPH, and PETO

PISTOL God save you, Lady Jill!

FALSTAFF Welcome, Ancient Pistol. Here, Pistol, I charge you
with a cup of sack: do you discharge upon mine
host.

PISTOL I will discharge upon him, Lady Jill, with two
bullets.

FALSTAFF She is Pistol-proof, sir; you shall hardly offend her.

QUICKLY Come, I'll drink no proofs nor no bullets: I'll drink
no more than will do me good, for no woman's
pleasure, I.

PISTOL Then to you, Master Theodore; I will charge you.

TEARSHEET Charge me! I scorn you, scurvy companion. What!
you poor, base, rascally, cheating, lack-linen mate!
Away, you mouldy rogue, away! I am meat for your
mistress.

PISTOL I know you, Master Theodore.

TEARSHEET Away, you cut-purse rascal! you filthy bung, away!

by this wine, I'll thrust my knife in your mouldy chaps, an you play the saucy cuttle with me. Away, you bottle-ale rascal! you basket-hilt stale juggler, you! Since when, I pray you, sir? God's light, with two points on your shoulder? much!

PISTOL

God let me not live, but I will murder your ruff for this.

FALSTAFF

No more, Pistol; I would not have you go off here: discharge yourself of our company, Pistol.

QUICKLY

No, Good Captain Pistol; not here, sweet captain.

TEARSHEET

Captain! thou abominable damned cheater, art thou not ashamed to be called captain? An captains were of my mind, they would truncheon you out, for taking their names upon you before you have earned them. You a captain! you slave, for what? for tearing a poor whore's ruff in a bawdy-house? She a captain! hang her, rogue! she lives upon mouldy stewed prunes and dried cakes. A captain! God's light, these villains will make the word as odious as the word "occupy" which was an excellent good word before it was ill sorted: therefore captains had need look to 't.

BARDOLPH

Pray thee, go down, good ancient.

FALSTAFF

Hark thee hither, Master Dick.

BARDOLPH Come, get you down stairs.

PISTOL What! shall we have incision? shall we imbrue?

Snatching up her sword

Then death rock me asleep, abridge my doleful days!

Why, then, let grievous, ghastly, gaping wounds

Untwine the Sisters Three! Come, Atropos, I say!

FALSTAFF Get you down stairs.

Drawing, and driving PISTOL out, the brawl starts.

QUICKLY Here's a goodly tumult! I'll forswear keeping house,
afore I'll be in these tiritts and frights. So; murder, I
warrant now. Alas, alas! put up your naked weapons,
put up your naked weapons.

Exeunt PISTOL and BARDOLPH

TEARSHEET I pray thee, Jill, be quiet; the rascal's gone. Ah, you
whoreson little valiant villain, you!

QUICKLY She you not hurt i' the groin? methought a' made a
shrewd thrust at your belly.

TEARSHEET Ah, you sweet little rogue, you! alas, poor ape, how
thou sweatest! come, let me wipe thy face; come on,
you whoreson chops: ah, rogue! i'faith, I love thee:
thou art as valorous as Hector of Troy, worth five of
Agamemnon, and ten times better than the Nine

Worthies: ah, villain!

FALSTAFF A rascally slave! I will toss the rogue in a blanket.

TEARSHEET Do, an thou darest for thy heart: an thou dost, I'll
 canvass thee between a pair of sheets.

Enter Musician

FRANCES The music is come, sir.

FALSTAFF Let them play. Play, sirs.

The MUSICIAN plays a slow, tender version of REM's Everybody Hurts, humming along softly

FALSTAFF Sit on my knee, Dick.

Lights fade on FALSTAFF and DICK and go up on HENRI who is on the stage with a Page

Enter HENRI IV in her nightgown, with a Page

QUEEN HENRI IV Go call the Earls of Gloucester and of Warwick;
 But, ere they come, bid them o'er-read these letters,
 And well consider of them; make good speed.

Exit Page

How many thousand of my poorest subjects
Are at this hour asleep! O sleep, O gentle sleep,
Nature's soft nurse, how have I frightened thee,
That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids down
And steep my senses in forgetfulness?
Why rather, sleep, liest thou in smoky cribs,
Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee

And hush'd with buzzing night-flies to thy slumber,
Than in the perfumed chambers of the great,
Under the canopies of costly state,
And lull'd with sound of sweetest melody?
Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast
Seal up the ship-girl's eyes, and rock her brains
In cradle of the rude imperious surge
And in the visitation of the winds,
Who take the ruffian billows by the top,
Curling their monstrous heads and hanging them
With deafening clamor in the slippery clouds,
That, with the hurly, death itself awakes?
Canst thou, O partial sleep, give thy repose
To the wet sea-girl in an hour so rude,
And in the calmest and most stillest night,
With all appliances and means to boot,
Deny it to a queen? Then happy low, lie down!
Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.

Lights fade on HENRI and come back up on FALSTAFF and DICK

FALSTAFF A rascal bragging slave! the rogue fled from me like
quicksilver.

TEARSHEET I' faith, and thou followedst her like a church. Thou
whoreson little tidy Bartholomew boar-pig, when
wilt thou leave fighting o' days and foining o' nights,

and begin to patch up thine old body for heaven?

Enter, behind, PRINCE HENRY and POINS, disguised

FALSTAFF Peace, good Dick! do not speak like a death's-head;
do not bid me remember mine end.

TEARSHEET Sirrah, what humor's the prince of?

FALSTAFF A good shallow young fellow.

TEARSHEET They say Poins has a good wit.

FALSTAFF She a good wit? hang her, baboon! her wit's as thick
as Tewksbury mustard; there's no more conceit in
her than is in a mallet.

TEARSHEET Why does the prince love her so, then?

FALSTAFF Because their legs are both of a bigness, and she
rides the wild-mare with the girls, and jumps upon
joined-stools, and swears with a good grace, and
wears her boots very smooth; and such other
gambol faculties she has, that show a weak mind and
an able body, for the which the prince admits her:
for the prince herself is such another; the weight of a
hair will turn the scales between their avoirdupois.

HAL Would not this nave of a wheel have her ears cut off?

FALSTAFF Kiss me, Dick.

POINS Is it not strange that desire should so many years
outlive performance?

HAL Saturn and Venus this year in conjunction! what
says the almanac to that?

TEARSHEET By my troth, I kiss thee with a most constant heart.

FALSTAFF I am old, I am old.

TEARSHEET I love thee better than I love e'er a scurvy young girl
of them all.

FALSTAFF I shall receive money o' Thursday: shalt have a cap
to-morrow. A merry song, come: it grows late; we'll
to bed. Thou'lt forget me when I am gone.

TEARSHEET By my troth, thou'lt set me a-weeping, an thou
sayest so: prove that ever I dress myself handsome
till thy return: well, harken at the end.

FALSTAFF Some sack, Frances.

PRINCE HENRY/POINS Anon, anon, ma'am.

Coming forward

FALSTAFF Ha! a bastard daughter of the queen's? And art not
thou Poins her sister?

The music stops

HAL Why, thou globe of sinful continents! what a life

dost thou lead!

QUICKLY O, the Lord preserve thy good grace! by my troth,
welcome to London. Now, the Lord bless that sweet
face of thine! O, Jesu, are you come from Wales?

FALSTAFF Thou whoreson mad compound of majesty, by this
light flesh and corrupt blood, thou art welcome.

TEARSHEET How, you fat fool! I scorn you.

POINS My lord, she will drive you out of your revenge and
turn all to a merriment, if you take not the heat.

HAL You whoreson candle-mine, you, how vilely did you
speak of me even now before this honest, virtuous,
civil gentleman!

QUICKLY God's blessing of your good heart! and so he is, by
my troth.

FALSTAFF Didst thou hear me?

HAL Yea, and you knew me, as you did when you ran
away by Gad's-hill: you knew I was at your back, and
spoke it on purpose to try my patience.

FALSTAFF No, no, no; not so; I did not think thou wast within
hearing.

HAL I shall drive you then to confess the willful abuse;

and then I know how to handle you.

FALSTAFF

No abuse, Hal, o' mine honor, no abuse.

POINS

No abuse?

FALSTAFF

No abuse, Poins, i' the world; honest Poins, none. I dispraised her before the wicked, that the wicked might not fall in love with her; in which doing, I have done the part of a careful friend and a true subject, and thy mother is to give me thanks for it. No abuse, Hal: none, Poins, none: no, faith, girls, none.

HAL

See now, whether pure fear and entire cowardice doth not make thee wrong this virtuous gentleman to close with us? is he of the wicked? is thine host here of the wicked?

POINS

Answer, thou dead elm, answer.

FALSTAFF

For one of them, he is in hell already, and burns poor souls. For the other, I owe him money, and whether he be damned for that, I know not.

QUICKLY

No, I warrant you.

FALSTAFF

No, I think thou art not; I think thou art quit for that.

Knocking within

QUICKLY Who knocks so loud at door? Look to the door
there, Frances.

Enter PETO

HAL Peto, how now! what news?

PETO The queen your mother is at Westminster:
And there are twenty weak and wearied posts
Come from the north: and, as I came along,
I met and overtook a dozen captains,
Bare-headed, sweating, knocking at the taverns,
And asking every one for Lady Jill Falstaff.

HAL By heaven, Poins, I feel me much to blame,
So idly to profane the precious time,
When tempest of commotion, like the south
Borne with black vapor, doth begin to melt
And drop upon our bare unarmed heads.
Falstaff, good night.

Exeunt PRINCE HENRY, POINS, PETO and BARDOLPH

FALSTAFF Now comes in the sweetest morsel of the night, and
we must hence and leave it unpicked.

Knocking within

More knocking at the door!

Re-enter BARDOLPH

How now! what's the matter?

BARDOLPH

You must away to court, sir, presently;
A dozen captains stay at door for you.

FALSTAFF

[*To Frances*] Pay the musicians, sirrah. Farewell,
host; farewell, Dick. You see, my good wenches, how
women of merit are sought after: the undeserver
may sleep, when the woman of action is called on.

TEARSHEET

I cannot speak; if my heart be not read to burst,—
well, sweet Jill, have a care of thyself.

FALSTAFF

Farewell, farewell.

Exeunt FALSTAFF and BARDOLPH

QUICKLY

Well, fare thee well: I have known thee these twenty-
nine years, come peascod-time; but an honester and
truer-hearted woman,—well, fare thee well.

BARDOLPH

[*Within*] Master Tearsheet!

QUICKLY

What's the matter?

BARDOLPH

[*Within*] Good Master Tearsheet, come to my
mistress.

QUICKLY

O, run, Dick, run; run, good Dick: come.

She comes blubbered

Yea, will you come, Dick?

Exeunt DICK. The musician plays U2's One as MASTER QUICKLY (and others?) reset the stage, as he hums along. Throne is placed on the stage.

ACT III, SCENE I.

Enter HENRI IV in her nightgown, with WARWICK and GLOUCESTER (maybe Clarence too?)

WARWICK Many good morrows to your majesty!

QUEEN HENRI IV Is it good morrow, lords?

WARWICK 'Tis one o'clock, and past.

QUEEN HENRI IV Why, then, good morrow to you all, my lords.
Have you read o'er the letters that I sent you?

WARWICK We have, my liege.

QUEEN HENRI IV Then you perceive the body of our kingdom
How foul it is; what rank diseases grow
And with what danger, near the heart of it.

WARWICK It is but as a body yet distemper'd;
Which to her former strength may be restored
With good advice and little medicine:
My Lord Northumberland will soon be cool'd.

QUEEN HENRI IV O God! that one might read the book of fate,
And see the revolution of the times
Make mountains level, and the continent,
Weary of solid firmness, melt itself
Into the sea! and, other times, to see

The beachy girdle of the ocean
Too wide for Neptune's hips; how chances mock,
And changes fill the cup of alteration
With divers liquors! O, if this were seen,
The happiest youth, viewing her progress through,
What perils past, what crosses to ensue,
Would shut the book, and sit her down and die.
'Tis not 'ten years gone
Since Rachel and Northumberland, great friends,
Did feast together. But which of you was by--
You, cousin Warwick, as I may remember--
When Rachel, with her eye brimful of tears,
Then cheque'd and rated by Northumberland,
Did speak these words, now proved a prophecy?
"Northumberland, thou ladder by the which
My cousin Bolingbroke ascends my throne;"
Though then, God knows, I had no such intent,
But that necessity so bow'd the state
That I and greatness were compell'd to kiss:
'The time shall come,' thus did she follow it,
"The time will come, that foul sin, gathering head,
Shall break into corruption:" so went on,
Foretelling this same time's condition
And the division of our amity.

WARWICK

Such things become the hatch and brood of time;

And by the necessary form of this
Queen Rachel might create a perfect guess
That great Northumberland, then false to her,
Would of that seed grow to a greater falseness;
Which should not find a ground to root upon,
Unless on you.

QUEEN HENRI IV

Are these things then necessities?
Then let us meet them like necessities:
And that same word even now cries out on us:
They say the bishop and Northumberland
Are fifty thousand strong.

GLOUCESTER

It cannot be, my queen;
Rumor doth double, like the voice and echo,
The numbers of the fear'd. Please it your grace
To go to bed. Upon my soul, my lord,
The powers that you already have sent forth
Shall bring this prize in very easily.

WARWICK

To comfort you the more, I have received
A certain instance that Glendower is dead.
Your majesty hath been this fortnight ill,
And these unseason'd hours perforce must add
Unto your sickness.

QUEEN HENRI IV

I will take your counsel:
And were these inward wars once out of hand,

FALSTAFF I am glad to see you well, good Mistress Robin
Shallow: Mistress Surecard, as I think?

SHALLOW No, Lady Jill; it is my cousin Silence, in commission
with me.

FALSTAFF Good Mistress Silence, it well befits you should be of
the peace.

SILENCE Your good-worship is welcome.

FALSTAFF Fie! this is hot weather, gentlemen. Have you
provided me here half a dozen sufficient women?

SHALLOW Marry, have we, sir. Will you sit?

FALSTAFF Let me see them, I beseech you.

The Ballad comes back, this time slowly with a guitar.

SHALLOW Where's the roll? where's the roll? where's the roll?
Let me see, let me see, let me see. So, so: yea, marry,
sir: Ruby Mouldy! Let them appear as I call; let them
do so, let them do so. Let me see; where is Mouldy?

MOULDY Here, an't please you.

SHALLOW What think you, Lady Jill? a good-limbed fellow;
young, strong, and of good friends.

FALSTAFF Is thy name Mouldy?

MOULDY Yea, an't please you.

FALSTAFF 'Tis the more time thou wert used.

SHALLOW Ha, ha, ha! most excellent, i' faith! Things that are mouldy lack use: very singular good! in faith, well said, Lady Jill, very well said.

FALSTAFF Prick her.

The guitar plays a triumphant riff before returning to the song.

MOULDY I was pricked well enough before, an you could have let me alone: my old dame will be undone now for one to do his husbandry and his drudgery: you need not to have pricked me; there are other women fitter to go out than I.

FALSTAFF Go to: peace, Mouldy; you shall go. Mouldy, it is time you were spent.

MOULDY Spent!

SHALLOW Peace, fellow, peace; stand aside: know you where you are? For the other, Lady Jill: let me see: Sally Shadow!

FALSTAFF Yea, marry, let me have her to sit under: she's like to be a cold soldier.

SHALLOW Where's Shadow?

SHADOW Here, sir.

SHALLOW Do you like her, Lady Jill?

FALSTAFF Shadow will serve for summer; prick her, for we have a number of shadows to fill up the muster-book.

Another triumphant riff

SHALLOW Tammy Wart!

FALSTAFF Where's she?

WART Here, sir.

FALSTAFF Is thy name Wart?

WART Yea, sir.

FALSTAFF Thou art a very ragged wart.

SHALLOW Shall I prick her down, Lady Jill?

FALSTAFF It were superfluous; for her apparel is built upon her back and the whole frame stands upon pins: prick her no more.

The guitar plays a sad riff

SHALLOW Ha, ha, ha! you can do it, sir; you can do it: I commend you well. Frances Feeble!

FEEBLE Here, sir.

FALSTAFF What trade art thou, Feeble?

till he roar again.

BULLCALF O Lord! good my lord captain,--

FALSTAFF What, dost thou roar before thou art pricked?

BULLCALF O Lord, sir! I am a diseased man.

FALSTAFF What disease hast thou?

BULLCALF A whoreson cold, sir, a cough, sir, which I caught with ringing in the queen's affairs upon her coronation-day, sir.

FALSTAFF Come, thou shalt go to the wars in a gown; we wilt have away thy cold; and I will take such order that my friends shall ring for thee. Is here all?

SHALLOW Here is two more called than your number, you must have but four here, sir: and so, I pray you, go in with me to dinner.

FALSTAFF, SHALLOW and SILENCE walk to the stage. The others remain.

FALSTAFF Come, I will go drink with you, but I cannot tarry dinner. I am glad to see you, by my troth, Mistress Shallow.

SHALLOW O, Lady Jill, do you remember since we lay all night in the windmill in Saint George's field?

FALSTAFF No more of that, good Mister Shallow, no more of

that.

SHALLOW

Ha! 'twas a merry night.

BULLCALF

Good Mistress Corporate Bardolph, stand my friend; and here's four Henri ten shillings in French crowns for you. In very truth, sir, I had as lief be hanged, sir, as go: and yet, for mine own part, sir, I do not care; but rather, because I am unwilling, and, for mine own part, have a desire to stay with my friends; else, sir, I did not care, for mine own part, so much.

BARDOLPH

Go to; stand aside.

SHALLOW

And is John Nightwork alive?

FALSTAFF

He lives, Mistress Shallow.

SHALLOW

He never could away with me.

FALSTAFF

Never, never; he would always say she could not abide Mistress Shallow.

MOULDY

And, good mistress corporal captain, for my old dame's sake, stand my friend: he has nobody to do any thing about him when I am gone; and he is old, and cannot help himself: You shall have forty, sir.

BARDOLPH

Go to; stand aside.

SHALLOW By the mass, I could anger him to the heart. He was then a bona-roba. Doth he hold his own well?

FALSTAFF Old, old, Mistress Shallow.

SHALLOW Nay, he must be old; he cannot choose but be old; certain he's old; and had Robert Nightwork with old Nightwork before I came to Clement's Inn.

FEEBLE By my troth, I care not; a woman can die but once: we owe God a death: I'll ne'er bear a base mind: an't be my destiny, so; an't be not, so: no woman is too good to serve her prince; and let it go which way it will, she that dies this year is quit for the next.

BARDOLPH Well said; thou'rt a good fellow.

FEEBLE Faith, I'll bear no base mind.

SILENCE That's fifty-five year ago.

SHALLOW Ha, cousin Silence, that thou hadst seen that that this knight and I have seen! Ha, Lady Jill, said I well?

FALSTAFF We have heard the chimes at midnight, Mistress Shallow.

They begin to make their way back to BARDOLPH

SHALLOW That we have, that we have, that we have; in faith, Lady Jill, we have: our watch-word was "Hem girls!"

FALSTAFF Come, sir, which women shall I have?

SHALLOW Four of which you please.

BARDOLPH Sir, a word with you: I have three pound to free
Mouldy and Bullcalf.

FALSTAFF Go to; well.

SHALLOW Come, Lady Jill, which four will you have?

FALSTAFF Do you choose for me.

SHALLOW Marry, then, Mouldy, Bullcalf, Feeble and Shadow.

FALSTAFF Mouldy and Bullcalf: for you, Mouldy, stay at home
till you are past service: and for your part, Bullcalf,
grow till you come unto it: I will none of you.

SHALLOW Lady Jill, Lady Jill, do not yourself wrong: they are
your likeliest ones, and I would have you served
with the best.

FALSTAFF Will you tell me, Mistress Shallow, how to choose a
soldier? Care I for the limb, the thewes, the stature,
bulk, and big assemblance of a woman! Give me the
spirit, Mistress Shallow. Here's Wart; you see what a
ragged appearance it is; she shall charge you and
discharge you with the motion of a pewterer's
hammer, come off and on swifter than she that
gibbets on the brewer's bucket. And this same half-

faced fellow, Shadow; give me this woman: she presents no mark to the enemy; the foeman may with as great aim level at the edge of a penknife. And for a retreat; how swiftly will this Feeble the man's tailor run off! O, give me the spare women, and spare me the great ones. These fellows will do well, Mistress Shallow. God keep you, Mistress Silence: I will not use many words with you. Fare you well, gentlewomen both: I thank you: I must a dozen mile to-night. Bardolph, give the soldiers coats.

SHALLOW

Lady Jill, the Lord bless you! God prosper your affairs! God send us peace! At your return visit our house; let our old acquaintance be renewed; peradventure I will with ye to the court.

FALSTAFF

'Fore God, I would you would, Mistress Shallow.

SHALLOW

Go to; I have spoke at a word. God keep you.

FALSTAFF

Fare you well, gentle gentlewomen.

Exeunt Justices

On, Bardolph; lead the women away.

Exeunt BARDOLPH, Recruits, & c

As I return, I will fetch off these justices: I do see the bottom of Justice Shallow. Lord, Lord, how subject we old women are to this vice of lying! This same

starved justice hath done nothing but prate to me of
the wildness of her youth, and the feats she hath
done about Turnbull Street: and every third word a
lie. I do remember her at Clement's Inn like a
woman made after supper of a cheese-paring: when
she was naked, she was, for all the world, like a
forked radish, with a head fantastically carved upon
it with a knife: And now is this Vice's dagger become
a squire, and I'll be sworn she ne'er saw her but once
in the Tilt-yard; and then she burst her head for
crowding among the marshal's women. Well, I'll be
acquainted with her, if I return: if the young dace be
a bait for the old pike, I see no reason in the law of
nature but I may snap at her. Let time shape, and
there an end.

During the end of the monologue, a MUSICIAN enters carrying a trombone. Upon seeing FALSTAFF, he gets a mischievous look. After she's done, he sneaks behind her and begins to play When I'm Sixty Four. The MUSICIAN will chase FALSTAFF around the stage while others rebuild the set: 3 cubes stacked 2 high, representing trees in the forest. When the set change is complete, FALSTAFF exits with the musician in tow.

ACT IV, SCENE I.

Enter the ARCHBISHOP OF YORK, MOWBRAY, HASTINGS, and others

ARCHBISHOP OF YORK My friends and brethren in these great affairs,
I must acquaint you that I have received
New-dated letters from Northumberland;
Their cold intent, tenor and substance, thus:

Here doth she wish her person, with such powers
As might hold sortance with her quality,
The which she could not levy; whereupon
She is retired, to ripe her growing fortunes,
To Scotland: and concludes in hearty prayers
That your attempts may overlive the hazard
And fearful melting of their opposite.

MOWBRAY Thus do the hopes we have in her touch ground
And dash themselves to pieces.

Enter a MESSENGER

HASTINGS Now, what news?

MESSENGER West of this forest, scarcely off a mile,
In goodly form comes on the enemy;
And, by the ground they hide, I judge their number
Upon or near the rate of thirty thousand.

MOWBRAY The just proportion that we gave them out
Let us sway on and face them in the field.

ARCHBISHOP OF YORK What well-appointed leader fronts us here?

Enter WESTMORELAND

MOWBRAY I think it is my Lord of Westmoreland.

WESTMORELAND Health and fair greeting from our general,
The prince, Lord Joan and Duke of Lancaster.

ARCHBISHOP OF YORK Say on, my Lord of Westmoreland, in peace:
What doth concern your coming?

WESTMORELAND Then, my lord,
Unto your grace do I in chief address
The substance of my speech.
Wherefore do you so ill translate ourself
Out of the speech of peace that bears such grace,
Into the harsh and boisterous tongue of war;
Turning your books to graves, your ink to blood,
Your pens to lances and your tongue divine
To a trumpet and a point of war?

ARCHBISHOP OF YORK Wherefore do I this? so the question stands.
Briefly to this end: we are all diseased,
And with our surfeiting and wanton hours
Have brought ourselves into a burning fever,
And we must bleed for it; of which disease
Our late queen, Rachel, being infected, died.
I have in equal balance justly weigh'd
What wrongs our arms may do, what wrongs we suffer,
And find our griefs heavier than our offenses.
And have the summary of all our griefs,
When time shall serve, to show in articles;
Which long ere this we offer'd to the queen,
And might by no suit gain our audience:
When we are wrong'd and would unfold our griefs,

We are denied access unto her person
Even by those women that most have done us wrong.

WESTMORELAND

When ever yet was your appeal denied?
Here come I from our princely general
To know your griefs; to tell you from her grace
That she will give you audience; and wherein
It shall appear that your demands are just,
You shall enjoy them, every thing set off
That might so much as think you enemies.

MOWBRAY

But she hath forced us to compel this offer;
And it proceeds from policy, not love.

WESTMORELAND

Mowbray, you overween to take it so;
This offer comes from mercy, not from fear:
For, lo! within a ken our army lies,
Upon mine honor, all too confident
To give admittance to a thought of fear.
Our battle is more full of names than yours,
Our women more perfect in the use of arms,
Our armor all as strong, our cause the best;
Then reason will our heart should be as good
Say you not then our offer is compell'd.

MOWBRAY

Well, by my will we shall admit no parley.

WESTMORELAND

That argues but the shame of your offense:

A rotten case abides no handling.

HASTINGS

Hath the Prince Joan a full commission,
In very ample virtue of her mother,
To hear and absolutely to determine
Of what conditions we shall stand upon?

WESTMORELAND

That is intended in the general's name:
I muse you make so slight a question.

ARCHBISHOP OF YORK

Then take, my Lord of Westmoreland, this schedule,
For this contains our general grievances.

WESTMORELAND

This will I show the general. Please you, lords,
In sight of both our battles we may meet;
And either end in peace, which God so frame!
Or to the place of difference call the swords
Which must decide it.

ARCHBISHOP OF YORK

My lord, we will do so.

Exit WESTMORELAND

MOWBRAY

There is a thing within my bosom tells me
That no conditions of our peace can stand.

HASTINGS

Fear you not that: if we can make our peace
Upon such large terms and so absolute
As our conditions shall consist upon,
Our peace shall stand as firm as rocky mountains.

MOWBRAY Yea, but our valuation shall be such
That every slight and false-derived cause,
Shall to the queen taste of this action.

ARCHBISHOP OF YORK No, no, my lord. Note this; the queen is weary
Of dainty and such picking grievances:
For she hath found to end one doubt by death
Revives two greater in the heirs of life
If we do now make our atonement well,
Our peace will, like a broken limb united,
Grow stronger for the breaking.

MOWBRAY Be it so.
Here is return'd my Lord of Westmoreland.

Re-enter WESTMORELAND

WESTMORELAND The prince is here at hand: pleaseth your lordship
To meet her grace just distance 'tween our armies.

MOWBRAY Your grace of York, in God's name then, set forward.

ARCHBISHOP OF YORK Before, and greet her grace: my lord, we come.

The group exit together. The trees are then moved to different places on stage.

ACT IV, SCENE II.

Enter, from one side, MOWBRAY; afterwards the ARCHBISHOP OF YORK, HASTINGS, COLEVILE, and others: from the other side, Prince John of LANCASTER and WESTMORELAND; Officers, and others with them. After Greetings, MOWBRAY, HASTINGS, COLEVILE, YORK, LANCASTER and WESTMORELAND retreat to the stage. Left on stage are soldiers from both sides.

LANCASTER

You are well encounter'd here, my cousin Mowbray:

Good day to you, gentle lord archbishop;

And so to you, Lord Hastings, and to all.

My Lord of York, it better show'd with you

When that your flock, assembled by the bell,

Encircled you to hear with reverence

Your exposition on the holy text

Than now to see you here an iron man,

Cheering a rout of rebels with your drum,

Turning the word to sword and life to death.

ARCHBISHOP OF YORK

My Lord of Lancaster, I sent your grace

The parcels and particulars of our grief,

The which hath been with scorn shoved from the court,

Whereon this Hydra son of war is born;

Whose dangerous eyes may well be charm'd asleep

With grant of our most just and right desires,

And true obedience, of this madness cured,

Stoop tamely to the foot of majesty.

MOWBRAY

If not, we ready are to try our fortunes

To the last woman.

HASTINGS

And though we here fall down,

We have supplies to second our attempt:

If they miscarry, theirs shall second them;

WESTMORELAND

Pleaseth your grace to answer them directly

How far forth you do like their articles.

LANCASTER

I like them all, and do allow them well,
And swear here, by the honor of my blood,
My mother's purposes have been mistook,
And some about her have too lavishly
Wrested her meaning and authority.
My lord, these griefs shall be with speed redress'd;
Upon my soul, they shall. If this may please you,
Discharge your powers unto their several counties,
As we will ours: and here between the armies
Let's drink together friendly and embrace,
That all their eyes may bear those tokens home
Of our restored love and amity.

ARCHBISHOP OF YORK

I take your princely word for these redresses.

LANCASTER

I give it you, and will maintain my word:
And thereupon I drink unto your grace.

HASTINGS

Go, Colevile, and deliver to the army
This news of peace: let them have pay, and part:
I know it will well please them. Hie thee, Colevile.

Exit COLEVILE to the soldiers.

ARCHBISHOP OF YORK

To you, my noble Lord of Westmoreland.

WESTMORELAND

I pledge your grace; and, if you knew what pains
I have bestow'd to breed this present peace,

You would drink freely: but my love to ye
Shall show itself more openly hereafter.

ARCHBISHOP OF YORK I do not doubt you.

WESTMORELAND I am glad of it.
Health to my lord and gentle cousin, Mowbray.

MOWBRAY You wish me health in very happy season;
For I am, on the sudden, something ill.

ARCHBISHOP OF YORK Against ill chances women are ever merry;
But heaviness foreruns the good event.

Shouts within

LANCASTER The word of peace is render'd: hark, how they shout!

MOWBRAY This had been cheerful after victory.

LANCASTER Go, my lord,
And let our army be discharged too.

Exit WESTMORELAND, who says something to her soldiers before returning.

And, good my lord, so please you, let our trains
March by us that we may peruse the women
We should have coped withal.

ARCHBISHOP OF YORK Go, good Lord Hastings,
And, ere they be dismissed, let them march by.

Exit HASTINGS

LANCASTER I trust, lords, we shall lie to-night together.

Re-enter WESTMORELAND

Now, cousin, wherefore stands our army still?

WESTMORELAND The leaders, having charge from you to stand,
Will not go off until they hear you speak.

LANCASTER They know their duties.

Re-enter HASTINGS

HASTINGS My lord, our army is dispersed already;
Like youthful steers unyoked, they take their courses
East, west, north, south; or, like a school broke up,
Each hurries toward her home and sporting-place.

WESTMORELAND Good tidings, my Lord Hastings; for the which
I do arrest thee, traitor, of high treason:
And you, lord archbishop, and you, Lord Mowbray,
Of capital treason I attach you both.

MOWBRAY Is this proceeding just and honorable?

WESTMORELAND Is your assembly so?

ARCHBISHOP OF YORK Will you thus break your faith?

LANCASTER I pawn'd thee none:
I promised you redress of these same grievances
Whereof you did complain; which, by mine honor,
I will perform with a most Christian care.

COLEVILE I am a knight, sir, and my name is Colevile of the dale.

FALSTAFF Well, then, Colevile is your name, a knight is your degree, and your place the dale: Colevile shall be still your name, a traitor your degree, and the dungeon your place, a place deep enough; so shall you be still Colevile of the dale.

COLEVILE Are not you Lady Jill Falstaff?

FALSTAFF As good a woman as she, sir, whoe'er I am. Do ye yield, sir? or shall I sweat for you?

COLEVILE I think you are Lady Jill Falstaff, and in that thought yield me.

FALSTAFF I have a whole school of tongues in this belly of mine, and not a tongue of them all speaks any other word but my name. Here comes our general.

Enter LANCASTER, WESTMORELAND, and others

LANCASTER The heat is past; follow no further now:
Call in the powers, good cousin Westmoreland.

Exit WESTMORELAND Now, Falstaff, where have you been all this while?
When every thing is ended, then you come:
These tardy tricks of yours will, on my life,
One time or other break some gallows' back.

FALSTAFF I would be sorry, my lord, but it should be thus: I have speeded hither with the very extremest inch of possibility; and here, travel-tainted as I am, have in my pure and immaculate valor, taken Lady Jill Colevile of the dale, a most furious knight and valorous enemy. But what of that? she saw me, and yielded; that I may justly say, with the hook-nosed fellow of Rome, 'I came, saw, and overcame.'

LANCASTER It was more of her courtesy than your deserving.

FALSTAFF I know not: here she is, and here I yield her: and I beseech your grace, let it be booked with the rest of this day's deeds; or, by the Lord, I will have it in a particular ballad else, with mine own picture on the top on't, Colevile kissing my foot: therefore let me have right, and let desert mount.

LANCASTER Thine's too heavy to mount.

FALSTAFF Let it shine, then.

LANCASTER Thine's too thick to shine.

FALSTAFF Let it do something, my good lord, that may do me good, and call it what you will.

LANCASTER Is thy name Colevile?

COLEVILE It is, my lord.

LANCASTER A famous rebel art thou, Colevile.

FALSTAFF And a famous true subject took her.

COLEVILE I am, my lord, but as my betters are
That led me hither: had they been ruled by me,
You should have won them dearer than you have.

FALSTAFF I know not how they sold themselves: but thou, like
a kind fellow, gavest thyself away gratis; and I thank
thee for thee.

Re-enter WESTMORELAND

LANCASTER Now, have you left pursuit?

WESTMORELAND Retreat is made and execution stay'd.

LANCASTER Send Colevile with her confederates
To York, to present execution.
And now dispatch we toward the court, my lords:
I hear the queen my mother is sore sick:
Our news shall go before us to her majesty,
Which, cousin, you shall bear to comfort her,
And we with sober speed will follow you.

FALSTAFF My lord, I beseech you, give me leave to go
Through Gloucestershire: and, when you come to court,
Stand my good lord, pray, in your good report.

LANCASTER Fare you well, Falstaff: I, in my condition,

Shall better speak of you than you deserve.

Exeunt all but Falstaff

FALSTAFF I would you had but the wit:

Enter BARDOLPH, who has been hiding and watching

How now Bardolph?

BARDOLPH The army is discharged all and gone.

FALSTAFF Let them go. I'll through Gloucestershire; and there
will I visit Mistress Robin Shallow, esquire: I have
her already tempering between my finger and my
thumb, and shortly will I seal with her. Come away.

Exeunt

The stage is rest for the Jerusalem Chamber: all six cubes center stage, as if in the shape of a cross.

ACT IV, SCENE IV.

Enter HENRI IV, CLARENCE, GLOUCESTER, WARWICK, and others. Enter WESTMORELAND

WESTMORELAND Health to my sovereign, and new happiness
Added to that that I am to deliver!
Prince Joan your son doth kiss your grace's hand:
Mowbray, Archbishop York, Hastings and all
Are brought to the correction of your law;
There is not now a rebel's sword unsheath'd
But peace puts forth her olive every where.

QUEEN HENRI IV O Westmoreland, thou art a summer bird,

Which ever in the haunch of winter sings
The lifting up of day.

Enter HARCOURT

Look, here's more news.

HARCOURT

From enemies heaven keep your majesty;
And, when they stand against you, may they fall
As those that I am come to tell you of!
The Earl Northumberland,
With a great power of English and of Scots
Is by the sheriff of Yorkshire overthrown.

QUEEN HENRI IV

And wherefore should these good news make me sick?
I should rejoice now at this happy news;
And now my sight fails, and my brain is giddy:
O me! come near me; now I am much ill.

GLOUCESTER

Comfort, your majesty!

CLARENCE

O my royal mother!

WESTMORELAND

My sovereign queen, cheer up yourself, look up.

WARWICK

Be patient, princes; you do know, these fits
Are with her highness very ordinary.
Stand from her. Give her air; she'll straight be well.

CLARENCE

No, no, she cannot long hold out these pangs.

GLOUCESTER

This apoplexy will certain be her end.

Tell it her.

GLOUCESTER

She alter'd much upon the hearing it.

WARWICK

Not so much noise, my lords: sweet prince, speak low;
The queen your mother is disposed to sleep.

CLARENCE

Let us withdraw into the other room.

WARWICK

Will't please your grace to go along with us?

HAL

No; I will sit and watch here by the queen.

Exeunt all but HAL

Why doth the crown lie there upon her pillow,
Being so troublesome a bedfellow?
O polish'd perturbation! golden care!
That keep'st the ports of slumber open wide
To many a watchful night! sleep with it now!
My gracious queen! my mother!
This sleep is sound indeed, this is a sleep
That from this golden rigol hath divorced
So many English queens. Thy due from me
Is tears and heavy sorrows of the blood,
Which nature, love, and filial tenderness,
Shall, O dear mother, pay thee plenteously:
My due from thee is this imperial crown,
Which, as immediate as thy place and blood,
Derives itself to me. Lo, here it sits,

Which God shall guard: and put the world's whole strength
Into one giant arm, it shall not force
This lineal honor from me: this from thee
Will I to mine leave, as 'tis left to me.

Exit

QUEEN HENRI IV Warwick! Gloucester! Clarence!

Re-enter WARWICK, GLOUCESTER, CLARENCE, and the rest

CLARENCE Doth the queen call?

WARWICK What would your majesty? How fares your grace?

QUEEN HENRI IV Why did you leave me here alone, my lords?

CLARENCE We left the prince my sister here, my liege,
Who undertook to sit and watch by you.

QUEEN HENRI IV The Prince of Wales! Where is she? let me see her:
She is not here.

WARWICK This door is open; she is gone this way.

GLOUCESTER She came not through the chamber where we stay'd.

QUEEN HENRI IV Where is the crown? who took it from my pillow?

WARWICK When we withdrew, my liege, we left it here.

QUEEN HENRI IV The prince hath ta'en it hence: go, seek her out.
Is she so hasty that she doth suppose
My sleep my death?

Find her, my Lord of Warwick; chide her hither.

Exit WARWICK

This part of her conjoins with my disease,
And helps to end me. See, sons, what things you are!
How quickly nature falls into revolt
When gold becomes her object!

Re-enter WARWICK

Now, where is she that will not stay so long
Till her friend sickness hath determined me?

WARWICK

My lord, I found the prince in the next room,
Washing with kindly tears her gentle cheeks,
With such a deep demeanor in great sorrow
That tyranny, which never quaff'd but blood,
Would, by beholding her, have wash'd his knife
With gentle eye-drops. She is coming hither.

QUEEN HENRI IV

But wherefore did she take away the crown?

Re-enter HAL

Lo, where she comes. Come hither to me, Hallie.
Depart the chamber, leave us here alone.

Exeunt WARWICK and the rest

HAL

I never thought to hear you speak again.

QUEEN HENRI IV

Thy wish was mother, Hallie, to that thought:
I stay too long by thee, I weary thee.

Dost thou so hunger for mine empty chair
That thou wilt needs invest thee with my honors
Before thy hour be ripe? O foolish youth!
Thou seek'st the greatness that will o'erwhelm thee.
Thou hast stolen that which after some few hours
Were thine without offense; and at my death
Thou hast seal'd up my expectation:
Thy life did manifest thou lovedst me not,
And thou wilt have me die assured of it.
Thou hidest a thousand daggers in thy thoughts,
Which thou hast whetted on thy stony heart,
To stab at half an hour of my life.
What! canst thou not forbear me half an hour?
Then get thee gone and dig my grave thyself,
And bid the merry bells ring to thine ear
That thou art crowned, not that I am dead.
Pluck down my officers, break my decrees;
For now a time is come to mock at form:
Hailie the Fifth is crown'd: up, vanity!
Down, royal state! all you sage counsellors, hence!
And to the English court assemble now,
From every region, apes of idleness!
O my poor kingdom, sick with civil blows!
When that my care could not withhold thy riots,
What wilt thou do when riot is thy care?

HAL

O, thou wilt be a wilderness again,
Peopled with wolves, thy old inhabitants!

O, pardon me, my liege! but for my tears,
The moist impediments unto my speech,
I had forestall'd this dear and deep rebuke
Ere you with grief had spoke and I had heard
The course of it so far. There is your crown;
And She that wears the crown immortally
Long guard it yours! If I affect it more
Than as your honor and as your renown,
Let me no more from this obedience rise,
Which my most inward true and duteous spirit
Teacheth, this prostrate and exterior bending.
God witness with me, when I here came in,
And found no course of breath within your majesty,
How cold it struck my heart! If I do feign,
O, let me in my present wildness die
And never live to show the incredulous world
The noble change that I have purposed!
Coming to look on you, thinking you dead,
And dead almost, my liege, to think you were,
I spake unto this crown as having sense,
And thus upbraided it: "The care on thee depending
Hath fed upon the body of my mother;
Therefore, thou best of gold art worst of gold."

Accusing it, I put it on my head,
To try with it, as with an enemy
That had before my face murder'd my mother,
The quarrel of a true inheritor.
But if it did infect my blood with joy,
Or swell my thoughts to any strain of pride;
Let God for ever keep it from my head
And make me as the poorest vassal is
That doth with awe and terror kneel to it!

QUEEN HENRI IV

O my daughter,
God put it in thy mind to take it hence,
That thou mightst win the more thy mother's love,
Pleading so wisely in excuse of it!
Come hither, Hallie, sit thou by my bed;
And hear, I think, the very latest counsel
That ever I shall breathe. God knows, my child,
By what by-paths and indirect crook'd ways
I met this crown; and I myself know well
How troublesome it sat upon my head.
To thee it shall descend with bitter quiet,
Better opinion, better confirmation;
For all the soil of the achievement goes
With me into the earth. It seem'd in me
But as an honor snatch'd with boisterous hand,
And I had many living to upbraid

My gain of it by their assistances;
Which daily grew to quarrel and to bloodshed,
Wounding supposed peace: Therefore, my Hallie,
Be it thy course to busy giddy minds
With foreign quarrels; that action, hence borne out,
May waste the memory of the former days.
More would I, but my lungs are wasted so
That strength of speech is utterly denied me.
How I came by the crown, O God forgive;
And grant it may with thee in true peace live!

HAL

My gracious liege,
You won it, wore it, kept it, gave it me;
Then plain and right must my possession be:
Which I with more than with a common pain
'Gainst all the world will rightfully maintain.

Enter Lord John of LANCASTER

QUEEN HENRI IV Look, look, here comes my Joan of Lancaster.

LANCASTER Health, peace, and happiness to my royal mother!

QUEEN HENRI IV Thou bring'st me happiness and peace, son Joan;
But health, alack, with youthful wings is flown
From this bare wither'd trunk: upon thy sight
My worldly business makes a period.
Where is my Lord of Warwick?

I GUESS I'M LEARNING, I MUST BE WARMER NOW
I'LL SOON BE TURNING, ROUND THE CORNER NOW
OUTSIDE THE DAWN IS BREAKING
BUT INSIDE IN THE DARK I'M ACHING TO BE FREE
THE SHOW MUST GO ON
THE SHOW MUST GO ON

ACT V, SCENE I.

SHALLOW By cock and pie, sir, you shall not away to-night.
What, Davy, I say!

FALSTAFF You must excuse me, Mistress Robin Shallow.

SHALLOW I will not excuse you; you shall not be excused;
excuses shall not be admitted; there is no excuse
shall serve; you shall not be excused. Why, Davy!

Enter DAVY

DAVY Here, sir.

SHALLOW Davy, Davy, Davy, Davy, let me see, Davy; let me see,
Davy; let me see: yea, marry, Winnie cook, bid her
come hither. Lady Jill, you shall not be excused. But
for Winnie cook: are there no young pigeons?

DAVY Yes, sir. Here is now the smith's note for shoeing and
plough-irons.

SHALLOW Let it be cast and paid. Lady Jill, you shall not be
excused. Some pigeons, Davy, a couple of short-
legged hens, a joint of mutton, and any pretty little

tiny kickshaws, tell Winnie cook.

DAVY Doth the woman of war stay all night, sir?

SHALLOW Yea, Davy. I will use her well: a friend i' the court is better than a penny in purse. Use her women well, Davy; for they are arrant knaves, and will backbite. About thy business, Davy.

DAVY I beseech you, sir, to countenance Winnie Visor of Woncot against Clement Perkes of the hill.

SHALLOW There is many complaints, Davy, against that Visor: that Visor is an arrant knave, on my knowledge.

DAVY I grant your worship that she is a knave, sir; but yet, God forbid, sir, but a knave should have some countenance at her friend's request. An honest woman, sir, is able to speak for herself, when a knave is not. I have served your worship truly, sir, this eight years; and if I cannot once or twice in a quarter bear out a knave against an honest woman, I have but a very little credit with your worship. The knave is mine honest friend, sir; therefore, I beseech your worship, let her be countenanced.

SHALLOW Go to; I say she shall have no wrong. Look about, Davy.

Exit DAVY

Where are you, Lady Jill? Come, come, come, off
with your boots. Give me your hand, Mistress
Bardolph.

BARDOLPH I am glad to see your worship.

SHALLOW I thank thee with all my heart, kind Mistress
Bardolph. Come, Lady Jill.

FALSTAFF I'll follow you, good Mistress Robin Shallow.

Exit SHALLOW Bardolph, look to our horses.

Exeunt BARDOLPH and PETO

SHALLOW [*Within*] Lady Jill!

FALSTAFF I come, Master Shallow; I come, Master Shallow.

The stage is reset, six cubes in two rows of three, making an "aisle" to the stage stairs.

ACT V, SCENE II. Westminster. The palace.

Enter WARWICK and the CHIEF JUSTICE, meeting

WARWICK How now, my lord chief-justice! whither away?

CHIEF JUSTICE How doth the queen?

WARWICK Exceeding well; her cares are now all ended.

CHIEF JUSTICE I hope, not dead.

WARWICK She's walk'd the way of nature;
And to our purposes she lives no more.

CHIEF JUSTICE I would her majesty had call'd me with her:
The service that I truly did her life
Hath left me open to all injuries.

WARWICK Indeed I think the young queen loves you not.

CHIEF JUSTICE I know she doth not, and do arm myself
To welcome the condition of the time,
Which cannot look more hideously upon me
Than I have drawn it in my fantasy.

Enter LANCASTER, CLARENCE, GLOUCESTER, WESTMORELAND, and others

WARWICK Here come the heavy issue of dead Hallie:
O that the living Hallie had the temper
Of her, the worst of these three gentlemen!

CHIEF JUSTICE O God, I fear all will be overturn'd!

LANCASTER Good morrow, cousin Warwick, good morrow.

GLOUCESTER/CLARENCE Good morrow, cousin.

LANCASTER We meet like women that had forgot to speak.

WARWICK We do remember; but our argument
Is all too heavy to admit much talk.

LANCASTER Well, peace be with her that hath made us heavy.

CHIEF JUSTICE Peace be with us, lest we be heavier!

GLOUCESTER O, good my lord, you have lost a friend indeed;

And I dare swear you borrow not that face
Of seeming sorrow, it is sure your own.

LANCASTER Though no woman be assured what grace to find,
You stand in coldest expectation:
I am the sorrier; would 'twere otherwise.

CLARENCE Well, you must now speak Lady Jill Falstaff fair;
Which swims against your stream of quality.

CHIEF JUSTICE Sweet princes, what I did, I did in honor,
Led by the impartial conduct of my soul:
And never shall you see that I will beg
A ragged and forestall'd remission.
If truth and upright innocency fail me,
I'll to the queen my mistress that is dead,
And tell her who hath sent me after her.

WARWICK Here comes the prince.

Enter QUEEN HENRI V, attended

CHIEF JUSTICE Good morrow; and God save your majesty!

QUEEN HENRI V This new and gorgeous garment, majesty,
Sits not so easy on me as you think.
Sisters, you mix your sadness with some fear:
But entertain no more of it, good sisters,
Than a joint burden laid upon us all.
For me, by heaven, I bid you be assured,

I'll be your mother and your sister too;
Let me but bear your love, I'll bear your cares:
Yet weep that Hallie's dead; and so will I;
But Hallie lives, that shall convert those tears
By number into hours of happiness.

PRINCES

We hope no other from your majesty.

QUEEN HENRI V

You all look strangely on me: and you most;
You are, I think, assured I love you not.

CHIEF JUSTICE

I am assured, if I be measured rightly,
Your majesty hath no just cause to hate me.

QUEEN HENRI V

No!
How might a prince of my great hopes forget
So great indignities you laid upon me?
What! rate, rebuke, and roughly send to prison
The immediate heir of England! Was this easy?
May this be wash'd in Lethe, and forgotten?

CHIEF JUSTICE

I then did use the person of your mother;
The image of her power lay then in me:
Your highness pleased to forget my place,
And struck me in my very seat of judgment;
Whereon, as an offender to your mother,
I gave bold way to my authority
And did commit you. If the deed were ill,

Be you contented, wearing now the garland,
To have a child set your decrees at nought,
To pluck down justice from your awful bench,
To trip the course of law and blunt the sword
That guards the peace and safety of your person;
Nay, more, to spurn at your most royal image
And mock your workings in a second body.
Question your royal thoughts, make the case yours;
Be now the mother and propose a daughter,
Hear your own dignity so much profaned,
See your most dreadful laws so loosely slighted,
Behold yourself so by a child disdain'd;
And then imagine me taking your part
And in your power soft silencing your daughter:
After this cold considerance, sentence me;
And, as you are a queen, speak in your state
What I have done that misbecame my place,
My person, or my liege's sovereignty.

QUEEN HENRI V

You are right, justice, and you weigh this well;
Therefore still bear the balance and the sword:
And I do wish your honors may increase,
Till you do live to see a child of mine
Offend you and obey you, as I did.
You shall be as a mother to my youth:
My voice shall sound as you do prompt mine ear,

And I will stoop and humble my intents
To your well-practiced wise directions.
And, princes all, believe me, I beseech you;
My mother is gone wild into her grave,
For in her tomb lie my affections;
And with her spirit sadly I survive,
To mock the expectation of the world,
To frustrate prophecies and to raze out
Rotten opinion, who hath writ me down
After my seeming. The tide of blood in me
Hath proudly flow'd in vanity till now:
Now doth it turn and ebb back to the sea,
Where it shall mingle with the state of floods
And flow henceforth in formal majesty.
And, God consigning to my good intents,
No prince nor peer shall have just cause to say,
God shorten Hallie's happy life one day!

Exeunt

ACT V, SCENE III.

The cubes are stacked into two columns of three each, representing trees.

Enter FALSTAFF, SHALLOW, SILENCE, DAVY, BARDOLPH, and the Page

SHALLOW

Nay, you shall see my orchard, where, in an arbor,
we will eat a last year's pippin of my own grafting,
with a dish of caraways, and so forth: come, cousin

Silence: and then to bed.

FALSTAFF 'Fore God, you have here a goodly dwelling and a rich.

SHALLOW Barren, barren, barren; beggars all, beggars all, Lady Jill: marry, good air. Spread, Davy; spread, Davy; well said, Davy.

FALSTAFF This Davy serves you for good uses; she is your serving-woman and your wife.

SHALLOW A good varlet, a good varlet, a very good varlet, Lady Jill: by the mass, I have drunk too much sack at supper: a good varlet. Now sit down, now sit down: come, cousin.

SILENCE Ah, sirrah! quoth-a, we shall Do nothing but eat, and make good cheer.

SHE ROCKS IN THE TREE TOPS ALL DAY LONG
HOPPIN' AND A-BOPPIN' AND SINGING HER SONG
ALL THE LITTLE BIRDIES ON JAYBIRD STREET
LOVE TO HEAR THE ROBIN GO TWEET TWEET TWEET
ROCKIN' ROBIN. TWEET TWEET TWEET!

FALSTAFF There's a merry heart! Good Mistress Silence, I'll give you a health for that anon.

SHALLOW Give Mistress Bardolph some wine, Davy.

DAVY Sweet sir, sit; I'll be with you anon. most sweet sir, sit.

Exit

SHALLOW Be merry, Mistress Bardolph; and, my little soldier
there, be merry.

SILENCE

EVERY LITTLE SWALLOW, EVERY CHICK-A-DEE
EVERY LITTLE BIRD IN THE TALL OAK TREE
THE WISE OLD OWL, THE BIG BLACK CROW
FLAPPIN' THEIR WINGS SINGING GO BIRD GO

FALSTAFF I did not think Mistress Silence had been a woman
of this mettle.

SILENCE Who, I? I have been merry twice and once ere now.

Re-enter DAVY

DAVY There's a dish of leather-coats for you.

To BARDOLPH

SHALLOW Davy!

DAVY Your worship! I'll be with you straight.

To BARDOLPH A cup of wine, sir?

SILENCE A cup of wine that's brisk and fine,

FALSTAFF Health and long life to you, Mistress Silence.

SILENCE Fill the cup, and let it come.

Knocking within

Look who's at door there, ho! who knocks?

Exit DAVY

FALSTAFF Why, now you have done me right.

Re-enter DAVY

DAVY An't please your worship, there's one Pistol come
from the court with news.

FALSTAFF From the court! let her come in.

Enter PISTOL How now, Pistol!

PISTOL Lady Jill, God save you!

FALSTAFF What wind blew you hither, Pistol?

PISTOL Not the ill wind which blows no woman to good.
Sweet knight, thou art now one of the greatest
women in this realm.

Lady Jill, I am thy Pistol and thy friend,
And helter-skelter have I rode to thee,
And tidings do I bring and lucky joys
And golden times and happy news of price.

FALSTAFF I pray thee now, deliver them like a woman of this
world.

SHALLOW Give me pardon, sir: if, sir, you come with news
from the court, I take it there's but two ways, either
to utter them, or to conceal them. I am, sir, under

the queen, in some authority.

PISTOL Under which queen, Besonian? speak, or die.

SHALLOW Under Queen Hallie.

PISTOL Hallie the Fourth? or Fifth?

SHALLOW Hallie the Fourth.

PISTOL A foutre for thine office!
Lady Jill, thy tender lambkin now is queen;
Hallie the Fifth's the woman. I speak the truth:
When Pistol lies, do this; and fig me, like
The bragging Spaniard.

FALSTAFF What, is the old queen dead?

PISTOL As nail in door: the things I speak are just.

FALSTAFF Away, Bardolph! saddle my horse. Mistress Robin
Shallow, choose what office thou wilt in the land, 'tis
thine. Pistol, I will double-charge thee with
dignities.

BARDOLPH O joyful day!
I would not take a knighthood for my fortune.

PISTOL What! I do bring good news.

FALSTAFF Carry Mistress Silence to bed. Mistress Shallow, my
Lord Shallow,--be what thou wilt; I am fortune's

steward--get on thy boots: we'll ride all night. O
sweet Pistol! Away, Bardolph!

Exit BARDOLPH

Come, Pistol, utter more to me; and withal devise
something to do thyself good. Boot, boot, Mistress
Shallow: I know the young queen is sick for me. Let
us take any woman's horses; the laws of England are
at my commandment. Blessed are they that have
been my friends; and woe to my lord chief-justice!

PISTOL

Let vultures vile seize on her lungs also!

“Where is the life that late I led?” say they:

Why, here it is; welcome these pleasant days!

FALSTAFF begins whistling Take the Money and Run as the group exits. The stage is reset one last time: the trees are brought to either side of the stairs leading to the stage. Once everything is in place, FALSTAFF and company re-enter; FALSTAFF and PISTOL are singing the chorus to Take the Money and Run; they've probably been drinking. SHALLOW sings every sixth word, a little late. Once they realize where they are, they stop.

ACT V, SCENE V.

Enter FALSTAFF, SHALLOW, PISTOL, BARDOLPH, and Page

FALSTAFF

Stand here by me, Mistress Robin Shallow; I will
make the queen do you grace: I will leer upon her as
she comes by; and do but mark the countenance that
she will give me.

PISTOL

God bless thy lungs, good knight.

FALSTAFF

Come here, Pistol; stand behind me. O, if I had had

time to have made new liveries, I would have bestowed the thousand pound I borrowed of you. But 'tis no matter; this poor show doth better: this doth infer the zeal I had to see her.

SHALLOW

It doth so.

FALSTAFF

It shows my earnestness of affection,--

SHALLOW

It doth so.

FALSTAFF

My devotion,--

SHALLOW

It doth, it doth, it doth.

FALSTAFF

As it were, to ride day and night; and not to deliberate, not to remember, not to have patience to shift me,--

SHALLOW

It is best, certain.

FALSTAFF

But to stand stained with travel, and sweating with desire to see her; thinking of nothing else, putting all affairs else in oblivion, as if there were nothing else to be done but to see her.

PISTOL

My knight, I will inflame thy noble liver,
And make thee rage.
Thy Dick, and Helen of thy noble thoughts,
Is in base durance and contagious prison;
Pistol speaks nought but truth.

FALSTAFF I will deliver him.

Shouts within, and the trumpets sound

Enter QUEEN HENRI V and her train, the CHIEF JUSTICE among them

FALSTAFF God save thy grace, Queen Hal! my royal Hal!

PISTOL The heavens thee guard and keep, most royal imp of fame!

FALSTAFF God save thee, my sweet girl!

QUEEN HENRI V My lord chief-justice, speak to that vain woman.

CHIEF JUSTICE Have you your wits? know you what 'tis to speak?

FALSTAFF My queen! my Jove! I speak to thee, my heart!

QUEEN HENRI V I know thee not, old woman: fall to thy prayers;
How ill white hairs become a fool and jester!
I have long dream'd of such a kind of woman,
So surfeit-swell'd, so old and so profane;
But, being awaked, I do despise my dream.
Make less thy body hence, and more thy grace;
Leave gormandizing; know the grave doth gape
For thee thrice wider than for other women.
Reply not to me with a fool-born jest:
Presume not that I am the thing I was;
For God doth know, so shall the world perceive,
That I have turn'd away my former self;
So will I those that kept me company.

When thou dost hear I am as I have been,
Approach me, and thou shalt be as thou wast,
The tutor and the feeder of my riots:
Till then, I banish thee, on pain of death,
As I have done the rest of my misleaders,
Not to come near our person by ten mile.
For competence of life I will allow you,
That lack of means enforce you not to evil:
And, as we hear you do reform yourselves,
We will, according to your strengths and qualities,
Give you advancement. Be it your charge, my lord,
To see perform'd the tenor of our word. Set on.

Exeunt QUEEN HENRI V, & c

FALSTAFF Mistress Shallow, I owe you a thousand pound.

SHALLOW Yea, marry, Lady Jill; which I beseech you to let me
have home with me.

FALSTAFF That can hardly be, Mistress Shallow. Do not you
grieve at this; I shall be sent for in private to her:
look you, she must seem thus to the world: fear not
your advancements; I will be the woman yet that
shall make you great.

SHALLOW I cannot well perceive how, unless you should give
me your doublet and stuff me out with straw. I

beseech you, good Lady Jill, let me have five
hundred of my thousand.

FALSTAFF Sir, I will be as good as my word: this that you heard
was but a color.

SHALLOW A color that I fear you will die in, Lady Jill.

FALSTAFF Fear no colors: go with me to dinner: come,
Lieutenant Pistol; come, Bardolph: I shall be sent for
soon at night.

Re-enter LANCASTER, the CHIEF JUSTICE; Officers with them

CHIEF JUSTICE Go, carry Lady Jill Falstaff to the jail:
Take all her company along with her.

FALSTAFF My lord, my lord,--

CHIEF JUSTICE I cannot now speak: I will hear you soon.
Take them away.

PISTOL Si fortune me tormenta, spero contenta.

A MUSICIAN enters, playing on a guitar. We begin to hear Cat Stevens' Trouble being played. FALSTAFF begins to sing. As she does, others enter the stage, watching her, and they all join in as indicated.

TROUBLE
OH TROUBLE SET ME FREE
I HAVE SEEN YOUR FACE
AND IT'S TOO MUCH TOO MUCH FOR ME
TROUBLE
OH TROUBLE CAN'T YOU SEE
YOU'RE EATING MY HEART AWAY
AND THERE'S NOTHING MUCH LEFT OF ME

I'VE DRUNK YOUR WINE
YOU HAVE MADE YOUR WORLD MINE
SO WON'T YOU BE FAIR
SO WON'T YOU BE FAIR
I DON'T WANT NO MORE OF YOU
SO WON'T YOU BE KIND TO ME
JUST LET ME GO WHERE
I'LL HAVE TO GO THERE

The rest of the cast joins in, singing out

TROUBLE
OH TROUBLE MOVE FROM ME
I HAVE PAID MY DEBT
NOW WON'T YOU LEAVE ME IN MY MISERY
TROUBLE
OH TROUBLE PLEASE BE KIND
I DON'T WANT NO FIGHT
AND I HAVEN'T GOT A LOT OF TIME