

# THE HENRIAD

## Episode Two

# King Henry the Fourth

by

William Shakespeare

Directed

by

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## *Dramatis Personae*

JEFF DE LEON (309) 737-7724 jeffcdeleon@gmail.com	IS	Prince Henry of Monmouth, eldest son to King Henry (called Hal & Harry)
CHRIS MOORE 563-571-4036 c.chris.moore@gmail.com	IS	Sergeant Fang, an officer of the law An Anonymous Newsmonger Nim, a follower of Falstaff Archibald, the Earl of Douglas Ralph Mouldy, a country recruit
LINNEA RIDOLFI (309) 912-0999 (309) 794-0185 ritinydancer@aol.com	IS	Meg Poins, a companion to Hal Kate, Lady Percy, wife to Hotspur Francis Feeble, a country recruit
JILL SULLIVAN-BENNIN (309) 736-1571 (309)912-3843 bennivan@earthlink.net	IS	Prince John of Lancaster, Duke of Bedford, middle son to King Henry Thomas Percy, Earl of Worcester, younger brother to Northumberland
MATT GERARD (563)373-1690 papasmurf8934@aol.com	IS	Prince Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester, youngest son to King Henry Robin, Falstaff's page
JEREMY MAHR (309) 797-3514 flattoptony@gmail.com	IS	Edmund Mortimer, Earl of March, true heir to the crown, brother to Kate King Henry the Fourth, formerly known as Bullingbrook An Anonymous Traveler Peter Bullcalf, a country recruit An Anonymous Soldier
BRYAN WOODS (309) 792-8397	IS	Ralph, Earl of Westmorland Owen Glendower, self-proclaimed Prince of Wales Pistol, a follower of Falstaff
BETH WOOLLEY (309)236-2731 bethwoolley@gmail.com	IS	An Anonymous Newsmonger An Anonymous Traveler Doll Tearsheet, a whore Justice Silence, a country justice An Anonymous Messenger
MAGGIE WOOLLEY (309) 788-7857 batmags@hotmail.com	IS	An Anonymous Newsmonger Bardolph, a follower of Falstaff Lady Mortimer, daughter to Glendower, wife to Mortimer
STEPHANIE BURROUGH (309) 235-0764 stephaniesburrough@gmail.com	IS	Sir Walter Blunt An Anonymous Traveler An Anonymous Servant Mistress Nell Quickly, widowed owner of the Boarshead Tavern, Eastcheap Justice Shallow, a country justice
AARON E. SULLIVAN (309) 736-1571 production@prenzieplayers.com	IS	Sir William Gascoigne, Lord Chief Justice Sir Henry Percy, Earl of Northumberland, father to Hotspur An Anonymous Traveler Simon Shadow, a country recruit
J.C. LUXTON (319) 339-0861 (563) 355-0775 edmundscott@earthlink.net	IS	Sir Henry Percy, son to Northumberland, husband to Kate, called Hotspur Davy, servant to Justice Shallow An Anonymous Soldier

*And Introducing*  
BRIAN NELSON  
AS  
Sir John Falstaff

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**Prenzie Players' Sense and Sensibilities regarding the  
Performance of Poetic Theater**

- I. Meticulous attention to language is imperative in that
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  - A. Language is the genesis of all decisions regarding character, pacing and intensity (see John Barton's Playing Shakespeare).
  - B. Decisions regarding cutting and performing the script are based on our players, our playing space, and our Time, with regard to our perception of the author's intent.
- II. Realism is essential only in that -
  - A. Emotions, intent and blocking derive from the inner landscape of the characters, not from theatrical necessity.
  - B. The sensory perceptions of players on-stage are identical to the sensory perceptions of their characters; and the sensory perceptions of characters on-stage are identical to the sensory perceptions of their players (this can also be extended to those offstage).
  - C. Actions may happen, and lines may be spoken, simultaneously - just as in real life.
- III. Players may play multiple roles, so that -
  - A. We maintain an ensemble atmosphere.
  - B. Our players are engaged throughout a performance.
  - C. We further the artistic vision of the play.
- IV. The sets, costumes, and playing space should be designed with the understanding that -
  - A. Design choices are made to reveal character, or advance the narrative; they should in no way pull focus from characters or narrative.
  - B. Everything perceptible to the audience is part of the show.
  - C. The role of the audience, and the players' relationship to the audience, is permeable and malleable.
  - D. There need not be a fourth wall.
- V. The needs of comedy may suborn any of these rules.

scn	ps	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	Int1	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	Int2	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	
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x=lines

S=silent

D=dead, corpse on stage

## Preshow

### 7:25 PM

*Preset—the throne of England. Elsewhere, a prison cell, in which stands, sullen and insulted, HAL. Elsewhere again, off the main playing space, among or behind the audience, a bed, vacant and unmade, beside it a nightstand with a CD player.*

### 7:30 PM

*Doors open. As the audience enters, HAL notices but doesn't interact with them, unless someone laughs or whispers, whereupon he turns to glare at them.*

### 7:40 PM

*Enter FANG and POINS to the cell. FANG bows to HAL.*

FANG *[to POINS]*: Well, madam, there he is. What's to be done?

The Lord Chief Justice clapped him there himself  
For th' box of th' ear this prince delivered him—  
And in his own court too! I saw't, a sight  
I never thought the like a man should see:  
Justice himself about the mazard knocked  
By the same prince whose law he'dministered,  
O'erthrow'n, grayhairs and all, and in the court!  
*[to HAL]* Not that your grace lacked reason, for I heard  
How he rebuked you, ere you in return  
Rebuked the wig straight off his pate and him  
Clean off his feet! Alack, what's to be done?

*Without looking at FANG, POINS holds up money. FANG takes it.*

Well, in his father's face I must obey—

*FANG opens the prison and starts to exit, but turns back with a grin to hold up the money.*

For I shall loyal be to th' head of state.

*FANG exits, laughing to himself. FANG becomes REPORTER THREE. HAL steps out of the prison.*

POINS: Good morrow, sweet Hal.

HAL: Good morrow, Meg.

*HAL kisses POINS. POINS leads HAL to the empty bed. HAL turns on the CD player and music plays, not making-out music but something cold and cerebral, perhaps Baroque, perhaps late twentieth century like Boulez—it is, in fact, the soundtrack of HENRY's mind, not HAL's. POINS seems puzzled by the selection, but says nothing. HAL and POINS sit upon the bed and kiss. Immediately enter, to the central playing space, HUMPHREY and JOHN, one of them pushing HENRY in a wheelchair, horribly weak and ill, dressed only in a hospital gown, the other with a portable clothes rack, upon which hangs a tuxedo. On the bed, HAL and POINS kiss, undress and embrace. In the central space, HUMPHREY and JOHN help HENRY from the wheelchair. HENRY stands unsteadily and with difficulty. HUMPHREY and JOHN pull the hospital gown off HENRY and, with some difficulty, given HENRY's weakness, proceed to help him into the tuxedo.*

**7:55 PM**

*JOHN silences the music and exits. By now, HENRY wears the tuxedo, and HAL and POINS sleep, the blanket over their heads. HUMPRHEY helps HENRY to stand. Enter JOHN with the crown. HENRY crowns himself as HUMPHREY exits with the wheelchair.*

JOHN: The still-discordant wav'ring multitude  
Westmorland holds like hounds straining their leashes,  
For smiling pickthanks and base newsmongers  
Claim Rumor holds thee, Father, too sore sick  
In such a justling and uncertain time  
To rightfully command thy subjects' hearts.

*[Enter HUMPHREY with the orb and the scepter.]*

HUMPRHEY: O Father, speak as thou were wont to do  
That manly fortitude and kingly pride  
May muzzle fears, may tie up Rumor's tongues,  
May ever quell all hint of civil broil.

*[HENRY takes up the orb and the scepter.]*

HENRY: So shaken as we are, so wan with care,  
Find we a time for frightened peace to pant,  
And breathe short-winded accents of new broils  
To be commenced in strands afar remote.

*HUMPRHEY and JOHN, flanking and supporting HENRY, help him to the throne, where he sits with HUMPHREY and JOHN standing beside him.*

Scene 1. [83 lines /5:11]

*[Enter WESTMORLAND, leading REPORTER ONE, REPORTER TWO and REPORTER THREE, all carrying cameras.]*

WESTMORLAND *[to the audience]*: All rise before his Majesty, the King.

*[The audience stands. HENRY stands. REPORTER ONE, REPORTER TWO and REPORTER THREE mill about, cameras flashing.]*

HENRY: No more the thirsty entrance of this soil  
Shall daub her lips with her own children's blood;  
No more shall trenching war channel her fields,  
Nor bruise her flow'rets with the armèd hoofs  
Of hostile paces. Those opposèd eyes  
Which, like the meteors of a troubled heaven,  
All of one nature, of one substance bred,  
Did lately meet in the intestine shock  
And furious close of civil butchery,  
Shall now in mutual well-beseeming ranks  
March all one way, and be no more opposed  
Against acquaintance, kindred and allies.  
The edge of war, like an ill-sheathèd knife,  
No more shall cut his master. Therefore, friends,  
As far as to the sepulchre of Christ—  
Whose soldier now, under whose blessèd cross  
We are impressèd and engaged to fight—  
Forthwith a power of English shall we levy,  
Whose arms were moulded in their mothers' womb  
To chase these pagans in those holy fields  
Over whose acres walked those blessèd feet  
Which fourteen hundred years ago were nailed  
For our advantage on the bitter cross.

*[WESTMORLAND and HUMPHREY begin to usher out REPORTER ONE, REPORTER TWO and REPORTER THREE.]*

WESTMORLAND *[to the audience]*: Applaud the King. Applaud the King. Applaud.

*[The audience applauds as HUMPHREY exits, leading REPORTER ONE, REPORTER TWO and REPORTER THREE from the space. HUMPHREY becomes ROBIN. HENRY motions for the audience to sit, then sits heavily down upon his throne. WESTMORLAND shuts the door.]*

HENRY: But this our purpose now is twelve month old,  
And bootless 'tis to tell you we will go.  
What news, my gentle cousin Westmorland?

WESTMORLAND: My liege, a post from Wales brings heavy news,  
Whose worst is that the noble Mortimer,  
Leading the men of Herefordshire to fight  
Against the irregular and wild Glendower,  
Was by the rude hands of that Welshman taken,  
A thousand of his people butcherèd—  
Upon whose dead corpse there was such misuse,  
Such beastly shameless transformation  
By those Welshwomen done as may not be  
Without much shame retold or spoken of.

HENRY: It seems then that the tidings of this broil  
Brake off our business for the Holy Land.

WESTMORLAND: And more unwelcome news comes from the north:

On Holy Rood day the gallant Hotspur there,  
Young Harry Percy, and the Earl of Douglas,  
Brave Archibald, that ever-valiant Scot,  
At Holmedon met to spend a bloody hour;  
And he that brought this news took to his horse  
Uncertain of the issue any way.

*[The outside doors open on a flurry of flashbulbs and hubbub of voices.]*

REPORTER ONE: Sir Walter, any comment on the situation—	REPORTER TWO: Sir Walter, has the Douglas offered terms—	REPORTER THREE: Sir Walter, is it true that Harry Percy—
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*[Enter BLUNT with a letter through the doors, which he hurriedly shuts behind him.*

*REPORTER ONE becomes TRAVELER THREE. REPORTER TWO becomes  
BARDOLPH. REPORTER THREE becomes FANG.]*

HENRY: Here is a dear, a true industrious friend,  
Sir Walter Blunt, new lighted from his horse.

*[BLUNT gives HENRY the letter.]*

BLUNT: The Earl of Douglas is discomfited;  
Ten thousand bold Scots, two and twenty knights,  
Balked in their own blood did I behold  
On Holmedon's plains. Of prisoners, Hotspur took  
Mordake, Earl of Fife, the eldest son  
To beaten Douglas, and the Earl of Athol.

HENRY: And is not this an honourable spoil?  
A gallant prize? Ha, cousin, is it not?

WESTMORLAND: In faith, a conquest for a prince to boast of.

HENRY: Yea, there thou mak'st me sad, and mak'st me sin  
In envy that my Lord Northumberland  
Should be the father to so blest a son—  
A son who is the theme of honour's tongue,  
Whilst I, by looking on the praise of him,  
See riot and dishonour stain the brow  
Of my young Harry. O that it could be proved  
That some night-tripping fairy had exchanged  
In cradle-clothes our children where they lay,  
And called mine Percy, his Plantagenet!  
Then would I have his Harry, and he mine.  
But let him from my thoughts.

*[HENRY hands the letter to WESTMORLAND.]*

What think you, coz,

Of this young Percy's pride? The prisoners  
To his own use he keeps, and sends me word  
I shall have none but Mordake, Earl of Fife.

WESTMORLAND: This is his uncle's teaching, this is Worcester,  
Malevolent to you in all aspects.

HENRY: But I will send for him to answer this;  
And for this cause awhile we must neglect  
Our holy purpose to Jerusalem.  
Cousin, on Wednesday next our council we  
Will hold at Windsor; so inform the lords.

WESTMORLAND: I will, my liege.

[*Exeunt HENRY, JOHN, BLUNT and WESTMORLAND. JOHN becomes WORCESTER.*]

Scene 2. [154 lines/9:38]

[*An offstage flush. Enter FALSTAFF, followed by ROBIN bearing his sword and buckler.*]

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

ROBIN: He said, sir, the water itself was a good healthy water; but, for the party that owed it, he might have more diseases than he knew for.

FALSTAFF: I am not only witty in myself, but the cause that wit is in other men. I do here walk before thee like a sow that hath overwhelmed all her litter but one. If the Prince put thee into my service for any other reason than to set me off, why then I have no judgment.

[*Enter the JUSTICE, with an enormous bandage on his head, and FANG.*]

ROBIN: Sir, here comes the nobleman that committed the Prince for striking him about Bardolph.

FALSTAFF: Wait close, I will not see him.

JUSTICE: What's he that goes there?

FANG: Falstaff, an't please your lordship.

JUSTICE: Call him back again.

FANG: Sir John Falstaff!

FALSTAFF: Boy, tell him I am deaf.

ROBIN: You must speak louder; my master is deaf.

JUSTICE: I am sure he is, to the hearing of any thing good. [*to FANG*] Go, pluck him by the elbow; I must speak with him.

FANG [*plucking FALSTAFF's sleeve*]: Sir John!

FALSTAFF: What, a young knave and begging! Is there not employment?

FANG: You mistake me, sir.

FALSTAFF: Why, sir, did I say you were an honest man?

FANG: Sir, my lord would speak with you.

JUSTICE: Sir John Falstaff, a word with you.

FALSTAFF: My good lord! God give your lordship good time of day. I am glad to see your lordship abroad. I heard 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 ague in you, some relish of the saltness of time; and I must humbly beseech your lordship to have a reverent care of your health.

JUSTICE: Sir John, I sent for you—

FALSTAFF: And I hear, moreover, his majesty is fallen into this same whoreson apoplexy.

JUSTICE: I talk not of his majesty. You would not come when I sent for 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.

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.

JUSTICE: Well, God mend him! I pray you, let me speak with you.

FALSTAFF: I have read the cause of his effects in Galen, it is a kind of deafness.

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.

JUSTICE: Well, the truth is, Sir John, you live in great infamy.

FALSTAFF: He that buckles him in my belt cannot live in less.

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

FALSTAFF: I would it were otherwise, I would my means were great and my waist slender.

JUSTICE: You have misled the youthful Prince.

FALSTAFF: The young Prince hath misled me.

JUSTICE: You follow the young Prince up and down like his ill angel.

FALSTAFF: You that are old consider not the capacities of us that are young. You do measure the heat of our livers with the bitterness of your galls; and we that are in the vaward of our youth, I must confess, are wags too.

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 white beard, 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, Sir John!

FALSTAFF: My lord, I was born about eight of the clock in the evening, with a white head and something a round belly. For my voice, I have lost it with halloing and singing of anthems. To approve my youth further, I will not. For the box of the ear that the Prince gave you, he gave it like a rude prince, and you took it like a sensible lord. I have chequed him for it, and the young lion repents—*[aside]* marry, not in sackcloth, but in sack.

JUSTICE: Well, God send the Prince a better companion!

FALSTAFF: God send the companion a better Prince! I cannot rid my hands of him.

JUSTICE: Well, be honest, be honest.

FALSTAFF: Will your lordship lend me a thousand pound?

JUSTICE: Not a penny, not a penny.

*[Exeunt JUSTICE and FANG. JUSTICE becomes NORTHUMBERLAND. FANG becomes NIM.]*

FALSTAFF: Boy!

ROBIN: Sir?

FALSTAFF: What money is in my purse?

*[ROBIN pulls up a fold of FALSTAFF's doublet to investigate his purse.]*

ROBIN: 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 find Bardolf; you know where to find me.

*[Exit ROBIN. ROBIN becomes HUMPHREY. FALSTAFF spies the bed where HAL and POINS sleep under a sheet or blanket, HAL partly visible, POINS completely obscured, head to toe. FALSTAFF approaches the bed, as though entering an interior space from the street, and turns on a light. POINS, still concealed under the blanket, stirs, and FALSTAFF gestures to her.]*

FALSTAFF: Now, Hal, is not my hostess of the tavern a most sweet wench?

*[HAL awakes.]*

HAL: Why, what a pox have I to do with my hostess of the tavern?

FALSTAFF: Well, thou hast called her to a reckoning many a time and oft.

HAL: Did I ever call for thee to pay thy part?

FALSTAFF: No, I'll give thee thy due, thou hast paid all there.

HAL: Yea, and elsewhere, so far as my coin would stretch, and where it would not, I have used my credit.

FALSTAFF: Yea, and so used it that were it not here apparent that thou art heir apparent—but, Hal, I prithee, trouble me no more with vanity. I would to God thou and I knew where a commodity of good names were to be bought. *[imitating a preacher]* An

old lord chief justice rated me today in the street about you, sir, but I marked him not; and yet he talked very wisely, but I regarded him not; and yet he talked wisely, and in the street too.

HAL: Thou didst well, for wisdom cries out in the streets and no man regards it.

FALSTAFF: O thou hast damnable iteration and art indeed able to corrupt a saint. Thou hast done much harm upon me, Hal, God forgive thee for it. Before I knew thee, Hal, I knew nothing; and now am I, if a man should speak truly, little better than one of the wicked. I must give over this life, and I will give it over. By the Lord, an I do not, I am a villain. I'll be damned for never a king's son in Christendom.

HAL: Where shall we take a purse tomorrow, Jack?

FALSTAFF: 'Zounds, where thou wilt, lad; I'll make one!

HAL: I see a good amendment of life in thee—from praying to purse-taking.

FALSTAFF: Why, Hal, 'tis my vocation, Hal, 'tis no sin for a man to labour in his vocation. And I prithee, sweet wag, when thou art king, as, God save thy grace—majesty I should say, for grace thou wilt have none—

HAL: What, none?

FALSTAFF: No, by my troth, not so much as will serve to be prologue to an egg and butter.

HAL: Well, how then? Come, roundly, roundly.

FALSTAFF: Marry, then, sweet wag, when thou art king shall there be gallows standing in England? Do not thou, when thou art king, hang a thief.

HAL: No, thou shalt.

FALSTAFF: Shall I? O rare! By the Lord, I'll be a brave judge.

HAL: Thou judgest false already. I mean thou shalt have the hanging of the thieves, and so become a rare hangman.

FALSTAFF: Well, Hal, well; and in some sort it jumps with my humour as well as waiting in the court, I can tell you.

*[POINS sits up.]*

Poins! *[with a glance upon the southward of POINS]* O if man were to be saved by merit, what hole in hell were hot enough for him? This is the most omnipotent villainess that ever cried "Stand" to a true man.

POINS: *[imitating FALSTAFF's imitation of a preacher]* What says Monsieur Remorse? What says Sir John, Sack-and-Sugar Jack?

FALSTAFF: 'Sblood, I am as melancholy as a gib cat or a lugged bear.

HAL: Or an old lion, or a lover's lute.

FALSTAFF: Yea, or the drone of a Lincolnshire bagpipe.

POINS: But, my lads—!  
my lads—!

POINS: —tomorrow morning by four o'clock early at Gad's Hill there are pilgrims going to Canterbury with rich offerings, and traders riding to London with fat purses. I have vizards for you all; you have horses for yourselves. I have bespoke supper tomorrow night in Eastcheap. We may do it as secure as sleep.

FALSTAFF: Hal, wilt thou make one?

HAL: Who, I rob? I a thief? Not I, by my faith.

FALSTAFF: There's neither honesty, manhood, nor good fellowship in thee.

HAL: Well then, once in my days I'll be a madcap.

FALSTAFF: Why, that's well said.

HAL: Well, come what will, I'll tarry at home.

FALSTAFF: By the Lord, I'll be a traitor then, when thou art king.

HAL: I care not.

POINS: Sir John, I prithee, leave the prince and me alone. I will lay him down such reasons for this adventure that he shall go.

FALSTAFF: Well, God give thee the spirit of persuasion and him the ears of profiting, that what thou speakest may move and what he hears may be believed, that the true prince may, for recreation sake, prove a false thief. Farewell. You shall find me in Eastcheap.

HAL: Farewell, thou latter spring; farewell, All-hallow'n summer!

*[Exit FALSTAFF. POINS embraces and kisses HAL.]*

POINS: Now, my good sweet honey lord, ride with us tomorrow.

*[HAL starts to pull away, but POINS holds him.]*

I have a jest to execute that I cannot manage alone. Falstaff, Robin, Bardolph, and NIM shall rob those men that we have already waylaid; yourself and I will not be there; and when they have the booty, if you and I do not rob them, cut this head off from my shoulders.

HAL: How shall we part with them in setting forth?

POINS: Why, we will set forth before or after them, and appoint them a place of meeting, wherein it is at our pleasure to fail; and then will they adventure upon the exploit themselves, which they shall have no sooner achieved but we'll set upon them.

*[POINS gets up. POINS and HAL start to dress.]*

HAL: Yea, but 'tis like that they will know us by our horses, by our habits and by every other appointment, to be ourselves.

POINS: Tut, our horses they shall not see—I'll tie them in the wood; our vizards we will change after we leave them; and, sirrah, I have cases of buckram for the nonce, to immask our noted outward garments.

HAL: Yea, but I doubt they will be too hard for us.

POINS: Well, for two of them, I know them to be as true-bred cowards as ever turned back; and for the third, if he fight longer than he sees reason, I'll forswear arms. The virtue of this jest will be the incomprehensible lies that this same fat rogue will tell us when we meet at supper—how thirty, at least, he fought with; what wards, what blows, what extremities he endured; and in the reproof of this lies the jest.

HAL: Well, I'll go with thee. Provide us all things necessary, and meet me tomorrow night in Eastcheap. There I'll sup. Farewell.

*[POINS kisses HAL.]*

POINS: Farewell, my lord.

*[Exit POINS and HAL, separately.]*

### Scene 3. [193 lines /12:04]

*[Enter, mid-argument, HENRY, HUMPHREY, WESTMORLAND, BLUNT, NORTHUMBERLAND, HOTSPUR and WORCESTER.]*

HENRY: My blood hath been too cold and temperate,  
Unapt to stir at these indignities,  
And you have found me, for accordingly

HENRY: You tread upon my patience.	WORCESTER: Our house, my sovereign liege, little deserves
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WORCESTER: The scourge of greatness to be used on it—  
And that same greatness too which our own hands  
Have help to make so portly.

*[A beat.]*

NORTHUMBERLAND: My lord—	HENRY: Worcester, get thee gone, for I do see
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HENRY: Danger and disobedience in thine eye;  
And majesty might never yet endure  
The moody frontier of a servant brow.

You have good leave to leave us. When we need  
Your use and counsel, we shall send for you.

*[WORCESTER curtly bows and exits. HENRY sits carefully down upon his throne.]*  
*[to NORTHUMBERLAND]* You were about to speak.

NORTHUMBERLAND:

Yea, my good lord.

Those prisoners in your highness' name demanded,  
Which Harry Percy here at Holmedon took,  
Were, as he says, not with such strength denied  
As is delivered to your majesty.  
Either envy, therefore, or misprison  
Is guilty of this fault, and not my son.

HENRY: Why, yet he doth deny his prisoners,  
But with proviso and exception  
That we at our own charge shall ransom straight  
His brother-in-law, the foolish Mortimer,  
Who, on my soul, hath wilfully betrayed  
The lives of those that he did lead to fight  
Against that great magician, damned Glendower,  
Whose daughter, as we hear, that Earl of March  
Hath lately married.

*[WESTMORLAND, BLUNT, NORTHUMBERLAND and HOTSPUR react to this news.]*

Shall our coffers then  
Be emptied to redeem a traitor home?  
No, on the barren mountains let him starve;  
For I shall never hold that man my friend  
Whose tongue shall ask me for one penny cost  
To ransom home revolted Mortimer.

HOTSPUR: Revolted Mortimer!

He never did fall off, my sovereign liege,  
But by the chance of war. To prove that true  
Needs no more but one tongue for all those wounds,  
Those mouthèd wounds, which valiantly he took  
When on the gentle Severn's sedgy bank,  
In single opposition, hand to hand,  
He did confound the best part of an hour  
In changing hardiment with great Glendower.  
Three times they breathed, and three times did they drink,  
Upon agreement, of swift Severn's flood,  
Who then, affrighted with their bloody looks,  
Ran fearfully among the trembling reeds  
And hid his crisp head in the hollow bank,  
Bloodstainèd with these valiant còmbatants.  
Never did base and rotten policy  
Colour her working with such deadly wounds,  
Nor could the noble Mortimer  
Receive so many—and all willingly?  
Then let not him be slandered with revolt.

HENRY: Thou dost belie him, Percy, thou dost belie him;  
He never did encounter with Glendower.  
I tell thee,  
He durst as well have met the dev'l alone  
As Owen Glèndow'r for an enemy.

Art thou not ashamed? But, sirrah, henceforth  
Let me not hear you speak of Mortimer.  
Send me your prisoners with the speediest means,  
Or you shall hear in such a kind from me  
As will displease you. My Lord Northumberland,  
We licence your departure with your son.  
Send us your prisoners, or you will hear of it.

*[Exeunt HENRY, HUMPHREY, WESTMORLAND and BLUNT. HENRY becomes TRAVELER ONE. HUMPHREY becomes ROBIN. BLUNT becomes TRAVELER TWO. WESTMORLAND becomes GLENDOWER.]*

HOTSPUR: An if the devil come and roar for them,  
I will not send them. I will after straight  
And tell him so, for I will ease my heart.

*[NORTHUMBERLAND prevents HOTSPUR's exit.]*

NORTHUMBERLAND: What, drunk with choler? Stay, and pause awhile.  
Here comes your uncle.

*[Enter WORCESTER. HOTSPUR breaks free.]*

HOTSPUR: Speak of Mortimer?  
Zounds, I will speak of him; and let my soul  
Want mercy if I do not join with him.  
Yea, on his part I'll empty all these veins  
And shed my dear blood drop by drop in the dust  
But I will lift the downtrod Mortimer  
As high in the air as this unthankful king,  
As this ingrate and cankered Bullingbrook.

NORTHUMBERLAND: Brother, the King hath made your nephew mad.

WORCESTER: Who struck this heat up after I was gone?

HOTSPUR: He will forsooth have all my prisoners;  
And when I urged the ransom once again  
Of my wife's brother, then his cheek looked pale,  
And at the name of Mortimer he shook.

WORCESTER: I cannot blame him. Was not he proclaimed  
By Richard that dead is the next of blood?

NORTHUMBERLAND: He was; I heard the proclamation.  
And then it was when the unhappy king—  
Whose wrongs in us God pardon!—did set forth  
Upon his Irish expedition;  
From whence he intercepted did return  
To be deposed and shortly murderèd.

WORCESTER: And for whose death we in the world's wide mouth  
Live scandalized and foully spoken of.

HOTSPUR: But soft, I pray you, did King Richard then  
Proclaim my brother Edmund Mortimer  
Heir to the crown?

NORTHUMBERLAND: He did; myself did hear it.

HOTSPUR: Nay, then I cannot blame his cousin king,  
That wished him on the barren mountains starve.

WORCESTER: And now I will unclasp a secret book,  
And read you matter deep and dangerous,  
As full of peril and adventurous spirit  
As to o'er-walk a current roaring loud  
On the unsteadfast footing of a spear.

HOTSPUR: If he fall in, good night, or sink or swim!

*[HOTSPUR enters the audience.]*

Send danger from the east unto the west,  
So honour cross it from the north to south,

HOTSPUR: And let them grapple. O the blood more stirs	WORCESTER: Peace, cousin, say no more.
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HOTSPUR: To rouse a lion than to start a hare!

By heaven, methinks it were an easy leap

To pluck bright honour from the pale-faced moon,

HOTSPUR: Or dive into the bottom of the deep, Where fathom-line could never touch the ground,	NORTHUMBERLAND: Imagination of some great exploit Drives him beyond the bounds of patience.
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HOTSPUR: And pluck up drownèd honour by the locks,

So he that doth redeem her thence might wear

HOTSPUR: Without corrival all her dignities; But out upon this half-faced fellowship!	WORCESTER: He apprehends a world of figures here, But not the form of what he should attend.
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WORCESTER: Good cousin, give me audience for a while.

HOTSPUR: I cry you mercy.

WORCESTER: Those same noble Scots

That are your prisoners—

HOTSPUR: I'll keep them all.

By God, he shall not have a Scot of them,

No, if a scot would save his soul, he shall not:

I'll keep them, by this hand.

WORCESTER: You start away

And lend no ear unto my purposes.

Those prisoners you shall keep.

HOTSPUR: Nay, I will, that's flat.

He said he would not ransom Mortimer,

Forbad my tongue to speak of Mortimer,

But I will find him when he lies asleep,

And in his ear I'll holler "Mortimer!"

Nay, I'll have a starling shall be taught to speak

Nothing but "Mortimer", and give it him

To keep his anger still in motion.

HOTSPUR: All studies here I solemnly defy,	WORCESTER: Hear you, cousin; a word.
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HOTSPUR: Save how to gall and pinch this Bullingbrook,

And that same sword-and-buckler Prince of Wales.

But that I think his father loves him not,

And would be glad he met with some mischance,

I would have him poisoned with a pot of ale.

WORCESTER: Farewell, kinsman, I'll talk to you

When you are better tempered to attend.

*[WORCESTER starts to exit as NORTHUMBERLAND manhandles HOTSPUR.]*

NORTHUMBERLAND: Why, what a wasp-stung and impatient fool

Art thou to break into this woman's mood,

Tying thine ear to no tongue but thine own!

HOTSPUR: Why, look you, I am whipped and scourged with rods,

Nettled and stung with pismires, when I hear

Of this vile politician, Bullingbrook.

In Richard's time—what do you call the place?

A plague upon it, it is in Gloucestershire;

'Twas where the madcap Duke his uncle kept,

His uncle York; where I first bowed my knee

Unto this king of smiles, this Bullingbrook—  
'Sblood, when you and he came back from Ravenspurgh—  
NORTHUMBERLAND: At Berkeley castle.

HOTSPUR: You say true.

Why, what a candy deal of courtesy  
This fawning greyhound then did proffer me!  
*[imitates HENRY]* “Look when his infant fortune came to age”,  
And “gentle Harry Percy”, and “kind cousin”—  
O the devil take such cozeners!—God forgive me,  
Good uncle, tell your tale, I have done.

WORCESTER: Nay, if you have not, to it again;  
We will stay your leisure.

HOTSPUR: I have done, i' faith.

WORCESTER: Then once more to your Scottish prisoners.  
Deliver them up without their ransom straight,  
And make the Douglas' son your only mean  
For powers in Scotland, which for divers reasons  
Will easily be granted, be assured.

HOTSPUR: I smell it. Upon my life, it will do well.

NORTHUMBERLAND: Before the game is afoot, thou still let'st slip.

HOTSPUR: Why, it cannot choose but be a noble plot;  
And then the power of Scotland and of us  
To join with Mortimer, ha?

WORCESTER: And so we shall.

HOTSPUR: In faith, it is exceedingly well aimed.

WORCESTER: And 'tis no little reason bids us speed,  
To save our heads by raising of a head;  
For, bear ourselves as even as we can,  
The King will always think him in our debt,  
And think we think ourselves unsatisfied  
Till he hath found a time to pay us home.  
And see already how he doth begin  
To make us strangers to his looks of love.

HOTSPUR: He does, he does. We'll be revenged on him.

WORCESTER: Cousin, farewell. No further go in this  
Than I by letters shall direct your course.  
When time is ripe, which will be suddenly,  
I'll steal to Glèndow'r and Lord Mortimer,  
Where you and Douglas and our powers at once,  
As I will fashion it, shall happily meet  
To bear our fortunes in our own strong arms

NORTHUMBERLAND: Farewell, good brother.

*[NORTHUMBERLAND and WORCESTER clasp hands.]*

We shall thrive, I trust.

HOTSPUR: Uncle, adieu.

*[WORCESTER offers his hand, but HOTSPUR suddenly embraces him.]*

O let the hours be short

Till fields and blows and groans applaud our sport!

*[Exit HOTSPUR, then exeunt NORTHUMBERLAND after him, and WORCESTER separately. NORTHUMBERLAND becomes TRAVELER FOUR.]*

*[Night. Enter POINS, HAL, ROBIN and BARDOLPH, laughing and running.]*

POINS: Come, shelter, shelter! I have removed Falstaff's horse.

*[HAL, POINS, ROBIN and BARDOLPH sit in the audience.]*

FALSTAFF *[offstage]*: Poin! Poin, and be hanged! Poin!

*[Enter FALSTAFF.]*

FALSTAFF: I am accursed to rob in that wench's company. She hath removed my horse, and tied him I know not where. I have forsworn her company hourly any time these dozen years, and yet I am bewitched with the wench's company. If the little mountebank hath not given me medicines to make me love her, I'll be hanged. It could not be else—I have drunk medicines. Poin! Hal! A plague upon you both! Bardolph! If I travel but four foot further afoot, I shall break my wind. Boy, Robin! I'll starve ere I'll rob a foot further. An 'twere not as good a deed as drink to turn true man and to leave these rogues, I am the veriest varlet that ever chewed with a tooth. Eight yards of uneven ground is threescore-and-ten miles afoot with me, and the stony-hearted villains know it well enough. A plague upon it when thieves cannot be true one to another.

*[POINS and HAL whistle. FALSTAFF mock-whistles back at them.]*

A plague upon you all! Give me my horse, you rogues, give me my horse, and be hanged!

*[With FALSTAFF looking elsewhere, HAL stands.]*

HAL: Peace, ye fat-guts! What a brawling dost thou keep! Lie down. Lay thine ear close to the ground and list if thou canst hear the tread of travellers.

FALSTAFF: Have you any levers to lift me up again, being down? 'Sblood, I'll not bear mine own flesh so far afoot again for all the coin in thy father's exchequer. What a plague mean ye to colt me thus?

HAL: Thou liest. Thou art not colted, thou art uncolted.

FALSTAFF: Hang thyself in thine own heir-apparent garters!

*[Enter NIM, masked, holding his pistol banditti-style.]*

NIM: Stand!

FALSTAFF: So I do, against my will.

POINS: O 'tis our setter. I know his voice.

*[POINS, BARDOLPH and ROBIN rise to join the others.]*

BARDOLPH: What news?

NIM: Case ye, case ye; on with your vizards. There's money of the King's coming d-d-down the hill; 'tis going to the King's exchequer.

FALSTAFF: You lie, ye rogue, 'tis going to the king's tavern.

NIM: There's enough to make us all.

HAL: Sirs, you four shall front them in the narrow lane; Meg Poin and I will walk lower. If they scape from your encounter, then they light on us.

ROBIN: How many be there of them?

NIM: Some eight or ten.

FALSTAFF: 'Zounds, will they not rob us?

HAL: What, a coward, Sir John Paunch?

FALSTAFF: Indeed, I am not John of Gaunt, your grandfather, but yet no coward, Hal.

HAL: Well, we leave that to the proof.

POINS: Sirrah Jack, thy horse stands behind the hedge. When thou need'st him, there thou shalt find him. Farewell, and stand fast.

FALSTAFF: Now, my masters, happy man be his dole, say I. Every man to his business.	HAL <i>[aside to POINS]</i> : Meg, where are our disguises? POINS <i>[aside to HAL]</i> : Here, hard by. Stand close.
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*[HAL and POINS withdraw to disguise themselves in green buckram suits as FALSTAFF, ROBIN, BARDOLPH and NIM arrange themselves in ambush. Enter TRAVELER ONE, TRAVELER TWO, TRAVELER THREE and TRAVELER FOUR carrying a chest or two.]*

FIRST TRAVELER: Come, neighbour. The boy shall lead our horses down the hill; we'll walk afoot awhile and ease our legs.

*[NIM leaps into their path with his pistol drawn.]*

NIM: Stand!

*[CHAOS: NIM, ROBIN and BARDOLPH set upon the travelers, threatening some, striking others with the hilt of their blades, firing their pistols into the air as FALSTAFF shouts orders and imprecations.]*

FALSTAFF: Strike! Down with them! Cut the villains' throats! Ah, whoreson caterpillars, bacon-fed knaves! They hate us youth. Down with them, fleece them! No, ye fat chuffs, I would your store were here! On, bacons, on! What, ye knaves, young men must live.	BARDOLPH: You Banbury cheese! ROBIN: How now, Mephistophilus? NIM: Slice, I say! Slice, that's my humour!	TRAVELER TWO: Jesus bless us! TRAVELER THREE: O we are undone! TRAVELER FOUR: Both we and ours for ever!
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*[BARDOLPH, ROBIN and NIM rob TRAVELER ONE, TRAVELER TWO, TRAVELER THREE and TRAVELER FOUR of their chest and incidental valuables, and kick all four of them offstage. TRAVELER ONE becomes HENRY. TRAVELER TWO becomes SERVANT. TRAVELER THREE becomes DOLL. TRAVELER FOUR becomes JUSTICE.]*

FALSTAFF: Come, my masters, let us share, and then to horse before day.

*[FALSTAFF, ROBIN, BARDOLPH and NIM open a chest and begin divvying the booty.]*

An the Prince and Poins be not two arrant cowards, there's no equity stirring; there's no more valour in Meg Poins than in a wild duck.

*[HAL and POINS emerge from hiding with their weapons drawn.]*

HAL <i>[in a scary voice]</i> : Your money!	POINS <i>[in a scary voice]</i> : Villains!
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*[BARDOLPH and NIM flee screaming. ROBIN fights POINS but is disarmed and flees. FALSTAFF draws and battles HAL for a few blows, but when POINS closes in, FALSTAFF flees.]*

HAL: Got with much ease. Now merrily to horse.

Away, Meg. Look how Falstaff sweats to death,

And lards the lean earth as he walks along.

Were't not for laughing, I should pity him.

POINS: How the fat rogue roared!

*[Exeunt HAL and POINS with the booty. POINS becomes KATE.]*

#### Scene 5. [100 lines /6:15]

*[Enter SERVANT with a sealed letter, pushing the clothes rack holding HOTSPUR's clothing, armor and weapons. SERVANT leaves the clothes rack in the space, then exits with the letter. Then reënter SERVANT without the letter, but holding two wet empty buckets. As SERVANT exits, enter HOTSPUR, dripping and naked but for a bath towel, reading the letter.]*

HOTSPUR: "But for mine own part, my lord, I could be well contented to be there, in respect of the love I bear your house." He could be contented; why is he not, then? In respect of the love he bears our house! He shows in this, he loves his own barn better than he loves our house. Let me see some more. "The purpose you undertake is dangerous"—why, that's certain. 'Tis dangerous to take a cold, to sleep, to drink; but I tell you, my lord fool, out of this nettle, danger, we pluck this flower, safety. "The purpose you undertake is dangerous, the friends you have named uncertain, the time itself unsorted, and your whole plot too light for the counterpoise of so great an opposition." Say you so, say you so? *[HOTSPUR holds the letter at arm's length like an opponent.]* I say unto you again, you are a shallow cowardly hind, and you lie. *[HOTSPUR dashes the wadded letter down like a gage.]* What a lack-brain is this! By the Lord, our plot is a

good plot as ever was laid; our friends true and constant; a good plot, good friends, and full of expectation; an excellent plot, very good friends. [*HOTSPUR picks up the letter.*] What a frosty-spirited rogue is this! Zounds, an I were now by this rascal, I could brain him with his lady's fan. [*HOTSPUR tosses aside the letter.*] Is there not my father, my uncle, and myself? Lord Edmund Mortimer and Owen Glendower? Is there not besides the Douglas? Have I not all their letters to meet me in arms by the ninth of the next month, and are they not some of them set forward already? [*HOTSPUR stomps on the letter, oblivious to his nudity as his towel falls off.*] What a pagan rascal is this, an infidel!

[*Enter KATE in revealing lingerie, upstage of and unseen by HOTSPUR.*]

[*still to the audience*] Ha, you shall see now in very sincerity of fear and cold heart will he to the King and lay open all our proceedings. O I could divide myself and go to buffets, for moving such a dish of skim milk with so honourable an action. Hang him, let him tell the King, we are prepared. I will set forward tonight.

[*KATE steals up behind HOTSPUR and embraces him.*]

How now, Kate? I must leave you within these two hours.

KATE: O my good lord, why are you thus alone?

For what offence have I this fortnight been  
A banished woman from my Harry's bed?  
Tell me, sweet lord, what is't that takes from thee  
Thy stomach, pleasure and thy golden sleep?  
Why dost thou bend thine eyes upon the earth,  
And start so often when thou sitt'st alone?  
Why hast thou lost the fresh blood in thy cheeks,  
And given my treasures and my rights of thee  
To thick-eyed musing and cursed melancholy?

[*HOTSPUR breaks away from KATE and begins dressing himself from the clothes rack.*]

In thy faint slumbers I by thee have watched,  
And heard thee murmur tales of iron wars;  
Speak terms of manage to thy bounding steed,  
Cry "Courage! To the field!" And thou hast talked  
Of prisoners' ransom, and of soldiers slain,  
And all the currents of a heady fight.  
Thy spirit within thee hath been so at war,  
And thus hath so bestirred thee in thy sleep,  
That beads of sweat have stood upon thy brow  
Like bubbles in a late-disturbèd stream,  
And in thy face strange motions have appeared,  
Such as we see when men restrain their breath  
On some great sudden hest. O what portents are these?  
Some heavy business hath my lord in hand,  
And I must know it, else he loves me not.

HOTSPUR: What, ho!

[*Enter SERVANT.*]

Is Gilliams with the packet gone?

SERVANT: He is, my lord, an hour ago.

HOTSPUR: Hath Butler brought those horses from the sheriff?

SERVANT: One horse, my lord, he brought even now.

HOTSPUR: What horse? A roan, a crop-ear, is it not?

SERVANT: It is, my lord.

HOTSPUR: That roan shall be my throne.

Well, I will back him straight. O Esperance!

Bid Butler lead him forth into the park.

*[Exit SERVANT. SERVANT becomes QUICKLY. HOTSPUR, having dressing and armed himself, starts to exit but KATE stops him.]*

KATE: But hear you, my lord.

HOTSPUR: What say'st thou, my lady?

KATE: What is it carries you away?

HOTSPUR: Why, my horse, my love, my horse.

KATE: Out, you mad-headed ape! *[KATE smacks HOTSPUR.]*

A weasel hath not such a deal of spleen

As you are tossed with. In faith,

I'll know your business, Harry, that I will.

*[KATE holds HOTSPUR still.]*

I fear my brother Mortimer doth stir

About his title, and hath sent for you

To line his enterprise; but if you go—

HOTSPUR: So far afoot I shall be weary, love.

*[HOTSPUR breaks away from her, but KATE stops his exit again.]*

KATE: Come, come, you paraquito, answer me

Directly unto this question that I ask.

In faith, I'll break thy little finger, Harry,

An if thou wilt not tell me all things true.

*[KATE tries to break HOTSPUR's finger.]*

HOTSPUR: Away, away, you trifler! Love? I love thee not;

I care not for thee, Kate. This is no world

To play with mammets and to tilt with lips.

We must have bloody noses and cracked crowns,

And pass them current too. God's me, my horse!

What say'st thou, Kate? What would'st thou have with me?

KATE: Do you not love me? Do you not, indeed?

Well, do not then, for since you love me not

I will not love myself. Do you not love me?

Nay, tell me if you speak in jest or no.

HOTSPUR: Come, wilt thou see me ride?

And when I am a-horseback, I will swear

I love thee infinitely. But hark you, Kate,

I must not have you henceforth question me

Whither I go, nor reason whereabout.

Whither I must, I must; and, to conclude,

This evening must I leave you—

*[KATE moves to smack him.]*

gentle Kate.

*[KATE relents.]*

I know you wise, but yet no farther wise

Than Harry Percy's wife; constant you are,

But yet a woman; and for secrecy,

No lady closer, for I well believe

Thou wilt not utter what thou dost not know,

And so far will I trust thee—

*[KATE moves to smack him.]*

gentle Kate.

*[KATE relents.]*

KATE: How, so far?

HOTSPUR: Not an inch further. But hark you, Kate:

Whither I go, thither shall you go too;  
Today will I set forth, tomorrow you.

[Exit HOTSPUR.]

[offstage] Will this content you, Kate?

KATE:

It must of force.

[Exit KATE. KATE becomes POINS.]

Scene 6. [312 lines /19:30]

[Loud music and laughter. Enter HAL and DOLL, drunk and laughing.]

HAL: I have sounded the very bass string of humility.

DOLL: My lord?

HAL: I am so good a proficient in drinking deep that I can dye scarlet with any tinker in his own language during my life.

DOLL: O Lord, sir, what do you mean?

HAL: Sir, thou hast lost much honour that thou wert not with me in this action. [DOLL attempts a salute.] Meg!

POINS [offstage]: Anon, anon!

HAL: How old art thou, Doll?

DOLL: Let me see: about Michaelmas next I shall be—

HAL: Meg!

POINS [offstage]: Anon, anon!

DOLL: Pray, stay a little, my lord.

[DOLL leads HAL to the bed.]

HAL: But, sweet Doll—to sweeten which name of Doll, I give thee this pennyworth of sugar, clapped even now into my hand by one that never spake other English in her life than [imitates POINS] “Anon, anon!” [DOLL laughs as he sprinkles the sugar on her breasts.] How shall we drive away the time till Falstaff come? [HAL kisses DOLL.] Thou art perfect. I will give thee a thousand pound. Ask me when thou wilt, and thou shalt have it.

DOLL: My lord?

[The loud music stops.]

HAL: Meg, prithee come out of that fat room and lend me thy hand to laugh a little.

[Enter QUICKLY.]

QUICKLY: My lord, old Sir John, with half a dozen more, are at the door. Shall I let them in?

[Enter POINS.]

HAL: Let them alone awhile, and then open the door.

[Exit QUICKLY.]

POINS: But hark ye, what cunning match have you made?

[POINS pulls DOLL off the bed.]

HAL: Falstaff and the rest of the thieves are at the door. Shall we be merry?

POINS: As merry as crickets. Where hast been, Hal?

HAL: I am now of all humours that have showed themselves humours since the old days of goodman Adam to the pupil age of this present twelve o'clock at midnight. I am not yet of Percy's mind, the Hotspur of the north, he that kills me some six or seven dozen of Scots at a breakfast, washes his hands, and says to his wife, [imitates HOTSPUR] “Fie upon this quiet life, I want work.” [imitates KATE] “O my sweet Harry,” says she, [imitates KATE] “how many hast thou killed today?” [imitates HOTSPUR] “Give my roan horse a drench,” says he, and answers, [imitates HOTSPUR] “Some fourteen,” an hour after, [imitates HOTSPUR] “a trifle, a trifle.”

[DOLL laughs.]

[to DOLL] I prithee call in Falstaff.

[Exit DOLL.]

I'll play Percy, and that damned brawn shall play Dame Mortimer his wife. [calling offstage] Call in ribs, call in tallow!

[Enter DOLL, QUICKLY and, with their swords hacked and their clothes in disarray, FALSTAFF, ROBIN, BARDOLPH, and NIM. In the background of the following scene, NIM seizes any opportunity to bashfully court and woo QUICKLY.]

POINS: Welcome, Jack. Where hast thou been?

FALSTAFF: A plague of all cowards, I say, and a vengeance too! Marry, and amen! Give me a cup of sack, Nell. A plague of all cowards. Give me a cup of sack, Nell. Is there no virtue extant?

[QUICKLY brings FALSTAFF a cup of sack, and he drinks.]

You wench, here's lime in this sack too. There is nothing but roguery to be found in villanous man, yet a coward is worse than a cup of sack with lime in it. A villanous coward! There lives not three good men unchaged in England, and one of them is fat and grows old, God help the while! A bad world, I say. A plague of all cowards, I

FALSTAFF: say still.

HAL: How now, what mutter you?

FALSTAFF: A king's son! You Prince of Wales!

HAL: Why, you whoreson round man, what's the matter?

FALSTAFF: Are not you a coward? Answer me to that. And Poins there?

[In an instant, POINS has her knife at FALSTAFF's throat.]

POINS: Zounds, ye fat paunch, an ye call me coward, by the Lord, I'll stab thee.

FALSTAFF: I call thee coward? I'll see thee damned ere I call thee coward, but I would give a thousand pound I could run as fast as thou canst. You are straight enough in the shoulders, you care not who sees your back. Call you that backing of your friends? A plague upon such backing! Give me them that will face me. [to DOLL] Give me a cup of sack. I am a rogue if I drunk today.

HAL: O villain, thy lips are scarce wiped since thou drunk'st last.

[DOLL brings FALSTAFF a cup of sack.]

FALSTAFF: All's one for that. [FALSTAFF drinks.] A plague of all cowards, still say I.

HAL: What's the matter?

FALSTAFF: What's the matter? There be four of us here have ta'en a thousand pound this day morning.

HAL: Where is it, Jack, where is it?

FALSTAFF: Where is it? Taken from us it is. A hundred upon poor four of us.

HAL: What, a hundred, man?

FALSTAFF: I am a rogue if I were not at half-sword with a dozen of them two hours together. I have scaped by miracle. I am eight times thrust through the doublet, four through the hose, my buckler cut through and through, my sword hacked like a handsaw—*ecce signum!*

[FALSTAFF displays his sword for all to see.]

I never dealt better since I was a man. All would not do. A plague of all cowards! Let them speak. If they speak more or less than truth, they are villains and the sons of darkness.

HAL: Speak, sirs, how was it?

NIM: We four set upon some dozen—

FALSTAFF: Sixteen at least, my lord.

NIM: And bound them.

ROBIN: No, no, they were not bound.

FALSTAFF: You rogue, they were bound, every man of them, or I am a Jew else, an Hebrew Jew.

NIM: As we were sharing, some six or seven fresh men set upon us—

FALSTAFF: And unbound the rest, and then come in the other.

HAL: What, fought you with them all?

FALSTAFF: All? I know not what you call all, but if I fought not with fifty of them, I am a bunch of radish. If there were not two- or three-and-fifty upon poor old Jack, then am I no two-legged creature.

HAL: Pray God you have not murdered some of them.

FALSTAFF: Nay, that's past praying for. I have peppered two of them. Two I am sure I have paid, two rogues in buckram suits. I tell thee what, Hal, if I tell thee a lie, spit in my face. Thou knowest my old ward.

*[FALSTAFF demonstrates his invincible sword-and-buckler stance.]*

Here I lay, and thus I bore my point. Four rogues in buckram let drive at me—

HAL: What, four? Thou saidst but two even now.

FALSTAFF: Four, Hal, I told thee four.

POINS: Ay, ay, he said four.

FALSTAFF: These four came all afront, and mainly thrust at me. I made me no more ado but took all their seven points in my target, thus.

HAL: Seven? Why, there were but four even now.

FALSTAFF: In buckram?

POINS: Ay, four, in buckram suits.

FALSTAFF: Seven, by these hilts,

FALSTAFF: or I am a villain else.	HAL <i>[aside to POINS]</i> : Prithee, let him alone. We
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HAL: shall have more anon.

FALSTAFF: Dost thou hear me, Hal?

HAL: Ay, and mark thee too, Jack.

FALSTAFF: Do so, for it is worth the listening to. These nine in buckram that I told thee of,

FALSTAFF: Their points being broken,	HAL <i>[aside to POINS]</i> : So, two more already.
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FALSTAFF: Began to give me ground; but I followed me close, came in foot and hand; and with a thought seven of the eleven I paid.

HAL *[aside to POINS]*: O monstrous! Eleven buckram men grown out of two!

FALSTAFF: But, as the devil would have it, three misbegotten knaves in Kendal green came at my back and let drive at me, for it was so dark, Hal, that thou couldst not see thy hand.

HAL: These lies are like their father that begets them, gross as a mountain, open, palpable. Why, thou clay-brained guts, thou knotty-pated fool, thou whore-son, obscene, greasy tallow-keech—

FALSTAFF: What, art thou mad? Art thou mad? Is not the truth the truth?

HAL: Why, how couldst thou know these men in Kendal green, when it was so dark thou couldst not see thy hand? Come, tell us your reason. What sayest thou to this?

POINS: Come, your reason, Jack, your reason.

HAL: I'll be no longer guilty of this sin. This sanguine coward, this bed-presser, this horse-backbreaker, this huge hill of flesh—

FALSTAFF: 'Sblood, you starveling, you eel-skin, you dried neat's tongue, you bull's pizzle, you stockfish—! *[A pain lances from FALSTAFF's chest up into his left shoulder and jaw, and he holds his chest and pants.]* O for breath to utter what is like thee, you tailor's yard, you sheath, you bow-case, you vilestanding-tuck—. *[FALSTAFF holds his chest and pants.]*

HAL: Well, breathe awhile, and then to it again, and when thou hast tired thyself in base comparisons, hear me speak but this.

POINS: Mark, Jack.

HAL: We two saw you four set on four, and were masters of their wealth. Mark now how a plain tale shall put you down. Then did we two set on you four, and, with a word,

outfaced you from your prize, and have it, yea, and can show it you here in the house. And, Falstaff, you carried your guts away as nimbly, with as quick dexterity, and roared for mercy, and still run and roared, as ever I heard bull-calf. What a slave art thou, to hack thy sword as thou hast done, and then say it was in fight! What trick, what device, what starting-hole, canst thou now find out to hide thee from this open and apparent shame?

POINS: Come, let's hear, Jack. What trick hast thou now?

*[A long beat, the eyes of the whole tavern upon FALSTAFF.]*

FALSTAFF: By the Lord, I knew ye as well as he that made ye.

*[The tavern erupts in laughter, scorn, mockery and cheers. FALSTAFF plays to the crowd.]*

Why, hear you, my masters, was it for me to kill the heir apparent? Should I turn upon the true prince? Why, thou knowest I am as valiant as Hercules, but beware instinct. The lion will not touch the true prince. Instinct is a great matter. I was now a coward on instinct. I shall think the better of myself and thee during my life—I for a valiant lion, and thou for a true prince. But, by the Lord, lads, I am glad you have the money. Hostess, clap to the doors!

*[Exit QUICKLY.]*

Watch tonight, pray tomorrow. Gallants, lads, boys, hearts of gold, all the titles of good fellowship come to you! What, shall we be merry? Shall we have a play extempore?

HAL: Content; and the argument shall be thy running away.

FALSTAFF: Ah, no more of that, Hal, an thou lovest me!

*[Enter QUICKLY.]*

QUICKLY: O Jesu, my lord the Prince!

HAL: How now, my lady the hostess, what sayst thou to me?

QUICKLY: Marry, my lord, there is a nobleman of the court at door would speak with you. He says he comes from your father.

HAL: Give him as much as will make him a royal man, and send him back again to my mother.

FALSTAFF: What manner of man is he?

QUICKLY: An old man.

FALSTAFF: What doth gravity out of his bed at midnight? Shall I give him his answer?

HAL: Prithee, do, Jack.

FALSTAFF: Faith, and I'll send him packing.

*[Exit FALSTAFF and NIM. NIM becomes FANG.]*

HAL: Now, sirs, by'r lady, you fought fair; so did you, Robin; so did you, Bardolph. You are lions too, you ran away upon instinct, you will not touch the true prince; no, fie!

BARDOLPH: Faith, I ran when I saw others run.

HAL: Faith, tell me now in earnest, how came Falstaff's sword so hacked?

ROBIN: Why, he hacked it with his dagger, and said he would swear truth out of England but he would make you believe it was done in fight, and persuaded us to do the like.

BARDOLPH: Yea, and to tickle our noses with spear-grass to make them bleed, and then to beslobber our garments with it and swear it was the blood of true men. I did that I did not this seven year before: I blushed to hear his monstrous devices.

HAL: O villain, thou stolest a cup of sack eighteen years ago and ever since thou hast blushed extempore. Thou hadst fire and sword on thy side, and yet thou rann'st away. What instinct hadst thou for it?

*[BARDOLPH draws himself up.]*

BARDOLPH: My lord, do you see these meteors? Do you behold these exhalations?

HAL: I do.

BARDOLPH: What think you they portend?

HAL: Hot livers and cold purses.

BARDOLPH: Choler, my lord, if rightly taken.

HAL: No, if rightly taken, halter.

*[A beat where BARDOLPH hesitates. Enter FALSTAFF.]*

Here comes lean Jack, here comes bare-bone. How now, my sweet creature of bombast!

How long is't ago, Jack, since thou sawest thine own knee?

FALSTAFF: My own knee! When I was about thy years, Hal, I was not an eagle's talon in the waist. There's villanous news abroad. Here was Sir Walter Blunt from your father; you must to the court in the morning. That same mad fellow of the north, Percy, and he of Wales that gave Amamon the bastinado and made Lucifer cuckold and swore the devil his true liegeman upon the cross of a Welsh hook—what a plague call you him?

POINS: Owen Glendower.

FALSTAFF: Owen, Owen, the same; and his son-in-law Mortimer, and old Northumberland, and that sprightly Scot of Scots, Douglas, that runs a-horseback up a hill perpendicular—

HAL: He that rides at high speed, and with his pistol kills a sparrow flying.

FALSTAFF: You have hit it.

HAL: So did he never the sparrow.

FALSTAFF: Well, that rascal hath good mettle in him; he will not run.

HAL: Why, what a rascal art thou then, to praise him so for running?

FALSTAFF: A-horseback, ye cuckoo; but afoot he will not budge a foot.

HAL: Yes, Jack, upon instinct.

FALSTAFF: I grant ye, upon instinct. Well, he is there too and a thousand blue-caps more. Worcester is stolen away tonight. Thy father's beard is turned white with the news. You may buy land now as cheap as stinking mackerel.

HAL: Why, then, it is like, if there come a hot June and this civil buffeting hold, we shall buy maidenheads as they buy hobnails, by the hundreds.

FALSTAFF: By the mass, lad, thou sayest true; it is like we shall have good trading that way. But tell me, Hal, art not thou horrible afeard? Thou being heir apparent, could the world pick thee out three such enemies again as that fiend Douglas, that spirit Percy, and that devil Glendower? Art thou not horribly afraid? Doth not thy blood thrill at it?

HAL: Not a whit, i' faith. I lack some of thy instinct.

FALSTAFF: Well, thou wilt be horribly chid tomorrow when thou comest to thy father. If thou love me, practise an answer.

HAL: Do thou stand for my father and examine me upon the particulars of my life.

FALSTAFF: Shall I? Content. This chair shall be my state, this dagger my sceptre, and this cushion my crown.

HAL: Thy state is taken for a joint-stool, thy golden sceptre for a leaden dagger, and thy precious rich crown for a pitiful bald crown.

FALSTAFF: Give me a cup of sack to make my eyes look red, that it may be thought I have wept; for I must speak in passion.

*[Exit QUICKLY.]*

HAL: Well, here is my leg.

*[HAL gives an extravagant bow. Enter QUICKLY with a cup of sack.]*

FALSTAFF: And here is my speech.

*[QUICKLY gives FALSTAFF the cup of sack.]*

*[imitates HENRY]* Stand aside, nobility.

QUICKLY: O Jesu, this is excellent sport, i' faith!

FALSTAFF *[imitates HENRY]*: Weep not, sweet queen; for trickling tears are vain.

QUICKLY: O the Father, how he holds his countenance!

FALSTAFF *[imitates HENRY]*: For God's sake, lords, convey my tristful queen,

For tears do stop the floodgates of her eyes.

*[ROBIN and BARDOLPH escort QUICKLY from FALSTAFF's side.]*

QUICKLY: O Jesu, he doth it as like one of these Prenzle Players as ever I see!

FALSTAFF *[imitates HENRY]*: Peace, good pint-pot; peace, good tickle-brain.—Harry, I do not only marvel where thou spendest thy time, but also how thou art accompanied. That thou art my son, I have partly thy mother's word, partly my own opinion, but chiefly a villanous trick of thine eye and a foolish hanging of thy nether lip that doth warrant me. If then thou be son to me, here lies the point: Why, being son to me, art thou so pointed at? A question not to be asked. Shall the son of England prove a thief and take purses? A question to be asked. For, Harry, now I do not speak to thee in drink, but in tears; not in pleasure, but in passion; not in words only, but in woes also. And yet there is a virtuous man whom I have often noted in thy company, but I know not his name.

HAL: What manner of man, an it like your majesty?

FALSTAFF *[imitates HENRY]*: A goodly portly man, i' faith, and a corpulent; of a cheerful look, a pleasing eye and a most noble carriage; and, as I think, his age some fifty—

*[QUICKLY loudly scoffs.]*

—or, by'r lady, inclining to threescore; and now I remember me, his name is—

HAL: Falstaff?

FALSTAFF *[imitates HENRY]*: If that man should be lewdly given, he deceiveth me; for, Harry, I see virtue in his looks. Him keep with, the rest banish.

HAL: Dost thou speak like a king? Do thou stand for me, and I'll play my father.

*[HAL takes FALSTAFF's place on the joint-stool.]*

FALSTAFF: Depose me?

HAL: Well, here I am set.

FALSTAFF: And here I stand. Judge, my masters.

HAL *[imitates HENRY]*: Now, Harry, whence come you?

FALSTAFF *[imitates HAL]*: My noble lord, from Eastcheap. *[in his own voice]* Nay, I'll tickle ye for a young prince, i' faith.

HAL *[imitates HENRY]*: The complaints I hear of thee are grievous.

FALSTAFF *[imitates HAL]*: 'Sblood, my lord, they are false.

HAL *[imitates HENRY]*: Swearst thou, ungracious boy? Henceforth ne'er look on me. Thou art violently carried away from grace. There is a devil haunts thee in the likeness of an old fat man; a tun of man is thy companion. Why dost thou converse with that trunk of humours, that bolting-hutch of beastliness, that swollen parcel of dropsies, that huge bombard of sack, that stuffed cloak-bag of guts, that roasted Manningtree ox with the pudding in his belly, that reverend Vice, that grey iniquity, that father ruffian, that vanity in years? Wherein is he good, but to taste sack and drink it? Wherein neat and cleanly, but to carve a capon and eat it? Wherein cunning, but in craft? Wherein crafty, but in villany? Wherein villanous, but in all things? Wherein worthy, but in nothing?

FALSTAFF *[imitates HAL]*: I would your grace would take me with you. Whom means your grace?

HAL *[imitates HENRY]*: That villanous abominable misleader of youth—

QUICKLY & DOLL & BARDOLPH & ROBIN & POINS: Falstaff!

HAL *[imitates HENRY]*:—that old white-bearded Satan.

FALSTAFF *[imitates HAL]*: My lord, the man I know.

HAL *[imitates HENRY]*: I know thou dost.

FALSTAFF *[imitates HAL, but by speech's end FALSTAFF speaks as himself]*: But to say I know more harm in him than in myself, were to say more than I know. That he is old, the more the pity, his white hairs do witness it; but that he is, saving your reverence, a whoremaster, that I utterly deny. If sack-and-sugar be a fault, God help the wicked! If to be old and merry be a sin, then many an old hostess that I know is damned. If to be fat be to be hated, then Pharaoh's lean kine are to be loved. No, my good lord, banish Doll,

banish Bardolph, banish Poins; but for sweet Jack Falstaff, kind Jack Falstaff, true Jack Falstaff, valiant Jack Falstaff, and therefore more valiant being as he is old Jack Falstaff, banish not him thy Harry's company, banish not him thy Harry's company—banish plump Jack, and banish all the world.

HAL [*imitates HENRY*]: I do. [*in his own voice*] I will.

[*A frozen beat, HAL and FALSTAFF watching each other—then loud knocking offstage. Exeunt QUICKLY and BARDOLPH, then immediately reenter BARDOLPH, running, and QUICKLY.*]

BARDOLPH: O my lord, my lord, the Lord Justice and the sheriff are at the door!	QUICKLY: O Jesu, my lord, my lord!
FALSTAFF: Out, ye rogue, play out the play. I have much to say in the behalf of that Falstaff.	HAL: What's the matter? QUICKLY: The Lord Justice and the sheriff are at the door. They are come to search the house.

[*Loud knocking offstage.*]

FALSTAFF: Dost thou hear, Hal? If you will deny the sheriff, so; if not, let him enter. I hope I shall as soon be strangled with a halter as another.

[*Everyone looks to HAL.*]

HAL: Go hide thee.

[*Chaos! Loud knocking offstage as QUICKLY, DOLL, ROBIN, POINS and BARDOLPH run every which way seeking escape or a hiding spot behind furniture or within the audience. HAL catches DOLL's arm as she runs past and hurries with her to the bed. At the last moment HAL spies FALSTAFF's pistol left out and snatches it under the covers. Under the sheet HAL and DOLL undress. Exeunt POINS, QUICKLY, ROBIN, BARDOLPH and FALSTAFF. QUICKLY becomes BLUNT. ROBIN becomes MORTIMER. BARDOLPH becomes LADY MORTIMER. Enter JUSTICE, still bandaged, and FANG, who suspiciously survey the quiet scene. JUSTICE and FANG spy movements beneath the sheet, and FANG strides over and flings the sheet off the bed, revealing HAL and DOLL, undressed and entwined. JUSTICE and FANG, startled, bow.*]

JUSTICE: First, pardon me, my lord. A hue and cry  
Hath followed certain men unto this house.

HAL: What men?

JUSTICE: One of them is well known, my gracious lord,  
A gross fat man.

FANG: As fat as butter!

HAL: The man, I do assure you, is not here,  
For I myself at this time have employed him;  
And so let me entreat you leave the house.

JUSTICE: I will, my lord.

[*JUSTICE and FANG bow and start to exit, but JUSTICE turns back.*]

There are two gentlemen  
Have in this robbery lost three hundred marks.

HAL: It may be so. If he have robbed these men  
He shall be answerable; and so farewell.

[*Offstage sound, quiet but audible, of FALSTAFF snoring. JUSTICE and FANG turn toward the sound. A beat as HAL stares at them, daring them to defy him. JUSTICE bows again.*]

JUSTICE [*with venom*]: Good night, my noble lord.

[*JUSTICE starts to exit.*]

HAL [*with more venom*]: I think it is good morrow, is it not?

JUSTICE [*losing patience*]: Indeed, my lord, I think it be two o'clock.

[*Exeunt JUSTICE and FANG. FALSTAFF's snoring louder.*]

HAL: This oily rascal is known as well as Paul's. Go call him forth.

[DOLL exits.]

DOLL [offstage]: Falstaff!

[FALSTAFF's snoring louder still. DOLL enters.]

Fast asleep, and snorting like a horse.

HAL: Hark, how hard he fetches breath.

[FALSTAFF's breath, mid-snore, catches and he falls silent. DOLL starts to return to HAL's bed.]

Look to the guests within.

DOLL: Good morrow, good my lord.

[Exit DOLL. HAL begins to dress.]

HAL: I know you all, and will awhile uphold

The unyoked humour of your idleness.

Yet herein will I imitate the sun,

Who doth permit the base contagious clouds

To smother up his beauty from the world,

That, when he please again to be himself,

Being wanted, he may be more wondered at,

By breaking through the foul and ugly mists

Of vapours that did seem to strangle him.

If all the year were playing holidays,

To sport would be as tedious as to work;

But when they seldom come, they wished-for come,

And nothing pleaseth but rare accidents.

So when this loose behavior I throw off

And pay the debt I never promised,

By how much better than my word I am,

By so much shall I falsify men's hopes;

And like bright metal on a sullen ground,

My reformation, glitt'ring o'er my fault,

Shall show more goodly and attract more eyes

Than that which hath no foil to set it off.

I'll so offend to make offence a skill,

Redeeming time when men think least I will.

[Exit HAL.]

Scene 7. [206 lines /12:53]

[Enter MORTIMER, GLENDOWER, HOTSPUR and WORCESTER.]

MORTIMER: These promises are fair, the parties sure,

And our induction full of prosperous hope.

HOTSPUR: Lord Mortimer, and cousin Glendower,

Will you sit down? And uncle Worcester—

A plague upon it, I have forgot the map.

[HOTSPUR starts to exit, but GLENDOWER reveals the map by "magic".]

GLENDOWER: No, here it is. Sit, cousin Percy, sit

Good cousin Hotspur—for by that name

As oft as Lancaster doth speak of you

His cheek looks pale and with a rising sigh

He wisheth you in heaven.

HOTSPUR: And you in hell,

As oft as he hears Owen Glendower spoke of.

GLENDOWER: I cannot blame him. At my nativity

The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes,  
Of burning cressets, and at my birth  
The frame and huge foundation of the earth  
Shaked like a coward.

HOTSPUR: Why, so it would have done  
At the same season, if your mother's cat  
Had but kittened, though yourself had never been born.

GLENDOWER: I say the earth did shake when I was born.

HOTSPUR: And I say the earth was not of my mind,  
If you suppose as fearing you it shook.

GLENDOWER: The heavens were all on fire, the earth did tremble.

HOTSPUR: O then the earth shook to see the heavens on fire,  
And not in fear of your nativity.

GLENDOWER: I tell you once again that at my birth  
The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes,  
The goats ran from the mountains, and the herds  
Were strangely clamorous to the frightened fields.  
These signs have marked me extra-ordinary,  
And all the courses of my life do show  
I am not in the roll of common men.  
Where is he living, clipped in with the sea  
That chides the banks of England, Scotland, Wales,  
Can trace me in the tedious ways of art  
And hold me pace in deep experiments.

HOTSPUR: I think there's no man speaks better Welsh.  
I'll to dinner.

*[HOTSPUR starts to exit, but MORTIMER intercepts him.]*

MORTIMER: Peace, cousin Percy; you will make him mad.

GLENDOWER: I can call spirits from the vasty deep.

HOTSPUR: Why, so can I, or so can any man;  
But will they come when you do call for them?

GLENDOWER: Why, I can teach you, cousin, to command the devil.

HOTSPUR: And I can teach thee, coz, to shame the devil  
By telling truth. Tell truth and shame the devil.  
If thou have power to raise him, bring him hither,  
And I'll be sworn I have power to shame him hence.

HOTSPUR: O while you live, tell truth and shame the devil.	MORTIMER: Come, come, no more of this unprofitable chat.
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GLENDOWER: Three times hath Henry Bullingbrook made head  
Against my power; thrice from the banks of Wye  
And sandy-bottomed Severn have I sent him  
Bootless home and weather-beaten back.

HOTSPUR: Home without boots, and in foul weather too!  
How 'scapes he agues, in the devil's name?

GLENDOWER: Come, here is the map. Shall we divide our right  
According to our threefold order ta'en?

MORTIMER: The Archdeacon hath divided it  
Into three limits very equally:  
England, from Trent and Severn hitherto,  
By south and east is to my part assigned;  
All westward, Wales beyond the Severn shore,  
And all the fertile land within that bound,  
To Owen Glèndow'r; and, dear coz, to you

The remnant northward, lying off from Trent.  
And our indentures tripartite are drawn,  
Tomorrow, cousin Percy, you and I  
And my good Lord of Worcester will set forth  
To meet your father and the Scottish power,  
As is appointed us, at Shrewsbury.  
My father Glèndow'r is not ready yet,  
Nor shall we need his help these fourteen days.

GLENDOWER: A shorter time shall send me to you, lords;  
And in my conduct shall your ladies come,  
From whom you now must steal and take no leave,  
For there will be a world of water shed  
Upon the parting of your wives and you.

*[GLENDOWER begins to exit.]*

HOTSPUR: Methinks my moiety, north from Burton here,  
In quantity equals not one of yours.  
See how this river comes me cranking in,  
And cuts me from the best of all my land  
A huge half-moon, a monstrous cantle out.  
I'll have the current in this place dammed up,  
And here the smug and silver Trent shall run  
In a new channel, fair and evenly.  
It shall not wind with such a deep indent,  
To rob me of so rich a bottom here.

GLENDOWER: Not wind? It shall, it must; you see it doth.

MORTIMER: Yea, but mark how he bears his course, and runs me up  
With like advantage on the other side,  
Gelding th'opposèd continent as much  
As on the other side it takes from you.

WORCESTER: Yea, but a little charge will trench him here  
And on this north side win this cape of land;  
And then he runs straight and even.

HOTSPUR: I'll have it so. A little charge will do it.

GLENDOWER: I'll not have it altered.

HOTSPUR: Will not you?

GLENDOWER: No, nor you shall not.

HOTSPUR: Who shall say me nay?

GLENDOWER: Why, that will I.

HOTSPUR: Let me not understand you, then; speak it in Welsh.

GLENDOWER: I can speak English, lord, as well as you;  
For I was trained up in the English court,  
Where, being but young, I framèd to the harp  
Many an English ditty lovely well,  
And gave the tongue a helpful ornament—  
A virtue that was never seen in you.

HOTSPUR: Marry, and I am glad of it with all my heart!  
I had rather be a kitten and cry mew  
Than one of these same metre ballad-mongers.  
I had rather hear a brazen can' stick turned,  
Or a dry wheel grate on the axle-tree;  
And that would set my teeth nothing on edge,

Nothing so much as mincing poetry.  
'Tis like the forced gait of a shuffling nag.

GLENDOWER: Come, you shall have Trent turned.

HOTSPUR: I do not care. I'll give thrice so much land  
To any well-deserving friend;  
But in the way of bargain, mark ye me,  
I'll cavil on the ninth part of a hair.  
Are the indentures drawn? Shall we be gone?

GLENDOWER: The moon shines fair; you may away by night.  
I'll haste the writer, and withal  
Break with your wives of your departure hence.  
I am afraid my daughter will run mad,  
So much she doteth on her Mortimer.

*[Exit GLENDOWER.]*

MORTIMER: Fie, cousin Percy, how you cross my father!

HOTSPUR: I cannot choose. Sometime he angers me  
With telling me of dreamer Merlin's prophecies,  
And such a deal of skimble-skamble stuff  
As puts me from my faith. I tell you what:  
He held me last night at least nine hours  
In reckoning up the several devils' names  
That were his lackeys. I cried "Hum," and "Well, go to,"  
But marked him not a word. O he is as tedious  
As a tired horse, a railing wife,

HOTSPUR: Worse than a smoky house.	MORTIMER: In faith, he is a worthy gentleman,
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MORTIMER: Exceedingly well read, and profited  
In strange concealments, valiant as a lion  
And as wondrous affable and as bountiful  
As mines of India. Shall I tell you, cousin?  
He holds your temper in a high respect  
And curbs himself even of his natural scope  
When you come 'cross his humour. Faith, he does.  
I warrant you that man is not alive  
Might so have tempted him as you have done  
Without the taste of danger and reproof.  
But do not use it oft, let me entreat you.

WORCESTER: In faith, my lord, you are too wilful-blame,  
And since your coming hither have done enough  
To put him quite beside his patience.  
You must needs learn, lord, to amend this fault.

HOTSPUR: Well, I am schooled. Good manners be your speed!

*[Enter GLENDOWER, LADY MORTIMER, weeping, and KATE.]*

Here come our wives, and let us take our leave.

*[HOTSPUR starts to exit, but KATE intercepts him. LADY MORTIMER clutches MORTIMER.]*

LADY MORTIMER: Gad i fi ddod gyda thi. [Let me come with you.] Fe ymladda i gystal ag unrhyw wr. [I'll fight as well as any man.] Adawa i mohono ti i fynd ar ben dy hunan! [I won't let you go alone!]

MORTIMER *[aside to WORCESTER]*: This is the deadly spite that angers me:  
My wife can speak no English, I no Welsh.

GLENDOWER: My daughter weeps. She'll not part with you;  
She'll be a soldier too, she'll to the wars.

MORTIMER: Good father, tell her that she and my sister

Shall follow in your conduct speedily.

GLENDOWER: Mae e'n dy orchymyn di i aros yma ac i ddod gyda mi a'r Arglwyddes Percy yn hwyrach. [He commands you to stay here and come with me and Lady Percy later.]

LADY MORTIMER: Wyt ti'n meddwl yr arhoswn i yma tra ei fod e yn ymadael? [You think I'd stay here whilst he leaves?]

GLENDOWER: She is desperate here; a peevish self-willed harlotry.

LADY MORTIMER [to MORTIMER]: Er mwyn Duw, paid a'm gadael i yma! [For God's sake, don't leave me here!]

MORTIMER: I understand thy looks. [*He daubs her tears.*] That pretty Welsh  
Which thou pourest down from these swelling heavens  
I am too perfect in; and, but for shame,  
In such a parley should I answer thee.

[*LADY MORTIMER kisses MORTIMER again and again.*]

LADY MORTIMER: Cer a fi gyda thi, fy annwyl wr! [Take me with you, my dear husband!]

MORTIMER: I understand thy kisses and thou mine.

[*MORTIMER is near weeping himself.*]

GLENDOWER: Nay, if you melt, then will she run mad.

LADY MORTIMER: Gorwedda gyda mi yma a gwrandawa ar y gan yna yr wyt ti mor hoff ohoni. [Lie down here before you leave me, and listen to that song you love so well.]

MORTIMER: O I am ignorance itself in this!

GLENDOWER: She bids you on the wanton rushes lay you down

And rest your gentle head upon her lap,  
And she will sing the song that pleaseth you.

MORTIMER: With all my heart I'll sit and hear her sing.

[*MORTIMER lays his head in LADY MORTIMER's lap.*]

GLENDOWER: Do so; and those musicians that shall play to you

Hang in the air a thousand leagues from hence,  
And straight they shall be here. Sit and attend.

HOTSPUR: Come, Kate, thou art perfect in lying down;

Come, quick, quick, that I may lay my head in thy lap.

[*HOTSPUR lies face-down on KATE'S lap. KATE smacks HOTSPUR.*]

KATE: Go, ye giddy goose.

GLENDOWER [*grandly gesturing*]: Un, dau, tri. [One, two, three.] Cerddorion o fri! [Renowned minstrels!] Chwarewch! [Play!]

[*Obviously recorded music plays offstage.*]

HOTSPUR: Now I perceive the devil understands Welsh.

[*LADY MORTIMER begins singing the most beautiful Welsh song in all the world.*]

By'r lady, he is a good musician.

[*KATE smacks HOTSPUR.*]

KATE: Lie still, ye thief, and hear the lady sing in Welsh.

HOTSPUR: I had rather hear Lady, my brach, howl in Irish.

KATE: Wouldst thou have thy head broken?

HOTSPUR: No.

KATE: Then be still.

HOTSPUR: Neither, 'tis a woman's fault.

KATE: Now God help thee!

HOTSPUR: To the Welsh lady's bed.

KATE: What's that?

HOTSPUR: Peace, she sings.

*[LADY MORTIMER finishes singing the most beautiful Welsh song in all the world.]*

Come, Kate, I'll have your song too.

KATE: Not mine, in good sooth.

HOTSPUR: Come, sing.

KATE: I will not sing.

HOTSPUR: An the indentures be drawn, I'll away within these two hours; and so, come in when ye will.

*[Exit HOTSPUR.]*

GLENDOWER: Come, come, Lord Mortimer, you are as slow

As hot Lord Percy is on fire to go.

By this our book is drawn; we'll but seal,

And then to horse immediately.

*[MORTIMER and LADY MORTIMER share a final kiss.]*

MORTIMER: With all my heart.

*[Exeunt GLENDOWER, WORCESTER and MORTIMER. GLENDOWER becomes PISTOL. WORCESTER becomes JOHN. MORTIMER becomes ROBIN. LADY MORTIMER sees KATE's sadness, takes her by the hand and leads her off another way. KATE becomes POINS. LADY MORTIMER becomes BARDOLPH.]*

Scene 8. [113 lines /7:04]

*[Enter HENRY, already speaking, followed by HAL.]*

HENRY: I know not whether God will have it so  
For some displeasing service I have done,  
That in his secret doom out of my blood  
He'll breed revengement and a scourge for me;  
But thou dost in thy passages of life  
Make me believe that thou art only marked  
For the hot vengeance and the rod of heaven  
To punish my mistreadings. Tell me else  
Could such inordinate and low desires  
Accompany the greatness of thy blood?

*[HAL kneels.]*

HAL: May I, for some things true, wherein my youth  
Hath faulty wandered and irregular,  
Find pardon on my true submission?

HENRY: God pardon thee!

*[HENRY walks away; somewhere during his father's long speech, HAL stands and begins to absently toy with FALSTAFF's pistol from the Boarshead Tavern.]*

Yet let me wonder, Harry,

At thy affections, which do hold a wing  
Quite from the flight of all thy ancestors.  
Thy place in Council thou hast rudely lost,  
Which by thy younger brother is supplied.  
The hope and expectation of thy time  
Is ruined, and the soul of every man  
Prophetically doth forethink thy fall.  
Had I so lavish of my presence been,  
So common-hackneyed in the eyes of men,  
Opinion, that did help me to the crown,  
Had still kept loyal to possession

And left me in reputeless banishment.  
By being seldom seen, I could not stir  
But like a comet I was wondered at,  
That men would tell their children, "This is he!"  
Others would say, "Where, which is Bullingbrook?"  
And then I stole all courtesy from heaven,  
And dressed myself in such humility  
That I did pluck allegiance from men's hearts,  
Loud shouts and salutations from their mouths,  
Even in the presence of the crownèd King.  
Thus did I keep my person fresh and new,  
Ne'er seen but wondered at; the skipping King,  
He ambled up and down with shallow wits,  
And grew companion to the common streets,  
That, being daily swallowed by men's eyes,  
They surfeited with honey and began  
To loathe the taste of sweetness, whereof a little  
More than a little is by much too much.  
So when he had occasion to be seen  
He was but as the cuckoo is in June,  
Heard, not regarded—seen, but with such eyes  
Afford no extra-ordinary gaze,  
But rather drowsed and hung their eyelids down,  
Being with his presence glutted, gorged and full.  
And in that very line, Harry, standest thou;  
For thou has lost thy princely privilege  
With vile participation. Not an eye  
But is aweary of thy common sight  
Save mine, which hath desired to see thee more—

*[HENRY yanks the pistol away from HAL.]*

Which now doth that I would not have it do,  
Make blind itself with foolish tenderness.

*[HENRY weeps, and the emotion brings on an attack of sickness, HAL taken aback at his father's weakness.]*

HAL: I shall hereafter, my thrice gracious lord,  
Be more myself.

HENRY *[recovering]*: For all the world  
As thou art to this hour was Richard then  
When I from France set foot at Ravenspurgh,  
And even as I was then is Percy now.  
Now, by my sceptre, and my soul to boot,  
He hath more worthy interest to the state  
Than thou the shadow of successiõn.  
What never-dying honour hath he got  
Against renownèd Douglas!—Whose high deeds,  
Whose hot incursions and great name in arms  
Holds from all soldiers chief majority  
Through all the kingdoms that acknowledge Christ.  
Thrice hath this Hotspur, Mars in swathling clothes,  
Discomfited great Douglas, ta'en him once,  
Enlargèd him and made a friend of him,  
To shake the peace and safety of our throne.

And what say you to this? Northumberland,  
Worcester, Percy, Douglas, Mortimer,  
Capitulate against us and are up.  
But wherefore do I tell these news to thee?  
Why, Harry, do I tell thee of my foes,  
Which art my near'st and dearest enemy?  
Thou that art like enough, through vassal fear,  
Base inclination, and the start of spleen,  
To fight against me under Percy's pay,  
To dog his heels and curtsy at his frowns,  
To show how much thou art degenerate!

HAL: Do not think so! You shall not find it so!  
I will redeem all this on Percy's head,  
And in the closing of some glorious day  
Be bold to tell you that I am your son,  
When I will wear a garment all of blood  
Which, washed away, shall scour my shame with it.  
And that shall be the day, whene'er it lights,  
That this same child of honour and renown,  
This gallant Hotspur, this all-praisèd knight,  
And your unthought-of Harry chance to meet.  
For every honour sitting on his helm,  
Would they were multitudes, and on my head  
My shames redoubled! For the time will come  
That I shall make this northern youth exchange  
His glorious deeds for my indignities.  
Percy is but my factor, good my lord,  
To engross up glorious deeds on my behalf;  
And I will call him to so strict account  
That he shall render every glory up,  
Or I will tear the reckoning from his heart.

HENRY: A hundred thousand rebels die in this.

*[HENRY steps to embrace HAL, but HAL, startled, flinches back; HENRY, self-conscious, hesitates; then HAL moves to embrace HENRY—but immediately enter BLUNT, the moment lost.]*

How now, good Blunt? Thy looks are full of speed.

BLUNT: So hath the business that I come to speak of.

Lord Douglas and the English rebels meet  
The eleventh of this month at Shrewsbury.  
A mighty and a fearful head they are  
As ever offered foul play in the state.

HENRY: Our hands are full of business. Let's away!

Advantage feeds him fat, while men delay.

*[Exeunt HENRY and BLUNT. BLUNT becomes QUICKLY. HAL remains, ashamed, despairing and furious at himself. Perhaps HAL acts out his frustration on the set or space. Then HAL exits and returns with the INTERMISSION sign, places it and slumps down in an empty seat or in the space. House lights rise. Two-thirds through intermission, enter POINS.]*

POINS: Hello, sweet Hal.

HAL: Hello, Meg.

POINS: The old boar doth feed in the old frank: Falstaff sups in Eastcheap.

HAL: Shall we steal upon him, Meg, at supper?

POINS: I am your shadow, my lord; I follow you.

HAL: How might we see Falstaff bestow himself tonight in his true colours, and not ourselves be seen?

*[POINS retrieves from offstage a clothesrack with a pair of drawers' costumes upon it.]*

POINS: Put on two leathern jerkins and aprons, and wait upon him at his table as drawers.

HAL: From a prince to a prentice? A low transformation that shall be mine, for in everything the purpose must weigh with the folly.

*[For the remainder of intermission, POINS and HAL change into the drawers' costumes, stash their original costumes, and then transform the space into the Boarshead Tavern.]*

Scene 9. [301 lines /18:49]

*[HAL removes the INTERMISSION sign as POINS dims the houselights; throughout this scene, HAL and POINS, still disguised, may enter and exit as needed, pouring drinks, straightening toppled furniture, etc. but shouldn't catch any attention till very late. Enter*

*QUICKLY and FANG.]*

QUICKLY: Master Fang, have you entered the action?

FANG: It is entered.

QUICKLY: Are you a lusty constable? Will you stand to't?

FANG: To arrest Sir John Falstaff?

QUICKLY: Yea, good Master Fang; I have entered him and all.

FANG: It may chance cost me my life, for he will stab.

QUICKLY: Alas the day, take heed of him; he stabbed me in mine own house, most beastly, in good faith. A cares not what mischief he does; if his weapon be out, he will foin like any devil; he will spare neither man, woman, nor child.

FANG: If I can close with him, I care not for his thrust.

QUICKLY: No, nor I neither; I'll be at your elbow.

FANG: An I but fist him once, an a come but within my view—

QUICKLY: Good Master Fang, hold him sure; good Master Fang, let him not 'scape. I pray you, since my case so openly known to the world, let him be brought in to his answer. A hundred mark is a long one for a poor lone woman to bear, and I have borne, and borne, and borne, and have been fobbed off, and fobbed off, and fobbed 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 woman should be made an ass and a beast, to bear every knave's wrong.

*[Enter FALSTAFF, ROBIN and BARDOLPH on the other side of the space.]*

Yonder he comes, and that arrant malmsey-nose knave Bardolph with him. Do your offices, do your offices, Master Fang, do me, do me, do me your offices!

FALSTAFF: How now? What's the matter?

*[FANG approaches FALSTAFF.]*

FANG: Sir John, I arrest you at the suit of Mistress Quickly.

FALSTAFF: Away, varlet! Draw, Bardolph, cut me off the villain's head, throw the quean in the channel.

<i>[RIDICULOUS CHAOS! FALSTAFF, BARDOLPH and ROBIN draw on FANG, who draws himself, and they fight clumsily through the tavern and the audience, continually interrupted by QUICKLY hanging upon and tripping up combatants.]</i>	QUICKLY: Throw me in the channel? I'll throw thee in the channel. Wilt thou, wilt thou, thou bastarding rogue? Murder, murder! Ah, thou honeysuckle villain, wilt thou kill God's officer and the King's? Ah, thou honeysuckle rogue, thou art a honeysuckle, a man-queller, and a woman-queller. FALSTAFF: Keep them off, Bardolph. FANG: A rescue, a rescue! QUICKLY: Good people, bring a rescue or two. Thou wot, wot thou, thou wot, wot ta? Do, do, thou rogue, do, thou hemp-seed! ROBIN: Away, you scullions, you rampallions, you fustilarians! I'll tickle your catastrophe.
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*[Enter JUSTICE. Exit BARDOLPH.]*

JUSTICE: What is the matter? Keep the peace here, ho!

*[FANG apprehends FALSTAFF, with QUICKLY clinging to him too.]*

QUICKLY *[to JUSTICE]*: Good my lord, be good to me. I beseech you, stand to me.

JUSTICE: How now, Sir John! What, are you brawling here?

Doth this become your place, your time and business?

*[to FANG]* Stand from him, fellow; *[to QUICKLY]* wherefore hang'st upon him?

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

JUSTICE: For what sum?

QUICKLY: It is more than for some, my lord, it is for all I have. *[to FALSTAFF]* You owe me money, Sir John, and now you pick a quarrel to beguile me of it.

FALSTAFF: Go to, you are a woman, go.

QUICKLY: Who, I? No, I defy thee! God's light, I was never called so in mine own house before.

FALSTAFF: Go to. I know you well enough.

QUICKLY: No, Sir John, you do not know me, Sir John. I know you, Sir John. You owe me money, Sir John.

FALSTAFF: I'll not pay a denier. Go, you thing, go.

QUICKLY: Say, what thing, what thing?

FALSTAFF: What thing? Why, a thing to thank God on.

QUICKLY: I am no thing to thank God on, I would thou shouldst know it! Setting thy knighthood aside, thou art a knave to call me so.

FALSTAFF: Setting thy womanhood aside, thou art a beast to say otherwise.

QUICKLY: Say, what beast, thou knave thou?

FALSTAFF: What beast? Why, an otter.

*[A beat while everyone considers this.]*

JUSTICE: An otter, Sir John? Why an otter?

FALSTAFF: Why, she's neither fish nor flesh; a man knows not where to have her.

QUICKLY: Thou art an unjust man in saying so. Thou or any man knows where to have me, thou knave, thou! *[to JUSTICE]* He hath eaten me out of house and home. He hath put all my substance into that fat belly of his.

JUSTICE: How comes this, Sir John? Are you not ashamed to enforce a poor widow to so rough a course to come by her own?

FALSTAFF *[to QUICKLY]*: What is the gross sum that I owe thee?

QUICKLY: Marry, if thou wert an honest man, 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 his father to a singing-man of Windsor—thou didst swear to me then, as I was washing thy wound, to marry me and make me my lady thy wife. 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, and she says up and down the town that her eldest son is like you. She hath been in good case, and the truth is, poverty hath distracted her.

JUSTICE: Sir John, Sir John, I am well acquainted with your manner of wrenching the true cause the false way. You have, as it appears to me, practised upon the easy-yielding spirit of this woman, and made her serve your uses both in purse and in person.

QUICKLY: Yea, in truth, my lord.

JUSTICE: Pray thee, peace. *[to FALSTAFF]* Pay her the debt you owe her, and unpay the villiany you have done with her. The one you may do with sterling money, and the other with current repentance.

FALSTAFF: Come hither, hostess. *[FALSTAFF kisses QUICKLY.]* Hostess, I forgive thee. Come, an 'twere not for thy humours, there's not a better wench in England. Go, wash thy face and draw the action. Come, thou must not be in this humour with me.

Dost not know me? Go, make ready supper. Look to thy servants, cherish thy guests.

Thou shalt find me tractable to any honest reason, as I am a gentleman.

QUICKLY: Faith, you said so before.

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

QUICKLY: You'll pay me all together?

FALSTAFF: Will I live? Nay, pritheee, be gone.

*[QUICKLY, confused, starts to exit, but turns back.]*

QUICKLY: Will you have Doll Tearsheet meet you at supper?

FALSTAFF: No more words; let's have her.

[Exit QUICKLY, confused.]

JUSTICE: Come, go along with me, good Sergeant Fang.

[Enter QUICKLY leading a very hung-over DOLL as JUSTICE and FANG exeunt.

JUSTICE becomes SHADOW. FANG becomes NIM.]

QUICKLY: I'faith, sweetheart, you have drunk too much canaries. How do you now?

DOLL: Better than I was—[pukes]

QUICKLY: Why, that's well said. A good heart's worth gold.

FALSTAFF: How now, Mistress Doll?

DOLL: A pox damn you, you muddy rascal!

FALSTAFF: You make fat rascals, Mistress Doll.

DOLL: I make them? Gluttony and diseases make them; I make them not.

FALSTAFF: If the cook help to make the gluttony, you help to make the diseases, Doll.

We catch of you, Doll, we catch of you.

DOLL: Hang yourself, you muddy conger, hang yourself.

QUICKLY: By my troth, this is the old fashion. You two never meet but you fall to some discord. You are both, i' good truth, as rheumatic as two dry toasts; you cannot one bear with another's confirmities. What the goodyear! One must bear, [to DOLL] and that must be you; you are the weaker vessel, as they say, the emptier vessel.

DOLL: Can a weak empty vessel bear such a huge full hogshead? There's a whole merchant's venture of Bourdeaux stuff in him; you have not seen a hulk better stuffed in the hold. Come, I'll be friends with thee, Jack. Thou art going to the wars; and whether I shall ever see thee again or no, there is nobody cares.

[Enter BARDOLPH.]

BARDOLPH: Sir, Ancient Pistol's below, and would speak with you.

DOLL: Hang him, swaggering rascal, let him not come hither. It is the foul-mouthedest rogue in England.

QUICKLY: If he *swagger*, let him not come here. No, by my faith, I must live among my neighbours. 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, hostess?

QUICKLY: Pray ye, pacify yourself, Sir John. There comes no *swaggerers* here.

FALSTAFF: Dost thou hear? It is mine ancient.

QUICKLY: Tilly-fally, Sir John, ne'er tell me. And your ancient *swaggerer* comes not in my doors. There comes none here. No, I'll no *swaggerers*.

FALSTAFF: He's no *swaggerer*, hostess—a tame cheater, i' faith. You may stroke him as gently as a puppy greyhound. Call him up, Bardolph.

[Exit BARDOLPH.]

QUICKLY: Cheater call you him? I will bar no honest man my house, nor no cheater, but I do not love *swaggering*, by my troth, I am the worse when one says “*swagger*”.

Feel, masters, how I shake, look you, I warrant you.

DOLL: So you do, hostess.

QUICKLY: Do I? Yea, in very truth do I, an 'twere an aspen leaf. I cannot abide *swaggerers*.

[Enter PISTOL, rip-roaring plastered, and BARDOLPH.]

PISTOL: God save you, Sir John!

FALSTAFF: Welcome, Ancient Pistol. Here, Pistol, I charge you with a cup of sack [FALSTAFF toasts PISTOL.]; do you discharge upon mine hostess.

PISTOL [grabbing his crotch]: I will discharge upon her, Sir John, with two bullets.

FALSTAFF: She is pistol-proof, sir; you shall not 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 man's pleasure, I.

PISTOL: Then to you, Mistress Dorothy! I will charge you.

DOLL: 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 master.

PISTOL: I know you, Mistress Dorothy.

DOLL [*drawing her knife*]: 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! 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.

DOLL: 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? He a captain? Hang him, rogue! A captain?

BARDOLPH: Pray thee go down, good ancient.	FALSTAFF: Hark thee hither, Mistress Doll.
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*[FALSTAFF beckons DOLL away from PISTOL.]*

PISTOL: Not I! I tell thee what, Corporal Bardolph, I could tear her! I'll be revenged of her.

ROBIN: Pray thee, go down.

PISTOL [*proclaiming*]: I'll see her damned first

PISTOL: To Pluto's damned lake, by this hand, To th' infernal deep, With Erebus and tortures vile also.	QUICKLY: Good Captain Pizzle, be quiet. 'Tis very late, i'faith. I beseek you now, aggravate your choler.
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PISTOL: Have we not Hiren here?

*[PISTOL draws his sword.]*

PISTOL: Nay, let the welkin roar! Shall we fall foul for toys?  Die men like dogs! Give crowns like pins!	QUICKLY: By my troth, captain, these are very bitter words. BARDOLPH: Be gone, good ancient; this will grow to a brawl anon.
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PISTOL [*waving his sword*]: Have we not Hiren here?

QUICKLY: O' my word, captain, there's none such here. What the goodyear, do you think I would deny her? For God's sake be quiet.

PISTOL: Then feed, and be fat, my fair Calipolis.

Come, give's some sack.

*[One of the "drawers" gives PISTOL a cup of sack, and wild-eyed PISTOL toasts the house.]*

*Si fortune me tormente, sperato me contento.*

*[forgetting the cup he holds]* Give me some sack; and, sweetheart, lie thou there.

*[PISTOL kisses and lovingly lays down his sword.]*

Come we to full points here? And are etceteras nothings?

*[PISTOL tries to mock-hump DOLL's behind, whereupon DOLL wales on him.]*

FALSTAFF: Pistol, I would be quiet.

PISTOL: Sweet knight, I kiss thy neaf.

*[PISTOL mock-stoops to kiss FALSTAFF's hand.]*

DOLL: For God's sake, thrust him down stairs. I cannot endure such a fustian rascal.

PISTOL: Thrust him down stairs? Know we not Galloway nags?

*[PISTOL seizes DOLL as though to ride her like a horse.]*

FALSTAFF: Quoit him down, Bardolph! Nay, an a do nothing but speak nothing, a shall be nothing here.

BARDOLPH: Come, get you downstairs.

[*BARDOLPH tries to exit with PISTOL.*]

PISTOL: What, shall we have incision? Shall we imbrue?

[*PISTOL snatches up his sword.*]

PISTOL: Then death rock me asleep, abridge my doleful days! Why, then, let grievous, ghastly, gaping wounds Untwine the Sisters Three! Come, Atropos, I say!	QUICKLY: Here's goodly stuff toward! FALSTAFF: Give me my rapier, boy. DOLL: I pray thee, Jack, I pray thee, do not draw. FALSTAFF [ <i>to PISTOL</i> ]: Get you downstairs.
[ <i>ROBIN hands FALSTAFF a rapier and FALSTAFF draws on PISTOL. EVEN MORE RIDICULOUS CHAOS! BARDOLPH draws on PISTOL, and FALSTAFF and BARDOLPH battle PISTOL through the tavern and the audience until finally PISTOL exits, pursued by BARDOLPH. PISTOL becomes WESTMORLAND.</i> ]	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!

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

QUICKLY: Are you not hurt i' th' groin? Methought a made a shrewd thrust at your belly.

[*Enter BARDOLPH.*]

FALSTAFF: Have you turned him out o' doors?

BARDOLPH: Yea, sir; the rascal's drunk. You have hurt him, sir, i' th' shoulder.

FALSTAFF: A rascal, to brave me!

DOLL: 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.

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

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

FALSTAFF: Sit on my knee, Doll.

[*DOLL sits on his knee.*]

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

DOLL: 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?

FALSTAFF: Peace, good Doll, do not speak like a death's head, do not bid me remember mine end.

[*DOLL recognizes HAL and POINS.*]

DOLL: Sirrah, what humour's the prince of?

FALSTAFF: The Prince is a Jack, a sneak-up. 'Sblood, an he were here, I would cudgel him like a dog.

DOLL: They say Meg Poins has a good wit.

FALSTAFF: She a good wit? Hang her, baboon! Her wit's as thick as Tewksbury mustard.

DOLL: Why does the prince love her so, then?

FALSTAFF: Because she rides the wild-mare with the boys, and jumps upon joint-stools, and swears with a good grace, 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 himself is such another. Kiss me, Doll.

[*DOLL kisses FALSTAFF.*]

POINS [*aside to HAL*]: Let's beat him before his whore.

[*DOLL rumples FALSTAFF's remaining hair.*]

HAL [*aside to POINS*]: Is it not strange that desire should so many years outlive performance?

FALSTAFF: Thou dost give me flattering busses.

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

FALSTAFF: I am old, I am old.

DOLL: I love thee better than I love e'er a scurvy young boy of them all.

FALSTAFF: Come, it grows late; we'll to bed. Thou'lt forget me when I am gone.

DOLL: By my troth, thou'lt set me a-weeping an thou sayest so.

FALSTAFF: Some sack, Francis.

HAL [*imitating a drawer*]: Anon, anon, sir.

[*HAL refills FALSTAFF'S cup.*]

[*low, but in his own voice*] 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 Eastcheap! Now the Lord bless that sweet face of thine! O Jesu!

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

DOLL: How, you fat fool! I scorn you.

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

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

FALSTAFF [*to HAL*]: 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.

QUICKLY: My lord, he speaks most vilely of you, like a foul-mouthed man as he is, and said he would cudgel you.

HAL: What, he did not!

QUICKLY: There's neither faith, truth, nor womanhood in me else.

FALSTAFF: There's no more faith in thee than in a stewed prune.

HAL: Thou sayst true, hostess, and he slanders thee most grossly.

QUICKLY: So he doth you, my lord, and said this other day you owed him a thousand pound.

HAL: Sirrah, do I owe you a thousand pound?

FALSTAFF: A thousand pound, Hal? A million. Thy love is worth a million; thou owest me thy love.

QUICKLY: Nay, my lord, he called you Jack, and said he would cudgel you.

FALSTAFF: Did I, Bardolph?

[*Everyone turns to BARDOLPH.*]

BARDOLPH: Indeed, Sir John, you said so.

HAL: Darest thou be as good as thy word now?

FALSTAFF: Why, Hal, thou knowest, as thou art but man, I dare; but as thou art prince, I fear thee as I fear the roaring of a lion's whelp.

HAL: And why not as the lion?

FALSTAFF: The King himself is to be feared as the lion. Dost thou think I'll fear thee as I fear thy father?

[*A loud knocking sounds offstage.*]

QUICKLY: Who knocks so loud at door?

[*Exit QUICKLY.*]

FALSTAFF: Now Hal, to the news at court: for the robbery, lad, how is that answered?

HAL: O my sweet beef, the money is paid back again.

FALSTAFF: O I do not like that paying back. 'Tis a double labour.

HAL: I am good friends with my father and may do any thing.

FALSTAFF: Rob me the Exchequer the first thing thou dost.

BARDOLPH: Do, my lord.

HAL: I have procured thee, Jack, a charge of foot.

FALSTAFF: I would it had been of horse.

*[Enter QUICKLY with NIM, now dressed in military garb and out-of-breath from running.]*

HAL: Nim, how now?

NIM: The humor of it's my name is *Corporal* Nim now. I speak, and I avouch tis true. My name is *Corporal* Nim, and this is true. I like not the humor of lying.

POINS *[aside to HAL]*: The humor of it's here's a fellow frights English out of his wits.

HAL: What news, *Corporal* Nim?

NIM: The king your father 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 d-d-dozen captains,  
Bare-head-ded, sweating, knocking at the taverns,  
And asking every one for Sir John Falstaff.

HAL: By heaven, Poins, I feel me much to blame,  
So idly to profane the precious time;  
The land is burning. Percy stands on high,  
And either we or they must lower lie.  
Give me my sword and cloak—Falstaff, good night.

*[HAL returns FALSTAFF's pistol to him. Exeunt HAL and POINS. POINS becomes FEEBLE.]*

NIM: You must away to court, sir, presently.

A d-d-dozen captains stay at d-d-door for you.

*[to QUICKLY]* That's the short and the long. I have a sword and it shall bite upon my necessity. Ad-d-dieu.

*[NIM suddenly seizes QUICKLY and kisses her, and just as suddenly backs bashfully away.]*

I love not the humour of bread and cheese. Ad-d-dieu.

*[Exit NIM. NIM becomes DOUGLAS.]*

FALSTAFF: Farewell, hostess; farewell, Doll. You see, my good wenches, how men of merit are sought after. The undeserver may sleep, when the man of action is called on. Farewell, good wenches. If I be not sent away post, I will see you again ere I go.

*[DOLL tries to hold back tears.]*

DOLL: I cannot speak. If my heart be not ready to burst—well, sweet Jack, have a care of thyself.

FALSTAFF: Farewell, farewell.

*[Exeunt FALSTAFF, ROBIN, and BARDOLPH as DOLL weeps. ROBIN becomes MORTIMER.]*

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

BARDOLPH *[offstage]*: Mistress Tearsheet!

QUICKLY: What's the matter?

BARDOLPH *[offstage]*: Bid Mistress Tearsheet come to my master.

QUICKLY: O run, Doll, run; run, good Doll; come. She comes blubbered. Yea, will you come, Doll?

*[Exit DOLL running after them. DOLL becomes SILENCE. Exit QUICKLY separately. QUICKLY becomes SERVANT.]*

Scene 10. [64 lines /4:00]

*[Enter JOHN, pushing HENRY, dressed in a nightgown, in his wheelchair.]*

HENRY: John, my good son of Lancaster, go call  
The Earl of Westmorland; pray make good speed.

[Exit JOHN. JOHN becomes WORCESTER.]

How many thousand of my poorest subjects  
Are at this hour asleep! O sleep, O gentle sleep,  
Nature's soft nurse, how have I frighted 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 hushed with buzzing night-flies to thy slumber  
Than in the perfumed chambers of the great,  
Under the canopies of costly state,  
And lulled with sound of sweetest melody?  
Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast  
Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains  
In cradle of the rude imperious surge?  
Canst thou, O partial sleep, give thy repose  
To the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude,  
And in the calmest and most stillest night,  
With all appliances and means to boot,  
Deny it to a king? Then happy low, lie down.  
Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.

[Enter WESTMORLAND.]

WESTMORLAND: Many good morrows to your majesty!

HENRY: Is it good morrow, lord?

WESTMORLAND: 'Tis one o'clock, and past.

HENRY: Do you perceive the body of our kingdom,  
How foul it is, what rank diseases grow,  
And with what danger, near the heart of it?

WESTMORLAND: It is but as a body yet distempered,  
Which to his former strength may be restored  
With good advice and little medicine.  
My Lord Northumberland will soon be cooled.

HENRY: 'Tis not ten years since Richard and Northumberland  
Did feast together; and in two year after  
Were they at wars. It is but eight years since  
This Percy was the man nearest my soul,  
Who like a brother toiled in my affairs,  
And laid his love and life under my foot,  
Yea, for my sake, even to the eyes of Richard  
Gave him defiance. But, were you not by,  
When Richard, with his eye brimful of tears,  
Then checked and rated by Northumberland,  
Did speak these words, now proved a prophecy—  
“Northumberland, thou ladder by the which  
My cousin Bullingbrook ascends my throne”—  
Though then, God knows, I had no such intent  
But that necessity so bowed the state  
That I and greatness were compelled to kiss—  
“The time shall come”—thus did he 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.  
They say that Percy, Mortimer and Douglas  
Are fifty thousand strong.

WESTMORLAND:                   It cannot be, my lord.  
Rumour doth double, like the voice and echo,  
The numbers of the feared. Please it your grace  
To go to bed? Upon my soul, my lord,  
Your powers shall bring this prize in easily.  
To comfort you the more, I have received  
A certain instance that Glendòw'r is dead.  
*[HENRY reacts with astonishment, and a fit of his sickness overtakes him.]*  
Your majesty hath been this fortnight ill,  
And these unseasoned hours perforce must add  
Unto your sickness.

HENRY:                            I will take your counsel.  
And were these inward wars once out of hand,  
We would crusade unto the Holy Land.  
*[Exeunt WESTMORLAND, pushing HENRY in the wheelchair. HENRY becomes BULLCALF.]*

Scene 11. [109 lines /6:49]

*[Enter HOTSPUR, DOUGLAS and WORCESTER.]*

HOTSPUR: Well said, my noble Scot. A braver place  
In my heart's love hath no man than the Douglas.

DOUGLAS: Thou art the king of honour.  
No man so potent breathes upon the ground  
But I will beard him.

HOTSPUR:                        Do so, and 'tis well.  
*[Enter SERVANT with letters.]*

What letters hast thou there? *[to DOUGLAS]* I can but thank you.

SERVANT: These letters come from your father.

HOTSPUR: Letters from him? Why comes he not himself?

SERVANT: He cannot come, my lord. He is grievous sick.

HOTSPUR: Zounds, how has he the leisure to be sick  
In such a jostling time? Who leads his power?

SERVANT: His letters bear his mind, not I, my lord.  
*[HOTSPUR steps aside to read.]*

WORCESTER: I prithee, tell me, doth he keep his bed?

SERVANT: He did, my lord, four days ere I set forth,  
And at the time of my departure thence  
He was much feared by his physicians.

*[WORCESTER dismisses SERVANT. SERVANT exits. SERVANT becomes SHALLOW.]*

WORCESTER: I would the state of time had first been whole  
Ere he by sickness had been visited.

His health was never better worth than now.

HOTSPUR: Sick now? Droop now? This sickness doth infect  
The very life-blood of our enterprise.  
He writes me here, that inward sickness—  
And that his friends by deputation  
Could not so soon be drawn, nor did he think it meet  
To lay so dangerous and dear a trust

On any soul removed but on his own.  
Yet doth he give us bold advertisement  
That with our small conjunction we should on;  
For, as he writes, there is no quailing now,  
Because the King is certainly possessed  
Of all our purposes. What say you to it?

WORCESTER: Your father's sickness is a maim to us.

HOTSPUR: A perilous gash, a very limb lopped off!  
And yet, in faith, it is not. His present want  
Seems more than we shall find it. Were it good  
To set the exact wealth of all our states  
All at one cast? To set so rich a main  
On the nice hazard of one doubtful hour?  
It were not good, for therein should we read  
The very list, the very utmost bound  
Of all our fortunes.

DOUGLAS: Faith, and so we should.  
A comfort of retirement lives in this.

HOTSPUR: A rendezvous, a home to fly unto—

WORCESTER: But yet I would your father had been here.

The quality and hair of our attempt  
Brooks no division. It will be thought  
By some that know not why he is away,  
That wisdom, loyalty and mere dislike  
Of our proceedings kept the Earl from hence.  
And think how such an apprehension  
May breed a kind of question in our cause.  
This absence of your father's draws a curtain  
That shows the ignorant a kind of fear  
Before not dreamt of.

HOTSPUR: You strain too far.  
I rather of his absence make this use:  
It lends a lustre and more great opinion,  
A larger dare to our great enterprise,  
Than if the Earl were here; for men must think,  
If we without his help can make a head  
To push against a kingdom, with his help  
We shall o'erturn it topsy-turvy down.  
Yet all goes well, yet all our joints are whole.

DOUGLAS: As heart can think. There is not such a word  
Spoke of in Scotland as this term of fear.

*[Enter MORTIMER.]*

HOTSPUR: My brother Edmund, welcome, by my soul.

MORTIMER: Pray God my news be worth a welcome, cousin.

The Earl of Westmorland, seven thousand strong,  
Is marching hitherwards; with him Prince John.

HOTSPUR: No harm. What more?

MORTIMER: And further, I have learned,  
The King himself in person is set forth.

HOTSPUR: He shall be welcome too. Where is his son,  
The nimble-footed madcap Prince of Wales,  
And his comrades, that daffed the world aside

And bid it pass?

MORTIMER: All furnished, all in arms;  
As full of spirit as the month of May,  
Wanton as youthful goats, wild as young bulls,  
And gorgeous as the sun at midsummer.  
I spoke to one who saw young Harry, armed,  
Rise from the ground like feathered Mercury,  
And vaulted with such ease into his seat  
As if an angel dropped down from the clouds  
To witch the world with noble horsemanship.

HOTSPUR: No more, no more! Worse than the sun in March,  
This praise doth nourish agues. Let them come.  
They come like sacrifices in their trim,  
And to the fire-eyed maid of smoky war  
All hot and bleeding will we offer them.  
The mailed Mars shall on his altar sit  
Up to the ears in blood. I am on fire  
To hear this rich reprisal is so nigh  
And yet not ours. Come, let me taste my horse,  
Who is to bear me like a thunderbolt  
Against the bosom of the Prince of Wales.  
Harry to Harry shall, hot horse to horse,  
Meet and ne'er part till one drop down a corse.  
O that Glendower were come!

MORTIMER: There is more news:  
I learned in Worcester as I rode along  
A sudden apoplexy struck my father,  
And none could tell me if he lived or died.

DOUGLAS: That's the worst tidings that I hear of yet.

WORCESTER: Ay, by my faith, that bears a frosty sound.

HOTSPUR: What may the King's whole battle reach unto?

MORTIMER: To thirty thousand.

HOTSPUR: Forty let it be!  
My father and Glendower being both away,  
The powers of us may serve so great a day.  
Come, let us take a muster speedily.  
Doomsday is near; die all, die merrily.

*[Exeunt HOTSPUR, DOUGLAS, MORTIMER and WORCESTER. DOUGLAS becomes MOULDY.]*

Scene 12. [135 lines /8:26]

*[Enter SHALLOW from one way, and SILENCE from another.]*

SHALLOW: Come on, come on, come on! Give me your hand, sir, give me your hand, sir. An early stirrer, by the rood! And how doth my good cousin Silence?

SILENCE: Good morrow, good cousin Shallow.

SHALLOW: By yea and no, I dare say my cousin William is become a good scholar. He is at Oxford still, is he not?

SILENCE: Indeed, sir, to my cost.

SHALLOW: A must then to the inns o' court shortly. I was once of Clement's Inn, where I think they will talk of mad Shallow yet.

SILENCE: You were called "lusty Shallow" then, cousin.

SHALLOW: By the mass, I was called anything; and I would have done anything indeed, too, and roundly too. Then was Jack Falstaff, now Sir John, page to Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk.

SILENCE: This Sir John, cousin, that comes hither anon about soldiers?

SHALLOW: The same Sir John, the very same. And I may say to you, we knew where the bona-robas were and had the best of them all at commandment. Jesu, Jesu, the mad days that I have spent! And to see how many of my old acquaintance are dead.

SILENCE: We shall all follow, cousin.

SHALLOW: Certain, 'tis certain; very sure, very sure. Death, as the Psalmist saith, is certain to all; all shall die. Death is certain. Is old Double of your town living yet?

SILENCE: Dead, sir.

*[Enter BARDOLPH to them, but SHALLOW doesn't notice.]*

SHALLOW: Jesu, Jesu, dead! A drew a good bow; and dead! A shot a fine shot. John a Gaunt loved him well, and betted much money on his head. Dead!

SILENCE: Here comes one of Sir John Falstaff's men, as I think. Good morrow, honest gentleman.

BARDOLPH: I beseech you, which is Justice Shallow?

SHALLOW: I am Robert Shallow, sir; a poor esquire of this county, and one of the King's Justices of the Peace. What is your good pleasure with me?

BARDOLPH: My captain, sir, commends him to you—

SHALLOW *[to SILENCE]*: And is old Double dead?

BARDOLPH: —my captain, Sir John Falstaff, a tall gentleman, by heaven, and a most gallant leader.

SHALLOW *[to SILENCE]*: He greets me well, sir. *[to BARDOLPH]* I knew him a good backsword man. How doth the good knight?

*[Enter FALSTAFF.]*

Look, here comes good Sir John. *[to FALSTAFF]* Give me your hand, give me your worship's good hand. By my troth, you like well, and bear your years very well.

Welcome, good Sir John.

FALSTAFF: I am glad to see you well, good Master Robert Shallow. *[to SILENCE]* Master Surecard, as I think?

SHALLOW: No, Sir John, it is my cousin Silence, in commission with me.

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

SHALLOW: Ha, ha, ha, most excellent, i' faith! *[to SILENCE]* To be silent is to hold your peace. *[to FALSTAFF]* Very singular good, in faith, well said, Sir John, very well said.

SILENCE: Your good worship is welcome.

FALSTAFF: Fie, this is hot weather, gentlemen. Have you provided me here four sufficient men?

SHALLOW: Marry, have we, sir.

FALSTAFF: Let me see them, I beseech you.

SHALLOW: Where's the roll? where's the roll? where's the roll? Let me see, let me see, let me see. So, so, so, so, so, so. Yea, marry, sir: Ralph Mouldy!

*[Enter MOULDY.]*

*[to SILENCE]* Let them appear as I call, let them do so, let them do so. Let me see; *[calls]* where is Mouldy?

MOULDY: Here, an't please you.

SHALLOW: Peace, fellow, peace. Let me see: Simon Shadow!

*[Enter SHADOW in a wheelchair.]*

Where's Shadow?

SHADOW: Here, sir.

SHALLOW*[calls]*: Francis Feeble!

*[Enter FEEBLE.]*

SHALLOW *[calls]*: Peter Bullcalf o' th' Green!

*[Enter BULLCALF.]*

FALSTAFF: Is here all?

SHALLOW: You must have but four here, sir, and so, I pray you, go in with me to dinner.

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

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

FALSTAFF: No more of that, good Master Shallow, no more of that.

SHALLOW: Ha, 'twas a merry night! And is Jane Nightwork alive?

FALSTAFF: She lives, Master Shallow.

SHALLOW: She never could away with me.

FALSTAFF: Never, never. She would always say she could not abide Master Shallow.

SHALLOW: By the mass, I could anger her to th' heart. She was then a bona-roba.

Doth she hold her own well?

FALSTAFF: Old, old, Master Shallow.

SHALLOW: Nay, she must be old; she cannot choose but be old; certain she's old; and had Robin Nightwork by old Nightwork before I came to Clement's Inn.

SILENCE: That's fifty-five year ago.

SHALLOW: Ha, cousin Silence, that thou hadst seen that that this knight and I have seen! Ha, Sir John, said I well?

FALSTAFF: We have heard the chimes at midnight, Master Shallow.

SHALLOW *[near tears]*: That we have, that we have, that we have; in faith, Sir John, we have. Come, let's to dinner; come, let's to dinner. Jesus, the days that we have seen! Come, come.

*[Exeunt FALSTAFF, SHALLOW and SILENCE.]*

BULLCALF: Good Master Corporate Bardolph, stand my friend, and here's four Harry ten shillings in French crowns for you. *[BULLCALF gives BARDOLPH money.]* 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.

MOULDY: And, good master corporal captain, for my old dame's sake, stand my friend. She has nobody to do anything about her when I am gone, and she is old and cannot help herself. You shall have forty, sir.

*[MOULDY gives BARDOLPH money.]*

BARDOLPH: Go to, stand aside.

*[BARDOLPH looks expectantly at the others.]*

FEEBLE: By my troth, I care not. A man can die but once. We owe God a death. No man's too good to serve's prince.

BARDOLPH: Well said; thou'rt a good fellow.

FEEBLE: Faith, I'll bear no base mind.

*[Enter FALSTAFF, SHALLOW and SILENCE.]*

BARDOLPH: Sir, a word with you. *[aside to FALSTAFF]* I have three pound to free Mouldy and Bullcalf.

*[BARDOLPH gives FALSTAFF money.]*

FALSTAFF *[aside to BARDOLPH]*: Go to, well.

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.

*[Exeunt BULLCALF and MOULDY. BULLCALF becomes HENRY. MOULDY becomes DOUGLAS.]*

SHALLOW: Sir John, Sir John, do not yourself wrong. They are your likeliest men, and I would have you served with the best.

FALSTAFF: These fellows will do well, Master Shallow.—On, Bardolph.

BARDOLPH: At-ten-tion!

*[FEEBLE stands and SHADOW sits at attention. FALSTAFF starts to exit.]*

FALSTAFF: God keep you, Master Silence; I will not use many words with you.

SHALLOW *[breathless with laughter]*: Ha, ha, ha, you can do it, sir, you can do it!

FALSTAFF: Fare you well, gentlemen both; I thank you. I must a dozen mile tonight.—Lead the men away, Bardolph.

BARDOLPH: Tra-verse—thas, thas, thas!

*[BARDOLPH exits, parade-marching, followed by FEEBLE, parade-marching, and SHADOW, wheeling.]*

SHALLOW *[waving to FALSTAFF]*: Sir John, 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, would you would!

SHALLOW *[still waving to FALSTAFF]*: God keep you!

FALSTAFF: Fare you well, gentle gentlemen.

*[Exit FALSTAFF one way while exeunt another way SHALLOW, still turning back to wave, and SILENCE. SHALLOW becomes BLUNT. SILENCE becomes MESSENGER.]*

Scene 13. [58 lines /3:38]

*[Enter HOTSPUR, WORCESTER, DOUGLAS, and MORTIMER.]*

HOTSPUR: We'll fight with him tonight.

WORCESTER: It may not be.

DOUGLAS: You give him then advantage.

MORTIMER: Not a whit.

HOTSPUR: Why say you so? Looks he not for supply?

MORTIMER: So do we.

HOTSPUR: His is certain, ours is doubtful.

WORCESTER: Good cousin, be advised, stir not tonight.

MORTIMER: Do not, good coz.

DOUGLAS: You do not counsel well.

You speak it out of fear and cold heart.

MORTIMER: Do me no slander, Douglas. By my life,

Let it be seen tomorrow in the battle

Which of us fears.

DOUGLAS: Yea, or tonight.

MORTIMER: Content.

HOTSPUR: Tonight, say I.

MORTIMER: Come, come it may not be.

Your uncle Worcester's horse came but today,

And now their pride and mettle is asleep,

Their courage with hard labour tame and dull,

That not a horse is half the half of himself.

HOTSPUR: So are the horses of the enemy.

The better part of ours are full of rest.

WORCESTER: The number of the King exceedeth our.

For God's sake. cousin, stay till all come in.

*[The trumpet sounds a parley. Enter BLUNT.]*

BLUNT: I come with gracious offers from the King.

HOTSPUR: Welcome, Sir Walter Blunt.

BLUNT: Then to my charge.

The King hath sent to know of you wherefore  
You conjure from the breast of civil peace  
Such bold hostility, teaching his duteous land  
Audacious cruelty. If that the King  
Have any way your good deserts forgot,  
He bids you name your griefs, and with all speed  
You shall have your desires with interest  
And pardon absolute for yourself and these  
Herein misled by your suggestion.

HOTSPUR: The King is kind; and well we know the King  
Knows at what time to promise, when to pay.  
My father and my uncle and myself  
Did give him that same royalty he wears;  
And—when he was not six-and-twenty strong,  
A poor unminded outlaw sneaking home—  
My father gave him welcome to the shore;  
And when he heard him swear and vow to God  
He came but to be Duke of Lancaster,  
My father, in kind heart and pity moved,  
Swore him assistance and performed it too.

BLUNT: Tut, I came not to hear this.

HOTSPUR: Then to the point.

In short time after, he deposed the King,  
Soon after that deprived him of his life;  
To make that worse, suffered his kinsman March—  
Who is, if every owner were well placed,  
Indeed his king—to be engaged in Wales,  
There without ransom to lie forfeited;  
Disgraced me in my happy victories;  
Rated mine uncle from the Council-board;  
In rage dismissed my father from the court;  
Broke oath on oath, committed wrong on wrong,  
And in conclusion drove us to seek out  
This head of safety, and withal to pry  
Into his title, the which we find  
Too indirect for long continuance.

BLUNT: Shall I return this answer to the King?

*[WORCESTER preëmptively touches HOTSPUR.]*

HOTSPUR: Not so, Sir Walter. Go you to the King,  
And in the morning early shall my uncle  
Bring him our purposes. And so farewell.

BLUNT: I would you would accept of grace and love.

HOTSPUR: And may be so we shall.

BLUNT: Pray God you do.

*[Exeunt BLUNT one way, HOTSPUR, MORTIMER, DOUGLAS and WORCESTER  
another.]*



To whom you swore that oath at Doncaster  
That you did nothing purpose 'gainst the state,  
Nor claim no further than your new-fall'n right,  
The seat of Gaunt, dukedom of Lancaster.  
To this we swore our aid. But in short space  
You took occasion to be quickly wooed  
To grip the general sway into your hand,  
And to forget your oath at Doncaster,  
Enforcing us, for safety's sake, to fly  
Out of sight and raise this present head.

HENRY: O never yet did insurrection want  
Such water-colours to impaint his cause!

*[HAL suddenly steps forward.]*

HAL: In both your armies there is many a soul  
Shall pay full dearly for this encounter,  
If once they join in trial. Tell your nephew,  
The Prince of Wales doth join with all the world  
In praise of Henry Percy. By my hopes  
I do not think a braver gentleman,  
More daring or more bold, is now alive  
To grace this latter age with noble deeds.  
For my part, I may speak it to my shame,  
I have a truant been to chivalry;  
And so I hear he doth account me too.  
Yet this before my father's majesty:  
I am content that he shall take the odds  
Of his great name and estimation,  
And will, to save the blood on either side,  
Try fortune with him in a single fight.

HENRY: And, Prince of Wales, so dare we venture thee—  
Albeit considerations infinite  
Do make against it.

*[HENRY gestures for HAL to return to his place.]*

No, good Worcester, no,  
We love our people well; even those we love  
That are misled upon your cousin's part.  
And, will they take the offer of our grace,  
Both he and they and you, every man  
Shall be my friend again, and I'll be his.  
So tell your cousin, and bring me word  
What he will do. But if he will not yield,  
Rebuke and dread correction wait on us,  
And they shall do their office. So, be gone.  
We offer fair; take it advisedly.

*[Exeunt WORCESTER and MORTIMER.]*

HAL: It will not be accepted, on my life.  
The Douglas and the Hotspur both together  
Are confident against the world in arms.

HENRY: Hence, therefore, every leader to his charge,  
For on their answer will we set on them,  
And God befriend us as our cause is just!

*[Exeunt HENRY, WESTMORLAND and BLUNT.]*

BARDOLPH: Tra-verse! Thas, thas, thas.

*[Exeunt BARDOLPH, FEEBLE and SHADOW, marching.]*

FALSTAFF: Hal, if thou see me down in the battle and bestride me *[FALSTAFF demonstrates]*, so; 'tis a point of friendship.

HAL: Nothing but a colossus can do thee that friendship. Say thy prayers, and farewell.

FALSTAFF: I would 'twere bedtime, Hal, and all well.

HAL: Why, thou owest God a death.

FALSTAFF: 'Tis not due yet; I would be loath to pay him before his day. What need I be so forward with him that calls not on me?

*[Exit HAL.]*

Well, 'tis no matter; honour pricks me on. *[FALSTAFF starts to exit, then turns back.]*

Yea, but how if honour prick me off when I come on? How then? Can honour set to a leg? No. Or an arm? No. Or take away the grief of a wound? No. Honour hath no skill in surgery, then? No. What is honour? A word. What is in that word honour? What is that honour? Air. Who hath it? He that died o' Wednesday. Doth he feel it? No. Doth he hear it? No. 'Tis insensible, then? Yea, to the dead. But will it not live with the living? No. Why? Detraction will not suffer it. Therefore I'll none of it. And so ends my catechism.

*[Exit FALSTAFF.]*

Scene 15. [76 lines /4:45]

*[Enter WORCESTER and MORTIMER, mid-discussion.]*

WORCESTER: O no, my nephew must not know, Lord Mortimer,  
The liberal and kind offer of the king.

MORTIMER: 'Twere best he did.

WORCESTER: Then are we all undone.

It is not possible, it cannot be,  
The King should keep his word in loving us;  
He will suspect us still and find a time  
To punish this offence in other faults.  
Look how we can, or sad or merrily,  
Interpretation will misquote our looks,  
And we shall feed like oxen at a stall,  
The better cherished still the nearer death.  
Therefore, good cousin, let not Harry know  
In any case the offer of the king.

MORTIMER: Deliver what you will; I'll say 'tis so.

*[Enter HOTSPUR and DOUGLAS.]*

Here comes your cousin.

HOTSPUR: My uncle is returned.

Uncle, what news?

WORCESTER: There is no seeming mercy in the King.

HOTSPUR: Did you beg any? God forbid!

WORCESTER: I told him gently of our grievances,  
Of his oath-breaking, which he mended thus,  
By now forswearing that he is forsworn.  
He calls us rebels, traitors, and will scourge  
With haughty arms this hateful name in us.

DOUGLAS: The King will bid you battle presently.

Let us defy him; then to arms, to arms!

WORCESTER: The Prince of Wales stepped forth before the King,

And, nephew, challenged you to single fight.  
HOTSPUR: O would the quarrel lay upon our heads,  
And that no man might draw short breath today  
But I and Harry Monmouth! Tell me, tell me,  
How showed his tasking? Seemed it in contempt?

WORCESTER: Indeed, he named you—

MORTIMER: No, by my soul! I never in my life

MORTIMER: Did hear a challenge urged more modestly,  
Unless a brother should a brother dare  
To gentle exercise and proof of arms.  
He gave you all the duties of a man,  
Trimmed up your praises with a princely tongue,  
Spoke to your deservings like a chronicle;  
And, which became him like a prince indeed,  
He made a blushing cital of himself,  
And chid his truant youth with such a grace  
As if he mastered there a double spirit  
Of teaching and of learning instantly.

HOTSPUR: Cousin, I think thou art enamourèd  
On his follies. Never did I hear  
Of any prince so wild a liberty.  
But be he as he will, yet once ere night  
I will embrace him with a soldier's arm,  
That he shall shrink under my courtesy.  
Arm, arm with speed!

*[HOTSPUR enters the audience and addresses them as his army.]*

And, fellows, soldiers, friends,  
Better consider what you have to do  
Than I, that have not well the gift of tongue,  
Can lift your blood up with persuasiön.

*[Enter MESSENGER with letters.]*

MESSENGER: My lord, here are letters for you.

HOTSPUR: I cannot read them now.

*[MESSENGER bows and exits.]*

O gentlemen, the time of life is short!  
An if we live, we live to tread on kings;  
If die, brave death, when princes die with us!  
Now, for our consciences, the arms are fair  
When the intent of bearing them is just.

*[Enter MESSENGER with HOTSPUR's sheathed sword.]*

MESSENGER: My lord, prepare. The King comes on apace.

HOTSPUR: I thank him that he cuts me from my tale,  
For I profess not talking. Only this:  
Let each man do his best.

*[HOTSPUR draws his sword.]*

And here draw I  
A sword, whose temper I intend to stain  
With the best blood that I can meet withal  
In the adventure of this perilous day.  
Now, Esperance!

WORCESTER/DOUGLAS/MORTIMER: Esperance!

HOTSPUR: Percy!

WORCESTER/DOUGLAS/MORTIMER: Percy!

HOTSPUR: And set on.

Sound all the lofty instruments of war,

*[Exit MESSENGER. MESSENGER becomes REPORTER ONE.]*

And by that music let us all embrace;

For, heaven to earth, some of us never shall

A second time do such a courtesy.

*[The trumpets sound as HOTSPUR, DOUGLAS, WORCESTER and MORTIMER embrace and exeunt.]*

Scene 16. [48 lines /3:00]

*[Enter FALSTAFF, leading BARDOLPH, who leads FEEBLE, as well as SHADOW in his wheelchair. Enter, on the opposite side, MORTIMER and WORCESTER.]*

FALSTAFF: Charge! Strike them down if they will not yield!

*[BARDOLPH, FEEBLE and SHADOW engage MORTIMER and WORCESTER.*

*FALSTAFF begins ambling over to join them when DOUGLAS enters the meleè.*

*FALSTAFF turns around and exits surreptitiously. SHADOW dies horribly.*

*BARDOLPH notices FALSTAFF has gone and exits fleeing, pursued by MORTIMER and WORCESTER, who all exeunt offstage. FEEBLE valiantly holds his ground, battling DOUGLAS. DOUGLAS strikes down FEEBLE. Enter BLUNT, disguised as HENRY.*

*DOUGLAS moves to intercept him.]*

BLUNT: What is thy name, that in the battle thus

Thou crossest me? What honour dost thou seek

Upon my head?

DOUGLAS: Know then my name is Douglas,

And I do haunt thee in the battle thus

Because some tell me that thou art a king.

BLUNT: They tell thee true.

DOUGLAS: The Lord of Stafford dear today hath bought

Thy likeness, for instead of thee, King Harry,

This sword hath ended him. So shall it thee

Unless thou yield thee as my prisoner.

BLUNT: I was not born a yielder, thou proud Scot,

And thou shalt find a king that will revenge

Lord Stafford's death.

*[DOUGLAS and BLUNT battle. Enter HOTSPUR, who watches admiringly. DOUGLAS kills BLUNT.]*

HOTSPUR: O Douglas, hadst thou fought at Holmedon thus,

I never had triumphed upon a Scot.

DOUGLAS: All's done, all's won; here breathless lies the King.

HOTSPUR: Where?

DOUGLAS: Here.

HOTSPUR: This, Douglas? No, I know this face

Full well. A knight he was; his name was Blunt.

DOUGLAS: A fool go with thy soul whither it goes!

Why didst thou tell me that thou wert a king?

HOTSPUR: The King hath many marching in his coats.

DOUGLAS: Now, by my sword, I will kill all his coats!

I'll murder all his wardrobe, piece by piece,

Until I meet the King.

HOTSPUR: Up and away!

Our soldiers stand full fairly for the day.

*[Exeunt HOTSPUR and DOUGLAS. Alarum. Enter FALSTAFF, surveying the bodies of SHADOW and FEEBLE.]*

FALSTAFF: I have led my ragamuffins where they are peppered. There's not three of my hundred-and-fifty left alive, and they are for the town's end, to beg during life. Soft, who are you? Sir Walter Blunt. There's honour for you. I am as hot as molten lead, and as heavy too. God keep lead out of me! I need no more weight than mine own bowels.

*[Enter HAL, disarmed, bleeding from the neck from an arrow wound.]*

But who comes here?

HAL: What, stand'st thou idle here? Lend me thy sword.

Many a nobleman lies stark and stiff  
Under the hoofs of vaunting enemies,

Whose deaths are yet unrevenge'd. I prithee lend me thy sword.

FALSTAFF: O Hal, I prithee, give me leave to breathe awhile. Turk Gregory never did such deeds in arms as I have done this day. I have paid Percy, I have made him sure.

HAL: He is, indeed, and living to kill thee.

I prithee, lend me thy sword.

FALSTAFF: Nay, before God, Hal, if Percy be alive, thou get'st not my sword, but take my pistol if thou wilt.

HAL: Give it me. What, is it in the case?

FALSTAFF: Ay, Hal, 'tis hot, 'tis hot. There's that will sack a city.

*[HAL draws it out and finds it to be a bottle of sack.]*

HAL: What, is it a time to jest and dally now?

*[HAL throws the bottle at him and starts to exit.]*

FALSTAFF: Hal—! Lad.

*[HAL turns. FALSTAFF holds out his pistol. HAL snatches it, turns and exits. FALSTAFF draws his sword.]*

FALSTAFF: Well, if Percy be alive, I'll pierce him. If he do come in my way, so; if he do not, if I come in his willingly, let him make a carbonado of me. I like not such grinning honour as Sir Walter hath. Give me life!

*[Exit FALSTAFF, dragging BLUNT's corpse. BLUNT becomes SHALLOW. Sound of trumpets. Enter BARDOLPH, looting bodies. BARDOLPH, unable to dislodge SHADOW's corpse from the wheelchair, wheels him offstage. SHADOW becomes NORTHUMBERLAND. BARDOLPH enters to loot FEEBLE and discovers him living and, supporting him, exeunts with him. FEEBLE becomes KATE.]*

#### Scene 17. [90 lines/5:38]

*[Sound of trumpets. Enter HENRY, weak from his illness and supported by WESTMORLAND, and HAL, still bleeding from the neck. WESTMORLAND helps HENRY to sit down. HAL runs to retrieve BLUNT's sword.]*

HENRY: I prithee, Harry, withdraw thyself; thou bleedest too much.

HAL: I beseech your majesty make up,  
Lest your retirement do amaze your friends.

HENRY: I will do so.

*[HENRY suffers from an attack of his illness.]*

My Lord of Westmorland, lead him to his tent.

*[HAL doesn't move.]*

WESTMORLAND: Come, my lord, I'll lead you to your tent.

HAL: Lead me, my lord? I do not need your help.  
And God forbid a shallow scratch should drive  
The Prince of Wales from such a field as this,  
Where rebels' arms triumph in massacres!

We breathe too long. Come, cousin Westmorland,  
Our duty this way lies.

*[WESTMORLAND turns to HENRY for guidance. HENRY nods assent.]*

For God's sake, come!

*[Exeunt HAL and WESTMORLAND. Enter DOUGLAS.]*

DOUGLAS: Another king? They grow like Hydra's heads.

I am the Douglas, fatal to all those  
That wear those colours on them. What art thou  
That counterfeit'st the person of a king?

*[HENRY manages to stand, disguising his infirmity.]*

HENRY: The King himself, who, Douglas, grieves at heart  
So many of his shadows thou hast met.

DOUGLAS: I fear thou art another counterfeit;  
And yet, in faith, thou bearest thee like a king.  
But mine I am sure thou art, whoe'er thou be,  
And thus I win thee.

*[DOUGLAS attacks HENRY. HENRY's skill and strength, undone by illness, force him to fight defensively, conserving energy, attempting to end the battle by craft, but the fury and power of DOUGLAS' blows are relentless, and HENRY is driven to his knees, his guard thrown wide-open. DOUGLAS raises his weapon for the kill, only to have the stroke suddenly parried by HAL, who has entered at the last instant. DOUGLAS binds away the blade and turns to regard HAL.]*

HAL: It is the Prince of Wales that threatens thee,  
Who never promiseth but he means to pay.

*[DOUGLAS battles HAL. From the first stroke DOUGLAS clearly outmatches HAL in strength, skill and experience. DOUGLAS toys with him, laughing, but, meanwhile, HENRY slowly rises, rearms himself and reenters the meleè, father and son continually maneuvering to flank DOUGLAS so that he must parry blows aimed at his back. Exit DOUGLAS, running. HENRY doesn't look well.]*

Cheerly, my lord. How fares your grace?  
Sir Nicholas Gawsey hath for succor sent,  
And so hath Clifton. I'll to Clifton straight.

HENRY: Stay, and breathe awhile.

*[HENRY totters and HAL catches him in his arms.]*

Thou hast redeemed thy lost opiniön,  
And showed thou mak'st some tender of my life  
In this fair rescue thou hast brought to me.

HAL: O God, they did me too much injury  
That ever said I hearkened for your death.

*[HENRY stands on his own, resuming his cold façade.]*

HENRY: Make up to Clifton; I'll to Sir Nicholas Gawsey.

*[Exit HENRY. Enter HOTSPUR, immediately behind and unnoticed by HAL—an ideal opportunity to stab him in the back.]*

HOTSPUR: If I mistake not, thou art Harry Monmouth.

*[HAL starts, turns, goes on guard.]*

HAL: Thou speak'st as if I would deny my name.

HOTSPUR: My name is Harry Percy.

*[HAL backs away to a safer distance.]*

HAL: Why, then I see

A very valiant rebel of the name.  
I am the Prince of Wales; and think not, Percy,  
To share with me in glory any more.

Two stars keep not their motion in one sphere,  
Nor can one England brook a double reign  
Of Harry Percy and the Prince of Wales.

HOTSPUR: Nor shall it, Harry, for the hour is come  
To end the one of us; and would to God  
Thy name in arms were now as great as mine!

HAL: I'll make it greater ere I part from thee.

HOTSPUR: I can no longer brook thy vanities.

*[HOTSPUR charges HAL and they battle. Enter FALSTAFF, with snacks from the lobby; he sits down in an aisle seat in the audience to watch and eat.]*

<i>[HAL momentarily gains the advantage with some subtle, courtly maneuver HOTSPUR hadn't anticipated he'd know.]</i>	FALSTAFF: Well said, Hal! To it, Hal!
<i>[HOTSPUR, now having a good idea of what HAL is capable of, presses the attack. From this point on, HOTSPUR never relinquishes his advantage, HAL being thrown increasingly into a position of bare survival by constant defense. HOTSPUR wounds HAL.]</i>	FALSTAFF: Nay, you shall find no boy's play here, I can tell you.

*[Enter DOUGLAS, who spies FALSTAFF in the audience. FALSTAFF drops his snack and retreats to the main playing area.]*

*DOUGLAS battles FALSTAFF, who can barely stand against the Scot's onslaught, while HOTSPUR battles HAL, likewise desperate.*

*HOTSPUR wounds HAL again. A moment later, DOUGLAS slays FALSTAFF with a slice to the gut.*

*Enter WESTMORLAND, who, spying DOUGLAS, goes on guard. DOUGLAS charges WESTMORLAND and both exeunt, fighting. DOUGLAS becomes REPORTER THREE. HOTSPUR disarms HAL and forces him into a corner. HAL, desperate, flails about for a weapon like a cornered animal. HOTSPUR raises his weapon to dispatch him—but then hesitates—lowers his sword—and walks back to HAL's weapon. HOTSPUR picks it up, returns to HAL, drops the sword at his feet, walks a few paces away and goes on guard again.*

*HAL, terrified, desperate, picks up his sword. HOTSPUR gentlemanly motions for HAL to charge him. HAL charges, wild and flailing.*

*HOTSPUR takes control of the battle again and relentlessly attacks until HAL, parrying almost blindly, falls to his knees and, dropping his sword, covers his face with his arms, cringing.*

*HOTSPUR, disgusted, regards HAL cowering. HOTSPUR spits on HAL, turns and begins to exit. HAL draws FALSTAFF's pistol from his belt and shoots HOTSPUR in the back.*

*HOTSPUR cries out, starting to fall, but catches himself upon an audience member. The audience member helps HOTSPUR stand and face HAL. HOTSPUR stagger-charges at HAL. HAL snatches up his sword and stands to battle HOTSPUR. But HOTSPUR is too weak now, losing too much blood too fast, and HAL cuts him deeply. HOTSPUR staggers but still doesn't fall, holding HAL at swordpoint.]*

HOTSPUR: O Harry, thou hast robbed me of my youth!

I better brook the loss of brittle life  
Than those proud titles thou hast won of me;  
They wound my thoughts worse than thy sword my flesh.  
But thoughts, the slaves of life, and life, time's fool,  
And time, that takes survey of all the world,  
Must have a stop. O I could prophesy,  
But that the earthy and cold hand of death  
Lies on my tongue. No, Percy, thou art dust  
And food for w—.

*[In one breath, HOTSPUR falls from full erect to face-down on the ground, dead.]*

HAL: For worms, brave Percy. [*HAL weeps.*] Fare thee well, great heart!  
Ill-weaved ambition, how much art thou shrunk!  
When that this body did contain a spirit,  
A kingdom for it was too small a bound;  
But now two paces of the vilest earth  
Is room enough. This earth that bears thee dead  
Bears not alive so stout a gentleman.  
Adieu, and take thy praise with thee to heaven!

[*HAL spies FALSTAFF.*]

What, old acquaintance, could not all this flesh  
Keep in a little life? Poor Jack, farewell!  
I could have better spared a better man.  
O I should have a heavy miss of thee  
If I were much in love with vanity!  
Embowelled will I see thee by and by.  
Till then in blood by noble Percy lie.

[*Exit HAL. A long still silent beat. FALSTAFF opens one eye and casts about him for enemies.*]

FALSTAFF: Embowelled! [*FALSTAFF gets up.*] If thou embowel me today, I'll give you leave to powder me and eat me too tomorrow. [*FALSTAFF removes the buckler from underneath his jerkin that saved his life.*] 'Sblood, 'twas time to counterfeit, or that hot termagant Scot had paid me, scot and lot too. Counterfeit? I lie, I am no counterfeit. To die is to be a counterfeit, for he is but the counterfeit of a man who hath not the life of a man; but to counterfeit dying, when a man thereby liveth, is to be no counterfeit, but the true and perfect image of life indeed. The better part of valour is discretion, in the which better part I have saved my life. Zounds, I am afraid of this gunpowder Percy, though he be dead. How if he should counterfeit too and rise? By my faith, I am afraid he would prove the better counterfeit. Therefore I'll make him sure; yea, and I'll swear I killed him. Why may not he rise as well as I? Nothing confutes me but eyes, and nobody sees me. Therefore, sirrah,

[*FALSTAFF stabs HOTSPUR.*]

with a new wound in your thigh, come you along with me.

[*FALSTAFF rolls HOTSPUR into his cloak and exeunts dragging him.*]

#### Scene 18. [56 lines /3:30]

[*Enter HENRY, supported by HAL, with WESTMORLAND and BARDOLPH guarding WORCESTER and MORTIMER. The trumpets sound.*]

HAL: The trumpet sounds retreat; the day is our.

HENRY: Ill-spirited Worcester, did not we send grace,  
Pardon, and terms of love to all of you?  
And wouldst thou turn our offers contrary?  
Misuse the tenor of thy kinsman's trust?  
Three knights upon our party slain today,  
And many else had been alive this hour,  
If like a Christian thou hadst truly borne  
Betwixt our armies true intelligence.

WORCESTER: What I have done my safety urged me to;  
And I embrace this fortune patiently,  
Since not to be avoided it falls on me.

HENRY: Bear Worcester to the death.

[*HENRY hesitates.*]

And Mortimer.

Other offenders we will pause upon.

*[Exeunt BARDOLPH, with WORCESTER and MORTIMER. BARDOLPH becomes LADY MORTIMER. WORCESTER becomes JOHN. MORTIMER becomes HUMPHREY.]*

How goes the field?

HAL: The noble Scot, Lord Douglas, when he saw  
The fortune of the day quite turned from him,  
The noble Percy slain, and all his men  
Upon the foot of fear, fled with the rest;  
And falling from a hill, he was so bruised  
That the pursuers took him. At my tent  
The Douglas is; and I beseech your grace  
I may dispose of him.

HENRY: With all my heart.

HAL: Cousin, to you this bounty shall belong.  
Go to the Douglas and deliver him  
Up to his pleasure, ransomless and free.  
His valour shown upon our crests today  
Hath taught us how to cherish such high deeds  
Even in the bosom of our adversaries.

WESTMORLAND: I thank your grace for this high courtesy,

*[Enter FALSTAFF with HOTSPUR's corpse.]*

WESTMORLAND: Which I shall give away immediately.	HENRY: But soft, whom have we here?
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HENRY *[to HAL]*: Did you not tell me this fat man was dead?

HAL: I did; I saw him dead,  
Breathless and bleeding on the ground. *[to FALSTAFF]* Art thou alive?  
Or is it fantasy that plays upon our eyesight?  
I prithee, speak. We will not trust our eyes  
Without our ears. Thou art not what thou seem'st.

FALSTAFF: No, that's certain; I am not a double man; but if I be not Jack Falstaff, then am I a jack. There is Percy.

*[FALSTAFF presents HOTSPUR's body.]*

If your majesty will do me any honour, so; if not, let the Prince kill the next Percy himself.

HAL: Why, Percy I killed myself, and saw thee dead.

FALSTAFF: Didst thou? Lord, Lord, how this world is given to lying! I grant you I was down and out of breath, and so was he; but we rose both at an instant, and fought a long hour by Shrewsbury clock. If I may be believed, so; if not, let them that should reward valour bear the sin upon their own heads. I'll take it upon my death, I gave him this wound in the thigh. If the man were alive and would deny it, zounds, I would make him eat a piece of my sword.

WESTMORLAND: This is the strangest tale that ever I heard.

HAL *[laughing]*: This is the strangest fellow.

*[HENRY isn't laughing. HAL's laughter stops as HENRY gazes at him, coldly furious and disappointed at what he perceives to be another betrayal. HAL steps toward HENRY to defend or explain himself, but HENRY stops him with a gesture. Exit HENRY, supported by WESTMORLAND. An awkward beat, then FALSTAFF passes HAL his bottle of sack. HAL accepts it. They drink together.]*

FALSTAFF: I'll follow, as they say, for reward. He that rewards me, God reward him. If I do grow great, I'll grow less; for I'll purge and leave sack, and live cleanly as a nobleman should do.

HAL: For my part, if a lie may do thee grace,  
I'll gild it with the happiest terms I have.

FALSTAFF: I look to be either earl or duke, I can assure you.

*[Exit FALSTAFF. HAL is left alone. Exit HAL to retrieve the sign for the SECOND INTERMISSION, which he sets up. The house-lights rise; the SECOND INTERMISSION begins. HAL, exhausted, undresses and goes to bed, where he sleeps. Halfway through the SECOND INTERMISSION, enter, in mourning, NORTHUMBERLAND, KATE and LADY MORTIMER.]*

NORTHUMBERLAND: I am sorry I should lead you to behold  
That which I would to God I did not see,  
For here mine eyes espy this bloody state,  
That my young Harry Percy's spur is cold.

*[KATE kneels beside HOTSPUR and, as she speaks, cleans and prepares his body.]*

KATE: Thy honor stuck upon thee as the sun  
In the grey vault of heaven, and by thy light  
Did all the chivalry of England move  
To do brave acts. Thou wert indeed the glass  
Wherein the noble youth did dress themselves.  
He had no legs that practiced not thy gait,  
And speaking thick, which nature made thy blemish,  
Became the accents of the valiant;  
For those that could speak low and tardily  
Would turn their own perfections to abuse  
To seem like thee. So that in speech, in gait,  
In diet, in affections of delight,  
In military rules, humors of blood,  
Thou wert the mark and glass, copy and book,  
That fashioned others. O miracle of men!  
O wondrous Harry! Now am I thy 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 noble recordation to thee, Harry.

*[LADY MORTIMER sings a Welsh lamentation.]*

NORTHUMBERLAND: I cannot think, my daughter, he is dead,  
Your husband, and my son—

KATE *[rising]*: Why, he is dead.  
So died your honor when you broke your word,  
When your own Percy, when my heart's dear Harry  
Threw many a northward look to see his father  
Bring up his powers; but he did long in vain.  
Who then persuaded you to stay at home?

NORTHUMBERLAND: Fair daughter, you do draw my spirits from me.  
Let us resolve for Scotland. There shall we  
Till time and vantage crave our company.

*[NORTHUMBERLAND gathers HOTSPUR in his arms, and exeunts with KATE and LADY MORTIMER. LADY MORTIMER becomes REPORTER TWO. KATE becomes POINS. HOTSPUR becomes DAVY. Just before the end of the second intermission, POINS enters and slips into bed with HAL; they sleep.]*

Scene 19. [47 lines /2:56]

*[Enter WESTMORLAND, who discovers with annoyance the INTERMISSION sign, and exits with it. House lights dim; the intermission ends. Enter WESTMORLAND, followed by REPORTER ONE, REPORTER TWO and REPORTER THREE.]*

WESTMORLAND *[to the audience]*: All rise before his Majesty, the King.

*[The audience stands. Enter HENRY, JOHN and HUMPHREY. REPORTER ONE, REPORTER TWO and REPORTER THREE mill about, cameras flashing.]*

Applaud the King. Applaud the King. Applaud.

*[HENRY stands before the throne, flanked by JOHN and HUMPHREY, and beckons the audience to be seated.]*

HENRY: The Earls of March, Northumberland and Worcester,

The dread Scot Douglas, and young Henry Percy

Are brought to the correction of our law.

Thus ever did rebellion find rebuke,

For now there's not a rebel's sword unsheathed,

But peace puts forth her olive everywhere.

Now, friends, that God has given happy end

To this debate that bled e'en at our doors,

We will our youth lead on to higher fields,

And draw no swords but what are sanctified.

Our navy is addressed, our power collected,

Our substitutes in absence well invested,

And every thing lies level to our wish

For a crusade upon Jerusalem—

*[HENRY falters, suffering an attack of his illness. The flashbulbs of REPORTER ONE, REPORTER TWO and REPORTER THREE go crazy. HENRY recovers, trying to shrug it off as nothing.]*

Only we want a little personal strength,

We should rejoice now at this happy news—

*[HENRY suffers another attack. The flashbulbs of REPORTER ONE, REPORTER TWO and REPORTER THREE go crazy. WESTMORLAND starts herding them out, who all the while snap pictures of HENRY.]*

HENRY: And now my sight fails, and my brain is giddy. O me! Come near me now; I am much ill.	WESTMORLAND: Applaud the King! This audience is ended. Applaud the King! This audience is ended.
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*[JOHN and HUMPHREY rush to support HENRY as WESTMORLAND succeeds at forcing the exit of REPORTER ONE, REPORTER TWO and REPORTER THREE. REPORTER ONE becomes SILENCE. REPORTER TWO becomes BARDOLPH. REPORTER THREE becomes NIM.]*

HENRY: Humphrey, my son, where is the prince your brother?

*[HUMPHREY and JOHN exchange glances.]*

HUMPHREY: I think he's gone to hunt, my lord, at Windsor.

HENRY: And how accompanied?

HUMPHREY: I do not know, my lord.

HENRY: Is he not with your brother John of Lancaster?

HUMPHREY: No, my good lord, he is in presence here.

JOHN: What would my lord and father?

HENRY: John, my son,

Why art thou not at Windsor with your brother?

JOHN: He is not there today; he dines in London.

HENRY: And how accompanied? Canst thou tell that?

*[HUMPHREY and JOHN exchange glances.]*

HUMPHREY: With Poins and other his continual followers.

*[HENRY suffers his worst attack yet.]*

HUMPHREY: Comfort, your majesty!

JOHN: O my royal father!

WESTMORLAND: Be patient, princes; you do know these fits

Are with his highness very ordinary.

*[to HENRY] My sovereign lord, cheer up yourself, look up.*

*[to HUMPHREY and JOHN] Stand from him, give him air; he'll straight be well.*

JOHN: No, no, he cannot long hold out these pangs.

HUMPHREY: This apoplexy will certain be his end.

WESTMORLAND: Speak lower, princes, for the King recovers.

HENRY: I pray you take me up, and bear me hence

Into some other chamber; softly, pray.

Let there be no noise made, my gentle friends.

*[WESTMORLAND, JOHN, and HUMPHREY transform the throne into a second bed, to which they lead HENRY and lay him in it.]*

HENRY: Set me the crown upon my pillow here.

*[HUMPHREY lays HENRY's crown upon a pillow.]*

JOHN: His eye is hollow, and he changes much.

WESTMORLAND: Less noise, less noise!

HUMPHREY: He is exceeding ill.

WESTMORLAND: Sweet Prince, speak low. Not so much noise, my lords.

The King your father is disposed to sleep.

HUMPHREY: Let us withdraw into the other room.

*[Exeunt HUMPHREY, JOHN and WESTMORLAND. HENRY sleeps.]*

Scene 20. [61 lines /3:49]

*[POINS and HAL still asleep. Knocking at the door awakens them.]*

HAL: Who knocks so loud at door? Look to th' door there, Meg.

*[POINS pulls on something and exits. HAL begins to dress. Enter POINS with NIM. NIM bows.]*

NIM: God save your grace!

HAL: And yours, most noble Corporal!

NIM: There's a letter for you.

*[NIM gives HAL a letter.]*

HAL: There's for your pains.

*[HAL flips NIM a coin.]*

Fare you well.

*[NIM bows and exits. NIM becomes FANG.]*

HAL *[reads]*: "Sir John Falstaff, knight, to the son of the King nearest his father, Harry Prince of Wales, greeting. I will imitate the honourable Romans in brevity. I commend me to thee, I commend thee, and I leave thee. I am for Gloucestershire, there to visit Master Robert Shallow, Esquire, who now has land and beeves. Doubt not that I do spy the bottom of this Justice Shallow, for of him I shall devise matter enough to keep thee in continual laughter the wearing out of six fashions. Repent at idle times as thou mayst, and so, farewell. Thine by yea and no—which is as much as to say, as thou usest him—Jack Falstaff with my familiars, John with my brothers and sisters, and Sir John with all Europe." Why, and here follows a postscript: "Be not too familiar with Poins, for she misuses thy favours so much—

*[POINS makes a futile grab for the letter.]*

—that she swears thou art to marry her."

*[POINS successfully grabs the letter and glares at it.]*

POINS: My lord, I'll steep this letter in sack and make him eat it.

HAL: But do you use me thus, Meg? Must I marry you?

POINS: God send me no worse fortune, but I never said so.

*[A beat.]*

HAL: Before God, I am exceeding weary.

POINS: Is't come to that? I had thought weariness durst not have attached one of so high blood.

HAL: Faith, it does me, though it discolours the complexion of my greatness to acknowledge it. Doth it not show vilely in me to desire small beer?

POINS: Why, a prince should not be so loosely studied as to remember so weak a composition.

HAL: Belike then my appetite was not princely got, for, by my troth, I do now remember the poor creature small beer. But, indeed, these humble considerations make me out of love with my greatness. What a disgrace is it to me to remember thy name! Or to know thy face tomorrow! Or to take note how many pair of silk stockings thou hast—videlicet these, and those that were thy peach-coloured ones—or to bear the inventory of thy shirts—as one for superfluity, and another for use?

POINS: How ill it follows, after you have laboured so hard, you should talk so idly. Tell me, how many good young princes would do so, their fathers being so sick as yours at this time is?

HAL: Shall I tell thee one thing, Poins?

POINS: Yes, faith, and let it be an excellent good thing.

HAL: It shall serve among wits of no higher breeding than thine.

*[POINS presses close to HAL.]*

POINS: Go to, I stand the push of your one thing that you will tell.

HAL: Marry, I tell thee it is not meet that I should be sad now my father is sick; albeit I could tell thee, as to one it pleases me, for fault of a better, to call my friend, I could be sad, and sad indeed too.

POINS: Very hardly, upon such a subject.

HAL: By this hand thou thinkest me as far in the devil's book as thou and Falstaff, for obduracy and persistency. Let the end try the man. But I tell thee, my heart bleeds inwardly that my father 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 everyone's thought, and thou art blessed to think as everyone thinks. No one's thought in the world keeps the roadway better than thine. Everyone would think me an hypocrite indeed. 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 woman, and that I confess I cannot help.

HAL: I'll to the court to see my father. Fare you well.

*[POINS lingers, unsure.]*

Go.

*[POINS exits. Then exit HAL separately. At some later opportune moment, POINS returns and seats herself unobtrusively in the audience.]*

*[Enter SHALLOW, FALSTAFF, BARDOLPH, and ROBIN.]*

SHALLOW: By cock and pie, sir, you shall not away tonight. What, Davy, I say!

FALSTAFF: You must excuse me, Master Robert 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, William Cook, bid him come hither.

*[DAVY starts to exit.]*

—Sir John, you shall not be excused.—But for William Cook—are there no young pigeons?

*[DAVY returns.]*

DAVY: Yes, sir.

*[DAVY starts to exit.]*

SHALLOW: Sir John, you shall not be excused.—Some pigeons, Davy,

*[DAVY returns.]*

a couple of short-legged hens, a joint of mutton, and any pretty little tiny kickshaws, tell William Cook.

DAVY *[aside to SHALLOW]*: Doth the man of war stay all night, sir?

SHALLOW *[aside to DAVY]*: Yea, Davy. I will use him well; a friend i' th' court is better than a penny in purse. Use his men well, Davy.

*[DAVY waits for more orders.]*

About thy business, Davy.

*[DAVY starts to exit.]*

Look about, Davy!

*[DAVY, confused, looks around for danger, then exits.]*

*[calling as though lost in dark woods]* Where are you, Sir John?

*[SHALLOW spies FALSTAFF.]*

Come, come, come, off with your boots. Give me your hand, Master Bardolph.

BARDOLPH: I am glad to see your worship.

SHALLOW: I thank thee with all my heart, kind Master Bardolph; *[to ROBIN]* and welcome, my tall fellow. Come, Sir John.

*[Exit SHALLOW.]*

FALSTAFF: I'll follow you, good Master Robert Shallow.—Bardolph, look to our horses.

*[Exeunt BARDOLPH and ROBIN another way. ROBIN becomes HUMPHREY. Enter SHALLOW.]*

SHALLOW *[mock-scolding]*: Sir John!

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

*[Exeunt SHALLOW and FALSTAFF.]*

Scene 22. [136 lines /8:30]

*[Enter HAL to where HENRY sleeps.]*

HAL: Why doth the crown lie there upon his pillow,  
Being so troublesome a bedfellow?  
O polished perturbation, golden care,  
That keep'st the ports of slumber open wide  
To many a watchful night—sleep with it now!  
When thou dost pinch thy bearer, thou dost sit

Like a rich armour worn in heat of day,  
 That scald'st with safety. By his gates of breath  
 There lies a downy feather which stirs not.  
 Did he suspire, that light and weightless down  
 Perforce must move. My gracious lord, my father!  
 This sleep is sound indeed. This is a sleep  
 That from this golden rigol hath divorced  
 So many English kings. Thy due from me  
 Is tears and heavy sorrows of the blood.  
 My due from thee is this imperial crown,  
 Which, as immediate from thy place and blood,  
 Derives itself to me.

*[HAL puts the crown on his head.]*

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 honour from me. This from thee  
 Will I to mine leave, as 'tis left to me.

*[Exit HAL. HENRY awakens.]*

HENRY: Westmorland, Humphrey, John!

*[Enter WESTMORLAND, HUMPHREY and JOHN.]*

JOHN: Doth the King call?

WESTMORLAND: What would your majesty? How fares your grace?

HENRY: Why did you leave me here alone, my lords?

JOHN: E'en now the Prince my brother came, my liege,  
 And undertook to sit and watch by you.

HENRY: The Prince of Wales! Where is he? Let me see him.  
 He is not here.

WESTMORLAND: This door is open; he is gone this way.

HUMPHREY: He came not through the chamber where we stayed.

*[HENRY reaches for his crown.]*

HENRY: Where is the crown? Who took it from my pillow?

WESTMORLAND: When we withdrew, my liege, we left it here.

HENRY: The Prince hath ta'en it hence. Go seek him out.

<p><i>[WESTMORLAND, HUMPHREY and JOHN scatter to search the entirety of the space, swiftly and constantly entering and exiting, searching for HAL.]</i></p>	<p>HENRY: Is he so hasty that he doth suppose          My sleep my death?  <i>[Momentarily overcoming weakness with fury, HENRY rises with his strength of old and begins to search as well, scouring the space for his son, entering and exiting during the following lines.]</i>          This part of his conjoins with my disease,          And helps to end me. See, sons, what things you are!          Where is this boy that will not stay so long          Till his friend sickness hath determined me?          And wherefore did he take away the crown?</p>
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*[In the instant their searches have taken HENRY, WESTMORLAND, HUMPHREY and JOHN all offstage, slowly enter HAL, crowned and sorrowing. Then enter HENRY behind him, and HAL turns and starts at the sight of him. Then enter, various ways, WESTMORLAND, HUMPHREY and JOHN. A tense, silent beat as all wait for HENRY to speak.]*

HENRY: Depart the chamber; leave us here alone.

*[WESTMORLAND, HUMPHREY and JOHN bow and exeunt. HUMPHREY becomes ROBIN.]*

HAL: I never thought to hear you speak again.

HENRY: Thy wish was father, Harry, to that thought.

I stay too long by thee, I weary thee.  
Thou hast stol'n that which after some few hours  
Were thine without offence, and at my death  
Thou hast sealed up my expectation.  
Thou hid'st a thousand daggers in thy thoughts  
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 crownèd, not that I am dead.  
Let all the tears that should bedew my hearse  
Be drops of balm to sanctify thy head.  
Give that which gave thee life unto the worms.  
Pluck down my officers, break my decrees;  
For now a time is come to mock at form—  
Harry the Fifth is crowned! Up, vanity!  
Down, royal state! All you sage counsellors, hence!  
And to the English court assemble now  
From every region, apes of idleness!  
Now, neighbour cònfines, purge you of your scum!  
Have you a ruffian that will swear, drink, dance,  
Revel the night, rob, murder, and commit  
The oldest sins the newest kind of ways?  
Be happy, he will trouble you no more;  
England shall give him office, honour, might,  
For the fifth Harry from curbed licence plucks  
The muzzle of restraint. O my poor kingdom!  
O thou wilt be a wilderness again,  
Peopled with wolves, thy old inhabitants.

*[HAL kneels.]*

HAL: O pardon me, my liege! There is your crown.

*[HAL gives HENRY the crown.]*

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 father;  
For thou, most fine, most honoured, most renowned,  
Hast eat thy bearer up." Thus, my most royal liege,  
Accusing it, I put it on my head,  
To try with it, as with an enemy  
That had before my face murdered my father.  
God witness when I found in you no breath  
How cold it struck my heart. If I do feign,  
O let me in my present wildness die  
And never live to show th'incredulous world  
The noble change that I have purposed!

HENRY: O my son,

God put it in thy mind to take it hence,  
That thou mightst win the more thy father's love,  
Pleading so wisely in excuse of it!  
Come hither, Harry; sit thou by my side,

And hear, I think, the very latest counsel  
That ever I shall breathe. God knows, my son,  
By what bypaths 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 better quiet,  
Better opinion, better confirmation,  
For all the soil of the achievement goes  
With me into the earth. It seemed to me  
That all my reign hath been but as a scene  
Acting that argument. And now my death  
Changes the mode, for what in me was purchased  
Falls upon thee in a more fairer sort.  
Yet all my friends—which thou must make thy friends—  
Have such a power you well might be displaced;  
Which to avoid, I had a purpose now  
To lead out many to the Holy Land,  
Lest rest and lying still might make them look  
Too near unto my state. Therefore, my Harry,  
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.

HENRY: Where is Lord Westmorland?

HAL: Lord Westmorland!  
*[Enter WESTMORLAND and JOHN.]*

JOHN: Health, peace and happiness to my royal father!

HENRY *[to WESTMORLAND]*: Doth any name particular belong  
Unto the lodging where I first did swoon?

WESTMORLAND: 'Tis called Jerusalem, my noble lord.

HENRY: Laud be to God! Even there my life must end.  
It hath been prophesied to me many years,  
I should not die but in Jerusalem,  
Which vainly I supposed the Holy Land.  
But bear me to that chamber; there I'll lie;  
In that Jerusalem shall Harry die.

*[Exeunt HAL, pushing HENRY in the wheelchair, with WESTMORLAND and JOHN.  
WESTMORLAND becomes PISTOL. HENRY becomes SOLDIER ONE.]*

Scene 23. [91 lines /5:41]

*[Enter FALSTAFF, SHALLOW, DAVY, BARDOLPH, and ROBIN, with an astonishingly  
plastered SILENCE staggering behind.]*

SHALLOW: Nay, you shall see my orchard, where, in an arbour, 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, Sir John. Marry, good air. Spread, Davy, spread, Davy.

*[DAVY spreads the table.]*

SHALLOW: Well said, Davy. FALSTAFF: This Davy serves you for good uses. SHALLOW: A good varlet, a good varlet, a very good varlet, Sir John—by the mass, I have drunk too much sack at supper—a good varlet. Now sit down, now sit down. <i>[to SILENCE]</i> Come, cousin. <i>[to DAVY]</i> Give Master Bardolph some wine, Davy. Be merry, Master Bardolph, and, my little soldier there, be merry. SILENCE <i>[sings]</i> : Be merry, be merry, my wife has all, For women are shrews, both short and tall. 'Tis merry in hall when beards wag all, And welcome merry shrovetide.	SILENCE: Ah, sirrah, quoth-a, we shall <i>[sings]</i> Do nothing but eat, and make good cheer, And praise God for the merry year, When flesh is cheap and females dear, And lusty lads roam here and there So merrily, And ever among so merrily. FALSTAFF: There's a merry heart, good Master Silence! I'll give you a health for that anon. DAVY <i>[to FALSTAFF]</i> : Sweet sir, sit— <i>[to BARDOLPH]</i> I'll be with you anon— <i>[to FALSTAFF]</i> most sweet sir, sit. Master page, good master page, sit. What you want in meat, we'll have in drink.
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*[Exit DAVY.]*

SILENCE: Be merry, be merry.

FALSTAFF: I did not think Master Silence had been a man of this mettle.

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

*[Enter DAVY with a dish of apples.]*

DAVY: There's a dish of leather-coats for you.	SHALLOW: Davy!
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DAVY: Your worship? I'll be with you straight. *[to FALSTAFF]* A cup of wine, sir?

SHALLOW: Honest Bardolph, welcome. If thou want'st any thing and wilt not call, beshrew thy heart. <i>[to ROBIN]</i> Welcome, my little tiny thief, and welcome indeed too. I'll drink to Master Bardolph, and to all the cavalieros about London.	SILENCE <i>[sings]</i> : A cup of wine that's brisk and fine, And drink unto thee, leman mine; And a merry heart lives long-a. FALSTAFF: Well said, Master Silence. SILENCE: An we shall be merry.
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*[SHALLOW toasts BARDOLPH and everyone drinks.]*

SILENCE: Now comes in the sweet o' the night.

FALSTAFF: Health and long life to you, Master Silence!

SILENCE: Fill the cup, and let it come. I'll pledge you a mile to the bottom.

*[Everyone drinks. A quiet beat.]*

DAVY: I hope to see London once ere I die.

BARDOLPH: An I might see you there, Davy!

SHALLOW: By the mass, you'll crack a quart together, ha, will you not, Master Bardolph?

BARDOLPH: Yea, sir.

SHALLOW: By God's liggens, the knave will stick by thee, I can assure thee that.

BARDOLPH: And I'll stick by him, sir.

*[SILENCE downs his tankard.]*

FALSTAFF: Why, now you have done me right! SILENCE <i>[sings]</i> : Do me right, And dub me knight— Samingo.	SHALLOW: Lack nothing, be merry! <i>[PISTOL knocks at the door offstage.]</i> Look who's at door there, ho! Who knocks? <i>[DAVY hurries to the door.]</i>
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SILENCE: Is't not so?

FALSTAFF: 'Tis so.

SILENCE: Is't so?

*[Enter PISTOL, who pushes past DAVY to the center of the room.]*

DAVY: An't please your worship—

FALSTAFF: How now, Pistol!

PISTOL [*bowing theatrically*]: Sir John, God save you.

FALSTAFF: What wind blew you hither, Pistol?

PISTOL: Not the ill wind which blows no man to good.

Sweet knight, thou art now one of the greatest men in this realm.

PISTOL: Sir John, I am thy Pistol and thy friend,	SILENCE [ <i>suddenly noticing FALSTAFF's girth</i> ]: By'r lady, I think a be.
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PISTOL [*cont'd*]: 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 man of this world.

PISTOL: A foudre for the world and worldlings base!

I speak of Africa and golden joys.

FALSTAFF [*playing along*]: O base Assyrian knight, what is thy news?

Let King Cophetua know the truth thereof.

[*SILENCE drunkenly embraces PISTOL.*]

SILENCE [*sings*]: And Robin Hood, Scarlet, and John.

PISTOL: Shall dunghill curs confront the Helicons?

[*PISTOL rudely detaches SILENCE from him, and SILENCE passes out on the floor.*]

And shall good news be baffled?

SHALLOW: Honest gentleman, I know not your breeding.

PISTOL: Why then, lament therefor.

SHALLOW: Give me pardon, sir. If, sir, you come with news from the court, I am, sir, under the King in some authority.

[*PISTOL theatrically draws his weapon on SHALLOW.*]

PISTOL: Under which king, bezonian? Speak, or die.

SHALLOW [*terrified*]: Under King Harry!

PISTOL:

Under which King Harry?

SHALLOW: Harry the Fourth!

PISTOL:

A foudre for thine office!

Sir John, thy tender lambkin now is king.

Harry the Fifth's the man. I speak the truth.

When Pistol lies, [*making the fig*] do this, and fig me, like

The bragging Spaniard.

FALSTAFF [*standing*]:

What, is the old king dead?

PISTOL: As nail in door.

[*A beat of silent astonishment.*]

FALSTAFF: Away, boy, saddle my horse!

[*Exit ROBIN, running. ROBIN becomes HUMPHREY.*]

FALSTAFF [ <i>cont'd</i> ]: Master Robert Shallow, choose what office thou wilt in the land, 'tis thine.	BARDOLPH: O joyful day! I would not take a knighthood for my fortune.
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FALSTAFF [*cont'd*]: Pistol, I will double-charge thee with dignities.

FALSTAFF [ <i>cont'd</i> ] [ <i>to DAVY</i> ]: Carry Master Silence to bed.	PISTOL: What, I do bring good news?
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[*Exeunt during the following lines DAVY with the unconscious SILENCE, supervised by SHALLOW. DAVY becomes SOLDIER TWO.*]

FALSTAFF [*cont'd*]: Master Shallow—my Lord Shallow—be what thou wilt, I am fortune's steward. [*to BARDOLPH*] 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. I know the young King is sick for me. Let us take any man'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!

[*Exit FALSTAFF. PISTOL seizes upon his abrupt solitude to grandly soliloquize.*]

PISTOL: "Where is the life that late I led?" say they.  
Why, here it is. Welcome these pleasant days!  
*[Exit PISTOL with epic grandeur.]*

Scene 24. [90 lines /5:38]

*[Enter, separately, JUSTICE and JOHN.]*

JOHN: How now, my Lord Chief Justice?

JUSTICE: How doth your father?

JOHN: Exceeding well: His cares are now all ended.

JUSTICE: I hope, not dead.

JOHN: He's walked the way of nature,  
And to our purposes he lives no more.

JUSTICE: I would his majesty had called me with him.  
The service that I truly did his life  
Hath left me open to all injuries.

JOHN: Indeed I think my brother loves you not.

JUSTICE: I know he 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 HUMPHREY. A silent beat.]*

JOHN: We meet like men that had forgot to speak.

JUSTICE: O God, I fear all will be overturned!

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

JOHN: Well, you must now speak Sir John Falstaff fair,  
Which swims against your stream of quality.

JUSTICE: Sweet princes, what I did, I did in honour,  
Led by the impartial conduct of my soul;  
And never shall you see that I will beg  
A raggèd and forestalled remissiön.  
If truth and upright innocency fail me,  
I'll to the King my master that is dead,  
And tell him who hath sent me after him.

*[Enter HAL, crowned.]*

JOHN: Here comes the Prince.

*[JOHN, HUMPHREY and JUSTICE bow.]*

JUSTICE/JOHN/HUMPHREY *[formal unison]*: Good morrow, and God save your majesty!

HAL: You all look strangely on me, *[to JUSTICE]* and you most.  
You are, I think, assured I love you not.

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

HAL: 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  
Th'immediate heir of England? Was this easy?  
May this be washed in Lethe and forgotten?

JUSTICE: I then did use the person of your father.  
The image of his power lay then in me;  
And in th'administration of his law,

Whiles I was busy for the commonwealth,  
Your highness pleasèd to forget my place,  
The majesty and power of law and justice,  
The image of the King whom I presented,  
And struck me in my very seat of judgment;  
Whereon, as an offender to your father,  
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 son set your decrees at naught?  
To pluck down justice from your awe-full 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 father, and propose a son;  
Hear your own dignity so much profaned,  
See your most dreadful laws so loosely slighted,  
Behold yourself so by a son disdained;  
And then imagine me taking your part,  
And in your power soft silencing your son.  
After this cold considerance sentence me;  
And, as you are a king, speak in your state  
What I have done that misbecame my place,  
My person, or my liege's sovereignty.

HAL: You are right Justice, and you weigh this well.  
Therefore still bear the balance and the sword;  
And I do wish your honours may increase  
Till you do live to see a son of mine  
Offend you and obey you, as I did.  
You shall be as a father to my youth;  
My voice shall sound as you do prompt mine ear,  
And I will stoop and humble my intents  
To your well-practised wise directions.  
And Princes both, believe me, I beseech you,  
My father is gone wild into his grave,  
For in his tomb lie my affections;  
And with his 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 flowed in vanity till now.  
Now doth it turn and ebb back to the sea,  
Where it shall mingle with the state of floods  
To flow henceforth in formal majesty;  
And, God consigning to my good intents,  
No prince nor peer shall have just cause to say  
“God shorten Harry's happy life one day.”

*[Exeunt HAL, HUMPHREY, JOHN and JUSTICE.]*

Scene 25. [88 lines /5:30]

*[Enter QUICKLY, followed by PISTOL with love on his mind.]*

PISTOL *[aside]*: This punk is one of Cupid's carriers.

Clap on more sails; up with your fights;

Give fire! She is my prize, or ocean overwhelm them all.

*[PISTOL theatrically takes up QUICKLY's hand and kisses it as FANG enters to address the audience.]*

FANG: Citizens of London, anon the young King and his train come from the coronation. Stand to meet him; rise; get up—

*[The audience stands.]*

but mind your jubilation not exceed the level bounds of law.

*[FANG stands among the audience, keeping an eye in the direction of where the procession will arrive, as FALSTAFF, BARDOLPH, and DOLL enter the back of the audience and push their way to the front.]*

FALSTAFF: I will leer upon him as a comes by, and do but mark the countenance that he will give me.

PISTOL: God bless thy lungs, good knight!

FALSTAFF: Come here, Pistol; stand behind me. *[to QUICKLY]* O if I had had time to have made new liveries, I would have bestowed the hundred pound I borrowed of you! But 'tis no matter; this poor show doth better; this doth infer the zeal I had to see him.

FALSTAFF: It shows my earnestness of affection, my devotion as it were, to ride day and night, and not to deliberate, not to remember, not to have patience to shift me—	QUICKLY: It doth so. It doth so. It doth, it doth, it doth.  It is best, certain.
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FALSTAFF: But to stand stained with travel, and sweating with desire to see him, thinking of nothing else, putting all affairs else in oblivion, as if there were nothing else to be done but to see him.

FANG *[to the audience]*: The King and all his train are coming. Mind now you welcome him with your loyal shouts, your round cheers, your warm applause.

OFFSTAGE VOICES: God save the King! God save the King!

*[Trumpets sound. Enter SOLDIER ONE, SOLDIER TWO, HAL, JUSTICE, HUMPHREY and JOHN in stately procession. FALSTAFF moves through the crowd to keep himself positioned directly in HAL's line-of-sight.]*

FANG/POINS/BARDOLPH/ QUICKLY/DOLL/AUDIENCE <i>[also applauding &amp; cheering]:</i> God save the King!  God save the King!  God save the King!	FALSTAFF: God save thy grace, King Hal, my royal Hal! <i>[FALSTAFF moves again through the crowd to keep himself positioned directly in HAL's line-of-sight.]</i> FALSTAFF: God save thee, my sweet boy!	<i>[PISTOL performs a flourishing hat-doffing bow.]</i>  PISTOL: The heavens thee guard and keep, most royal imp of fame!
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FANG/POINS/BARDOLPH/ QUICKLY/DOLL/AUDIENCE <i>[also applauding &amp; cheering]:</i> God save the King!  God save the King!	HAL: My Lord Chief Justice, speak to that vain man. JUSTICE <i>[to FALSTAFF]</i> : Have you your wits? Know you what 'tis you speak?
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*[FALSTAFF touches HAL with some informal, affectionate gesture we've seen before.]*

FALSTAFF: My king, my Jove, I speak to thee, my heart!

*[HAL pulls away. The procession stops, SOLDIER ONE and SOLDIER TWO on guard but uncertain what to do—everyone looking to HAL for direction.]*

HAL: I know thee not, old man. Fall to thy prayers.

*[SOLDIER ONE and SOLDIER TWO force FALSTAFF to kneel, FALSTAFF still trying to treat the situation like a jest.]*

How ill white hairs become a fool and jester!  
 I have long dreamt of such a kind of man,  
 So surfeit-swelled, 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 men.

FALSTAFF: I would your maj-	HAL: Reply not to me with a fool-born jest.
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HAL: Presume not that I am the thing I was,  
 For God doth know, so shall the world perceive,  
 That I have turned 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 now do the rest of my misleaders,  
 Not to come near our person by ten mile.

*[to JUSTICE]* My lord, perform the tenor of my word.

*[HAL nods; the procession of SOLDIER ONE, SOLDIER TWO, HAL, JUSTICE, HUMPHREY, and JOHN continues. At the edge of the space, HAL spies POINS standing among the crowd—for a sliver of an instant he hesitates: POINS curtsies.]*

HAL *[to all]*: Set on.

*[Exeunt SOLDIER ONE, SOLDIER TWO, HAL, JUSTICE, HUMPHREY and JOHN. Exit POINS unobtrusively through the back.]*

FANG *[motioning for audience to be seated]*: Citizens of London, return ye to your lawful business.

*[Exit FANG. FALSTAFF remains on his knees.]*

FALSTAFF: Hostess Quickly, I owe you a hundred pound.

QUICKLY: Yea, marry, Sir John, which I beseech you to let me have home with me.

FALSTAFF *[slowly standing, assuming an unfelt cheer]*: That can hardly be, hostess. Do not you grieve at this. I shall be sent for in private to him. Look you, he must seem thus to the world. *[to BARDOLPH & PISTOL, with false heartiness]* Fear not your advancements. I will be the man yet that shall make you great.

QUICKLY: I beseech you, good Sir John, let me have fifty of my hundred.

FALSTAFF: Madam, I will be as good as my word. *[to all]* Go with me to dinner. Come, Lieutenant Pistol; come, Bardolph. I shall be sent for soon at night.

*[Enter JUSTICE, FANG, SOLDIER ONE, SOLDIER TWO and JOHN.]*

JUSTICE: Go carry Sir John Falstaff to the Fleet.

Take all his company along with him.

<i>[CHAOS! FANG pursues and attempts to apprehend both QUICKLY and DOLL.]</i>		<i>[CHAOS! SOLDIER TWO pursues BARDOLPH; SOLDIER ONE pursues PISTOL.]</i>
QUICKLY: No, thou arrant knave! I would to God that I might die, that I might have thee hanged. Thou hast drawn my shoulder out of joint. O the Lord, I would make this a bloody day to somebody. O God, that right should thus overcome might!	DOLL: I'll tell you what, you tripe-visaged rascal, I will have you as soundly swung for this, you paper-faced villain, you bluebottle rogue, you filthy famished correctioner! If you be not swung I'll forswear half-kirtles. FANG <i>[to DOLL]</i> : Come, come,	FALSTAFF <i>[to JUSTICE]</i> : My lord, my lord— <i>[A pain lances from FALSTAFF's chest up into his left shoulder and jaw.]</i> JUSTICE: I cannot now speak. I will hear you soon. <i>[Breathless, FALSTAFF falls to his knees again, clutching his</i>

	you she knight-errant, come!	<i>chest. Seeing this, JOHN exits. SOLDIER TWO apprehends BARDOLPH. SOLDIER ONE apprehends PISTOL.]</i>
DOLL: Come, you rogue, come, bring me to a justice. QUICKLY: Ay, come, you starved blood-hound.		PISTOL: Si fortune me tormenta, spero contenta.
QUICKLY: Thou atomy, thou!	DOLL: Goodman death, goodman bones!	<i>[Enter JOHN with the wheelchair, which he pushes alongside FALSTAFF.]</i>
DOLL: Come, you thin thing; come you rascal. FANG: Very well.		<i>[JUSTICE gestures to SOLDIER TWO, who entrusts BARDOLPH into the custody of SOLDIER ONE and approaches FALSTAFF and hoists him up into the wheelchair.]</i>

FALSTAFF *[to SOLDIER TWO]*: I shall be sent for in private to him.

JUSTICE: Take them away.

*[FANG, with QUICKLY and DOLL, SOLDIER ONE, with BARDOLPH and PISTOL, and SOLDIER TWO, pushing FALSTAFF, start to exit.]*

FALSTAFF *[to the audience]*: I shall be sent for soon at night.

*[Exeunt FANG, QUICKLY, DOLL, SOLDIER ONE, BARDOLPH, PISTOL, SOLDIER TWO, and FALSTAFF.]*

JOHN: I like this fair proceeding of the King's.

*[JOHN exits and immediately returns holding a sign.]*

The King hath called his parliament, my lord.

JUSTICE: He hath.

*[JOHN sets up the sign, which reads THE HENRIAD CONTINUES.]*

JOHN: I will lay odds that, ere this year expire,  
We bear our civil swords and native fire  
As far as France. I heard a bird so sing,  
Whose music, to my thinking, pleased the King.  
Come, will you hence?

*[Exeunt JOHN and JUSTICE.]*