

Handout for Keegan, “Staging the Epilogue of *Henry IV, Part 2* at the Blackfriars”

The following is the Epilogue as cut for the 2010 production of *2 Henry IV* at the American Shakespeare Center’s Blackfriars Playhouse, directed by Ralph Alan Cohen who cut the text from the second Arden edition of the play, edited by A. R. Humphries.

First, my fear; then, my curtsy; last, my speech.
My fear, is your displeasure; my curtsy, my duty;
and my speech, to beg your pardons. If you look for a
good speech now, you undo me, for what I have to
say is of mine own making; and what indeed I should
say will, I doubt, prove mine own marring. But to
the purpose, and so to the venture. Be it known to
you, as it is very well, I was lately here in the end of a
displeasing play, to pray your patience for it, and to
promise you a better. I meant indeed to pay you
with this; which if like an ill venture it come un-
luckily home, I break, and you, my gentle creditors,
lose. Here I promised you I would be, and [H]ere I
commit my body to your mercies. Bate me some, and
I will pay you some, and, as most debtors do, pro-
mise you infinitely: and so I kneel down before you
—but, indeed, to pray for the Queen.
If my tongue cannot entreat you to acquit me, will
you command me to use my legs? And yet that were
but light payment, to dance out of your debt. *But a
good conscience will make any possible satisfaction,
and so would I.* All the gentlewomen here have for-
given me: if the gentlemen will not, then the gentle-
men do not agree with the gentlewomen, which
was never seen before in such an assembly.
One word more, I beseech you. If you be not too
much cloyed with fat meat, our humble author will
continue the story, with Sir John in it, and make you
merry with fair Katharine of France; where, for
anything I know, Falstaff shall die of a sweat, unless
already a be killed with your hard opinions; for ~~Old-
castle died martyr, and~~ this is not the man. My
tongue is weary; when my legs are too, I will bid you
good night.

Lyrics for Cake’s “End of the Movie” (written by John M. McCrea)

People you love
Will turn their backs on you
You'll lose your hair
Your teeth
Your knife will fall out of its sheath
But you still don't like to leave before the end of the movie
People you hate will get their hooks into you
They'll pull you down
You'll frown
They'll tar you and drag you through town
But you still don't like to leave before the end of the movie
No, you still don't like to leave before the end of the show
People you hate will get their hooks into you
They'll pull you down
You'll frown
They'll tar you and drag you through town
But you still don't like to leave before the end of the movie
No, you still don't like to leave before the end of the show