

## From How to Survive Being in a Shakespeare Play

By Don Zolidis

SOLDIER, a soldier in King Henry's army – not enthusiastic  
HENRY V, the young king of England – very enthusiastic

SOLDIER

Huh. Question:

*Raises his hand.*

Can we get some additional soldiers please?

HENRY V

What's he that wishes so?

SOLDIER (*raises hand*)

Um... me? My name's Dave I signed up for this army by mistake. I was hoping to have an administrative role. The most violent thing I've ever done is soccer, or, in England, football.

HENRY (*interrupting*)

If we are mark'd to die, we are enow  
To do our country loss; and if to live,  
The fewer men, the greater share of honour.  
God's will! I pray thee, wish not one man more.

SOLDIER

I'm not sure this is sound military strategy -

HENRY V

O, do not wish one more!

SOLDIER

How `bout like a thousand more? Or armored giant cats or something? We could ride them into battle.

HENRY V

Rather proclaim it,  
That he which hath no stomach to this fight,  
Let him depart;

SOLDIER

Ooh.

*He tries to leave, but the other soldiers stop him. HENRY is really getting into his inspirational speech now.*

HENRY V

We would not die in that man's company  
That fears his fellowship to die with us.

OTHER SOLDIERS (except SOLDIER)

I heard that. Woop. Aye. (Etc...)

HENRY V

This day is called the feast of Crispian:  
He that outlives this day, and comes safe home,  
Will stand a tip-toe when the day is named,  
And rouse him at the name of Crispian.

OTHER SOLDIERS

Yaasss! That's right. He speaks truth! (etc...)

HENRY V

He that shall live this day, and see old age,  
Will yearly on the vigil feast his neighbours,  
And say 'To-morrow is Saint Crispian:'  
Then will he strip his sleeve and show his scars.

*HENRY shows his scars.*

OTHER SOLDIERS

Oooooooh.

HENRY V

And say 'These wounds I had on Crispin's day!'

SOLDIERS

Yes! Woo! Wooo!

*SOLDIER raises his hand again.*

SOLDIER

So wait, our whole plan is 'chicks dig scars?'

*HENRY V strolls amongst his men, giving them an encouraging nod and a smile.*

HENRY V

And Crispin Crispian shall ne'er go by,  
From this day to the ending of the world,

SOLDIER (*underneath*)

Oh here we go.

HENRY V

But we in it shall be remember'd;  
We few, we happy few, we band of brothers;

SOLDIER (*underneath*)

We're still doing this speech then?

HENRY V

For he to-day that sheds his blood with me  
Shall be my brother.

*There's a lot of hugging. Someone tries to hug SOLDIER –*

SOLDIER (*underneath*)

Question on that – would we be in line for an inheritance then if we're your brothers?

HENRY V (*ignoring him*)

This day shall gentle his condition:  
And gentlemen in England now a-bed  
Shall think themselves accursed they were not here,  
And hold their manhoods cheap whiles any speaks  
That fought with us upon Saint Crispin's day!

*The other soldiers CHEER and raises their swords, stamp their feet.*

SOLDIER

Um hi. Yes. I don't see a plan here. You've basically just said it's good to be outnumbered and we'll get cool scars from this. We're all gonna die is not a strategy!

SOLDIER 2

Then we all die *TOGETHER!!!*

*Cheers and whoops from everyone.*

SOLDIER

Again, I signed up for an administrative position. I have excellent word processing skills, if we need any letters written up, or – do we need to coordinate lunch? I can coordinate lunch. That seems like a fine use for me –

HENRY V

Onward!

*HENRY V raises his sword and charges off-stage.*