

**RESOURCES FOR WORKSHOP WITH BRYONY LAVERY**  
**GETTING STARTED AND CREATING THEATRICAL CHARACTERS**  
**TUESDAY 20<sup>TH</sup> JANUARY 2015**

**EXTRACT FROM HENRY V BY WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE**  
**ACT TWO, SCENE THREE**

**London. Before a tavern.**

*Enter PISTOL, Hostess, NYM, BARDOLPH, and Boy*

**Hostess**

Prithee, honey-sweet husband, let me bring thee to Staines.

**PISTOL**

No; for my manly heart doth yearn.

Bardolph, be blithe: Nym, rouse thy vaunting veins:

Boy, bristle thy courage up; for Falstaff he is dead,

And we must yearn therefore.

**BARDOLPH**

Would I were with him, wheresome'er he is, either in heaven or in hell!

**Hostess**

Nay, sure, he's not in hell: he's in Arthur's bosom, if ever man went to Arthur's bosom. A' made a finer end and went away an it had been any christom child; a' parted even just between twelve and one, even at the turning o' the tide: for after I saw him fumble with the sheets and play with flowers and smile upon his fingers' ends, I knew there was but one way; for his nose was as sharp as a pen, and a' babbled of green fields. 'How now, sir John!' quoth I 'what, man! be o' good cheer.' So a' cried out 'God, God, God!' three or four times. Now I, to comfort him, bid him a' should not think of God; I hoped there was no need to trouble himself with any such thoughts yet. So a' bade me lay more clothes on his feet: I put my hand into the bed and felt them, and they were as cold as any stone; then I felt to his knees, and they were as cold as any stone, and so upward and upward, and all was as cold as any stone.

**NYM**

They say he cried out of sack.

**Hostess**

Ay, that a' did.

**BARDOLPH**

And of women.

**Hostess**

Nay, that a' did not.

**Boy**

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

**Hostess**

A' could never abide carnation; 'twas a colour he  
never liked.

**Boy**

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

**Hostess**

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

**Boy**

Do you not remember, a' saw a flea stick upon  
Bardolph's nose, and a' said it was a black soul  
burning in hell-fire?

**BARDOLPH**

Well, the fuel is gone that maintained that fire:  
that's all the riches I got in his service.

**NYM**

Shall we shog? the king will be gone from  
Southampton.

**PISTOL**

Come, let's away. My love, give me thy lips.  
Look to my chattels and my movables:  
Let senses rule; the word is 'Pitch and Pay:'  
Trust none;

For oaths are straws, men's faiths are wafer-cakes,  
And hold-fast is the only dog, my duck:  
Therefore, Caveto be thy counsellor.  
Go, clear thy c rystals. Yoke-fellows in arms,  
Let us to France; like horse-leeches, my boys,  
To suck, to suck, the very blood to suck!

**Boy**

And that's but unwholesome food they say.

**PISTOL**

Touch her soft mouth, and march.

**BARDOLPH**

Farewell, hostess.

*Kissing her*

**NYM**

I cannot kiss, that is the humour of it; but, adieu.

**PISTOL**

Let housewifery appear: keep close, I thee command.

**Hostess**

Farewell; adieu.

*Exeunt*