

**Henry IV, Part 1 :: Orlando Shakespeare Theatre :: 2020 :: Sides**

**FALSTAFF Side**

**PRINCE 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? Well, 'tis no matter; honour prick 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. What is in that word 'honour'? What is that 'honour'? Air. A trim reckoning. 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. Honour is a mere scutcheon. And so ends my catechism.

**Henry IV, Part 1 :: Orlando Shakespeare Theatre :: 2020 :: Sides**

**FALSTAFF Callback**

**FALSTAFF**

If I be not ashamed of my soldiers, I am a soused gurnet. I have misused the King's press damnably. I have got, in exchange of a hundred and fifty soldiers, three hundred and odd pounds. I press me none but good householders, yeomen's sons, contracted bachelors such as had been asked twice on the banns, such a commodity of warm slaves as had as lief hear the devil as a drum. I pressed me none but such toasts=and-butter, with hearts in their bellies no bigger than pins' heads, and they have brought out their services; and now my whole charge consists of slaves as ragged as Lazarus in the painted cloth where the glutton's dogs licked his sores. A mad fellow met me on the way and told me I had unloaded all the gibbets and pressed the dead bodies. No eye hath seen such scarecrows. Nay, and the villains march wide betwixt the legs as if they had gyves on, for indeed I had the most of them out of prison. There's not a shirt and half in all my company, and the half-shirt is two napkins tacked together. But that's all one; they'll find linen enough on every hedge.

## FALSTAFF CALLBACK SIDE 2

**PRINCE HENRY.** 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.

**PRINCE HENRY.** Thy state is taken for a joined-stool, thy golden sceptre for a leaden dagger, and thy precious rich crown for a pitiful bald crown!

**FALSTAFF.** Well, an the fire of grace be not quite out of thee, now shalt thou be moved. 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, and I will do it in King Cambyses' vein.

**PRINCE HENRY.** Well, here is my leg.

**FALSTAFF.** And here is my speech. Stand aside, nobility.

**Hostess.** O Jesu, this is excellent sport, i' faith!

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

**Hostess.** 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.

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

**FALSTAFF.** 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: 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. 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? Shall the blessed sun of heaven prove a micher and eat blackberries? a question not to be asked. Shall the sun of England prove a thief and take purses? A question to be asked. 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: 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.

**PRINCE HENRY.** 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; 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. If then the tree may be known by the fruit, as the fruit by the tree, then, peremptorily I speak it, there is virtue in that Falstaff: him keep with, the rest banish. And tell me now, thou naughty varlet, tell me, where hast thou been this month?

**PRINCE HENRY.** 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 HENRY.** Well, here I am set.

**FALSTAFF.** And here I stand: judge, my masters.

**PRINCE HENRY.** Now, Harry, whence come you?

**FALSTAFF.** My noble lord, from Eastcheap.

**PRINCE HENRY.** The complaints I hear of thee are grievous.

**FALSTAFF.** 'Sblood, my lord, they are false: nay, I'll tickle ye for a young prince, i' faith.

**PRINCE HENRY.** ~~Swarest 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.** I would your grace would take me with you: whom means your grace?

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

**FALSTAFF.** My lord, the man I know.

**PRINCE HENRY.** 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 Peto, 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.

**PRINCE HENRY.** I do, I will.