

2 Henry IV

5.4

Enter Beadles, dragging in Mistress Quickly and Doll Tearsheet

MISTRESS QUICKLY No, thou arrant knave! I would to God that I might die, that I might have thee hanged. Thou hast drawn my shoulder out of joint.

FIRST BEADLE The constables have delivered her over to me; and she shall have whipping-cheer, I warrant her. 5
There hath been a man or two killed about her.

DOLL TEARSHEET Nut-hook, nut-hook, you lie! Come on, I'll tell thee what, thou damned tripe-visaged rascal, an the child I go with do miscarry, thou wert better thou hadst struck thy mother, thou paper-faced villain. 10

MISTRESS QUICKLY O the Lord, that Sir John were come! He would make this a bloody day to somebody. But I pray God the fruit of her womb miscarry!

FIRST BEADLE If it do, you shall have a dozen of cushions again; you have but eleven now. Come, I charge you both go with me, for the man is dead that you and Pistol beat amongst you. 15

DOLL TEARSHEET I'll tell you what, you thin man in a censer, I will have you as soundly swung for this, you bluebottle rogue, you filthy famished correctioner! 20
If you be not swung, I'll forswear half-kirtles.

FIRST BEADLE Come, come, you she knight-errant, come!

MISTRESS QUICKLY O God, that right should thus o'ercome might! Well, of sufferance comes ease.

DOLL TEARSHEET Come, you rogue, come; bring me to a 25
justice.

MISTRESS QUICKLY Ay, come, you starved bloodhound.

DOLL TEARSHEET Goodman death, goodman bones!

MISTRESS QUICKLY Thou atomy, thou!

DOLL TEARSHEET Come, you thin thing; come, you rascal. 30

FIRST BEADLE Very well.

Exeunt