William Shakespeare’s

The Merry Wives of Windsor

Kingsmen Shakespeare Festival
Summer 2019
PROLOGUE
The characters interact in a montage-like scene

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 Got in a riot.

SHALLOW
Hal o’ my life, if I were young again, the sword should end it.

SIR HUGH EVANS
It is petter that friends is the sword, and end it: and there is also another device in my prain, which peradventure prings goot 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 fery person for all the orld, as just as you will desire; and seven hundred pounds of moneys, and gold and silver, is her grandsire upon his death’s-bed—Got deliver to a joyful resurrections! --give, when she is able to overtake seventeen years old: it were a goot motion if we leave our pribbles 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 petter penny.

SLENDER
I know the young gentlewoman; she has good gifts.

SIR HUGH EVANS
Seven hundred pounds and possibilities is goot 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,

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! 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 challenge: I will cut his troat 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 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
(Stil 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 wooes 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
*MISTRESS 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 rushling, 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 Balenkov from Gilligan's Island. Look it up, it's got to be on YouTube somewhere

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 doting 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 gnawed 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-buttered
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
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 vorld; he is not show his face.

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

DOCTOR CAIUS  
I pray you, bear witness 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 snifters 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. Vherefore 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.

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

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 Poins; 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 pumplion; 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
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

BARDOLPH
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
Leading us into the scene, we hear a romantic piece of music, which is as painfully sweet as the couple it introduces.

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

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 be 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 peard;

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 discreetions 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.
MISTRESS FORD
And till he tell the truth,
Let the supposed fairies pinch him sound
And burn him with their tapers.

MISTRESS PAGE
The truth being known,
We'll all present ourselves, dis-horn the spirit,
And mock him home to Windsor.

FORD
The children must
Be practised well to this, or they'll ne'er do't.

SIR HUGH EVANS
I will teach the children their behaviors; and I
will be like a jack-an-apes also, to burn the
knight with my taber.

FORD
That will be excellent. I'll go and buy them vizards.

MISTRESS PAGE
My Nan shall be the queen of all the fairies,
Finely attired in a robe of white.

PAGE
That silk will I go buy.

Aside

And in that time
Shall Master Slender steal my Anne away
And marry her at Eton. Go send to Falstaff straight.

FORD
Nay I'll to him again in name of Brook
He'll tell me all his purpose: sure, he'll come.

MISTRESS PAGE
Fear not you that. Go get us properties
And tricking for our fairies.
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 tarries 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 enrob'd,
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 pid 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 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 God, 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’

*Caïus 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