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**Gentlemen of the Shade**  
**By**

Script: William Shakespeare

Additional Material: Fiona Forsyth

Adapted by: Richard Forsyth

Inspired by: Chimes at Midnight by Orson Welles

## ***Information about this book***

### **Title statement**

Gentlemen of the Shade

Shakespeare, William, 1564-1616, with additional material by Fiona Forsyth, and adapted by Richard Forsyth from *Henry IV Part I*, *Henry IV Part II*, *Henry V*, *Richard II*.

Inspired by *Chimes at Midnight*, directed by Orson Welles.

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### **Availability**

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### **Front cover**

Falstaff, Fiona Forsyth, 2004, from the production of *Gentlemen of the Shade*, at the Edinburgh Fringe Festival

## *List of Characters*

### **COURTIER**

**A minor character in A1S4 played by Narrator A in the original casting**

### **DOLL\_T'SHEET**

**The Shakespearean Doll Tearsheet combined with some of Mistress Quickly.  
A whore and barmaid at Eastcheap.**

### **FALSTAFF**

**Falstaff's life from Henry IV Part I and II, and his death from Henry V**

### **FEEBLE**

**One of the recruits in A1S9, played by Narrator A in the original casting**

### **HENRY\_IV**

**Henry IV from Henry IV Part I and II, and a little bit from Richard II**

### **HOTSPUR**

**The Henry IV Part I character, the son of Northumberland**

### **LADY\_PERCY**

**The Henry IV Part I character, wife of Hotspur**

### **LORD\_CHIEF\_JUSTICE**

**Sheriff (from Henry IV Part I) and Lord Chief Justice (from Henry IV Part II)**

### **MISTRESS\_QUICKLY**

**Sadly cut to give Doll some more lines. Hostess of a tavern in Eastcheap.**

### **MOULDY**

**A recruit in A1S9, played by Narrator A in the original casting**

### **NARRATOR\_A**

**The story is told by a chorus of Narrators. Narrator A is a main character in her own right, and also plays some minor roles in the play in the original casting, notably all the recruits in A1S9, the Courtier in A1S4, and Mistress Quickly).**

**The other narrators are played by characters in the play, who are free for a bit of narration, (see below)**

### **NARRATOR\_B1**

**A Narrator played by 'Pistol' in the original casting**

### **NARRATOR\_B2**

**A Narrator played by 'Pistol' in the original casting**

### **NARRATOR\_B3**

**A Narrator played by 'Prince Hal' in the original casting**

**NARRATOR\_C1**

**A Narrator played by 'Pistol' in the original casting**

**NARRATOR\_C2**

**A Narrator played by 'Doll' in the original casting**

**NARRATOR\_D1**

**A Narrator played by 'Hotspur' in the original casting**

**NARRATOR\_E1**

**A Narrator played by 'Prince Hal' in the original casting**

**NORTHUMBERLAND**

**The Northumberland from Henry IV Part I**

**PISTOL**

**Bardolph and Pistol combined and cut from Henry IV Part I and II**

**POINS**

**From Henry IV Part I and II. Friend of Prince\_Hal, and not too keen on Falstaff**

**PRINCE\_HAL**

**From Henry IV Part I and II, the son of Henry IV and heir apparent**

**SERVANT**

**A minor role played by Hotspur in the original casting**

**SHADOW**

**A recruit in A1S9, played by Narrator A in the original casting**

**SHALLOW**

**The Shakespearean character from Henry IV Part II, an Old J.P. in Gloucestershire**

**SILENCE**

**The Shakespearean character from Henry IV Part II, an Old J.P. in Gloucestershire, can be played with a stammer.**

**WORCESTER**

**The Shakespearean character from Henry IV Part I**

### ***Cast structure***

The play is a highly-cut version of Henry IV Part I and II (with little bits from Richard II and Henry V) designed to tell the story of the two fathers (Henry IV and Falstaff) competing for the love and soul of Prince Hal. It was originally performed

at the Edinburgh Fringe Festival in 2004, which limited its length to one hour.

The story is told by a chorus of Narrators. Narrator A is a main character in her own right who tells the story (and plays some minor characters), helped by other characters in the play, who sometimes also act as narrators.

The original cast was 4 men and 3 women (though of course the play could be cast completely gender blind) with roles (minor roles in brackets) as follows:

Male: Falstaff (no minor roles)

Male: Henry IV (no minor roles)

Male: Prince\_Hal (Narrator\_e1, Narrator\_b3)

Male: Hotspur (Poins, Silence, Servant, Narrator\_d1)

Female: Doll Tearsheet (Lady Percy, Shallow, Northumberland, Narrator\_c2)

Female: Pistol (Lord Chief Justice, Narrator\_b1, Narrator\_b2, Narrator\_c1 )

Female: Narrator\_a (Worcester, Mistress Quickly, Courtier, Feeble, Shadow, Mouldy)

There are two known minor problems with the castings:

- Pistol and Hotspur (played by the same actor) speak consecutive speeches of 1 line each in A2S6. This can be resolved, either by having the same speaker speak both lines, or by re-allocating 1 of the lines to a different actor
- In A1S2, Narrator A has a line "And I'll play Worcester's part". Only in the original casting does the Narrator play Worcester. The problem can be solved by changing the line to "And you'll play Worcester's part", and the Narrator tapping the actor with Worcester's role on the shoulder, or any other signifier.

There may be more problems!

## *Set and Costumes, etc*

In the original production, only Henry IV and Falstaff were played in conventional costumes with conventional make-up. All other characters were dressed in black body stockings, in white-face. When they acted a character, they wore an easily identifiable emblem associated with the character. Prince\_Hal, when denying Falstaff, came out of white-face, either during the speech, or just before.

In the original production, all actors were onstage (except when exiting into the audience) all the time in seats around the sides of the stage, when not acting. At the back of the stage various character costumes or emblems were held on costume racks. Actors put on specific 'emblems' or costumes when playing particular characters. A bed was on stage for Flastaff's bed at the beginning of the play, and later Henry IV's bed.

Of course, anyone wanting to put the play can make their own production choices.

No doubt many people will be horrified by the cuts and changes we've made to Henry IV Part I and II. But this play tells a different story - the story of two aging men fighting for the love and soul of their 'son', and it tells it in an hour. In performance. It worked, and that's enough.

## **Act One**

### **Act One Scene One**

England

*Stage unlit. Houselights go down.  
Falstaff and all other actors (except Henry IV) enter on stage.  
Falstaff gets into bed. Stage lights up.*

**NARRATOR\_A**

Its 600 years since they killed the King!  
14th February - that date's stuck in my mind.

**NARRATOR\_B2**

I heard Henry and the Percy family fixed that death

**NARRATOR\_D1**

Who is Henry?

**NARRATOR\_B2**

Henry Bolingbroke. The king. He overthrew Richard.

**NARRATOR\_A**

Some say the Percys had a hand in Richard's murder.

**NARRATOR\_C2**

Richard's murder? Oh, they were in on that together.

**NARRATOR\_B2**

And Henry had himself crowned before Richard died.

**NARRATOR\_E1**

So that's how Bolingbroke became Henry IV?

**NARRATOR\_A**

That's it.

The crown should have gone to Mortimer, by right.  
He had the better claim.

**NARRATOR\_D1**

Isn't Mortimer held hostage?

**NARRATOR\_A**

Yes, in Wales - still waiting to be ransomed.

**NARRATOR\_C2**

He'll have a long wait I'd guess

**NARRATOR\_B2**

King Henry won't pay up in a hurry!

**NARRATOR\_A**

But now Hotspur's here - come blazing down to Windsor from the North,

**NARRATOR\_B2**

Northumberland's brother Worcester's with him, and a company of others

**NARRATOR\_C2**

*[Narrators in position for king's entry]*

To plead for Mortimer

**NARRATOR\_B2**

smouldering trouble,

*[Enter Henry\_IV]*

**NARRATOR\_E1**

Here comes King Henry now. He seems ill. Look, the strain tells in his face.

*(Exit Narrator A B, C, D & E)*

## ***Act One Scene Two***

London. The Palace (continues from previous scene).

**NARRATOR\_A**

And here are the Percys.

*[Northumberland enters]*

Northumberland, his son Hotspur,  
And I'll play Worcester's part!

*(Putting on Worcester's emblem)*

An unfriendly guest I'll make! No medicine for my malice.

**HENRY\_IV**

Shall our coffers, then,  
Be emptied to redeem a traitor home?

**HOTSPUR**

My liege!!!

**HENRY\_IV**

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!

**WORCESTER**

Our house, my sovereign liege, little deserves  
The scourge of greatness to be used on it –

**HENRY\_IV**

Worcester, get thee gone, for I do see  
Danger and disobedience in thine eye.

**NORTHUMBERLAND**

My Lord -

**HENRY\_IV**

Henceforth,

Let me not hear you speak of Mortimer,  
Or you shall hear in such a kind from me  
As will displease you.

**NORTHUMBERLAND**

My good lord, hear me.

**HENRY\_IV**

My Lord Northumberland,  
We license your departure.... with your son.

*[Exit Henry\_IV]*

**HOTSPUR**

Speak of Mortimer!  
'Zounds, I will speak of him.

**WORCESTER**

Hear you cousin, a word.

**HOTSPUR**

Hark you uncle, did not King Richard then  
Proclaim my brother Mortimer

Heir to the crown?

**NORTHUMBERLAND**

He did; myself did hear it.

**HOTSPUR**

Shall it for shame be spoken in these days,  
Or fill up chronicles in time to come,  
That men of your nobility and power  
Did gage them both in an unjust behalf  
(As both of you, God pardon it, have done)  
To put down Richard, that sweet lovely rose,  
And plant this thorn, this canker, Bolingbroke?

**WORCESTER**

Peace, cousin, say no more.

**HOTSPUR**

By heaven, methinks it were an easy leap,  
To pluck bright honour from the pale-faced moon,  
Or dive into the bottom of the deep,  
Where fathom-line could never touch the ground,  
And pluck up drowned honour by the locks.  
But out upon this half-faced fellowship!

**WORCESTER**

Farewell, kinsman, I'll talk to you  
When you are better tempered to attend.

**HOTSPUR**

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 holla '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. 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**

You, my lord,  
 Shall secretly into the bosom creep  
 Of that same noble prelate well-beloved,  
 The Archbishop...

**HOTSPUR**

York, is it not!

I smell it. Upon my life, it will do well.  
 Why, it cannot choose but be a noble plot;  
 And then the power of Scotland and of York,  
 To join with Mortimer, ha?

**WORCESTER**

And so they shall.

Brother, fare well. No further go in this  
 Than I by letter shall direct our course.

**NORTHUMBERLAND**

Farewell, good brother. We shall thrive, I trust.

**HOTSPUR**

All studies here I solemnly defy,  
 Save how to gall and pinch this Bolingbroke:  
 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 poison'd with a pot of ale.

*[Exit Northumberland & Hotspur]*

**Act One Scene Three**

London. The Boar's Head.

**FALSTAFF**

Now, Hal, what time of day is it, lad?

**PRINCE\_HAL**

What a devil hast thou to do with the time of the day? Unless hours were cups of sack and minutes capons and clocks the tongues of bawds and dials the signs of leaping-houses and the blessed sun himself a fair hot wench in flame-coloured taffeta, I see no reason why thou shouldst be so superfluous to demand the time of the day.

**FALSTAFF**

I prithee, sweet wag, when thou art king, let us be Diana's foresters, gentlemen of the shade, minions of the moon.

**PRINCE\_HAL**

Where shall we take a purse tomorrow, Jack?

**FALSTAFF**

Where thou wilt, lad; I'll make one.

**PRINCE\_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.

*[Enter POINS]*

Poins! O, if men were to be saved by merit, what hole in hell were hot enough for him?

**PRINCE\_HAL**

Good morrow, Ned.

**POINS**

Good morrow, sweet Hal. What says Monsieur Remorse? What says Sir John Sack and Sugar? But, my lads, my lads, to-morrow morning, by four o'clock, early at Gadshill! there are pilgrims going to Canterbury with rich offerings, and traders riding to London with fat purses. If you will go, I will stuff your purses full of crowns; If you will not, tarry at home and be hanged.

**FALSTAFF**

Hal, wilt thou make one?

**PRINCE\_HAL**

Who, I rob? I a thief? not I, by my faith.

**FALSTAFF**

There's neither honesty, manhood, nor good fellowship in thee, nor thou camest not of the blood royal, if thou darest not stand for ten shillings.

**PRINCE\_HAL**

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

**FALSTAFF**

Why, that's well said. Farewell, you shall find me here, anon.

**PRINCE\_HAL**

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

*[Exit Falstaff]*

**POINS**

Now, my good sweet honey lord, ride with us to-morrow. Falstaff and others 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.

**PRINCE\_HAL**

Well, I'll go with thee: Farewell.

*[Exit Poins]*

**PRINCE\_HAL**

I know you all, and will awhile uphold  
The unyoked humour of your idleness:  
If all the year were playing holidays,  
To sport would be as tedious as to work;  
But when they seldom come, they wish'd 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.  
I'll so offend, to make offence a skill;  
Redeeming time when men think least I will.

*[Exit]*

## ***Act One Scene Four***

The Palace.

*[Enter Henry IV and a courtier (played by Narrator A)]*

**HENRY\_IV**

Have you read o'er the letters that I sent you?

**COURTIER**

I have, my liege.

**HENRY\_IV**

Then you perceive the body of our kingdom,  
How foul it is, what rank diseases grow-

**COURTIER**

They say young Percy and Lord Worcester  
Are fifty thousand strong.  
Northumberland lies sick. But a great power  
Of English and of Scots follow young Hotspur.

**HENRY\_IV**

Yea, there thou mak'st me sad, and mak'st me sin  
In envy that my Lord Northumberland  
Should be the father to so blessed a son,  
A son that is the theme of honour's tongue  
Whilst I, in 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.  
Then would I have his Harry, and he mine...  
Where is the Prince of Wales?

**COURTIER**

We do not know, my lord.

**HENRY\_IV**

I would to God, my lord he could be found.

*[Exit Henry IV]*

## ***Act One Scene Five***

The tale of the Gadshill robbery

*[Enter Narrators B, & C]*

**NARRATOR\_B1**

And where shall we find our Harry now?

**NARRATOR\_A**

Gone to Gadshill, with Falstaff, Poins and the others

**NARRATOR\_C2**

to mug and ambush some of his father's subjects.

**NARRATOR\_A**

That's a scene we'll have to skip,  
We can't fill this place with forest.

Still - I'll tell you how it went:

first Poins and Hal arrive,  
tie up Falstaff's horse

**NARRATOR\_C2**

well out of sight

**NARRATOR\_B1**

Then hide themselves.

Next, up comes Falstaff, looking for his beast.

**NARRATOR\_A**

Prince\_Hal and Poins stay quiet, dark-hooded in their leafy nook,

**NARRATOR\_B1**

and watch while Falstaff, the fat fool

**NARRATOR\_C2**

and his friends mug the travellers, and tie them hand and foot.

*(Hands moneybags to Narrator A)*

**NARRATOR\_A**

Now, as soon as they start to divide the spoils, Prince\_Hal and Poins  
spring forward and they scatter.

*(Narrator A drops moneybags)*

Falstaff takes a blow or two, Then he runs off as well

**NARRATOR\_C2**

Farting and gasping

**NARRATOR\_B1**

The old dog

*[Narrator B exits]*

**NARRATOR\_A**

You can guess where the thieves head off then  
For a rendez-vous.

**NARRATOR\_C2**

The Boar's Head

**NARRATOR\_A**

Of course Hal and Poins beat them to it.  
They ride up first and revel in their prank

## **Act One Scene Six**

The Boar's-Head Tavern, Eastcheap.

*[Enter POINS & Prince\_Hal]*

**POINS**

*(Picking up moneybags)*

Got with much ease.

**PRINCE\_HAL**

The virtue of this jest will be the incomprehensible lies this same fat rogue will tell us now: how thirty at least he fought with; what wards, what blows, what extremities he endured.

**FALSTAFF**

*(Offstage)*

A plague of all cowards.

*(Hal and Poins sit and look innocent).*

*[Enter FALSTAFF, and PISTOL; Doll following with wine]*

**POINS**

Welcome, Jack: where hast thou been?

**FALSTAFF**

A plague of all cowards, I say, and a vengeance too! Give me a cup of sack, girl. A plague of all cowards! You wanton, here's lime in this sack too... A villanous coward! Go thy ways, old Jack; die when thou wilt, if manhood, good manhood, be not forgot upon the face of the earth, then am I a shotten herring. There live not three good men unhang'd in England; and one of them is fat and grows old. A plague of all cowards, I say still.

**PRINCE\_HAL**

How now, wool-sack! what mutter you?

**FALSTAFF**

A king's son! If I do not beat thee out of thy kingdom with a dagger of lath, and drive all thy subjects afore thee like a flock of wild-geese, I'll never wear hair on my face more. You Prince of Wales!

**PRINCE\_HAL**

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

**FALSTAFF**

Are not you a coward? answer me to that: and Poins there?

**POINS**

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

**PRINCE\_HAL**

What's the matter?

**FALSTAFF**

What's the matter! there be four of us have ta'en a thousand pound this day morning.

**PRINCE\_HAL**

Where is it, Jack? where is it?

**FALSTAFF**

Where is it! taken from us it is: a hundred upon poor four of us.

**PRINCE\_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 sword hacked like a hand-saw. A plague of all cowards!

**PRINCE\_HAL**

Speak, sir; how was it?

**PISTOL**

We four set upon some dozen--

**FALSTAFF**

Sixteen at least, my lord, and bound them.

**PISTOL**

No, no, they were not bound.

**FALSTAFF**

You rogue, they were bound, every man of them.

**PISTOL**

As we were sharing, some six or seven fresh men set upon us--

**FALSTAFF**

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

**PRINCE\_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.

**PRINCE\_HAL**

I'll be no longer guilty of this sin; this sanguine coward, this bed-presser, this horseback-breaker, this huge hill of flesh,--

**FALSTAFF**

'Sblood, you starveling, you elf-skin, you dried neat's tongue, you bull's pizzle, you stock-fish! O for breath to utter what is like thee!

**PRINCE\_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.

**PRINCE\_HAL**

We two saw you four set on four and bound them, 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, out-faced you from your prize, and have it; yea, and can show it you here in the house. 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?

**FALSTAFF**

By the Lord, I knew ye as well as he that made ye. 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. But, by the Lord, lads, I am glad you have the money. Doll, clap to the doors: watch to-night, pray to-morrow. What, shall we be merry? Shall we have a play extempore?

**PRINCE\_HAL**

Content; and the argument shall be thy running away.

**FALSTAFF**

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

**PRINCE\_HAL**

Afeard? Not a whit, i' faith; I lack some of thy instinct.

**FALSTAFF**

Well, thou wert be horribly chid tomorrow when thou comest to thy father: if thou love me, practise an answer.

**PRINCE\_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 pot my crown. 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.

**PRINCE\_HAL**

Well, here is my leg.

**FALSTAFF**

And here is my speech. Stand aside, nobility.

**DOLL\_T'SHEET**

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

**FALSTAFF**

*(Mimicing Henry IV)*

Weep not, sweet queen; for trickling tears are vain.

**DOLL\_T'SHEET**

O, the father, how he holds his countenance!

**FALSTAFF**

For God's sake, lords, convey my tristful queen;  
For tears do stop the flood-gates of her eyes.

**DOLL\_T'SHEET**

O Jesu, he doth it as like one of these harlotry players as ever I see!

**FALSTAFF**

*(As Falstaff).*

Peace, good pint-pot; peace, good tickle-brain.

*(As Henry IV).*

Harry, I do not only marvel where thou spendest thy time, but also how thou art accompanied: for though the camomile, the more it is trodden on the faster it grows, yet youth, the more it is wasted the sooner it wears. There is a thing, Harry, which thou hast often heard of and it is known to many in our land by the name of pitch: this pitch, as ancient writers do report, doth defile; so doth the company thou keepest: and yet there is a virtuous man whom I have often noted in thy company, but I know not his name.

**PRINCE\_HAL**

What manner of man, an it like your majesty?

**FALSTAFF**

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, or, by'r lady, inclining to three score;

**DOLL\_T'SHEET**

Three score!!

**FALSTAFF**

and now I remember me, his name is Falstaff: if that man should be lewdly given, he deceiveth me; for, Harry, I see virtue in his looks. There is virtue in that Falstaff: him keep with, the rest banish.

**PRINCE\_HAL**

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

**FALSTAFF**

Depose me? if thou dost it half so gravely, so majestically, both in word and matter, hang me up by the heels for a rabbit-sucker or a poulter's hare.

**PRINCE\_HAL**

Well, here I am set.

**FALSTAFF**

And here I stand: judge, my masters.

**PRINCE\_HAL**

Now, Harry, whence come you?

**FALSTAFF**

My noble lord, from Eastcheap.

**PRINCE\_HAL**

The complaints I hear of thee are grievous. 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 swollen parcel of dropsies, that stuffed cloak-bag of guts, that roasted Manningtree ox with the pudding in his belly? 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**

Whom means your grace?

**PRINCE\_HAL**

That villanous abominable misleader of youth, Falstaff, that old white-bearded Satan.

**FALSTAFF**

My lord, the man I know.

**PRINCE\_HAL**

I know thou dost.

**FALSTAFF**

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 host 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 Pistol, 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.

**PRINCE\_HAL**

I do,  
I will.

*[A knocking heard]  
[Exeunt Doll, and PISTOL]  
[Re-enter PISTOL, running]*

**PISTOL**

O, my lord, my lord! The Lord Chief Justice with a most monstrous watch is at the door.

**FALSTAFF**

Out, ye rogue! Play out the play: I have much to say in the behalf of that Falstaff.

*[Enter Mistress Quickly]*

**MISTRESS\_QUICKLY**

O Jesu, my lord, my lord!

**PRINCE\_HAL**

What's the matter?

**MISTRESS\_QUICKLY**

The Lord Chief Justice and all the watch are at the door: they are come to search the house. Shall I let them in?

**PRINCE\_HAL**

Go, hide thee behind the arras: the rest walk up above.

*[Exeunt all except Prince\_Hal and POINS]*

*(Pause till all have left)*

Call in the Lord Chief Justice.

*[Enter Lord Chief Justice]*

Now, my lord, what is your will with me?

**LORD\_CHIEF\_JUSTICE**

First, pardon me, my lord. A hue and cry  
Hath follow'd certain men unto this house.

**PRINCE\_HAL**

What men?

**LORD\_CHIEF\_JUSTICE**

One of them is well known, my gracious lord,  
A gross fat man, as fat as butter.

**PRINCE\_HAL**

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

**LORD\_CHIEF\_JUSTICE**

I will, my lord. There are two gentlemen  
Have in this robbery lost three hundred marks.

**PRINCE\_HAL**

It may be so: if he have robb'd these men,  
He shall be answerable; and so farewell.

**LORD\_CHIEF\_JUSTICE**

Good night, my noble lord.

*[Exit]*

**PRINCE\_HAL**

*[To Poins]*

I'll to the court in the morning. We must all to the wars, and thy place shall be  
honourable. I'll procure this fat rogue a charge of foot.

*[Exeunt Poins & Hal]*

## ***Act One Scene Seven***

London, The Palace.

*[Enter Narrator A]*

### **NARRATOR\_A**

While Hall pulls his stunt at Gadshill And Falstaff holds court at The Boar's Head  
The heat's turned up here. Rebellion's on the boil, It seems Hotspur, Mortimer,  
Worcester and Glendower met in Bangor and cooked up a plot.

*[Enter King, who seats himself at throne]*

When that news reaches the King's ears, He gets a strategy worked out, to take the  
rebels on before they get too close. Meanwhile, Prince Hal walks in after his night  
out, and finds the King's blood is up.

*[Enter Prince\_Hal, who approaches throne  
Exit Narrator A into audience]*

### **HENRY\_IV**

I know not whether God will have it so  
That, in his secret doom, out of my blood  
He'll breed revengement and a scourge for me  
To punish my mistreadings. Tell me else,  
Could such inordinate and low desires,  
Such barren pleasures, rude society,  
Accompany the greatness of thy blood?

### **PRINCE\_HAL**

So please your majesty -

### **HENRY\_IV**

Had I so lavish of my presence been,  
So stale and cheap to vulgar company,  
Opinion, that did help me to the crown,  
Had left me in reputeless banishment.  
But then I stole all courtesy from heaven  
And dressed myself in such humility  
That I did pluck allegiance from men's hearts,  
And in that very line, Harry, standest thou;  
For thou has lost thy princely privilege  
With vile participation: not an eye  
But is a-weary of thy common sight,  
Save mine, which hath desired to see thee more.

**PRINCE\_HAL**

I shall hereafter, my thrice gracious lord,  
Be more myself.  
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  
And stain my favours in a bloody mask,  
Which, wash'd 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-praised knight,  
And your unthought-of Harry chance to meet.  
Then will I make this northern youth exchange  
His glorious deeds for my indignities.  
This, in the name of God... I promise here.

**HENRY\_IV**

The Earl of Westmoreland set forth to-day;  
On Wednesday next, Harry, you shall set forth.  
Our hands are full of business: let's away.

*[Exit Henry\_IV and Prince\_Hal  
Enter Narrator A from audience]*

## ***Act One Scene Eight***

Warkworth castle

**NARRATOR\_A**

Oh it would please the King if Hal had Hotspur's metal, An urge to glory in the field of battle, Instead of stewing in some Eastcheap brothel. In Henry's eyes Hotspur seems more to fit the royal mould. Rebellious though he is, the King admires his grit, his lust for action. Once Hotspur's blood is up there's no one can distract him from his plan.

*[Enter HOTSPUR, solus, reading a letter]*

**HOTSPUR**

'The purpose you undertake is dangerous;'—why, that's certain: 'tis dangerous to take a cold, to sleep, to drink.

**LADY\_PERCY**

*[Enter LADY PERCY]*

Harry!

**HOTSPUR**

'The purpose you undertake is dangerous; the friends you have named uncertain; '...

**LADY\_PERCY**

Harry!

**HOTSPUR**

...'the time itself unsorted; and your whole plot too light for the counterpoise of so great an opposition.' Say you so?

**LADY\_PERCY**

*(Shaking Hotspur's head)*

Harry!

**HOTSPUR**

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

**LADY\_PERCY**

For what offence have I this fortnight been  
A banish'd woman from my Harry's bed?  
In thy faint slumbers I by thee have watch'd,  
And heard thee murmur tales of iron wars;  
Speak terms of manage to thy bounding steed;  
Cry 'Courage! to the field!'  
Some heavy business hath my lord in hand,  
And I must know it, else he loves me not.

**HOTSPUR**

What say'st thou, my lady?

**LADY\_PERCY**

What is it carries you away?

**HOTSPUR**

Why, my horse, my love, my horse.

**LADY\_PERCY**

Answer me directly unto this question that I ask:

*(Grabbing a hand and holding the little finger)*

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

An if thou wilt not tell me all things true.

**HOTSPUR**

Away, Away, you trifler! Love! I love thee not,  
I care not for thee, Kate: this is no world  
To play with mammals and to tilt with lips:  
We must have bloody noses and crack'd crowns.

**LADY\_PERCY**

Do you not love me? do you not, indeed?

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

**HOTSPUR**

Come, wilt thou see me ride?

And when I am on horseback, I will swear

I love thee infinitely

Will this content you, Kate?

**LADY\_PERCY**

It must of force.

## ***Act One Scene Nine***

Gloucestershire. Before SHALLOW'S house.

**NARRATOR\_A**

*[Enter Narrator A, Narrator B, and Narrator C]*

Now the rebellion's coming to a head the two sides massing for a battle. There's no standing army to call on, so the King has to muster a force,

**NARRATOR\_B3**

gather men ready to play a soldier's part

**NARRATOR\_C1**

lay down their lives, or win through – that's the choice.

**NARRATOR\_A**

But force is the method – the press gang – you've heard of that. Falstaff got the commission promised him by Hal...

**NARRATOR\_B3**

That'll pay the tab at the Boar's Head.

**NARRATOR\_C1**

But he's still got to get the men together – gather a troop.

**NARRATOR\_A**

Yes, that's why he's come to Gloucestershire and looked up Justice Shallow,

**NARRATOR\_C1**

...the arm of the Law hereabout...

**NARRATOR\_A**

the old J.P. will pick out a few choice lads for Falstaff, and make the numbers up with shadows.

**NARRATOR\_B3**

Shadows?

**NARRATOR\_A**

Dead men's names.

**NARRATOR\_C1**

And once he's got a list he claims his pay?

**NARRATOR\_A**

That's the way it works.

*[Exit Narrators]*

*[Enter SHALLOW and SILENCE, meeting]*

**SHALLOW**

Come on, come on, come on, sir; give me your hand, sir, give me your hand, sir.

And how doth my good cousin Silence?

**SILENCE**

G- g- good morrow, good cousin Shallow.

*[Enter FALSTAFF]*

**SHALLOW**

Look, here comes good Sir John. Give me your good hand, give me your worship's good hand: by my troth, you bear your years very well: welcome, good Sir John.

**FALSTAFF**

I am glad to see you well, good Master Robert Shallow: Master Surecard, as I think?

**SHALLOW**

Silence!

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.

**SILENCE**

Your good-worship is w- w- w-

**SHALLOW**

Welcome.

**FALSTAFF**

Have you provided me here half a dozen sufficient men?

**SHALLOW**

Marry, have we, sir. Will you sit?

**FALSTAFF**

Let me see them.

**SHALLOW**

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

**MOULDY**

*[Enter Mouldy]*

Here, an't please you.

**FALSTAFF**

Prick him.

**SHALLOW**

For the other, Sir John: let me see: Simon Shadow!

**FALSTAFF**

Yea, marry, let me have him to sit under: he's like to be a cold soldier.

**SHALLOW**

Where's Shadow?

**SHADOW**

*[Enter Shadow]*

Here, sir.

**SHALLOW**

Do you like him, Sir John?

**FALSTAFF**

Prick him, for we have a number of shadows to fill up the muster-book.

**SHALLOW**

Ha, ha, ha! you can do it, sir; you can do it. Francis Feeble!

**FEEBLE**

*[Enter Narrator A as Feeble]*

Here, sir.

**FALSTAFF**

What trade art thou, Feeble?

**FEEBLE**

A woman's tailor, sir.

**SHALLOW**

Shall I prick him, sir?

**FALSTAFF**

You may: but if he had been a man's tailor, he'd ha' pricked you. Wilt thou make as many holes in an enemy's battle as thou hast done in a woman's petticoat?

**FEEBLE**

I will do my good will, sir; you can have no more.

**FALSTAFF**

Well said, good woman's tailor! well said, courageous Feeble! thou wilt be as valiant as the wrathful dove or most magnanimous mouse. Prick the woman's tailor: well, Master Shallow; deep, Master Shallow.

**FALSTAFF**

Is here all?

**SHALLOW**

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

*(Silence waves to soldiers to exit)*

*[Exeunt soldiers]*

**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**

And is Jane Nightwork alive?

**FALSTAFF**

She lives, Master Shallow.

**SHALLOW**

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.

**SILENCE**

That's fifty-five year ag- g- g- g.

**SHALLOW**

Go. Oh! 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**

Ha, Ha. That we have, that we have, that we have. I' faith Sir John we have. Jesu,

Jesu, the mad days that I have seen. Come, let's to dinner; come, let's to dinner:

Jesus, the days that we have seen! Come, come.

*[Exeunt Justices and others, leaving Falstaff alone]*

**FALSTAFF**

Robert Shallow... I do remember him at Clement's Inn like a man made after supper of a cheese-paring: when a' was naked, he was, for all the world, like a forked radish, with a head fantastically carved upon it with a knife: a' was the very genius of famine; yet lecherous as a monkey, and the whores called him mandrake. And now is this Vice's dagger become a squire, And now has he land and beefs.

Well, I'll be acquainted with him, if I return; If the young fish be a bait for the old pike, I see no reason in the law of nature but I may snap at him. Let time shape, and there an end.

*[Exit]*

## **Act One Scene Ten**

The battlefield

*[Enter Narrator A]*

**NARRATOR\_A**

Four battle forces now converge at Shrewsbury.  
Hotspurs's first to take the field...

*[Enter Hotspur]*

... with his ten thousand men.

On the other side, Prince\_Hal, the king, and Westmoreland lead their respective forces.

**HOTSPUR**

What news, what news?

**NARRATOR\_A**

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

**HOTSPUR**

No harm: what more?

**NARRATOR\_A**

The king himself in person is set forth,  
With strong and mighty preparation.

**HOTSPUR**

He shall be welcome too. Where is his son,  
The nimble-footed madcap Prince of Wales,  
And his comrades, that daff'd the world aside,  
And bid it pass?

**NARRATOR\_A**

I saw Prince Hal, gallantly arm'd  
Rise from the ground like feather'd Mercury.

**HOTSPUR**

Let them come:

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 corpse.

*[Exit Hotspur]*

*[Enter Falstaff and 3 ragged soldiers (Pistol, Hal, Doll, with pikes) who parade around the stage and exit]*

**FALSTAFF**

Tut, tut, good enough to toss, food for powder, food for powder, they'll fit a pit as better; tush, man, mortal men, mortal men!

**NARRATOR\_A**

*[Enter Hotspur]*

Here comes the rebel leader – What news?

**HOTSPUR**

O gentlemen, the time of life is short!  
To spend that shortness basely were too long.  
And if we live, we live to tread on kings,  
If die, brave death when princes die with us!

*[Exit Hotspur and Narrator A]*

*[Enter Prince\_Hal and FALSTAFF from opposite sides of the stage, reversing into each other]  
(Hal prods Falstaff in back)*

**FALSTAFF**

*(Falstaff roars, turns round and sees Hal)*

I would 'twere bed-time, Hal, and all well.

**PRINCE\_HAL**

Why, thou owest God a death.

*[Exit Prince\_Hal]*

**FALSTAFF**

'Tis not due yet; I would be loath to pay him before his day. Well, 'tis no matter; honour pricks me on. 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. 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. Therefore I'll none of it.

*[Enter HOTSPUR and Prince\_Hal from different directions]*

**HOTSPUR**

If I mistake not, thou art Harry Monmouth.

**PRINCE\_HAL**

I am the Prince of Wales; and think not, Hotspur,  
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 Hotspur 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!

**PRINCE\_HAL**

I'll make it greater ere I part from thee;  
And all the budding honours on thy crest  
I'll crop, to make a garland for my head.

**HOTSPUR**

I can no longer brook thy vanities.

*[They fight]*

**FALSTAFF**

Well said, Hal! to it Hal! Nay, you shall find no boy's play here, I can tell you.

*[Enter SOLDIER; he fights with FALSTAFF]  
HOTSPUR and Falstaff are wounded, and fall  
[Exit SOLDIER, chased by another]*

**HOTSPUR**

O, Harry, thou hast robb'd me of my youth!  
I better brook the loss of brittle life  
Than those proud titles thou hast won of me.  
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--

*[Dies]*

**PRINCE\_HAL**

For worms, brave Hotspur: 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.

*[He (turns and) spitieth FALSTAFF on the ground]*

What, old acquaintance! could not all this flesh  
Keep in a little life? Poor Jack, farewell!

I could have better spared a better man:  
 Death hath not struck so fat a deer to-day,  
 Though many dearer, in this bloody fray.  
 Embowell'd will I see thee by and by:  
 Till then in blood by noble Hotspur lie.

*[Exit Prince\_Hal]*

**FALSTAFF**

*[Rising up]*

Embowelled! if thou embowel me to-day, I'll give you leave to powder me and eat me too tomorrow. '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. The better part of valour is discretion; in the which better part I have saved my life. 'Zounds, I am afraid of this gunpowder Hotspur, though he be dead: how, if he should counterfeit too and rise? Therefore I'll swear I killed him. –Therefore, sirrah,

*[Stabbing him]*

with a new wound in your thigh, come you along with me.

*[Lights down on Falstaff, with Hotspur's corpse]*

**PRINCE\_HAL**

*[Sound Effect: Trumpets sound the retreat]*

*(Offstage)*

The trumpet sounds retreat, the day is ours!

*(Cheers, All echo Hal – 'The day is ours!')*

*Enter Prince\_Hal, and Henry\_IV, a SOLDIER and Narrator A as Worcester]*

**HENRY\_IV**

Thus ever did rebellion find rebuke.  
 Ill-spirited Worcester did we not 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?

**WORCESTER**

What I have done my safety urged me to.;

**HENRY\_IV**

Bear Worcester to the death.  
 Other offenders we will pause upon.

*[Exit Henry IV, Worcester and Soldier]*

*[Lights up on Falstaff and Hotspur, Hal spots them]*

**PRINCE\_HAL**

Art thou alive?

**FALSTAFF**

There is Hotspur: If your father will do me any honour, so; if not, let him kill the next Percy himself. I look to be either earl or duke, I can assure you.

**PRINCE\_HAL**

Why, Hotspur 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.

**PRINCE\_HAL**

O, this man

Lends mettle to us all!

*[Exit Prince\_Hal]*

**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.

*[Exit FALSTAFF]*

*[Entre Acte music as Hotspur gets off, and the stage is reset,  
And Hal and Poins come on]*

# ACT Two

## *Act Two Scene One*

London. A street.

*[Enter Narrator A]*

### **NARRATOR\_A**

The battle's won, the rebels are defeated, And loyal parties back in London. The king and Prince Hal are still at odds. Falstaff reigns again at the Boar's Head, the old lecher, but too broke now to pay for Doll's favours. The King is sick, the battle burnt him out. He came back, frail and heavy-hearted, As if he knows his days are nearly up. And Prince Hal? He's worn out with the war as well, and suffers a sickness of his own making.

*[Enter Prince\_Hal and POINS]*

*[Exit Narrator A]*

### **PRINCE\_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.

### **PRINCE\_HAL**

Belike then my appetite was not princely got; for, by my troth, I do now remember the poor creature, small beer. What a disgrace is it to me to remember thy name! or to know thy face tomorrow!

### **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?

### **PRINCE\_HAL**

Marry, I tell thee, it is not meet that I should be sad, now my father is sick: albeit I could tell thee, I could be sad, and sad indeed too.

### **POINS**

Very hardly upon such a subject.

*[Enter PISTOL]*

### **PISTOL**

God save your grace!

**PRINCE\_HAL**

And yours, most noble Pistol!  
And how doth thy master, Pistol?

**PISTOL**

Well, my lord. He heard of your grace's coming to town: there's a letter for you.  
*[Hands Prince\_Hal a letter]*

**POINS**

Delivered with good respect. And how doth your master?

**PISTOL**

In bodily health, sir.

**POINS**

Marry, the immortal part needs a physician; but that moves not him: though that be sick, it dies not.

**PRINCE\_HAL**

I do allow this wen to be as familiar with me as my dog; and he holds his place; for look you how he writes.

*[Hands letter to Poins]*

**POINS**

[Reads] 'Sir John Falstaff, knight, to the son of the king, nearest his father, Harry Prince of Wales, greeting. Be not too familiar with Poins; for he misuses thy favours so much, that he swears thou art to marry his sister Nell.' My lord, I'll steep this letter in sack and make him eat it.

**PRINCE\_HAL**

That's to make him eat twenty of his words. But do you use me thus, Ned? must I marry your sister?

**POINS**

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

**PRINCE\_HAL**

Is your master here in London?

**PISTOL**

Yea, my lord.

**PRINCE\_HAL**

Where sups he?

**PISTOL**

At the old place, my lord, in Eastcheap.

**PRINCE\_HAL**

Sup any women with him?

**PISTOL**

None, my lord, but old Mistress Quickly and Mistress Doll Tearsheet.

**PRINCE\_HAL**

Pistol, no word to your master that I am yet come to town: there's for your silence.

**PISTOL**

I have no tongue, sir.

**PRINCE\_HAL**

Fare you well; go.

*[Exit PISTOL]*

How might we see Falstaff bestow himself to-night in his true colours, and not ourselves be seen?

**POINS**

Put on two leathern jerkins and aprons, and wait upon him at his table.

**PRINCE\_HAL**

A low transformation! That shall be mine; for in everything the purpose must weigh with the folly.

Follow me, Ned.

*[Exeunt]*

**Act Two Scene Two**

London. The Boar's-head Tavern in Eastcheap.

*[Enter MISTRESS QUICKLY and DOLL TEARSHEET]*

**MISTRESS\_QUICKLY**

I' faith, sweetheart, methinks now you are in an excellent good temperality: your pulsidge beats as extraordinarily as heart would desire. But, i' faith, you have drunk too much canaries; and that's a marvellous searching wine, and it perfumes the blood ere one can say 'What's this?' How do you now?

**DOLL\_T'SHEET**

Better than I was: hem!

**MISTRESS\_QUICKLY**

Why, that's well said.

Lo, here comes Sir John.

*[Enter FALSTAFF]*

**FALSTAFF**

How now, Mistress Doll!

**MISTRESS\_QUICKLY**

Sick of a calm.

**FALSTAFF**

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

**DOLL\_T'SHEET**

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

**FALSTAFF**

You make fat rascals, Mistress Doll.

**DOLL\_T'SHEET**

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.

**DOLL\_T'SHEET**

Hang yourself, you muddy conger, hang yourself!

**MISTRESS\_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. What the good-year! one must bear, and that must be you: you are the weaker vessel, as they say, the emptier vessel.

**DOLL\_T'SHEET**

Can a weak empty vessel bear such a huge full hogshead? Come, I'll be friends with thee, Jack: whether I shall ever see thee again or no, there is nobody cares.

**SERVANT**

The music is come, sir.

**FALSTAFF**

**(Need to motivate Falstaff's exit at end of scene. Good to mirror the image of Falstaff's death which Doll tells at end of play).**

Let them play. Play, sirs. Sit on me, Doll.

*[Exit servant and Mistress Quickly]*

*(Tries to put his hand up Doll's skirt, but she prevents him).*

What stuff wilt have a kirtle of? I shall receive money o' Thursday:

*(Strokes her hair)*

Shalt have a cap to-morrow.

A merry song, come: it grows late; we'll to bed.

**DOLL\_T'SHEET**

Thou whoreson little tidy Bartholomew boar-pig. When wilt thou leave fighting o' days and foining o' nights, and begin to patch up thine old body for heaven?

*[Enter, behind, Prince\_Hal and POINS, disguised]*

**FALSTAFF**

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

**PRINCE\_HAL**

Look, whether the withered elder hath not his poll clawed like a parrot.

**POINS**

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

**FALSTAFF**

Kiss me, Doll.

**PRINCE\_HAL**

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

**FALSTAFF**

Thou dost give me flattering busses.

**DOLL\_T'SHEET**

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

**FALSTAFF**

I am old, I am old.

**DOLL\_T'SHEET**

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

**FALSTAFF**

Thou'lt forget me when I am gone.

**DOLL\_T'SHEET**

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

**FALSTAFF**

Some sack, Doll.

**PRINCE\_HAL, POINS**

Anon, anon, sir.

*[Coming forward]*

**FALSTAFF**

Ha! a bastard son of the king's? And art not thou Poins his brother?

**PRINCE\_HAL**

Why, thou globe of sinful continents! what a life dost thou lead!

**FALSTAFF**

A better than thou: I am a gentleman; thou art a drawer.

**PRINCE\_HAL**

Very true, sir; and I come to draw you out by the ears.

**MISTRESS\_QUICKLY**

*[Enter Mistress Quickly]*

O, the Lord preserve thy good grace! by my troth, welcome to London. Now, the Lord bless that sweet face of thine!

**FALSTAFF**

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

**DOLL\_T'SHEET**

How, you fat fool! I scorn you.

**PRINCE\_HAL**

See now, whether pure fear and entire cowardice doth not make thee wrong this virtuous gentlewoman? Is she of the wicked? is thine hostess here of the wicked?

**POINS**

Answer, thou dead elm, answer.

**FALSTAFF**

For one of them, she is in hell already, and burns poor souls.

*(Doll reacts with irritation)*

For the other, I owe her money, and whether she be damned for that, I know not.

**MISTRESS\_QUICKLY**

My lord; he said this other day you

owed him a thousand pound.

**PRINCE\_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.

*[Knocking within]*

**MISTRESS\_QUICKLY**

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

*[Doll goes to door, and returns]*

**PRINCE\_HAL**

Doll, how now! what news?

**DOLL\_T'SHEET**

*[Handing letter to Prince]*

The king your father is at Westminster,  
And calls for you.

**PRINCE\_HAL**

By heaven, Pains, I feel me much to blame,  
So idly to profane the precious time.

Give me my sword and cloak. Falstaff, good night.

*[Exeunt Prince\_Hal and POINS]*

**FALSTAFF**

Now comes in the sweetest morsel of the night, and we must hence and leave it  
unpicked. I'll to Gloucestershire; and there will I visit Master Robert Shallow,  
esquire: I have him already tempering between my finger and my thumb, and shortly  
will I seal with him. Pay the musicians, hostess. Farewell, hostess; farewell, Doll.  
Come away.

**DOLL\_T'SHEET**

I cannot speak; if my heart be not ready to burst,-- well, sweet Jack, have a care of  
thyself.

**FALSTAFF**

Farewell, farewell.

*[Exit FALSTAFF] (and the rest)*

## ***Act Two Scene Three***

A chamber at the Palace

*[KING Henry\_IV lying on a bed: Narrator A in attendance]*

**NARRATOR\_A**

Hush! The King is close to death. He's called for Hal to come.

**HENRY\_IV**

Let there be no noise made, my gentle friend;  
Unless some dull and favourable hand  
Will whisper music to my weary spirit.

**NARRATOR\_A**

Call for the music in the other room.

**HENRY\_IV**

Set me the crown upon my pillow here.

**NARRATOR\_A**

His eye is hollow, and he changes much.

*[Enter Prince\_Hal]*

**PRINCE\_HAL**

Where is the Duke of Clarence?

**NARRATOR\_A**

I am here, brother, full of heaviness.

**PRINCE\_HAL**

How now! rain within doors, and none abroad!  
How doth the king?

**NARRATOR\_A**

Exceeding ill.

**PRINCE\_HAL**

If he be sick with joy, he'll recover without physic.

**NARRATOR\_A**

Sweet prince, speak low;  
The king your father is disposed to sleep.  
I shall withdraw into the other room.  
Will't please your grace to go along with me?

**PRINCE\_HAL**

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

*[Exit Narrator A, leaving alone Prince\_Hal]*

Why doth the crown lie there upon his pillow,

Being so troublesome a bedfellow?  
 O polish'd perturbation! golden care!  
 That keep'st the ports of slumber open wide  
 To many a watchful night! sleep with it now!  
 My gracious lord! my father!  
 This sleep is sound indeed, this is a sleep  
 That from this golden crown hath divorced  
 So many English kings.  
 Thy due from me  
 Is tears and heavy sorrows of the blood,  
 Which nature, love, and filial tenderness,  
 Shall, O dear father, pay thee plenteously:  
 My due from thee is this imperial crown.  
 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.

*[Exits into audience]*

**HENRY\_IV**

Warwick! Gloucester! Clarence!

*[Re-enter Narrator A]*

**NARRATOR\_A**

Doth the king call?

What would your majesty?

**HENRY\_IV**

Why did you leave me here alone, my lord?

**NARRATOR\_A**

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

**HENRY\_IV**

The Prince of Wales! Where is he? let me see him:  
 He is not here.

**NARRATOR\_A**

This door is open; he is gone this way.

**HENRY\_IV**

Where is the crown? who took it from my pillow?

**NARRATOR\_A**

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

**HENRY\_IV**

The prince hath ta'en it hence: go, seek him out.

Is he so hasty that he doth suppose

My sleep my death?

*[Exit Narrator A]*

See, sons, what things you are!

How quickly nature falls into revolt

When gold becomes her object!

For this the foolish over-careful fathers

Have broke their sleep with thoughts, their brains with care,

Their bones with industry.

What! canst thou not forbear me half an hour?

Then get thee gone and dig my grave thyself,

And bid the merry bells ring to thine ear

That thou art crowned, not that I am dead.

Pluck down my officers, break my decrees;

For now a time is come to mock at form:

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!

*[Lights up on Hal, near or in audience. H IV catches sight of him].*

Come hither to me, Harry.

**PRINCE\_HAL**

I never thought to hear you speak again.

**HENRY\_IV**

Thy wish was father, Harry, to that thought:

I stay too long by thee, I weary thee.

O foolish youth!

Thou seek'st the greatness that will o'erwhelm thee.

Thou hast stolen that which after some few hours

Were thine without offence.

**PRINCE\_HAL**

O, pardon me, my liege! There is your crown;

And He that wears the crown immortally

Long guard it yours!  
God witness with me, when I here came in,  
And found no course of breath within your majesty,  
How cold it struck my heart!  
Coming to look on you, thinking you dead,  
And dead almost, my liege, to think you were,  
I spake unto this crown:  
'Thou best of gold art worst of gold:  
Other, less fine in carat, is more precious,  
But 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.

**HENRY\_IV**

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,  
And hear, I think, the very latest counsel  
That ever I shall breathe. God knows, my son,  
By what by-paths and indirect crook'd ways  
I met this crown; and I myself know well  
How troublesome it sat upon my head.  
To thee it shall descend with better quiet,  
Better opinion, better confirmation;  
For all the soil of the achievement goes  
With me into the earth. And now my death  
Changes the mode; for what in me was purchased,  
Falls upon thee in a more fairer sort.  
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!

**PRINCE\_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.

*[Exeunt slowly, with King very ill]*

## **Act Two Scene Four**

Gloucestershire. SHALLOW'S orchard.

*(Lights to Shallow setting)*

*[Enter FALSTAFF, SHALLOW, SILENCE]*

**SHALLOW**

Nay, you shall see my orchard, where, in an arbour, we will eat a last year's pippin, with a dish of caraways. Come, cousin Silence: and then to bed.

**SILENCE**

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

*[Singing]*

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.

**SHALLOW**

Be merry, Sir John; and, my little soldier there, be merry.

**SILENCE**

Be merry, be merry, my wife has all;

*[Singing]*

For women are shrews, both short and tall:  
'Tis merry in hall when beards wag all,  
And welcome merry Shrove-tide.  
Be merry, be merry.

**FALSTAFF**

I did not think Master Silence had been a man of this mettle.

**SILENCE**

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

*[Enter PISTOL]*

How now, Pistol!

**PISTOL**

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.

**SHALLOW**

If, sir, you come with news from the court, I take it there's but two ways, either to utter them, or to conceal them. I am, sir, under the king, in some authority.

**PISTOL**

Under which king?

**SHALLOW**

Under King Harry.

**PISTOL**

Harry the Fourth? or Fifth?

**SHALLOW**

Harry the Fourth.

**PISTOL**

A foutre for thine office! Sir John, thy tender lambkin now is king; Harry the Fifth's the man. I speak the truth.

**FALSTAFF**

What, is the old king dead?

**PISTOL**

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

**FALSTAFF**

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

**PISTOL**

What! I do bring good news. O joyful day! I would not take a knighthood for my fortune.

**FALSTAFF**

Master Shallow, my Lord Shallow,-- be what thou wilt; I am fortune's steward--get on thy boots: we'll ride all night. 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!

[Exeunt]

**Act Two Scene Five**

A public place near Westminster Abbey.

*[Coronation Bells sound]*

*[Enter FALSTAFF, and SHALLOW]*

**FALSTAFF**

Stand here by me, Master Robert Shallow; I will make the king do you grace: I will leer upon him as a' comes by; and do but mark the countenance that he will give me.

*[Shouts within, and the trumpets sound]*

*[Enter KING HENRY V and his train, (Hotspur, and the Lord Chief Justice), but with their backs to FALSTAFF]*

**FALSTAFF**

God save thy grace, King Hal! My royal Hal!

God save thee, my sweet boy!

**LORD\_CHIEF\_JUSTICE**

Have you your wits? Know you what 'tis to speak?

**FALSTAFF**

My king! my Jove! I speak to thee, my heart!

**PRINCE\_HAL**

*(NOW HENRY V)*

*(Back to Falstaff)*

I know thee not, old man: fall to thy prayers;

*(Turns to Falstaff)*

How ill white hairs become a fool and jester!

*(Wipes forehead clear of white-face)*

I have long dreamed of such a kind of man,

So surfeit-swelled, so old and so profane;

But, being awaked, I do despise my dream.

*(Wipes one cheek clear of white-face)*

Make less thy body hence, and more thy grace;

Leave gormandizing; know the grave doth gape

For thee thrice wider than for other men.

Reply not to me with a fool-born jest:

Presume not that I am the thing I was;

*(Wipes other cheek clear of white-face)*

For God doth know, so shall the world perceive,

That I have turn'd away my former self;

*(Wipes nose clear of white-face)*

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:

*(Wipes mouth, chin, and neck clear of white-face and now whole face is clear)*

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

*[Exeunt KING HENRY V, &c]*

**FALSTAFF**

Master Shallow, I owe you a thousand pound.

**SHALLOW**

Yea, marry, Sir John; which I beseech you to let me have home with me.

**FALSTAFF**

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

**SHALLOW**

I cannot well perceive how, unless you should give me your doublet and stuff me out with straw. I beseech you, good Sir John, let me have five hundred of my thousand.

**FALSTAFF**

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

**SHALLOW**

A colour that I fear you will die in, Sir John.

**FALSTAFF**

Fear no colours: go with me to dinner:

I shall be sent for soon at night.

*[Enter the Lord Chief-Justice + two Officers (Hotspur & Narrator A) with him]*

**LORD\_CHIEF\_JUSTICE**

Go, carry Sir John Falstaff to the Fleet Prison.

**FALSTAFF**

My lord, my lord,--

**LORD CHIEF-JUSTICE**

I cannot now speak:

Take them away.

*[Exeunt all ]*

**Act Two Scene six**

The bare stage

*[Enter Narrator B, Hotspur]*

**NARRATOR\_A**

*[Sound effect: A bell tolls.]*

Well, that's our story done except...

*[Enter Doll Tearsheet]*

**NARRATOR\_B1**

Falstaff, what happened to him?

**NARRATOR\_A**

*(to audience)*

Look! Doll Tearsheet's come to tell. Bristle thy courage up; for Falstaff he is dead. Would I were with him, wheresoe'er he is, either in heaven or in hell!

**DOLL\_T'SHEET**

*(to Narrator A)*

Nay, sure, he's not in hell: he's in Arthur's bosom, if ever man went to Arthur's bosom. A' parted even just between twelve and one, even at the turning o' the tide: for after I saw him fumble with the sheets and play with flowers and smile upon his fingers' ends, I knew there was but one way. 'How now, sir John!' quoth I 'what, man! be o' good cheer.' So a' cried out 'God, God, God!' three or four times. So a' bade me lay more clothes on his feet: I put my hand into the bed and felt them, and they were as cold as any stone; then I felt to his knees, and they were as cold as any stone, and so upward and upward, and all was as cold as any stone.

*[Bell stops tolling on 'cold as any stone'.]*

**NARRATOR\_A**

They say he cried out against sack.

**DOLL\_T'SHEET**

Ay, that a' did.

**NARRATOR\_A**

And of women.

**DOLL\_T'SHEET**

Nay, that a' did not.

**PISTOL**

*[Enter Pistol]*

Yes, that a' did; and said they were devils incarnate.

**HOTSPUR**

A' said once, the devil would have him about women.

**DOLL\_T'SHEET**

A' did in some sort, indeed, handle women; but then he was rheumatic, and talked of the whore of Babylon.

**NARRATOR\_A**

And the new king?

**DOLL\_T'SHEET**

*(coming out of character)*

Oh he shone! Right from the start...

**PISTOL**

*(out of character)*

He rose to the part.

**DOLL\_T'SHEET**

*(out of character)*

The moment he was anointed King,

*[Enter Hotspur]*

**HOTSPUR**

*(out of character)*

When he wore the crown,

**NARRATOR\_A**

You could see he was born for it.

*[Enter Falstaff, removing beard]*

**FALSTAFF**

*(out of character)*

He changed his spots so fast, it was hard to believe how he'd run wild.

**HENRY\_IV**

*(out of character)*

Everything he did with Royal care. Weighed the pros and cons of every act.

**PRINCE\_HAL**

*[Enter Prince\_Hal]*

Not without mercy.

**PISTOL**

*(out of character)*

No crime went unpunished then.

**PRINCE\_HAL**

And don't leave out his personal touch

**NARRATOR\_A**

Yes. He never forgot a friend, or failed to reward a favour. He was held high in the

world's esteem,  
He was a brilliant King.

*The End*

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