

**William Shakespeare's**

**The Merry Wives  
of Windsor**

**Kingsmen Shakespeare Festival  
Summer 2019**

## PROLOGUE

**The characters interact in a montage-like scene**

1m1 We hear a jaunty score not unlike the opening of a situation comedy, which eventually leads us into the scene 1 minute

## ACT 1

### Scene 1

**The Windsor Resort; a delightful vacation retreat which may remind some of similar resorts in the Catskills.**

**The kind of place where Jerry Orbach might have taken his family on vacation.**

*Enter SHALLOW, SLENDER, who have just finished a round of Golf, and SIR HUGH EVANS who, apparently has been notoriously wronged*

SHALLOW

Sir Hugh, persuade me not; I will make a Star-chamber matter of it: if he were twenty Sir John Falstaffs, he shall not abuse Robert Shallow, esquire.

SLENDER

In the county of Gloucester; justice of peace.

SHALLOW

Ay, cousin Slender, and 'Custalourum.

SLENDER

Ay, and 'Rato-lorum' too; and a gentleman born, master parson; who writes himself...

SIR HUGH EVANS

If Sir John Falstaff hath committed disparagements unto you, I am of the church, and will be glad to do my benevolence to make atonements and compromises between you.

SHALLOW

The council shall bear it; it is a riot.

SIR HUGH EVANS

It is not meet the council hear a riot; there is no

fear of God in a riot.

SHALLOW

Ha! o' my life, if I were young again, the sword should end it.

SIR HUGH EVANS

It is better that friends is the sword, and end it: and there is also another device in my brain, which peradventure brings good discretions with it: there is Anne Page, which is daughter to Master Thomas Page, which is pretty virginity.

SLENDER

Mistress Anne Page? She has brown hair, and speaks small like a woman.

SIR HUGH EVANS

It is that very person for all the world, as just as you will desire; and seven hundred pounds of moneys, and gold and silver, is her grandsire upon his death's-bed--God deliver to a joyful resurrection! --give, when she is able to overtake seventeen years old: it were a good motion if we leave our prattles and prabbles, and desire a marriage between Master Abraham Slender and Mistress Anne Page.

SLENDER

Did her grandsire leave her seven hundred pound?

SIR HUGH EVANS

Ay, and her father is make her a better penny.

SLENDER

I know the young gentlewoman; she has good gifts.

SIR HUGH EVANS

Seven hundred pounds and possibilities is good gifts.

SHALLOW

Well, let us see honest Master Page. Is Falstaff there?

SIR HUGH EVANS

The knight, Sir John Falstaff, is there; and, I beseech you, be ruled by your well-willers. I will peat the door for Master Page.

*Knocks*

What, hoa! Got pless your cabin here!

PAGE

[Within] Who's there?

SIR HUGH EVANS

Here is Got's plessing, and your friend, and Justice Shallow; and here young Master Slender.

*Enter PAGE*

PAGE

I am glad to see your worships well.  
I thank you for my venison, Master Shallow.

SHALLOW

Master Page, I am glad to see you: much good do it your good heart!

PAGE

Sir, I thank you.

SHALLOW

Sir, I thank you; by yea and no, I do.

PAGE

I am glad to see you, good Master Slender.

SLENDER

How does your fallow greyhound, sir? I heard say he was outrun on Cotsall.

PAGE

It could not be judged, sir.

SLENDER

You'll not confess, you'll not confess.

SHALLOW

That he will not. 'Tis your fault, 'tis your fault;  
'tis a good dog.

PAGE

A cur, sir.

SHALLOW

Sir, he's a good dog, and a fair dog: can there be  
more said? he is good and fair. Is Sir John  
Falstaff here?

PAGE

Sir, he is within; and I would I could do a good  
office between you.

SIR HUGH EVANS

It is spoke as a Christians ought to speak.

SHALLOW

He hath wronged me, Master Page.

PAGE

Sir, he doth in some sort confess it.

SHALLOW

If it be confessed, it is not redress'd: is not that  
so, Master Page? He hath wronged me; indeed he  
hath, at a word, he hath, believe me: Robert  
Shallow, esquire, saith, he is wronged.

PAGE

Here comes Sir John.

*Enter FALSTAFF, BARDOLPH, NYM, and PISTOL*

FALSTAFF

Now, Master Shallow, you'll complain of me to the club?

SHALLOW

Knight, you have beaten my men, killed my deer, and broke open my lodge.

FALSTAFF

But not kissed your keeper's daughter?

SHALLOW

Tut, a pin! this shall be answered.

FALSTAFF

I will answer it straight; I have done all this.  
That is now answered.

SHALLOW

The council shall know this.

FALSTAFF

'Twere better for you if it were known in counsel:  
you'll be laughed at.

SIR HUGH EVANS

Pauca verba, Sir John; goot worts.

FALSTAFF

Good worts! good cabbage. Slender, I broke your head: what matter have you against me?

SLENDER

Marry, sir, I have matter in my head against you;  
and against your cony-catching rascals, Bardolph,  
Nym, and Pistol.

BARDOLPH

You Banbury cheese!

SLENDER

Ay, it is no matter.

PISTOL

How now, Mephostophilus!

SLENDER

Ay, it is no matter.

NYM

Slice, I say! pauca, pauca: slice! that's my humour.

SLENDER

Where's Simple, my man?

SIR HUGH EVANS

Peace, I pray you. I will make a prief of it in my notebook; and we will afterwards ork upon the cause with as great discreetly as we can.

FALSTAFF

Pistol!

PISTOL

He hears with ears.

SIR HUGH EVANS

What phrase is this, 'He hears with ear'?  
why, it is affectations.

FALSTAFF

Pistol, did you pick Master Slender's purse?

SLENDER

Ay, by these gloves, did he.

FALSTAFF

Is this true, Pistol?

PISTOL

Sir John and Master mine,  
I combat challenge of this latten bilbo.  
Word of denial in thy labras here!  
Word of denial: froth and scum, thou liest!

SLENDER

By these gloves, then, 'twas he.

NYM

Be avised, sir, and pass good humours: do not run the nuthook's humour on me.

SLENDER

By this hat, then, he in the red face had it; for though I cannot remember what I did when you made me drunk, yet I am not altogether an ass.

FALSTAFF

What say you, Bardolph?

BARDOLPH

Why, sir, for my part I say the gentleman had drunk himself out of his five sentences.

SIR HUGH EVANS

It is his five senses: fie, what the ignorance is!

BARDOLPH

And being fap, sir, was, as they say, cashiered; and so conclusions passed the careires.

SLENDER

Ay, you spake in Latin then too; but 'tis no matter: I'll ne'er be drunk whilst I live again, but in honest, civil, godly company: if I be drunk, I'll be drunk with those that have the fear of God, and not with drunken knaves.

SIR HUGH EVANS

So Got udge me, that is a virtuous mind.

FALSTAFF

You hear all these matters denied, gentlemen; you hear it.

*Enter ANNE PAGE, with wine; MISTRESS FORD and MISTRESS PAGE, following*

**1 m 2** We hear the theme for Anne Page, a brief bit of music that suggests innocence and beauty. **sting**

PAGE

Daughter, carry the wine in; we'll drink within.

*Exit ANNE PAGE*

SLENDER

O heaven! this is Mistress Anne Page.

PAGE

How now, Mistress Ford!

FALSTAFF

Mistress Ford, by my troth, you are very well met:  
by your leave, good mistress.

*Kisses her*

MISTRESS PAGE

Come, Gentlemen, they serve a hot venison pasty for dinner:

PAGE

Gentlemen, I hope we shall drink down all unkindness.

*Exeunt all except SLENDER*

SLENDER

I had rather than forty shillings I had my Book of  
Songs and Sonnets here.

*Enter SIMPLE*

How now, Simple! where have you been? I must wait  
on myself, must I? You have not the Book of Riddles  
about you, have you?

SIMPLE

Book of Riddles! why, did you not lend it to Alice  
Shortcake?

*Re-enter SHALLOW and SIR HUGH EVANS*

SHALLOW

Come, coz; come, coz; we stay for you. There is, as 'twere, a  
tender...

SLENDER

A tender?

SHALLOW

Tender. A kind of tender, made afar off by Sir Hugh Evans here. Do you understand me?

SLENDER

Ay, sir, you shall find me reasonable; if it be so, I shall do that that is reason.

SHALLOW

Nay, but understand me.

SLENDER

So I do, sir.

SIR HUGH EVANS

Master Slender: I will description the matter to you, if you be capacity of it.

SLENDER

Nay, I will do as my cousin Shallow says: I pray you, pardon me; he's a justice of peace in his country, simple though I stand here.

SIR HUGH EVANS

But that is not the question: the question is concerning your marriage.

SHALLOW

Ay, there's the point, sir.

SIR HUGH EVANS

Marry, is it; the very point of it; to Mistress Anne Page.

SLENDER

Why, if it be so, I will marry her upon any reasonable demands.

SIR HUGH EVANS

But can you affection the 'oman?

SHALLOW

Can you love the maid?

SLENDER

I hope, sir, I will do as it shall become one that would do reason.

SIR HUGH EVANS

Nay, Got's lords and his ladies!

SHALLOW

Cousin, can you love her?

SLENDER

I will do a greater thing than that, upon your request, cousin, in any reason.

SHALLOW

Nay, conceive me, conceive me, sweet coz:  
Will you, Abraham Slender, marry Mistress Anne Page

SLENDER

I will marry her, sir, at your request: but if there be no great love in the beginning, yet heaven may decrease it upon better acquaintance, when we are married and have more occasion to know one another; I hope, upon familiarity will grow more contempt: but if you say, 'Marry her,' I will marry her; that I am freely dissolved, and dissolutely.

SIR HUGH EVANS

'Dissolutely'? The ort is, 'resolutely:'

SHALLOW

Ay, I think my cousin meant well.

*Re-enter ANNE PAGE*

SHALLOW

Here comes Mistress Anne Page.

ANNE PAGE

The dinner is on the table; my father desires your

worships' company.

SHALLOW

I will wait on him, fair Mistress Anne.

SIR HUGH EVANS

Od's plessed will! I will not be absence at the grace.

SLENDER

(To Simple) Go, sirrah, go wait upon my  
cousin Shallow

*Exeunt SHALLOW, SIR HUGH EVANS, and SIMPLE*

ANNE PAGE

Will't please your worship to come in, sir?

SLENDER

No, I thank you, forsooth, heartily; I am very well.

ANNE PAGE

The dinner attends you, sir. I may not go in without  
your worship: they will not sit till you come.

SLENDER

I' faith, I'll eat nothing; I thank you as much as  
though I did.

ANNE PAGE

I pray you, sir, walk in.

SLENDER

I had rather stay here, I thank you. I bruised  
my shin th' other day with playing at sword and  
dagger with a master of fence. Why does your dog bark so?  
be there bears i' the town?

ANNE PAGE

I think there are, sir; I heard them talked of.

SLENDER

I love the sport well. You are afraid, if you see  
the bear loose, are you not?

ANNE PAGE

Ay, indeed, sir.

SLENDER

That's meat and drink to me, now. I warrant you, the women, indeed, cannot abide 'em; they are very ill-favored rough things.

*Re-enter PAGE*

PAGE

Come, gentle Master Slender, come; we stay for you.

SLENDER

I'll eat nothing, I thank you, sir.

PAGE

By cock and pie, you shall not choose, sir! come, come.

SLENDER

Nay, pray you, lead the way.

PAGE

Come on, sir.

SLENDER

Mistress Anne, yourself shall go first.

*Exeunt*

*Re enter SIR HUGH EVANS and SIMPLE*

SIR HUGH EVANS

Go your ways, and ask of Doctor Caius' office which is the way: and there dwells one Mistress Quickly, which is in the manner of his nurse, or his dry nurse, or his cook, or his laundry, his washer, and his wringer.

SIMPLE

Well, sir.

SIR HUGH EVANS

Give her this letter; for it is a 'oman that altogether's acquaintance with Mistress Anne Page: and the letter is, to desire and require her to solicit your master's desires to Mistress Anne Page. I pray you, be gone: I will make an end of my dinner; there's pippins and cheese to come.

*Exeunt*

*The COMPANY begins to set the Garter Lounge,*

1 m 3      we hear a lusty work song that plays underneath the action of setting up the lounge 20 sec

## **ACT 1**

### **Scene 2**

**The Garter Lounge, a favorite watering hole in the Windsor Resort**

*Enter FALSTAFF, HOST, BARDOLPH, NYM, PISTOL, and ROBIN*

FALSTAFF

Mine hostess of the Garter!

HOST

What says my bully-rook? speak scholarly and wisely.

FALSTAFF

Truly, mine host, I must turn away some of my followers.

HOST

Discard, bully Hercules; cashier: let them wag; trot, trot.

FALSTAFF

I sit at ten pounds a week.

HOST

Thou'rt an emperor, Caesar, Keisar, and Pheezar.

*With a pleading look from Falstaff, the Hostess relents*

HOST

I will entertain Bardolph; he shall draw, he shall

tap: said I well, bully Hector?

FALSTAFF

Do so, good mine host.

HOST

I have spoke; let him follow.

*To BARDOLPH*

Let me see thee froth and lime: I am at a word; follow.

*Exit*

FALSTAFF

Bardolph, follow him. A tapster is a good trade.

PISTOL

O base Hungarian wight! wilt thou the spigot wield?

BARDOLPH

It is a life that I have desired: I will thrive.

*Exit BARDOLPH*

FALSTAFF

I am glad I am so acquit of this tinderbox: his thefts were too open; his filching was like an unskilful singer; he kept not time.

NYM

The good humour is to steal at a minute's rest.

FALSTAFF

Well, sirs, I am almost out at heels.  
There is no remedy; I must cony-catch; I must shift.

PISTOL

Young ravens must have food.

FALSTAFF

My honest lads, I will tell you what I am about.

PISTOL

Two yards, and more.

FALSTAFF

No quips now, Pistol! Indeed, I am in the waist two yards about; but I am now about no waste; I am about thrift. Briefly, I do mean to make love to Ford's wife: I spy entertainment in her; she discourses, she carves, she gives the leer of invitation: I can construe the action of her familiar style; and the hardest voice of her behavior in plain English is, 'I am Sir John Falstaff's.'

PISTOL

He hath studied her will, and translated her will, out of honesty into English.

NYM

The anchor is deep: will that humour pass?

FALSTAFF

Now, the report goes she has all the rule of her husband's purse: he hath a legion of angels.

PISTOL

'To her, boy,' say I.

FALSTAFF

I have writ me here a letter to her: and here another to Page's wife, who even now gave me good eyes too, examined my parts with most judicious oeillades; sometimes the beam of her view gilded my foot, sometimes my portly belly.

PISTOL

Then did the sun on dunghill shine.

FALSTAFF

O, she did so course o'er my exteriors with such a greedy intention, that the appetite of her eye did seem to scorch me up like a burning-glass! Here's another letter to her: she bears the purse too. They shall be my East and West

Indies, and I will trade to them both.

*(Gives a letter to Nym)*

Go bear thou this letter to Mistress Page;

*(Gives a letter to Pistol)*

and thou this to Mistress Ford:  
we will thrive, lads, we will thrive.

PISTOL

Shall I Sir Pandarus of Troy become,  
And by my side wear steel? then, Lucifer take all!

NYM

I will run no base humour: here, take the  
humour-letter: I will keep the havior of reputation.

FALSTAFF

[To ROBIN] Hold, sirrah, bear you these letters tightly;  
Sail like my pinnace to these golden shores.  
Rogues, hence, avaunt! vanish like hailstones, go;  
Trudge, plod away o' the hoof; seek shelter, pack!  
Falstaff will learn the humour of the age,  
French thrift, you rogues; myself and skirted page.

*Exeunt FALSTAFF and ROBIN*

PISTOL

Let vultures gripe thy guts! Base Phrygian Turk!

NYM

I have operations which be humours of revenge.

PISTOL

Revenge? With wit or steel?

NYM

With both the humours, I:  
I will discuss the humour of this love to Page.

PISTOL

And I to Ford shall eke unfold

How Falstaff, varlet vile,  
His dove will prove, his gold will hold,  
And his soft couch defile.

NYM

My humour shall not cool: I will incense Page to  
deal with poison; I will possess him with  
yellowness, for the revolt of mine is dangerous:  
that is my true humour.

PISTOL

Thou art the Mars of malecontents: I second thee; troop on.  
*Exeunt*

1 m 4                      In transition, we hear the theme for Doctor Caius which should serve to remind the audience that  
he is indeed very very French,                      20 sec

## **ACT 1**

### **Scene 3**

**DOCTOR CAIUS' office, located conveniently in the resort.**

*MISTRESS QUICKLY and RUGBY tidying the office.*  
*SIMPLE enters, rather simply,*

SIMPLE

Good day Mistress Quickly, I am Simple.

MISTRESS QUICKLY

Simple?

SIMPLE

Peter Simple

MISTRESS QUICKLY

What, John Rugby! I pray thee, go to the casement,  
and see if you can see my master, Master Doctor  
Caius, coming. If he do, i' faith, and find any  
body in the house, here will be an old abusing of  
God's patience and the king's English.

RUGBY

I'll go watch.

MISTRESS QUICKLY

Go; and we'll have a posset for't soon at night, in Faith.

*Exit RUGBY*

An honest, willing, kind fellow, as ever servant shall come in house withal, and, I warrant you, no tell-tale nor no breed-bate: his worst fault is, that he is given to prayer; he is something peevish that way: but nobody but has his fault; but let that pass. Peter Simple, you say your name is?

SIMPLE

Ay, for fault of a better.

MISTRESS QUICKLY

And Master Slender's your master?

SIMPLE

Ay, forsooth.

MISTRESS QUICKLY

A softly-sprighted man, is he not?

SIMPLE

Ay, forsooth: but he is as tall a man of his hands as any is between this and his head;

MISTRESS QUICKLY

How say you? O, I should remember him: does he not hold up his head, as it were, and strut in his gait?

SIMPLE

Yes, indeed, does he.

MISTRESS QUICKLY

Well, heaven send Anne Page no worse fortune! Tell Master Parson Evans I will do what I can for your master: Anne is a good girl, and I wish--

*Re-enter RUGBY*

RUGBY

Out, alas! here comes my master.

MISTRESS QUICKLY

We shall all be shent. Run in here, good young man;  
go into this closet: he will not stay long.

*Shuts SIMPLE in the closet*

1 m 5      Wacky chase music that ends with the closet door slamming.      15 second

*To appear as if everything is normal,  
QUICKLY begins singing as song, to which she  
realizes she does not remember all the words.*

*Enter DOCTOR CAIUS*

1 m 6      Recalling the Dr. Caius theme very briefly. sting

DOCTOR CAIUS

Vat is you sing? I do not like des toys. Pray you,  
go and vetch me in my closet un boitier vert, a bax,  
a green-a bax: do intend vat I speak? A bax!

MISTRESS QUICKLY

Bax?

DOCTOR CAIUS

Oui, a green-a bax.

MISTRESS QUICKLY

Ay, forsooth; Box.

DOCTOR CAIUS

Yes by gar. A green-a bax. In my closet

MISTRESS QUICKLY

I'll fetch it you.

*(Aside)* I am glad he went not in himself: if he had found  
the young man, he would have been horn-mad.

DOCTOR CAIUS

Fe, fe, fe, fe! ma foi, il fait fort chaud. Je  
m'en vais a la cour--la grande affaire.

MISTRESS QUICKLY

Is it this, sir?

DOCTOR CAIUS

Oui; mette le au mon pocket: depeche, quickly. Vere is dat knave Rugby?

MISTRESS QUICKLY

What, John Rugby! John!

RUGBY

Here, sir!

DOCTOR CAIUS

You are John Rugby, and you are Jack Rugby. Come, take-a your rapier, and come after my heel to the lounge.

RUGBY

'Tis ready, sir.

DOCTOR CAIUS

By my trot, I tarry too long. Od's me!  
Qu'ai-j'oublie! dere is some simples in my closet,  
dat I vill not for the varld I shall leave behind.

MISTRESS QUICKLY

Ay me, he'll find the young man here, and be mad!

DOCTOR CAIUS

O diable, diable! vat is in my closet? Villain! Larron!

*Pulling SIMPLE out*

DOCTOR CAIUS

Rugby, my rapier!

MISTRESS QUICKLY

Good master, be content.

DOCTOR CAIUS

Wherefore shall I be content-a?

MISTRESS QUICKLY

The young man is an honest man.

DOCTOR CAIUS

What shall de honest man do in my closet? dere is no honest man dat shall come in my closet.

MISTRESS QUICKLY

I beseech you, be not so phlegmatic. Hear the truth of it: he came of an errand to me from Parson Hugh.

DOCTOR CAIUS

Vell.

SIMPLE

Ay, forsooth; to desire her to—

MISTRESS QUICKLY

Peace, I pray you.

DOCTOR CAIUS

Peace-a your tongue. Speak-a your tale.

SIMPLE

To desire this honest gentlewoman, your maid, to speak a good word to Mistress Anne Page for my master Slender in the way of marriage.

MISTRESS QUICKLY

This is all, indeed, la! but I'll ne'er put my finger in the fire, and need not.

DOCTOR CAIUS

Sir Hugh send-a you? Rugby, baille me some paper. Tarry you a little-a while.

*CAIUS begins writing the letter.*

*While he starts calmly, his emotions quickly get the better of him.*

MISTRESS QUICKLY

*[Aside to SIMPLE]* I am glad he is so quiet: if he had been thoroughly moved, you should have heard him

so loud and so melancholy. But notwithstanding, man, I'll do you your master what good I can: and the very yea and the no is, the French doctor, my master,--I may call him my master, look you, for I keep his office - but notwithstanding,--to tell you in your ear my master himself is in love with Mistress Anne Page: but notwithstanding that, I know Anne's mind.

DOCTOR CAIUS

You jack'nape, give-a this letter to Sir Hugh; by gar, it is a shallenge: I will cut his throat in dee park; and I will teach a scurvy jack-a-nape priest to meddle or make. You may be gone; it is not good you tarry here. By gar, I will cut all his two stones; by gar, he shall not have a stone to throw at his dog:

*Exit SIMPLE*

MISTRESS QUICKLY

Alas, he speaks but for his friend.

DOCTOR CAIUS

It is no matter-a ver dat: do not you tell-a me dat I shall have Anne Page for myself? By gar, I vill kill de Jack priest; and I have appointed mine host of de Jarteer to measure our weapon. By gar, I will myself have Anne Page.

MISTRESS QUICKLY

Sir, the maid loves you, and all shall be well

DOCTOR CAIUS

Rugby, come to the court with me. By gar, if I have not Anne Page, I shall turn your head out of my door. Follow my heels, Rugby.

*They Exit*

MISTRESS QUICKLY

You shall have An fool's-head of your own.

*Hearing this, CAIUS returns*

DOCTOR CAIUS

Peace!

RUGBY

*(Clearing up the mispronunciation)*

Peace

*Exeunt DOCTOR CAIUS and RUGBY*

MISTRESS QUICKLY

I know Anne's mind for that: never a woman in the world knows more of Anne's mind than I do; nor can do more than I do with her, I thank heaven.

FENTON

*[Within]* Who's within there? ho!

MISTRESS QUICKLY

Who's there, I trow! Come in the office, I pray you.

*Enter FENTON*

**1 M 7** Fenton's theme is heard. Determined, if not as confident as he would like to be. sting

FENTON

How now, good woman? how dost thou?

MISTRESS QUICKLY

The better that it pleases your good worship to ask.

FENTON

What news? how does pretty Mistress Anne?

MISTRESS QUICKLY

In truth, sir, and she is pretty, and honest, and gentle; and one that is your friend, I can tell you that by the way; I praise heaven for it.

FENTON

Shall I do any good, thinkest thou? shall I not lose my suit?

MISTRESS QUICKLY

Master Fenton, I'll be sworn on a book, she loves you.  
Have not your worship a wart above your eye?

FENTON

Yes, marry, have I; what of that?

MISTRESS QUICKLY

Well, thereby hangs a tale.  
We had an hour's talk of that wart. I  
shall never laugh but in that maid's company! But  
indeed she is given too much to allicholy and  
musing: but for you--well, go to.

FENTON

Well, I shall see her to-day. Hold, there's money  
for thee; let me have thy voice in my behalf: if  
thou seest her before me, commend me.

MISTRESS QUICKLY

Will I? i'faith, that we will; and I will tell your  
worship more of the wart the next time we have  
confidence; and of other wooers.

FENTON

Well, farewell; I am in great haste now.

MISTRESS QUICKLY

Farewell to your worship.

*Exit FENTON*

Truly, an honest gentleman: but Anne loves him not;  
for I know Anne's mind as well as another does. Out  
upon't! what have I forgot?

*Exit*

1 m 8

Brief transition music which recalls our main theme 20 seconds

## ACT 1

### Scene 4

**At the edge of the pond.**

*A Windsor Spa esthetician prepares a water-side mani / pedi  
She is assisted by a rather good looking young man,  
possibly a caddy, or perhaps a dance instructor.  
As MISTRESS PAGE enters, they steal a quick kiss.*

*Enter MISTRESS PAGE, who sits and begins the  
beauty treatment. Our young caddy who looks as though  
he could give dance lessons to older women guests, is  
apparently is also a messenger because he presents  
MISTRESS PAGE with a letter.*

MISTRESS PAGE

What, have I scaped love-letters in the holiday-  
time of my beauty, and am I now a subject for them?  
Let me see.

*Reads*

'Ask me no reason why I love you, you are not young.  
No more am I; go to then. You are merry,  
so am I; ha, ha! You love drink, and so do I.  
Let it suffice thee, Mistress Page,--at  
the least, if the love of soldier can suffice,--  
that I love thee. I will not say, pity me; 'tis  
not a soldier-like phrase: but I say, love me over.

*Realizing that "over" was not part of that sentence,  
but rather a direction to turn the letter over, she does,  
and continues,*

By me,  
Thine own true knight,  
By day or night,  
Or any kind of light,  
With all his might  
For thee to fight, JOHN FALSTAFF

O wicked world! One that is well-nigh worn to pieces with

age to show himself a young gallant! What an unweighed behavior hath this Flemish drunkard picked--with the devil's name!--out of my conversation, that he dares in this manner assay me? Why, he hath not been thrice in my company! What should I say to him? Why, I'll exhibit a bill in the parliament for the putting down of men. How shall I be revenged on him? for revenged I will be, as sure as his guts are made of puddings.

*Enter MISTRESS FORD*

MISTRESS FORD

Mistress Page! trust me, I was going to your cabin

MISTRESS PAGE

And, trust me, I was coming to you. You look very ill.

MISTRESS FORD

O Mistress Page, give me some counsel!

MISTRESS PAGE

What's the matter, woman?

MISTRESS FORD

O woman, if it were not for one trifling respect, I could come to such honour!

MISTRESS PAGE

Hang the trifle, woman! take the honour. What is it? dispense with trifles; what is it?

MISTRESS FORD

If I would but go to hell for an eternal moment or so, I could be knighted.

MISTRESS PAGE

What? thou liest!

MISTRESS FORD

Read read; perceive how I might be knighted. I shall think the worse of fat men, as long as I

have an eye to make difference of men's liking:  
and yet he would not swear; praised  
women's modesty; and gave such orderly and  
well-behaved reproof to all uncomeliness, that I  
would have sworn his disposition would have gone to  
the truth of his words;  
Did you ever hear the like?

MISTRESS PAGE

Letter for letter, but that the name of Page and  
Ford differs! Here's the twin-brother of thy  
letter. I warrant he hath a thousand of these letters,  
writ with blank space for different names—  
Well, I will find you twenty lascivious turtles ere one chaste man.

MISTRESS FORD

Why, this is the very same; the very hand, the very  
words. What doth he think of us?

MISTRESS PAGE

Nay, I know not: it makes me almost ready to  
wrangle with mine own honesty. Sure, unless he  
know some strain in me, that I know not myself,  
he would never have boarded me in this fury.

MISTRESS FORD

'Boarding,' call you it? I'll be sure to keep him  
above deck.

MISTRESS PAGE

So will I if he come under my hatches, I'll never  
to sea again. Let's be revenged on him: let's  
appoint him a meeting; give him a show of comfort in  
his suit and lead him on with a fine-baited delay

MISTRESS FORD

Nay, I will consent to act any villany against him,  
that may not sully the chariness of our honesty. O,  
that my husband saw this letter! it would give  
eternal food to his jealousy.

MISTRESS PAGE

My husband is as far from jealousy as I am

from giving him cause; and that I hope is an unmeasurable distance.

MISTRESS FORD

You are the happier woman.

MISTRESS PAGE

Let's consult together against this greasy knight.  
Come hither.

*They retire. Assuming that the Spa Treatment is probably over the young esthetician packs up her equipment.*

*Enter FORD with PISTOL, and on another part of the stage enters PAGE with NYM.*

PISTOL

*[To FORD]* Master Ford, I must tell you in your ear,  
Falstaff loves your wife.

NYM

*[To PAGE]* And this is true; I like not the humour  
of lying. Falstaff loves your wife.

PAGE and FORD

Falstaff loves my wife?!

NYM

*(Still to PAGE)* My name is Nym and Falstaff loves your wife,  
And there's the humor of it.

FORD

Why, sir, my wife is not young.

PISTOL

He woos both high and low, both rich and poor,  
Both young and old, one with another, Ford;  
Take heed, have open eye, for thieves do foot by night:  
Take heed, ere summer comes or cuckoo-birds do sing.

*PISTOL goes to retrieve NYM*

PISTOL

Away, Sir Corporal Nym!

*(To Page)* Believe it, Page; he speaks sense.

NYM

Adieu

*Exit*

PAGE and FORD

I will seek out Falstaff.

PAGE

How now, Master Ford!

FORD

You heard what this knave told me, did you not?

PAGE

Yes: and you heard what the other told me?

FORD

Do you think there is truth in them?

PAGE

Hang 'em, slaves! I do not think the knight would offer it: but these that accuse him in his intent towards our wives are a yoke of his discarded men; very rogues, now they be out of service.

FORD

Were they his men?

PAGE

Marry, were they.

PAGE

I will not believe such a Cataian, though the priest o' the town commended him for a true man.

FORD

'Twas a good sensible fellow: well.

PAGE

How now, Meg!

*MISTRESS PAGE and MISTRESS FORD come forward  
PAGE and FORD immediately assume the demeanor of  
two men who have **not** just heard that their wives are  
cheating on them.*

MISTRESS PAGE

Whither go you, Thomas? Hark you.

MISTRESS FORD

How now, sweet Frank! why art thou melancholy?

FORD

I melancholy! I am not melancholy. Get you home, go.

MISTRESS FORD

Faith, thou hast some crotchets in thy head. Now,  
will you go, Mistress Page?

MISTRESS PAGE

Have with you. You'll come to dinner, Thomas.

*(Aside to MISTRESS FORD)* Look who comes yonder:  
she shall be our messenger to this paltry knight.

MISTRESS FORD

*[Aside to MISTRESS PAGE]* Trust me, I thought on her:  
she'll fit it.

*Enter MISTRESS QUICKLY*

MISTRESS PAGE

You are come to see my daughter Anne?

MISTRESS QUICKLY

Ay, forsooth; and, I pray, how does good Mistress Anne?

MISTRESS PAGE

Go in with us and see: we have an hour's talk with  
you.

*Exeunt MISTRESS PAGE, MISTRESS FORD, and MISTRESS QUICKLY*

FORD

I do not misdoubt my wife; but I would be loath to turn them together. A man may be too confident: I would have nothing lie on my head: I cannot be thus satisfied.

PAGE

Look where my ranting host of the Garter comes: there is either liquor in her pate or money in her purse when she looks so merrily.

*Enter HOST; there has been some drinking*

PAGE

How now, mine host!

HOST

How now, bully-rook! thou'rt a gentleman. Cavaleiro-justice, I say!

*Enter SHALLOW; there has been some more drinking*

SHALLOW

I follow, mine host, I follow. Good even and twenty, good Master Page! Master Page, will you go with us? we have sport in hand.

HOST

Tell him, cavaleiro-justice; tell him, bully-rook.

SHALLOW

Sir, there is a fray to be fought between Sir Hugh the Welsh priest and Caius the French doctor.

FORD

Good mine host o' the Garter, a word with you

*Drawing him aside*

HOST

What sayest thou, my bully-rook?

SHALLOW

[To PAGE] Will you go with us to behold it? My merry host hath had the measuring of their weapons; and, I think, hath appointed them contrary places;

PAGE

I have heard the Frenchman hath good skill in his rapier.

SHALLOW

Hark. i will tell you what our sport shall be,

*Exeunt SHALLOW and PAGE*

HOST

Hast thou no suit against my knight, my guest-cavaleire?

FORD

None, I protest: but I'll give you a pottle of burnt sack to give me recourse to him and tell him my name is Brook; only for a jest.

HOST

My hand, bully; thou shalt have egress and regress; --said I well?--and thy name shall be Brook. It is a merry knight. Will you go?

*SHALLOW quickly returns*

SHALLOW

Have with you, mine hostess.

HOST

Here, boys, here, here! shall we wag?

*Exeunt HOST and Shallow possibly for more drinking*

FORD

Though Page be a secure fool, an stands so firmly on his wife's frailty, yet I cannot put off my opinion so easily: she was in Falstaff's company at Page's house; and what they made there, I know not. Well,

I will look further into't: and I have a disguise  
to sound Falstaff. If I find her honest, I lose not  
my labour; if she be otherwise, 'tis labour well bestowed.

*Exit*

1 m 9      In transition we recall the lusty work theme from before perhaps a little less lusty this time.      20 sec

## **ACT 1**

### **Scene 5**

#### **The Garter Lounge**

*Enter MISTRESS QUICKLY*

MISTRESS QUICKLY  
Give your worship good morrow.

FALSTAFF  
Good morrow, good wife.

MISTRESS QUICKLY  
Not so, an't please your worship.

FALSTAFF  
Good maid, then.

MISTRESS QUICKLY  
I'll be sworn, as my mother was,  
the first hour I was born.

FALSTAFF  
I do believe the swearer. What with me?

MISTRESS QUICKLY  
Shall I vouchsafe your worship a word or two?

FALSTAFF  
Two thousand, fair woman: and I'll vouchsafe thee  
the hearing.

MISTRESS QUICKLY

There is one Mistress Ford, sir:--I pray, come a little nearer this ways:--I myself dwell with master Doctor Caius,--

FALSTAFF

Well, on: Mistress Ford, you say,--

MISTRESS QUICKLY

Your worship says very true: I pray your worship, come a little nearer this ways.

FALSTAFF

I warrant thee, nobody hears; mine own people, mine own people.

MISTRESS QUICKLY

Are they so? God bless them and make them his servants!

FALSTAFF

Well, Mistress Ford; what of her?

MISTRESS QUICKLY

Why, sir, she's a good creature. Lord Lord! your worship's a wanton! Well, heaven forgive you and all of us, I pray!

FALSTAFF

Mistress Ford; come, Mistress Ford,--

MISTRESS QUICKLY

Marry, this is the short and the long of it; you have brought her into such a canaries as 'tis wonderful. The best courtier of them all, when the court lay at Windsor, could never have brought her to such a canary. Yet there has been knights, and lords, and gentlemen, with their coaches, I warrant you, coach after coach, letter after letter, gift after gift; smelling so sweetly, all musk, and so rushing, I warrant you, in silk and gold; and in such alligant terms; and in such wine and sugar of the best and the fairest, that would have won any woman's heart; and, I warrant you, they could never

get an eye-wink of her: I had myself twenty angels given me this morning; but I defy all angels, in any such sort, as they say, but in the way of honesty: and, I warrant you, they could never get her so much as sip on a cup with the proudest of them all: and yet there has been earls, nay, which is more, pensioners; but, I warrant you, all is one with her.

FALSTAFF

But what says she to me? be brief, my good she-Mercury.

MISTRESS QUICKLY

Marry, she hath received your letter, for the which she thanks you a thousand times; and she gives you to notify that her husband will be in the lounge between ten and eleven.

FALSTAFF

Ten and eleven?

MISTRESS QUICKLY

Ay, forsooth; and then you may meet in the laundry room and see the picture, she says, that you wot of: Master Ford, her husband, will be in the lounge. Alas! the sweet woman leads an ill life with him: he's a very jealousy man: she leads a very quarrelsome life with him, good heart.

FALSTAFF

Ten and eleven. Woman, commend me to her; I will not fail her.

MISTRESS QUICKLY

Why, you say well. But I have another messenger to your worship. Mistress Page hath her hearty commendations to you too: and let me tell you in your ear, she's as fartuous a civil modest wife, and one, I tell you, that will not miss you morning nor evening prayer, as any in the town, whoe'er be the other: She bade me tell your worship that she hopes there will come a time for you to meet. I never knew any

two women so dote upon a man: surely I think you have charms, la; yes, in truth.

FALSTAFF

Not I, I assure thee: setting the attractions of my good parts aside I have no other charms.

MISTRESS QUICKLY

Blessing on your heart for't!

FALSTAFF

But, I pray thee, tell me this: has Ford's wife and Page's wife acquainted each other how they love me?

MISTRESS QUICKLY

That were a jest indeed! they have not so little grace, I hope: that were a trick indeed! but Mistress Page would desire you to send her your little page, of all loves: her husband has a marvellous infection to the little page; and truly Master Page is an honest man. Never a wife in Windsor leads a better life than she does: do what she will, say what she will, take all, pay all, go to bed when she list, rise when she list, all is as she will: and truly she deserves it; for if there be a kind woman in this world, she is one. You must send her your page; no remedy.

FALSTAFF

Why, I will.

MISTRESS QUICKLY

Nay, but do so, then: and, look you, the page may come and go between you both; that you may know one another's mind.

FALSTAFF

Fare thee well: commend me to them both: there's my purse; I am yet thy debtor. Boy, go along with this woman.

*Exeunt MISTRESS QUICKLY and ROBIN*

FALSTAFF

I'll make more of my old body than I have done. Will they yet look after thee? Wilt thou, after the expense of so much money, be now a gainer? Good body, I thank thee. Let them say 'tis grossly done; so it be fairly done, no matter.

*Enter BARDOLPH*

BARDOLPH

Sir John, there's one Master Brook below would fain speak with you, and be acquainted with you; and hath sent your worship a morning's draught of sack.

FALSTAFF

Brook is his name?

BARDOLPH

Ay, sir.

FALSTAFF

Call him in.

*Exit BARDOLPH*

FALSTAFF

Such Brooks are welcome to me, that o'erflow such liquor. Ah, ha! Mistress Ford and Mistress Page have I encompassed you? go to; via!

*Re-enter BARDOLPH, with FORD disguised kinda like Boris Balenkof from Gilligan's Island. Look it up, it's got to be on YouTube somewhere*

1 m 10

We hear the theme of Ford-in-disguise

Russian style sting

FORD

Bless you, sir!

FALSTAFF

And you, sir! Would you speak with me?

FORD

I make bold to press with so little preparation upon you

FALSTAFF

You're welcome. What's your will? Give us leave, drawer.

*Exit BARDOLPH*

FORD

Sir, I am a gentleman that have spent much; my name is Brook.

FALSTAFF

Good Master Brook, I desire more acquaintance of you.

FORD

Good Sir John, I sue for yours.

*FORD produces a suitcase of money*

FORD

As they say, if money go before, all ways do lie open.

FALSTAFF

Money is a good soldier, sir, and will on.

FORD

Troth, and I have a case of money here troubles me: if you will help to bear it, Sir John, take all, or half, for easing me of the carriage.

FALSTAFF

Sir, I know not how I may deserve to be your porter.

FORD

I will tell you, sir, if you will give me the hearing.

FALSTAFF

Speak, good Master Brook: I shall be glad to be your servant.

FORD

Sir, I hear you are a scholar,--I will be brief with you,--and you have been a man long known to me, though I had never so good means, as desire, to make myself acquainted with you. I shall discover a

thing to you, wherein I must very much lay open mine own imperfection: but, good Sir John, as you have one eye upon my follies, as you hear them unfolded, turn another into the register of your own; that I may pass with a reproof the easier, sith you yourself know how easy it is to be such an offender.

FALSTAFF

Very well, sir; proceed.

FORD

There is a gentlewoman in this town; her husband's name is Ford.

FALSTAFF

Well, sir.

FORD

I have long loved her, and, I protest to you, bestowed much on her; followed her with a dotting observance; I have pursued her as love hath pursued me; But whatsoever I have merited, either in my mind or, in my means I have received none; unless experience be a jewel that I have purchased at an infinite rate, and that hath taught me to say this: 'Love like a shadow flies when substance love pursues; Pursuing that that flies, and flying what pursues.'

FALSTAFF

Have you received no promise of satisfaction at her hands?

FORD

Never.

FALSTAFF

Have you importuned her to such a purpose?

FORD

Never.

FALSTAFF

Of what quality was your love, then?

FORD

Like a fair house built on another man's ground; so that I have lost my edifice by mistaking the place where I erected it.

FALSTAFF

To what purpose have you unfolded this to me?

FORD

Sir John, here is the heart of my purpose: you are a gentleman of excellent breeding, admirable discourse, of great admittance, authentic in your place and person, generally allowed for your many war-like, court-like, and learned preparations.

FALSTAFF

Go on.

FORD

Believe it, for you know it. There is money; spend it, spend it; spend more; spend all I have; only give me so much of your time in exchange of it, as to lay an amiable siege to the honesty of this Ford's wife: use your art of wooing; win her to consent to you: if any man may, you may as soon as any.

FALSTAFF

Would it apply well to the vehemency of your affection, that I should win what you would enjoy? Methinks you prescribe to yourself very preposterously.

FORD

O, understand my drift. She dwells so securely on the excellency of her honour, that the folly of my soul dares not present itself: she is too bright to be looked against. Now, could I could come to her with any detection in my hand, my desires had instance and argument to commend themselves: I could drive her then from the ward of her purity, her reputation, her marriage-vow, and a thousand other her defenses, which now are too too strongly embattled against me. What say you to't, Sir John?

FALSTAFF

Master Brook, I will first make bold with your money; next, give me your hand; and last, as I am a gentleman, you shall, if you will, enjoy Ford's wife.

FORD

O good sir!

FALSTAFF

I say you shall.

FORD

Want no money, Sir John; you shall want none.

FALSTAFF

Want no Mistress Ford, Master Brook; you shall want none. I shall be with her, I may tell you, by her own appointment; even as you came in to me, her assistant or go-between parted from me: I say I shall be with her between ten and eleven; in the laundry room for at that time the jealous rascally knave her husband will be drunk. Come you to me at night; you shall know how I speed.

FORD

Do you know Ford, sir?

FALSTAFF

Poor cuckoldly knave! I know him not: yet I wrong him to call him poor; they say the jealous wittolly knave hath masses of money; for the which his wife seems to me well-favored. I will use her as the key of the cuckoldly husband's coffers. And there's my harvest-home.

FORD

I would you knew Ford, sir, that you might avoid him if you saw him.

FALSTAFF

Hang him, mechanical salt-butter rogue! I will stare him out of his wits; I will awe him with my cudgel: it shall hang like a meteor o'er the

cuckold's horns. Master Brook, thou shalt know I will predominate over the peasant, and thou shalt lie with his wife. Come to me soon at night. Ford's a knave, and I will aggravate his style; thou, Master Brook, shalt know him for knave and cuckold. Come to me soon at night.

*Exit*

FORD

What a damned Epicurean rascal is this! My heart is ready to crack with impatience. Who says this is improvident jealousy? my wife hath sent to him; the hour is fixed; the match is made. Would any man have thought this? See the hell of having a false woman! My bed shall be abused, my coffers ransacked, my reputation gnawn at; and I shall not only receive this villainous wrong, but stand under the adoption of abominable terms, and by him that does me this wrong. Cuckold! Knave! Salt-battered Rogue! The devil himself hath not such names. Page is an ass, a secure ass: he will trust his wife; he will not be jealous. I will rather trust a Fleming with my butter,

1 m 11

An underscore begins which provides the "I'm really pissed vibe to the speech. It grows in anger..."

Parson Hugh the Welshman with my cheese, an Irishman with my whiskey bottle, than my wife with herself; then she plots, then she ruminates, then she devises; and what they think in their hearts they may effect, they will break their hearts but they will effect. God be praised for my jealousy! Ten o'clock the hour. I will prevent this, detect my wife, be revenged on Falstaff, and laugh at Page. I will about it; better three hours too soon than a minute too late. Fie, fie, fie! cuckold! cuckold! cuckold!

*Exit*

## ACT 1

### Scene 6

#### The practice putting green

1 m 12 We hear the Doctor Caius theme (FRENCH STING)

*We discover DOCTOR CAIUS waiting not-so-patiently, one might even say “impatiently” for his rival, Sir Hugh*

DOCTOR CAIUS

Jack Rugby!

RUGBY

Sir?

DOCTOR CAIUS

Vat is de clock, Jack?

RUGBY

'Tis past the hour, sir, that Sir Hugh promised to meet.

DOCTOR CAIUS

By gar, he has save his soul, dat he is no come; he has pray his Pible well, dat he is no come: by gar, Jack Rugby, he is dead already, if he be come.

RUGBY

He is wise, sir; he knew your worship would kill him, if he came.

DOCTOR CAIUS

By gar, de herring is no dead so as I vill kill him. Take your rapier, Jack; I vill tell you how I vill kill him.

RUGBY

Alas, sir, I cannot fight..

DOCTOR CAIUS

Villany, take your rapier.

RUGBY

Forbear; here's company.

*Enter HOST, SHALLOW, SLENDER, and PAGE*

HOST

Bless thee, bully doctor!

SHALLOW

Save you, Master Doctor Caius!

PAGE

Now, good master doctor!

SLENDER

Give you good morrow, sir.

DOCTOR CAIUS

Vat be all you, one, two, tree, four, come for?

HOST

To see thee fight, to see thee foin, to see thee  
traverse; to see thee here, to see thee there; to  
see thee pass thy punto, thy stock, thy reverse, thy  
distance, thy montant. Is he dead? is he dead?

DOCTOR CAIUS

By gar, he is de coward Jack priest of de world; he  
is not show his face.

HOST

Thou art a Castalion-King-Urinal. Hector of Greece, my boy!

DOCTOR CAIUS

I pray you, bear vitness that me have stay six or  
seven, two, tree hours for him, and he is no come.

SHALLOW

He is the wiser man, master doctor: he is a curer of  
souls, and you a curer of bodies; if you should  
fight, you go against the hair of your professions.  
Is it not true, Master Page?

PAGE

Master Shallow, you have yourself been a great  
fighter, though now a man of peace.

SHALLOW

Bodykins, Master Page, though I now be old and of the peace, if I see a sword out, my finger itches to make one. Though we are justices and doctors and churchmen, Master Page, we have some salt of our youth in us; we are the sons of women, Master Page.

PAGE

'Tis true, Master Shallow.

SHALLOW

It will be found so, Master Page. Master Doctor Caius, I am come to fetch you home. I am sworn of the peace: you have showed yourself a wise physician, and Sir Hugh hath shown himself a wise and patient churchman. You must go with me, master doctor.

HOST

Pardon, guest-justice. A word, Mounseur Mockwater.

DOCTOR CAIUS

Mock-vater! vat is dat?

HOST

Mock-water, in our English tongue, is valour, bully.

DOCTOR CAIUS

By gar, den, I have as mush mock-vater as de Englishman. Scurvy jack-dog priest! by gar, me vill cut his ears.

HOST

He will clapper-claw thee tightly, bully.

DOCTOR CAIUS

Clapper-de-claw! vat is dat?

HOST

That is, he will make thee amends.

DOCTOR CAIUS

By gar, me do look he shall clapper-de-claw me; for, by gar, me vill have it.

HOST

And I will provoke him to't, or let him wag.

DOCTOR CAIUS

Me tank you for dat.

HOST

And, moreover, bully,--but first, master guest, and Master Page, and eke Cavaleiro Slender, go you through the town to Frogmore.

PAGE

Sir Hugh is there, is he?

HOST

He is there: see what humour he is in; and I will bring the doctor about by the fields. Will it do well?

SHALLOW

We will do it.

PAGE SHALLOW SLENDER

Adieu, good master doctor.

*Exeunt PAGE, SHALLOW, and SLENDER*

DOCTOR CAIUS

By gar, me vill kill de priest; for he speak for a jack-an-ape to Anne Page.

HOST

Let him die: sheathe thy impatience, throw cold water on thy choler: I will bring thee where Mistress Anne Page is, at a farm-house a-feasting; and thou shalt woo her. Said I well?

DOCTOR CAIUS

By gar, me dank you for dat: by gar, I love you; and I shall procure-a you de good guest, de earl, de knight, de lords, de gentlemen, my patients.

HOST

For the which I will be thy adversary toward Anne  
Page. Said I well?

DOCTOR CAIUS

By gar, 'tis good; vell said.

HOST

Let us wag, then.

DOCTOR CAIUS

Come at my heels, Jack Rugby.

Exeunt

1 m 13

In transition we hear a piece of music which suggests that a man, not entirely sure of his  
talents as a fighter is about to fight. 15 second transition

## **ACT 1**

### **Scene 7**

**The men's sitting parlor: leather chairs, brandy sniffers  
dead animal heads on the walls.**

SIR HUGH EVANS and SIMPLE

SIR HUGH EVANS

I pray you now, good master Simple, which way have you  
looked for Master Caius, that calls himself doctor of physic?

SIMPLE

Marry, sir, the pittie-ward, the park-ward, every  
way; old Windsor way, and every way but the town  
way.

SIR HUGH EVANS

I most fehemently desire you you will also look that  
way.

SIMPLE

I will, sir.

*Exit*

SIR HUGH EVANS

'Pless my soul, how full of chollors I am, and  
trempling of mind! I shall be glad if he have  
deceived me. How melancholies I am! I will knog  
his urinals about his knave's costard when I have  
good opportunities for the ork. 'Pless my soul!

*Sings*

To shallow rivers, to whose falls  
Melodious birds sings madrigals;  
There will we make our peds of roses,  
And a thousand fragrant posies.

*To shallow--*

Mercy on me! I have a great dispositions to cry.

*Sings*

Melodious birds sing madrigals--  
When as I sat in Pabylon--  
And a thousand vagram posies.

*Re-enter SIMPLE*

SIMPLE

Yonder he is coming, this way, Sir Hugh.

SIR HUGH EVANS

He's welcome. What weapons is he?

SIMPLE

No weapons, sir. There comes my master, Master  
Shallow, and another gentleman, over  
the stile, this way.

*Enter PAGE, SHALLOW, and SLENDER*

SHALLOW

How now, master Parson! Good morrow, good Sir Hugh.

PAGE

'Save you, good Sir Hugh!

SIR HUGH EVANS

'Pless you from his mercy sake, all of you!

SHALLOW

What, the sword and the word! do you study them both, master parson?

PAGE

We are come to you to do a good office, master parson.

SIR HUGH EVANS

Fery well: what is it?

PAGE

Yonder is a most reverend gentleman, who, belike having received wrong by some person, is at most odds with his own gravity and patience that ever you saw.

SHALLOW

I have lived fourscore years and upward; I never heard a man of his place, gravity and learning, so wide of his own respect.

SIR HUGH EVANS

What is he?

PAGE

I think you know him; Master Doctor Caius, the renowned French physician.

SIR HUGH EVANS

Got's will, and his passion of my heart! I had as lief you would tell me of a mess of porridge.

PAGE

Why?

SIR HUGH EVANS

He has no more knowledge in Hibocrates and Galen, --and he is a knave besides; a cowardly knave as you

would desires to be acquainted withal.

PAGE

I warrant you, he's the man should fight with him.

SHALLOW

It appears so by his weapons. Keep them asunder:  
here comes Doctor Caius.

*Enter HOST, DOCTOR CAIUS, and RUGBY*

HOST

Disarm them, and let them question: let them keep  
their limbs whole and hack our English.

DOCTOR CAIUS

I pray you, let-a me speak a word with your ear.  
Wherefore vill you not meet-a me?

SIR HUGH EVANS

[Aside to DOCTOR CAIUS] Pray you, use your patience:  
in good time.

DOCTOR CAIUS

By gar, you are de coward, de Jack dog, John ape.

SIR HUGH EVANS

[Aside to DOCTOR CAIUS] Pray you let us not be  
laughing-stocks to other men's humours; I desire you  
in friendship, and I will one way or other make you amends.

*Aloud*

I will knog your urinals about your knave's cockscomb  
for missing your meetings and appointments.

DOCTOR CAIUS

Diable! Jack Rugby,--mine host de Jarteer,--have I  
not stay for him to kill him? have I not, at de place  
I did appoint?

SIR HUGH EVANS

As I am a Christians soul now, look you, this is the

place appointed: I'll be judgement by mine host of the Garter.

*A silly fight ensues, which will demonstrate Caius' hot temper, Sir Hugh's cowardice, and the assembled company's eagerness to goad them both to a fight. Remember, there are antlers belonging to elks and deer on the walls, so we'll probably use those.*

**1 m 14** As the fight plays, we hear silly fight music which call to mind the crazy Frenchman, the tentative Welshman and the general silliness happening here.

*At some point in the battle, the ever-lovely Anne Page past the door causing all fighting to come to a comically absurd standstill. It resumes only when she has safely passed. Finally, the fight is ended by:*

HOST

Peace, I say, Gallia and Gaul, French and Welsh, soul-curer and body-curer!

DOCTOR CAIUS

Ay, dat is very good; excellent.

HOST

Peace, I say! Am I politic? am I subtle? am I a Machiavel? Shall I lose my doctor? no; he gives me the potions and the motions. Shall I lose my parson, my priest, my Sir Hugh? no; he gives me the proverbs and the no-verbs. Give me thy hand, terrestrial; so. Give me thy hand, celestial; so. Boys of art, I have deceived you both; I have directed you to wrong places: your hearts are mighty, your skins are whole, and let burnt sack be the issue. Come, lay their swords to pawn. Follow me, lads of peace; follow, follow, follow.

SHALLOW

Trust me, a mad host. Follow, gentlemen, follow.

SLENDER

[Aside] O sweet Anne Page!

*Exeunt SHALLOW, SLENDER, PAGE, and HOST*

DOCTOR CAIUS

Ha, do I perceive dat? have you make-a de sot of us, ha, ha?

SIR HUGH EVANS

This is well; he has made us his vlouting-stog. I desire you that we may be friends; and let us knog our prains together to be revenge on this same scall, scurvy cogging companion, the hostess of the Garter.

DOCTOR CAIUS

By gar, with all my heart. she deceive me too. She promise to bring me where is Anne Page; by gar,

SIR HUGH EVANS

Well, I will smite her noddles. Pray you, follow.

*Exeunt*

1 m 15      The transition music eases us into... (recall opening)

## **ACT 1**

### **Scene 8**

#### **Outside of the main dining room**

*Enter MISTRESS PAGE and ROBIN*

MISTRESS PAGE

Nay, keep your way, little gallant; you were wont to be a follower, but now you are a leader. Whether had you rather lead mine eyes, or eye your master's heels?

ROBIN

I had rather, forsooth, go before you like a man than follow him like a boy

MISTRESS PAGE

O, you are a flattering boy: now I see you'll be a courtier.

*Enter FORD*

FORD

Well met, Mrs. Page. Whither go you?

MISTRESS PAGE

Truly, sir, to see your wife. Is she home?

FORD

Ay; and as idle as she may hang together, for want of company. I think, if your husbands were dead, you two would marry.

MISTRESS PAGE

Be sure of that,--two other husbands.

FORD

Where had you this pretty weather-cock?

MISTRESS PAGE

I cannot tell what the dickens his name is my husband had him of. What do you call your knight's name, sirrah?

ROBIN

Sir John Falstaff.

FORD

Sir John Falstaff!

MISTRESS PAGE

He, he; I can never hit on's name. There is such a league between my good man and he! Is your wife at home indeed?

FORD

Indeed she is.

MISTRESS PAGE

By your leave, sir: I am sick till I see her.

*Exeunt MISTRESS PAGE and ROBIN*

FORD

Has Page any brains? hath he any eyes? hath he any thinking? Sure, his senses sleep; he hath no use of them. Why, this boy will carry a letter twenty mile, as easy as a cannon will shoot point-blank twelve

score. He pieces out his wife's inclination; he gives her folly motion and advantage: and now she's going to my wife, and Falstaff's boy with her. Good plots, they are laid; and our revolted wives share damnation together. Well; I will take him, then torture my wife, pluck the borrowed veil of modesty from the so seeming Mrs. Page, divulge Page himself for a secure and willful cuckold; and at these violent proceedings all my neighbours shall applaud

*Clock heard*

The clock gives me my cue, and my assurance bids me search: there I shall find Falstaff: I shall be rather praised for this than mocked; for it is as positive as the earth is firm that Falstaff is there: I will go.

*Enter PAGE, SHALLOW, SLENDER, Host, SIR HUGH EVANS, DOCTOR CAIUS, RUGBY SHALLOW*

PAGE

Well met, Master Ford.

FORD

Trust me, a good knot: I have good cheer at home; and I pray you all go with me.

SHALLOW

I must excuse myself, Master Ford.

SLENDER

And so must I, sir: we have appointed to dine with Mistress Anne, and I would not break with her for more money than I'll speak of.

SHALLOW

We have lingered about a match between Anne Page and my cousin Slender, and this day we shall have our answer.

SLENDER

I hope I have your good will, father Page.

PAGE

You have, Master Slender; I stand wholly for you:  
but my wife, master doctor, chooses you for  
young Anne.

DOCTOR CAIUS

Ay, be-gar; and de maid is love-a me: my nursh-a  
Quickly tell me so mush.

HOST

What say you to young Master Fenton? he capers, he  
dances, he has eyes of youth, he writes verses, he  
speaks holiday, he smells April and May: he will  
carry't, he will carry't; 'tis in his buttons; he  
will carry't.

PAGE

Not by my consent, I promise you. The gentleman is  
of no having: he kept company with the wild prince  
and Pains; he is of too high a region; he knows too  
much. No, he shall not knit a knot in his fortunes  
with the finger of my substance: if he take her,  
let him take her simply; the wealth I have waits on  
my consent, and my consent goes not that way.

FORD

I beseech you heartily, some of you go home with me  
to dinner: besides your cheer, you shall have  
sport; I will show you a monster. Master doctor,  
you shall go; so shall you, Master Page; and you, Sir Hugh.

SHALLOW

Well, fare you well: we shall have the freer wooing  
at Master Page's.

*Exeunt SHALLOW, and SLENDER*

DOCTOR CAIUS

Go home, John Rugby; I come anon.

*Exit RUGBY*

HOST

Farewell, my hearts: I will to my honest knight  
Falstaff, and drink canary with him.

*Exit*

FORD

[Aside] I think I shall drink in pipe wine first  
with him; I'll make him dance. Will you go, gentles?

*Exeunt*

1 m 16

The transition music leads us into what will be a stealthy scene of forbidden lust.

(20 seconds)

## **ACT 1**

### **Scene 9**

**The Laundry Room. A track on which bags of laundry can hang and move is visible.**

MISTRESS FORD

What, John! What, Robert!

MISTRESS PAGE

Quickly, quickly! is the buck-basket--

MISTRESS FORD

I warrant. What, Robin, I say!

*Enter Laundry Attendants with an industrial size rolling laundry basket*

MISTRESS PAGE

Come, come, come.

MISTRESS FORD

Here, set it down.

MISTRESS PAGE

Give your men the charge; we must be brief.

MISTRESS FORD

Marry, as I told you before, John and Robert, be  
ready here hard by in the brew-house: and when I  
suddenly call you, come forth, and without any pause

or staggering take this basket in all haste, and roll it among the whitsters, and there empty it in the muddy water.

MISTRESS PAGE

You will do it?

MISTRESS FORD

I ha' told them over and over; they lack no direction. Be gone, and come when you are called.

*Exeunt Servants*

MISTRESS PAGE

Here comes little Robin.

*Enter ROBIN*

MISTRESS FORD

How now, my eyas-musket! what news with you?

ROBIN

My master, Sir John, is come in at your back-door, Mistress Ford, and requests your company.

MISTRESS PAGE

You little Jack-a-Lent, have you been true to us?

ROBIN

Ay, I'll be sworn. My master knows not of your being here and hath threatened to put me into everlasting liberty if I tell you of it; for he swears he'll turn me away.

MISTRESS PAGE

Thou'rt a good boy: this secrecy of thine shall be a tailor to thee and shall make thee a new doublet and hose. I'll go hide me.

MISTRESS FORD

Do so. Go tell thy master I am alone.

*Exit ROBIN*

Mistress Page, remember you your cue.

MISTRESS PAGE

I warrant thee; if I do not act it, hiss me.

*Exit*

MISTRESS FORD

Go to, then: we'll use this unwholesome humidity,  
this gross watery pumpkin; we'll teach him to know  
turtles from jays.

*Enter FALSTAFF*

FALSTAFF

Have I caught thee, my heavenly jewel? Why, now let  
me die, for I have lived long enough: this is the  
period of my ambition: O this blessed hour!

MISTRESS FORD

O sweet Sir John!

FALSTAFF

Mistress Ford, I cannot cog, I cannot prate,  
Mistress Ford. Now shall I sin in my wish: I would  
thy husband were dead: I'll speak it before the  
best lord; I would make thee my lady.

MISTRESS FORD

I your lady, Sir John! alas, I should be a pitiful lady!

FALSTAFF

Let the court of France show me such another. I see  
how thine eye would emulate the diamond: thou hast  
the right arched beauty of the brow that becomes the  
ship-tire, the tire-valiant, or any tire of  
Venetian admittance.

MISTRESS FORD

A plain kerchief, Sir John: my brows become nothing  
else; nor that well neither.

FALSTAFF

By the Lord, thou art a traitor to say so: thou wouldst make an absolute courtier; and the firm fixture of thy foot would give an excellent motion to thy gait in a semi-circled farthingale. I see what thou wert, if Fortune thy foe were not, Nature thy friend. Come, thou canst not hide it.

MISTRESS FORD

Believe me, there is no such thing in me.

FALSTAFF

What made me love thee? let that persuade thee there's something extraordinary in thee.

MISTRESS FORD

Do not betray me, sir. I fear you love Mistress Page.

FALSTAFF

Thou mightst as well say I love to walk by the Counter-gate, which is as hateful to me as the reek of a lime-kiln.

MISTRESS FORD

Well, heaven knows how I love you; and you shall one day find it.

FALSTAFF

Keep in that mind; I'll deserve it.

MISTRESS FORD

Nay, I must tell you, so you do; or else I could not be in that mind.

ROBIN

[Within] Mistress Ford, Mistress Ford! here's Mistress Page at the door, sweating and blowing and looking wildly, and would needs speak with you presently.

FALSTAFF

She shall not see me: I will ensconce me behind the arras.

MISTRESS FORD

Pray you, do so: she's a very tattling woman.

*FALSTAFF hides himself behind the hanging bags of laundry*

*Re-enter MISTRESS PAGE and ROBIN*

What's the matter? how now!

MISTRESS PAGE

O Mistress Ford, what have you done? You're shamed,  
you're overthrown, you're undone for ever!

MISTRESS FORD

What's the matter, good Mistress Page?

MISTRESS PAGE

O well-a-day, Mistress Ford! having an honest man  
to your husband, to give him such cause of suspicion!

MISTRESS FORD

What cause of suspicion?

MISTRESS PAGE

What cause of suspicion! Out pon you! how am I  
mistook in you!

MISTRESS FORD

Why, alas, what's the matter?

MISTRESS PAGE

Your husband's coming hither, woman, with all the  
officers of the county, to search for a gentleman that  
he says is here now in the house by your consent, to  
take an ill advantage of his assence: you are undone.

MISTRESS FORD

'Tis not so, I hope.

MISTRESS PAGE

Pray heaven it be not so, that you have such a man  
here! but 'tis most certain your husband's coming,  
with half the town at his heels, to search for such a

one. I come before to tell you. If you know yourself clear, why, I am glad of it; but if you have a friend here convey, convey him out. Be not amazed; call all your senses to you; defend your reputation, or bid farewell to your good life for ever.

MISTRESS FORD

What shall I do? There is a gentleman my dear friend; and I fear not mine own shame so much as his peril: I had rather than a thousand pound he were out of the house.

MISTRESS PAGE

For shame! Your husband's here at hand, bethink you of some conveyance: in the house you cannot hide him. O, how have you deceived me! Look, here is a basket: if he be of any reasonable stature, he may creep in here; and throw foul linen upon him, as if it were going to bucking: or--it is whiting-time --send him by your two men to the canal.

MISTRESS FORD

He's too big to go in there. What shall I do?

FALSTAFF

[Coming forward] Let me see't, let me see't, O, let me see't! I'll in, I'll in. Follow your friend's counsel. I'll in.

MISTRESS PAGE

What, Sir John Falstaff! Are these your letters, knight?

FALSTAFF

I love thee. Help me away. Let me creep in here. I'll never--

*Gets into the basket; they take down a few bags of laundry dump it on top of Falstaff*

MISTRESS PAGE

Help to cover your master, boy.

MISTRESS FORD  
What, John! Robert!

*Re-enter Laundry Attendants*

Go take up these clothes here quickly. Where's the cowl-staff? look, how you drumble! Carry them to the pond, quickly, come.

*Enter FORD, PAGE, DOCTOR CAIUS, and SIR HUGH EVANS*

FORD  
Pray you, come near: if I suspect without cause,  
why then make sport at me; then let me be your jest;  
I deserve it. How now! whither bear you this?

LAUNDRY ATTENDANT 1  
Whither, sir?

LAUNDRY ATTENDANT 2  
To the pond, sir.

LAUNDRY ATTENDANT 1  
Aye, to the pond.

MISTRESS FORD  
Why, what have you to do whither they bear it? You  
were best meddle with buck-washing.

FORD  
Buck! I would I could wash myself of the buck!  
Buck, buck, buck! Ay, buck; I warrant you, buck;  
and of the season too, it shall appear.  
*Exeunt Laundry Attendants with the basket*

Gentlemen, I have dreamed to-night; I'll tell you my  
dream. Here, here, here be my keys: ascend my  
chambers; search, seek, find out: I'll warrant  
we'll unkennel the fox.

PAGE  
Good Master Ford, be contented: you wrong yourself too much.

FORD

True, Master Page. Up, gentlemen: you shall see sport anon: follow me, gentlemen.

*Exit*

SIR HUGH EVANS

This is fery fantastical humours and jealousies.

DOCTOR CAIUS

By gar, 'tis no the fashion of France; it is not jealous in France.

PAGE

Nay, follow him, gentlemen; see the issue of his search.

*Exeunt PAGE, DOCTOR CAIUS, and SIR HUGH EVANS*

MISTRESS PAGE

Is there not a double excellency in this?

MISTRESS FORD

I know not which pleases me better, that my husband is deceived, or Sir John.

MISTRESS PAGE

What a taking was he in when your husband asked who was in the basket!

MISTRESS FORD

I am half afraid he will have need of washing; so throwing him into the water will do him a benefit.

MISTRESS PAGE

Hang him, dishonest rascal!

MISTRESS FORD

I think my husband hath some special suspicion of Falstaff's being here; for I never saw him so gross in his jealousy till now.

MISTRESS PAGE

I will lay a plot to try that; and we will yet have

more tricks with Falstaff.

MISTRESS FORD

Shall we send that foolish carrion, Mistress Quickly, to him, and excuse his throwing into the water; and give him another hope, to betray him to another punishment?

MISTRESS PAGE

We will do it: let him be sent for to-morrow, eight o'clock, to have amends.

*Re-enter FORD, PAGE, DOCTOR CAIUS, and SIR HUGH EVANS*

FORD

I cannot find him: may be the knave bragged of that he could not compass.

MISTRESS PAGE

[Aside to MISTRESS FORD] Heard you that?

MISTRESS FORD

You use me well, Master Ford, do you?

FORD

Ay, I do so.

MISTRESS FORD

Heaven make you better than your thoughts!

FORD

Amen!

MISTRESS PAGE

You do yourself mighty wrong, Master Ford.

FORD

Ay, ay; I must bear it.

SIR HUGH EVANS

If there be any pody in the house, and in the chambers, and in the coffers, and in the presses, heaven forgive my sins at the day of judgment!

DOCTOR CAIUS

By gar, nor I too: there is no bodies.

PAGE

Fie, fie, Master Ford! are you not ashamed? What spirit, what devil suggests this imagination? I would not ha' your distemper in this kind for all the world

FORD

'Tis my fault, Master Page: I suffer for it.

SIR HUGH EVANS

You suffer for a pad conscience: your wife is as honest a 'omans as I will desires among five thousand, and five hundred too.

DOCTOR CAIUS

By gar, I see 'tis an honest woman.

FORD

Well, I promised you a dinner. \ I will hereafter make known to you why I have done this. Come, wife; come, Mistress Page. I pray you, pardon me; pray heartily, pardon me.

PAGE

Let's go in, gentlemen; but, trust me, we'll mock him. I do invite you to-morrow morning to my house to breakfast: after, we'll a-birding together; I have a fine hawk for the bush. Shall it be so?

FORD

Any thing.

SIR HUGH EVANS

If there is one, I shall make two in the company.

DOCTOR CAIUS

If dere be one or two, I shall make-a the turd.

*Exeunt*

*1 m 17* As the lights come up we hear our opening theme

**INTERMISSION**

2 m 1

Coming out of INTERMISSION, our music anticipates and then reveals a wet, foul comically miserable Falstaff. 15 seconds

## ACT II

### Scene 1

#### The Garter Lounge, at night.

*Enter FALSTAFF who looks as though he has been forced to hide under a mountain of smelly laundry, and then dumped unceremoniously into a muddy ditch.*

FALSTAFF

Bardolph, I say,--

*BARDOLPH enters*

BARDOLPH

Here, sir.

FALSTAFF

Go fetch me a quart of gin; put an olive in't

*Exit BARDOLPH*

Have I lived to be carried in a basket, like a barrow of butcher's offal, and to be thrown in a Canal? Well, if I be served such another trick, I'll have my brains ta'en out and buttered, and give them to a dog for a new-year's gift. The rogues slighted me into the river with as little remorse as they would have drowned a blind bitch's puppies, fifteen i' the litter: and you may know by my size that I have a kind of alacrity in sinking; if the bottom were as deep as hell, I should down. I had been drowned, but that the shore was shelvy and shallow. And drowning is a death that I abhor; for the water swells a man; and what a thing should I have been when I had been swelled!

*Re-enter BARDOLPH with his drink:*

*A Dean Martin-sized Martini glass*

BARDOLPH

Here's Mistress Quickly, sir, to speak with you.

FALSTAFF

Let me pour in some sack to the Thames water; for my belly's as cold as if I had swallowed snowballs for pills to cool the reins. Call her in.

BARDOLPH

Come in, woman!

*FALSTAFF downs the oversize Martini*

*Enter MISTRESS QUICKLY*

MISTRESS QUICKLY

By your leave; I cry you mercy: give your worship good morrow.

FALSTAFF

Bardolph, another.

*Exit BARDOLPH*

FALSTAFF

How now!

MISTRESS QUICKLY

Marry, sir, I come to your worship from Mistress Ford.

FALSTAFF

Mistress Ford! I have had ford enough; I was thrown into the ford; I have my belly full of ford.

MISTRESS QUICKLY

Alas the day! good heart, that was not her fault: she does so take on with her men; they mistook their erection.

FALSTAFF

So did I mine, to build upon a foolish woman's promise.

MISTRESS QUICKLY

Well, she laments, sir, for it, that it would yearn your heart to see it. Her husband goes this morning

a-birding; she desires you once more to come to her  
In the same place between eight and nine:  
I must carry her word quickly: she'll make you amends,  
I warrant you.

FALSTAFF

Well, I will visit her: tell her so; and bid her  
think what a man is: let her consider his frailty,  
and then judge of my merit.

MISTRESS QUICKLY

I will tell her.

FALSTAFF

Do so. Between nine and ten, sayest thou?

MISTRESS QUICKLY

Eight and nine, sir.

FALSTAFF

Well, be gone: I will not miss her.

MISTRESS QUICKLY

Peace be with you, sir.

*Exit*

FALSTAFF

I marvel I hear not of Master Brook; he sent me word  
to stay within: I like his money well.

*BARDOLPH returns with the drink*

BARDOLPH

Master Brook has arrived!

*Enter FORD still disguised*

2 m 2                      Once again, we hear the Ford-in disguise theme    russian sting

FORD

Bless you, sir!

FALSTAFF

Now, master Brook, you come to know what hath passed between me and Ford's wife?

FORD

That, indeed, Sir John, is my business.

FALSTAFF

Master Brook, I will not lie to you: I met her the hour she appointed me.

FORD

And sped you, sir?

FALSTAFF

Very ill-favoredly, Master Brook.

FORD

How so, sir? Did she change her determination?

FALSTAFF

No, Master Brook; but in the instant of our encounter, after we had embraced, kissed, protested, and, as it were, spoke the prologue of our comedy; Comes but the peaking cuckold, her husband, dwelling in a continual 'larum of jealousy, and at his heels a rabble of his companions, thither provoked and instigated by his distemper, and, forsooth, to search his house for his wife's love.

FORD

What, while you were there?

FALSTAFF

While I was there.

FORD

And did he search for you, and could not find you?

FALSTAFF

You shall hear. As good luck would have it, comes in one Mistress Page; gives intelligence of Ford's approach; and, in her invention and Ford's wife's

distraction, they conveyed me into a buck-basket.

FORD

A buck-basket!

FALSTAFF

By the Lord, a buck-basket! rammed me in with foul shirts and smocks, socks, foul stockings, greasy napkins; that, Master Brook, there was the rankest compound of villainous smell that ever offended nostril.

FORD

And how long lay you there?

FALSTAFF

Nay, you shall hear, Master Brook, what I have suffered to bring this woman to evil for your good. Being thus crammed in the basket, a couple of Ford's knaves, his hinds, were called forth by their mistress to carry me in the name of foul clothes to Datchet-lane: thy rolled me out; met the jealous knave their master in the door, who asked them once or twice what they had in their basket: I quaked for fear, lest the lunatic knave would have searched it; but fate, ordaining he should be a cuckold, held his hand. Well: on went he for a search, and away went I for foul clothes. But mark the sequel, Master Brook: I suffered the pangs of three several deaths; first, an intolerable fright, to be detected with a jealous rotten bell-wether; next, to be compassed, like a good bilbo, in the circumference of a peck, hilt to point, heel to head; and then, to be stopped in, like a strong distillation, with stinking clothes that fretted in their own grease: think of that,--a man of my kidney,--think of that,-- it was a miracle to scape suffocation. And in the height of this bath, when I was more than half stewed in grease, like a Dutch dish, to be thrown into the pond, and cooled, glowing hot, in that surge, like a horse-shoe; think of that,--hissing hot,--think of that, Master Brook.

FORD

In good sadness, I am sorry that for my sake you have suffered all this. My suit then is desperate; you'll undertake her no more?

FALSTAFF

Master Brook, I will be thrown into Etna, as I have been into the canal, ere I will leave her thus. Her husband is this morning gone a-birding: I have received from her another embassy of meeting; 'twixt eight and nine is the hour, Master Brook.

FORD

'Tis past eight already, sir.

FALSTAFF

Is it? I will then address me to my appointment. Come to me at your convenient leisure, and you shall know how I speed; and the conclusion shall be crowned with your enjoying her. Adieu. You shall have her, Master Brook; Master Brook, you shall cuckold Ford.

*Exit*

FORD

Hum! ha! is this a vision? is this a dream? do I sleep? Master Ford awake! awake, Master Ford! there's a hole made in your best coat, Master Ford. This 'tis to be married! this 'tis to have linen and buck-baskets! Well, I will proclaim myself what I am: I will now take the lecher; he is at my house; he cannot 'scape me; 'tis impossible he should; he cannot creep into a halfpenny purse, nor into a pepper-box: but, lest the devil that guides him should aid him, I will search impossible places. Though what I am I cannot avoid, yet to be what I would not shall not make me tame: if I have horns to make one mad, let the proverb go with me: I'll be horn-mad.

*Exit*

**ACT II****Scene 2**

**A gazebo on the grounds, lit up delightfully and romantically.  
It is evening.**

*Enter FENTON and ANNE PAGE*

FENTON

I see I cannot get thy father's love;  
Therefore no more turn me to him, sweet Anne  
He doth object I am too great of birth--,  
And that, my state being gall'd with my expense,  
I seek to heal it only by his wealth:  
Besides these, other bars he lays before me,  
My riots past, my wild societies;  
And tells me 'tis a thing impossible  
I should love thee but as a property.

ANNE PAGE

May be he tells you true.

FENTON

No, heaven so speed me in my time to come!  
Albeit I will confess thy father's wealth  
Was the first motive that I woo'd thee, Anne:  
Yet, wooing thee, I found thee of more value  
Than stamps in gold or sums in sealed bags;  
And 'tis the very riches of thyself  
That now I aim at.

ANNE PAGE

Gentle Master Fenton,  
Yet seek my father's love; still seek it, sir:  
If opportunity and humblest suit  
Cannot attain it, why, then,--hark you hither!

*They converse apart*

*Enter SHALLOW, SLENDER, and MISTRESS QUICKLY*

SHALLOW

Break their talk, Mistress Quickly: my kinsman shall speak for himself.

SLENDER

I'll make a shaft or a bolt on't: 'slid, 'tis but venturing.

SHALLOW

Be not dismayed.

SLENDER

No, she shall not dismay me: I care not for that, but that I am afeard.

MISTRESS QUICKLY

Hark ye; Master Slender would speak a word with you.

ANNE PAGE

I come to him.

*Aside*

This is my father's choice.

O, what a world of vile ill-favor'd faults

Looks handsome in three hundred pounds a-year!

MISTRESS QUICKLY

And how does good Master Fenton? Pray you, a word with you.

*FENTON and QUICKLY go apart*

SHALLOW

She's coming; to her, coz. O boy, thou hadst a father!

SLENDER

I had a father, Mistress Anne; my uncle can tell you good jests of him. Pray you, uncle, tell Mistress Anne the jest, how my father stole two geese out of a pen, good uncle.

SHALLOW

Mistress Anne, my cousin loves you.

SLENDER

Ay, that I do; as well as I love any woman at  
The Windsor

SHALLOW

He will maintain you like a gentlewoman.

SLENDER

Ay, that I will, come cut and long-tail, under the  
degree of a squire.

SHALLOW

He will make you a hundred and fifty pounds jointure.

ANNE PAGE

Good Master Shallow, let him woo for himself.

SHALLOW

Marry, I thank you for it; I thank you for that good  
comfort. She calls you, coz: I'll leave you.

*After an awkward silence*

ANNE PAGE

Now, Master Slender,--

SLENDER

Now, good Mistress Anne,--

ANNE PAGE

What is your will?

SLENDER

My will! 'od's heartlings, that's a pretty jest  
indeed! I ne'er made my will yet, I thank heaven; I  
am not such a sickly creature, I give heaven praise.

ANNE PAGE

I mean, Master Slender, what would you with me?

SLENDER

Truly, for mine own part, I would little or nothing with you. Your father and my uncle hath made motions: if it be my luck, so; if not, happy man be his dole! They can tell you how things go better than I can: you may ask your father; here he comes.

*Enter PAGE and MISTRESS PAGE*

PAGE

Now, Master Slender: love him, daughter Anne. Why, how now! what does Master Fenton here? You wrong me, sir, thus still to haunt my house: I told you, sir, my daughter is disposed of.

FENTON

Nay, Master Page, be not impatient.

MISTRESS PAGE

Good Master Fenton, come not to my child.

PAGE

She is no match for you.

FENTON

Sir, will you hear me?

PAGE

No, good Master Fenton.  
Come, Master Shallow; come, son Slender, in.  
Knowing my mind, you wrong me, Master Fenton.

*Exeunt PAGE, SHALLOW, and SLENDER*

MISTRESS QUICKLY

Speak to Mistress Page.

FENTON

Good Mistress Page, for that I love your daughter  
In such a righteous fashion as I do,  
Perforce, against all cheques, rebukes and manners,  
I must advance the colours of my love  
And not retire: let me have your good will.

ANNE PAGE

Good mother, do not marry me to yond fool.

MISTRESS PAGE

I mean it not; I seek you a better husband.

MISTRESS QUICKLY

That's my master, master doctor.

ANNE PAGE

Alas, I had rather be set quick i' the earth  
And bowl'd to death with turnips!

MISTRESS PAGE

Come, trouble not yourself. Good Master Fenton,  
I will not be your friend nor enemy:  
My daughter will I question how she loves you,  
And as I find her, so am I affected.  
Till then farewell, sir: she must needs go in;  
Her father will be angry.

FENTON

Farewell, gentle mistress: farewell, Anne.

*Exeunt MISTRESS PAGE and ANNE PAGE*

MISTRESS QUICKLY

This is my doing, now: 'Nay,' said I, 'will you cast  
away your child on a fool, and a physician? Look on  
Master Fenton:' this is my doing.

FENTON

I thank thee; and I pray thee, once to-night  
Give my sweet Anne this ring: there's for thy pains.

MISTRESS QUICKLY

Now heaven send thee good fortune!

*Exit*

FENTON

A kind heart he hath: a woman would run through

fire and water for such a kind heart. But yet I would my master had Mistress Anne; or I would Master Slender had her; or, in sooth, I would Master Fenton had her; I will do what I can for them all three; for so I have promised, and I'll be as good as my word; but speciously for Master Fenton. Well, I must of another errand to Sir John Falstaff from my two mistresses: what a beast am I to slack it!

*Exit*

**2 m 4** Recall A similar piece of music as before, which anticipates an adulterous tryst

## **Act II**

### **Scene 3**

#### **The Laundry Room**

*Enter FALSTAFF and MISTRESS FORD*

FALSTAFF

Mistress Ford, your sorrow hath eaten up my sufferance. I see you are obsequious in your love, and I profess requital to a hair's breadth; not only, Mistress Ford, in the simple office of love, but in all the accoutrement, complement and ceremony of it. But are you sure of your husband now?

MISTRESS FORD

He's a-drinking, sweet Sir John.

MISTRESS PAGE

[Within] What, ho, gossip Ford! what, ho!

MISTRESS FORD

Step into the chamber, Sir John.

*FALSTAFF HIDES*

*Enter MISTRESS PAGE*

MISTRESS PAGE

How now, sweetheart! who's at home besides yourself?

MISTRESS FORD

Why, none.

MISTRESS PAGE

Indeed!

MISTRESS FORD

No, certainly.

*(Aside to her)* Speak louder.

MISTRESS PAGE

Truly, I am so glad you have nobody here.

MISTRESS FORD

Why?

MISTRESS PAGE

Why, woman, your husband is in his old lunes again: he so takes on yonder with my husband; so rails against all married mankind; so curses all Eve's daughters, of what complexion soever; and so buffets himself on the forehead, crying, 'Peer out, peer out!' that any madness I ever yet beheld seemed but tameness, civility and patience, to this his distemper he is in now: I am glad the fat knight is not here.

MISTRESS FORD

Why, does he talk of him?

MISTRESS PAGE

Of none but him; and swears he was carried out, the last time he searched for him, in a basket; protests to my husband he is now here, and hath drawn him and the rest of their company from their sport, to make another experiment of his suspicion: but I am glad the knight is not here; now he shall see his own foolery.

MISTRESS FORD

How near is he, Mistress Page?

MISTRESS PAGE

Hard by; at street end; he will be here anon.

MISTRESS FORD

I am undone! The knight is here.

MISTRESS PAGE

Why then you are utterly shamed, and he's but a dead man. What a woman are you!--Away with him, away with him! better shame than murder.

FORD

Which way should he go? how should I bestow him?  
Shall I put him into the basket again?

*Re-enter FALSTAFF*

FALSTAFF

No, I'll come no more i' the basket. May I not go out ere he come?

MISTRESS PAGE

Alas, three of Master Ford's brothers watch the door with pistols, that none shall issue out; otherwise you might slip away ere he came. But what make you here?

FALSTAFF

What shall I do? I'll creep up into the chimney.

MISTRESS FORD

There they always use to discharge their birding-pieces. Creep into the kiln-hole.

FALSTAFF

Where is it?

MISTRESS FORD

He will seek there, on my word. Neither press, coffer, chest, trunk, well, vault, but he hath an abstract for the remembrance of such places, and goes to them by his note: there is no hiding you in the house.

FALSTAFF

I'll go out then.

MISTRESS PAGE

If you go out in your own semblance, you die, Sir John. Unless you go out disguised--

MISTRESS FORD

How might we disguise him?

MISTRESS PAGE

Alas the day, I know not! There is no woman's gown big enough for him otherwise he might put on a hat, a muffler and a kerchief, and so escape.

FALSTAFF

Good hearts, devise something: any extremity rather than a mischief.

*They run frantically around, searching for something big enough for Falstaff. They find a large bedspread for a gown, and a bedsheet when rolled serves as a belt, and a pillowcase which becomes a kind-of hat.*

2 m 5

A brief underscore of music assists the mood here which is comically frantic

20 seconds

MISTRESS FORD

My maid's aunt, the fat woman of Brentford!

MISTRESS PAGE

On my word, it will serve him!

MISTRESS FORD

Go, go, sweet Sir John: Mistress Page and I will look some linen for your head.

MISTRESS PAGE

Quick, quick!

*Exit FALSTAFF*

MISTRESS FORD

I would my husband would meet him in this shape: he

cannot abide the old woman of Brentford; he swears she's a witch, and hath threatened to beat her.

MISTRESS PAGE

Heaven guide him to thy husband's cudgel, and the devil guide his cudgel afterwards!

MISTRESS FORD

But is my husband coming?

MISTRESS PAGE

Ah, in good sadness, is he; and talks of the basket too.

MISTRESS FORD

We'll try that; for I'll appoint my men to carry the basket again, to meet him at the door with it, as they did last time.

MISTRESS PAGE

Nay, but he'll be here presently: let's go dress him like the witch of Brentford.

MISTRESS FORD

I'll first direct my men what they shall do with the basket. Go up; I'll bring linen for him straight.

*Exit*

MISTRESS PAGE

Hang him, dishonest varlet! we cannot misuse him enough. We'll leave a proof, by that which we will do, Wives may be merry, and yet honest too:

*Exit*

*Re-enter MISTRESS FORD with two laundry attendants*

MISTRESS FORD

Go, sirs, roll the basket again: your master is hard at door; if he bid you open it, obey him: quickly, dispatch.

*Exit*

FIRST SERVANT

Come, come, take it up

SECOND SERVANT

Pray heaven it be not full of knight again.

FIRST SERVANT

I hope not; I had as lief bear so much lead.

*Enter FORD, PAGE, SHALLOW, DOCTOR CAIUS, and SIR HUGH EVANS*

FORD

Stop! Do not move the basket, villain! Somebody call my wife.  
Youth in a basket! O you panderly rascals! there's a knot, a ging, a  
pack, a conspiracy against me: now shall the devil  
be shamed. What, wife, I say! Come, come forth!  
Behold what honest clothes you send forth to bleaching!

PAGE

Why, this passes, Master Ford; you are not to go  
loose any longer; you must be pinioned.

SIR HUGH EVANS

Why, this is lunatics! this is mad as a mad dog!

SHALLOW

Indeed, Master Ford, this is not well, indeed.

FORD

So say I too, sir.

*Re-enter MISTRESS FORD*

Come hither, Mistress Ford; Mistress Ford the honest  
woman, the modest wife, the virtuous creature, that  
hath the jealous fool to her husband! I suspect  
without cause, mistress, do I?

MISTRESS FORD

Heaven be my witness you do, if you suspect me in  
any dishonesty.

FORD

Well said, brazen-face! hold it out. Come forth, sirrah!

*Pulling clothes out of the basket..*

PAGE

This passes!

MISTRESS FORD

Are you not ashamed? let the clothes alone.

FORD

I shall find you anon.

SIR HUGH EVANS

'Tis unreasonable! Come away.

FORD

Empty the basket, I say!

MISTRESS FORD

Why, man, why?

FORD

Master Page, as I am a man, there was one conveyed out of my house yesterday in this basket: why may not he be there again? In my house I am sure he is: my intelligence is true; my jealousy is reasonable.

SHALLOW

By my fidelity, this is not well, Master Ford; this wrongs you.

SIR HUGH EVANS

Master Ford, you must pray, and not follow the imaginations of your own heart: this is jealousies.

*In crazy-mad frustration, FORD dives into the basket*

FORD

Well, he's not here I seek for.

PAGE

No, nor nowhere else but in your brain.

FORD

Help to search my house this one time. If I find not what I seek, show no colour for my extremity; let me for ever be your table-sport. Satisfy me once more; once more search with me.

MISTRESS FORD

What, ho, Mistress Page! come you and the old woman down; my husband will come into the chamber.

FORD

Old woman! what old woman's that?

MISTRESS FORD

Nay, it is my maid's aunt of Brentford.

FORD

The fat witch of Brentford?  
She works by charms, by spells,  
by the figure, and such daubery as this is, beyond  
our element we know nothing. Come down, you witch,  
you hag, you; come down, I say!

*Re-enter MISTRESS PAGE and FALSTAFF still dressed in the linens, but now he has added makeup to the look.*

MISTRESS PAGE

Come, Mother Prat; come, give me your hand.

FORD

Mother Prat. I'll prat her.

*A wild chase ensues*

*Exit FALSTAFF*

MISTRESS PAGE

Are you not ashamed? I think you have killed the poor woman.

FORD

Hang her, witch!

SIR HUGH EVANS

By the yea and no, I think the 'oman is a witch  
indeed: I like not when a 'oman has a great beard;

FORD

Will you follow, gentlemen? I beseech you, follow;  
see but the issue of my jealousy: if I cry out thus  
upon no trail, never trust me when I open again.

PAGE

Let's obey his humour a little further: come,  
Gentlemen.

*Exeunt FORD, PAGE, SHALLOW, DOCTOR CAIUS, and SIR HUGH EVANS*

MISTRESS PAGE

Trust me, he beat him most pitifully.

MISTRESS FORD

Nay, by the mass, that he did not; methought he  
beat him most unpitifully. But what think you?  
may we, with the warrant of womanhood and the  
witness of a good conscience, pursue him with any  
further revenge?

MISTRESS PAGE

The spirit of wantonness is, sure, scared out of  
him: he will never, I think, attempt us again.

MISTRESS FORD

Shall we tell our husbands how we have served him?

MISTRESS PAGE

Yes, by all means; if it be but to scrape the  
figures out of your husband's brains

MISTRESS FORD

I'll warrant they'll have him publicly shamed: and  
methinks there would be no period to the jest,  
should he not be publicly shamed.

MISTRESS PAGE

Come, to the forge with it then; shape it: I would not have things cool.

*Exeunt*

*As a transition between these two scenes, we see Falstaff, still on the run. Escaping through Kingsmen Park*

**2 m 6a**      Comic escape music is heard. A theme perfect for a portly drunkard who is clumsily winding his way among the picnic baskets. 30 seconds

## **ACT II**

### **Scene 4**

#### **Outdoors at the resort**

*Enter Host and BARDOLPH*

BARDOLPH

Sir, the Germans desire to have three of your horses: the duke himself will be to-morrow at court, and they are going to meet him.

HOST

What duke should that be comes so secretly? I hear not of him in the court. Let me speak with the gentlemen: they speak English?

BARDOLPH

Ay, sir; I'll call them to you.

Host

They shall have my horses; but I'll make them pay; I'll sauce them: they have had my house a week at command; I have turned away my other guests: they must come off; I'll sauce them. Come.

*Enter PAGE, FORD, MISTRESS PAGE, MISTRESS FORD, and SIR HUGH EVANS*

SIR HUGH EVANS

'Tis one of the best discretions of a 'oman as ever  
I did look upon.

PAGE

And did he send you both these letters at an instant?

MISTRESS PAGE

Within a quarter of an hour.

FORD

Pardon me, wife. Henceforth do what thou wilt;  
I rather will suspect the sun with cold  
Than thee with wantonness: now doth thy honour stand  
In him that was of late an heretic,  
As firm as faith.

PAGE

'Tis well, 'tis well; no more:  
But let our plot go forward: let our wives  
Yet once again, to make us public sport,  
Appoint a meeting with this old fat fellow,  
Where we may take him and disgrace him for it.

FORD

There is no better way than that they spoke of.

PAGE

How? to send him word they'll meet him in the park  
at midnight? Fie, fie! he'll never come.

SIR HUGH EVANS

You say he has been thrown in the rivers and has  
been grievously peaten as an old witch: methinks  
there should be terrors in him that he should not  
come; methinks his flesh is punished, he shall have  
no desires.

PAGE

So think I too.

MISTRESS FORD

Devise but how you'll use him when he comes,

And let us two devise to bring him thither.

MISTRESS PAGE

There is an old tale goes that Herne the hunter,  
Sometime a keeper here in forest dark,  
Doth all the winter-time, at still midnight,  
Walk round about an oak, with great ragg'd horns;  
And there he blasts the tree and takes the cattle  
And makes milch-kine yield blood and shakes a chain  
In a most hideous and dreadful manner:  
You have heard of such a spirit, and well you know  
The superstitious idle-headed eld  
Received and did deliver to our age  
This tale of Herne the hunter for a truth.

PAGE

But what of this?

MISTRESS FORD

Marry, this is our device;  
That Falstaff at that oak shall meet with us.

PAGE

Well, let it not be doubted but he'll come:  
And in this shape when you have brought him thither,  
What shall be done with him? what is your plot?

MISTRESS PAGE

That likewise have we thought upon, and thus:  
Our plot shall be that Nan my daughter will  
With three or four more of her growth be dressed  
Like urchins, ouphes and fairies, green and white,  
With rounds of waxen tapers on their heads,  
And rattles in their hands: upon a sudden,  
As Falstaff, she and I, are newly met,  
Let them from forth a sawpit rush at once  
With some diffused song: upon their sight,  
We two in great amazedness will fly:  
Then let them all encircle him about  
And, fairy-like, to-pinch the unclean knight,  
And ask him why, that hour of fairy revel,  
In their so sacred paths he dares to tread  
In shape profane.



SIR HUGH EVANS

Let us about it: it is admirable pleasures and fery honest knaveries.

*Exeunt PAGE, FORD, and SIR HUGH EVANS*

MISTRESS PAGE

Go, Mistress Ford,  
Send quickly to Sir John, to know his mind.

*Exit MISTRESS FORD*

I'll to the doctor: he hath my good will,  
And none but he, to marry with Nan Page.  
That Slender, though well landed, is an idiot;  
And he my husband best of all affects.  
The doctor is well money'd, and his friends  
Potent at court: he, none but he, shall have her,  
Though twenty thousand worthier come to crave her.

Exit

**2 m 6 b** Transition music finishes Falstaff's escape

## **ACT II**

### **Scene 5**

#### **In front of Falstaff's cabin**

*We see Falstaff still escaping, and still dressed as the witch. He runs into his cabin*

*Enter SIMPLE, who is stopped by the Host*

HOST

What wouldst thou have, boor? what: thick-skin?  
speak, breathe, discuss; brief, short, quick, snap.

SIMPLE

There's an old woman, a fat woman, gone up into Sir John's cabin: I'll be so bold as stay, sir, till she come out; I come to speak with her, indeed.

HOST

Ha! a fat woman! the knight may be robbed: I'll call. Bully knight! bully Sir John! speak from thy lungs military: art thou there? it is thine host, thine Ephesian, calls.

FALSTAFF

How now, mine host!

HOST

Here's a Bohemian-Tartar carries the coming out of thy fat woman. Let her come out bully, let her descend; my chambers are honourable.

*Re-Enter FALSTAFF, having removed most of his disguise*

FALSTAFF

There was, mine host, an old fat woman even now with me; but she's gone.

SIMPLE

Pray you, sir, was't not the wise woman of Brentford?

FALSTAFF

Ay, marry, was it.

SIMPLE

I would I could have spoken with the woman herself; I had things to have spoken with her from Master Slender.

FALSTAFF

What are they? let us know.

HOST

Ay, come; quick.

SIMPLE

I may not conceal them, sir.

HOST

Conceal them, or thou diest.

SIMPLE

Why, sir, they were nothing but about Mistress Anne Page; to know if it were my master's fortune to have her or no.

FALSTAFF

'Tis, 'tis his fortune.

SIMPLE

What, sir?

FALSTAFF

To have her, or no. Go; say the woman told me so.

SIMPLE

I thank your worship: I shall make my master glad with these tidings.

*Exit*

HOST

Thou art clerkly, thou art clerkly, Sir John. Was there a fat woman with thee?

FALSTAFF

Ay, that there was, mine host; one that hath taught me more wit than ever I learned before in my life; and I paid nothing for it neither, but was paid for my learning.

*HOST exits*

FALSTAFF

If it should come to the ear of the court, how I have been transformed and how my transformation hath been washed and cudgelled, they would melt me out of my fat drop by drop and liquor fishermen's boots with me; I warrant they would whip me with their fine wits till I were as crest-fallen as a dried pear. I never prospered since I forswore myself at primero. Well, if my wind were but long enough to say my prayers, I would repent.

*Enter MISTRESS QUICKLY*

Now, whence come you?

MISTRESS QUICKLY

From the two parties, forsooth.

FALSTAFF

The devil take one party and his dam the other! and so they shall be both bestowed. I have suffered more for their sakes, more than the villainous inconstancy of man's disposition is able to bear.

MISTRESS QUICKLY

And have not they suffered? Yes, I warrant; speciously one of them; Mistress Ford, good heart, is beaten black and blue, that you cannot see a white spot about her.

FALSTAFF

What tellest thou me of black and blue? I was beaten myself into all the colours of the rainbow; and I was like to be apprehended for the witch of Brentford: but that my admirable dexterity of wit, my counterfeiting the action of an old woman, delivered me, the knave constable had set me i' the stocks, i' the common stocks, for a witch.

MISTRESS QUICKLY

Sir, let me speak with you: you shall hear how things go; and, I warrant, to your content. Here is a letter will say somewhat. Good hearts, what ado here is to bring you together! Sure, one of you does not serve heaven well, that you are so crossed.

FALSTAFF

Prithee, no more prattling; go. I'll hold. This is the third time; I hope good luck lies in odd numbers. Away I go. They say there is divinity in odd numbers, either in nativity, chance, or death. Away!

MISTRESS QUICKLY

I'll provide you a chain; and I'll do what I can to get you a pair of horns.

FALSTAFF

Away, I say; time wears: hold up your head, and mince.

*Exit MISTRESS QUICKLY*

*Enter FORD still disguised*

2 m 7 Ford-in-disguise theme, again. (russian)

How now, Master Brook! Master Brook, the matter will be known to-night, or never. Be you in the forest about midnight, at Herne's oak, and you shall see wonders.

FORD

Went you not to her yesterday, sir, as you told me you had appointed?

FALSTAFF

I went to her, Master Brook, as you see, like a poor old man: but I came from her, Master Brook, like a poor old woman. That same knave Ford, her husband, hath the finest mad devil of jealousy in him, Master Brook, that ever governed frenzy. I will tell you: he beat me grievously. I am in haste; go along with me: I'll tell you all, Master Brook. Follow me: I'll tell you strange things of this knave Ford, on whom to-night I will be revenged, and I will deliver his wife into your hand. Follow. Strange things in hand, Master Brook! Follow!

*Exeunt*

2 m 8 Transition music is a return to Fenton's theme

**ACT 2**  
**Scene 6**  
**The Garter Lounge**

*FENTON enters to discover the HOST*

HOST

Master Fenton, talk not to me.

FENTON

Yet hear me speak. Assist me in my purpose,  
And, as I am a gentleman, I'll give thee  
A hundred pound in gold more than your loss.

HOST

I will hear you, Master Fenton.

FENTON

From time to time I have acquainted you  
With the dear love I bear to fair Anne Page;  
Who mutually hath answer'd my affection,  
So far forth as herself might be her chooser,  
Even to my wish: I have a letter from her  
Of such contents as you will wonder at.  
To-night at Herne's oak, just 'twixt twelve and one,  
Must my sweet Anne present a Fairy masque  
The purpose why, is here: in which disguise,  
While other jests are something rank on foot,  
Her father hath commanded her to slip  
Away with Slender and with him at Eton  
Immediately to marry: she hath consented: Now, then,  
Her mother, ever strong against that match  
And firm for Doctor Caius, hath appointed  
That he shall likewise shuffle her away.  
And at the deanery, where a priest attends,  
Straight marry her: to this her mother's plot  
She seemingly obedient likewise hath  
Made promise to the doctor. Now, thus it rests:  
Her father means she shall be all in white,  
And in that habit, when Slender sees his time  
To take her by the hand and bid her go,  
She shall go with him: her mother hath intended,

The better to denote her to the doctor,  
For they must all be mask'd and vizarded,  
That quaint in green she shall be loose enrobed,  
With ribands pendent, flaring 'bout her head;  
And when the doctor spies his vantage ripe,  
To pinch her by the hand, and, on that token,  
The maid hath given consent to go with him.

HOST

Which means she to deceive, father or mother?

FENTON

Both, my good host, to go along with me:  
And here it rests, that you'll procure the vicar  
To stay for me at church 'twixt twelve and one,  
And, in the lawful name of marrying,  
To give our hearts united ceremony.

HOST

Well, husband your device; I'll to the vicar:  
Bring you the maid, you shall not lack a priest.

FENTON

So shall I evermore be bound to thee;  
Besides, I'll make a present recompense.

*Exeunt*

**2 m 9**      Music anticipates Robert Mueller-level collusion on a massive scale between multiple parties, 20 seconds

## **ACT II**

### **SCENE 8**

**Outdoors, near the lake at night.**

*Enter PAGE, SHALLOW, and SLENDER*

PAGE

Come, come; we'll couch i' the castle-ditch till we  
see the light of our fairies. Remember, son Slender,  
my daughter.

SLENDER

Ay, forsooth; I have spoke with her and we have a code-word how to know one another: I come to her in white, and cry 'mum;' she cries 'budget;' and by that we know one another.

*Shallow considers this dumb idea for a moment*

SHALLOW

'mum'? 'budget? Why need you that? The white will decipher her well enough.

PAGE

The night is dark; light and spirits will become it well. Heaven prosper our sport! No man means evil but the devil, and we shall know him by his horns. Let's away; follow me.

*Exeunt*

*Enter MISTRESS PAGE, MISTRESS FORD, and DOCTOR CAIUS*

MISTRESS PAGE

Master doctor, my daughter is in green: when you see your time, take her by the band, away with her to the deanery, and dispatch it quickly. Go before into the forest: we two must go together.

DOCTOR CAIUS

I know vat I have to do. Adieu.

MISTRESS PAGE

Fare you well, sir.

*Exit DOCTOR CAIUS*

My husband will not rejoice so much at the abuse of Falstaff as he will chafe at the doctor's marrying my daughter: but 'tis no matter; better a little chiding than a great deal of heart-break.

MISTRESS FORD

Where is Anne now and her troop of fairies, and the Welsh devil Hugh?

MISTRESS PAGE

They are all couched in a pit hard by Herne's oak,  
with obscured lights; which, at the very instant of  
Falstaff's and our meeting, they will at once  
display to the night.

MISTRESS FORD

That cannot choose but amaze him.

MISTRESS PAGE

If he be not amazed, he will be mocked; if he be  
amazed, he will every way be mocked.

MISTRESS FORD

We'll betray him finely.

MISTRESS PAGE

Against such lewdsters and their lechery  
Those that betray them do no treachery.

MISTRESS FORD

The hour draws on. The forest. The forest.

*Exeunt*

*Enter SIR HUGH EVANS, disguised, with the ENSEMBLE as Fairies*

SIR HUGH EVANS

Trib, trib, fairies; come; and remember your parts:  
be pold, I pray you; follow me into the pit; and  
when I give the watch-ords, do as I bid you:  
come, come; trib, trib.

*Exeunt*

*Enter FALSTAFF disguised as Herne*

FALSTAFF

The Windsor bell hath struck twelve; the minute  
draws on. Now, the hot-blooded gods assist me!  
Remember, Jove, thou wast a bull for thy Europa; love  
set on thy horns. O powerful love! that, in some  
respects, makes a beast a man, in some other, a man  
a beast. You were also, Jupiter, a swan for the love

of Leda. O omnipotent Love! how near the god drew to the complexion of a goose! A fault done first in the form of a beast. O Jove, a beastly fault! And then another fault in the semblance of a fowl; think on 't, Jove; a foul fault! When gods have hot backs, what shall poor men do? For me, I am here a Windsor stag; and the fattest, I think, i' the forest. Send me a cool rut-time, Jove, or who can blame me to piss my tallow? Who comes here? my doe?

*Enter MISTRESS FORD and MISTRESS PAGE*

MISTRESS FORD

Sir John! art thou there, my deer? my male deer?

FALSTAFF

My doe with the black scut! Let the sky rain potatoes; let it thunder to the tune of Green Sleeves, hail kissing-comfits and snow eringoes; let there come a tempest of provocation, I will shelter me here.

MISTRESS FORD

Mistress Page is come with me, sweetheart.

FALSTAFF

Divide me like a bribe buck, each a haunch: I will keep my sides to myself, my shoulders for the fellow of this walk, and my horns I bequeath your husbands. Am I a woodman, ha? Speak I like Herne the hunter? Why, now is Cupid a child of conscience; he makes restitution. As I am a true spirit, welcome!

*A Noise Within (no shade, just coincidence)*

MISTRESS PAGE

Alas, what noise?

MISTRESS FORD

Heaven forgive our sins

FALSTAFF

What should this be?

MISTRESS FORD and MISTRESS PAGE

Away, away!

*They run off*

FALSTAFF

I think the devil will not have me damned, lest the  
oil that's in me should set hell on fire; he would  
never else cross me thus.

*Enter SIR HUGH EVANS, disguised as before; with Sir Hugh's Ensemble of players*

*2 m 10 who are singing a sprightly tune, the words to which are ironically dark,*

*MISTRESS QUICKLY in disguise as her version of The Fairy Queen  
who inhabits the local woods.*

*(SPOKEN)* Fairies, black, grey, green, and white,  
You moonshine revellers and shades of night,  
You orphan heirs of fixed destiny,  
Attend your office and your quality.

PLAYER 1 *singing*

Cricket, to all the chimneys shalt thou leap:  
Where fires thou find'st unraked and hearths unswept,  
There pinch the maids as blue as bilberry:  
Our radiant queen hates sluts and sluttery.

FALSTAFF

They are fairies; he that speaks to them shall die:  
I'll wink and couch: no man their works must eye.

*Lies down upon his face*

PLAYER 2 *singing*

Where's Bede? Go you, and where you find a maid  
That, ere she sleep, has thrice her prayers said,  
But those as sleep and think not on their sins,  
Pinch them, arms, legs, backs, shoulders, sides and shins.

PLAYER 3 ANNE PAGE IN DISGUISE *singing*

About, about;  
Search throughout the wood, elves, within and out:  
And nightly, meadow-fairies, look you sing,

Like to the Garter's compass, in a ring:

PLAYER 4 *singing*

The expressure that it bears, green let it be,  
More fertile-fresh than all the field to see;  
And 'Honi soit qui mal y pense' write  
In emerald tufts, flowers purple, blue and white;

PLAYER 5 *singing*

Let sapphire, pearl and rich embroidery,  
Buckled below fair knighthood's bending knee:  
Away; disperse: the sun has set  
Of Herne the hunter, let us not forget.

SIR HUGH EVANS

*(spoken)* But, stay; I smell a man of middle-earth.  
Come, will this wood take fire?

*They burn him with their tapers*

FALSTAFF

*(spoken or rather, yelped)* Oh, Oh, Oh!

SIR HUGH EVANS

*(spoken)* About him, fairies; sing a scornful rhyme;  
And, as you trip, still pinch him to your time.

ALL PLAYERS *all singing as the chorus*

Fie on sinful fantasy!  
Fie on lust and luxury!  
Lust is but a bloody fire,  
Kindled with unchaste desire,  
Fed in heart, whose flames aspire  
As thoughts do blow them, higher and higher.  
Pinch him, fairies, mutually;  
Pinch him for his villany;  
Pinch him, and burn him, and turn him about,  
Till candles and starlight and moonshine be out.

*During this song they pinch FALSTAFF. DOCTOR CAIUS  
comes one way, and steals away an PLAYER 1  
in green; SLENDER steals PLAYER 2 (in white)  
and FENTON comes and steals away*

*ANNE PAGE. A noise of hunting is heard.*

*All the Fairies run away. FALSTAFF pulls off his buck's head, and rises  
Enter PAGE, FORD, MISTRESS PAGE, and MISTRESS FORD*

PAGE

Nay, do not fly; I think we have watch'd you now  
Will none but Herne the hunter serve your turn?

MISTRESS PAGE

I pray you, come, hold up the jest no higher  
Now, good Sir John, how like you merry wives?  
See you these, husband? do not these fair yokes  
Become the forest better than the town?

FORD

Now, sir, who's a cuckold now? Falstaff's a knave,  
a cuckoldly knave; here are his horns. He hath  
enjoyed nothing of Ford's but his buck-basket, his  
cudgel, and twenty pounds of money, which must be  
paid to Master Brook.

MISTRESS FORD

Sir John, we have had ill luck; we could never meet.  
I will never take you for my love again; but I will  
always count you my deer.

FALSTAFF

I do begin to perceive that I am made an ass.

FORD

Ay, and an ox too.

FALSTAFF

And these are not fairies? I was three or four  
times in the thought they were not fairies: and yet  
the guiltiness of my mind, the sudden surprise of my  
powers, drove the grossness of the foppery into a  
received belief, in despite of the teeth of all  
rhyme and reason, that they were fairies. See now  
how wit may be made a Jack-a-Lent, when 'tis upon  
ill employment!

SIR HUGH EVANS

Sir John Falstaff, serve Got, and leave your desires, and fairies will not pinse you.

FORD

Well said, fairy Hugh.

SIR HUGH EVANS

And leave your jealousies too, I pray you.

FORD

I will never mistrust my wife again till thou art able to woo her in good English.

FALSTAFF

Have I laid my brain in the sun and dried it, that it wants matter to prevent so gross o'erreaching as this? Am I ridden with a Welsh goat too? shall I have a coxcomb of frize? 'Tis time I were choked with a piece of toasted cheese.

SIR HUGH EVANS

Seese is not good to give putter; your belly is all putter.

FALSTAFF

'Seese' and 'putter'! have I lived to stand at the taunt of one that makes fritters of English?

MISTRESS PAGE

Why Sir John, do you think, though we would have the virtue out of our hearts by the head and shoulders and have given ourselves without scruple to hell, that ever the devil could have made you our delight?

FORD

What, a hodge-pudding? a bag of flax?

MISTRESS PAGE

A puffed man?

PAGE

Old, cold, withered and of intolerable entrails?

FORD

And one that is as slanderous as Satan?

PAGE

And as poor as Job?

FORD

And as wicked as his wife?

SIR HUGH EVANS

And given to fornications, and to taverns and sack  
and wine and metheglins, and to drinkings and  
swearings and starings, pribbles and prabbles?

FALSTAFF

Well, I am your theme: you have the start of me; I  
am dejected; I am not able to answer the Welsh  
flannel; use me as you will.

FORD

Marry, sir, we'll bring you to town, to one  
Master Brook, that you have cozened of money.  
I think to repay that sum will be a biting affliction.

PAGE

Yet be cheerful, knight: thou shalt eat a posset  
to-night at my table; where I will desire thee to  
laugh at my wife, that now laughs at thee: tell her  
Master Slender hath married her daughter.

MISTRESS PAGE

[Aside] Doctors doubt that: if Anne Page be my  
daughter, she is, by this, Doctor Caius' wife.

*Enter SLENDER with PLAYER 1*

SLENDER

Whoa ho! ho, father Page!

PAGE

Son, how now! how now, son! have you dispatched?

SLENDER

Dispatched? I would I were hanged!

PAGE

What, son?

SLENDER

I came yonder at Eton to marry Mistress Anne Page,  
and she's a great lubberly boy.

*A hood is pulled off PLAYER 1 to reveal... A guy!*

ENSEMBLE 1

Upon my life, then, you took the wrong.

SLENDER

What need you tell me that? I think so, when I took  
a boy for a girl. If I had been married to him, for  
all he was in woman's apparel, I would not have had  
him.

PAGE

Why, this is your own folly. Did not I tell you how  
you should know my daughter by her garments?

SLENDER

I went to her in white, and cried 'mum,' and she  
cried 'budget,' as Anne and I had appointed; and yet  
it was not Anne, but one of Sir Hugh's fairies.

MISTRESS PAGE

Good George, be not angry: I knew of your purpose;  
turned my daughter into green; and, indeed, she is  
now with the doctor at the deanery, and there married.

*Enter DOCTOR CAIUS with PLAYER 2 dressed in Green*

DOCTOR CAIUS

Vere is Mistress Page? By gar, I am a fooled. I am  
tricked. By gar it is not Anne Page...

*Caius takes off the hood to reveal...another guy.*

MISTRESS PAGE

Why, did you take her in green?

DOCTOR CAIUS

Not a 'her' by gar, but a 'him'

*Caius looks again at the young man, and figuring  
"why not give it a try?", he embraces his new groom.*

FORD

This is strange. Who hath got the right Anne?

PAGE

My heart misgives me: here comes Master Fenton.

*Enter FENTON and ANNE PAGE*

How now, Master Fenton!

ANNE PAGE

Pardon, good father! good my mother, pardon!

PAGE

Now, mistress, how chance you went not with Master Slender?

MISTRESS PAGE

Why went you not with master doctor, maid?

FENTON

You do amaze her: hear the truth of it.  
You would have married her most shamefully,  
Where there was no proportion held in love.  
The truth is, she and I, long since contracted,  
Are now so sure that nothing can dissolve us.  
The offence is holy that she hath committed;  
And this deceit loses the name of craft,  
Of disobedience, or unduteous title,  
Since therein she doth evitate and shun  
A thousand irreligious cursed hours,  
Which forced marriage would have brought upon her.

FORD

Stand not amazed; here is no remedy:

In love the heavens themselves do guide the state;  
Money buys lands, and wives are sold by fate.

PAGE

Well, what remedy? Fenton, heaven give thee joy!  
What cannot be eschew'd must be embraced.

MISTRESS PAGE

Well, I will muse no further. Master Fenton,  
Heaven give you many, many merry days!  
Good husband, let us every one go home,  
And laugh this sport o'er by a country fire;  
Sir John and all.

FORD

Let it be so. Sir John,  
To Master Brook you yet shall hold your word  
For he tonight shall lie with Mistress Ford.

FALSTAFF

I am glad, though you have ta'en a special stand to  
strike at me, that your arrow hath glanced.  
When night-dogs run, all sorts of deer are chased.

*A wedding masque which turns into the curtain call.*

**2 m 11**      *Recall opening theme. Provided that the tune the Ensemble sang to Falstaff,  
it should be that theme we use. 2 minutes*