## PLAY TWENTY-SIX – The Conspiracy

## (The Cutlers)

**PILATUS**   Under the royal-est \*roi of \*\*rent and renown, (\*king) (\*\*revenue)
Now am I regent of rule this region in rest,
Obey unto bidding must bishops me \*bowne, (\*bow/be bound)
And bold men that in battle makes breasts to burst.
To me be-taught is the (at)tent this tower begun town,
For traitors \*tight will I (at)taint, the truth for to trust, (\*caught, imprisoned)
The \*dubbing of my dignity may not be done down, (\*status)
Neither with duke nor \*dugeperes, my deeds are so dressed.

 (\*twelve peers- famous knights)

My desire must daily be done
With them that are greatest of game,
And there again find I but \*fone, (\*foes)
Wherefore I shall batter their bone.
But he that me grieves for a groan,
Beware, for vicious I am.

Pounce Pilate of three parts
   then is my proper name.
I am a \*perelous prince (\*peerless, perilous)
   to prove where I peer.
Among the philosophers first
   there \*fanged I my fame, (\*seized, grasped)
Wherefore I fell to affect
   I find not my \*feere. (\*fellow, peer)
He shall full bitterly \*banne (\*regret)
   that bide shall my blame,
If all my \*blee be as bright (\*colour)
   as blossom on briar.
For soon his life shall he lose,
   or left be for lame,
That \*lowtes not to me lowly (\*lauds, praises)
   nor \*liste not to \*\*leere. (\*likes, desires) (\*learn)
And thus since we stand in our state
As lords with all liking in land,
Do and let us \*wit if ye \*\*wate (\*know) (\*\*hear of, know)
Either, sirs, of \*bayle or debate, (\*struggles, brawls)
That needs for to be handled full \*hate (\*severely)
Since all of your help hangs in my hand.

**CAIPHAS**   Sir, and for to certify the \*soth in your sight, (\*truth)
As to you for our sovereign seemly we seek.

**PILATUS**   Why, is there any mischief that musters his might
Or malice through mean men us musters to make?

**ANNA**   Ya, sir, there is a rank swain
   whose rule is not right,
For through his \*romour in this realm (\*roaming- or rumour?)
   hath raised mickle \*reke. (\*outcry, tumult)

**PILATUS**   I hear well ye hate him,
   your hearts are on height,
And else if I help would
His harms for to eke.
But why are ye barely thus \*brathe? (\*breathing)
Be \*ruly, and (ar)ray forth your reason. (i.e. control yourself)

**CAIPHAS**   To us, sir, his lore is full loath.

**PILATUS**   Beware that we wax not too wroth.

**ANNA**   Why, sir, to \*skyfte from his \*\*scathe (\*shift, evade) (\*\*harm)
We seek for your succour this season.

**PILATUS**   And if that wretch in our ward
   have wrought any wrong,
Since we are warned we would \*wit (\*know)
   and will ere we wend;
But \*and his \*\*saw be lawful, (\*if) (\*\*sayings)
   (al)lege not to long,
For we shall leave him if us \*list (\*likes, desires)
   with love here to \*lende. (\*live)

**I DOCTOR**   And if that false \*faytor (\*fraud, beggar)
   your furtherance may \*fang, (\*seize)
Than feel I well that our folk
   must fail of a friend.
Sir, the strength of his \*steven \*ay still is so strange (\*shout, command) (\*always)
That but he shortly be \*shent, he shape us to \*shend. (\*destroyed)
For he \*kens folk him for to call (\*knows)
Great God Son, thus grieves us that \*gome, (\*man)
And says that he sitting be shall
In high heaven, for there is his hall.

**PILATUS**   And friends if that force to him fall,
It seems not ye shall him consume.

But that himself is the same
   ye said should descend,
Your seed and you then all for to succour.

**CAYPHAS**         Ah, soft sir, and cease,
For of Christ when he comes
   no kin shall be \*kenned; (\*known)
But of this \*caitiff kindred (\*captive, lowborn)
   we know the \*increase. (\*i.e. the line of descent)
He likens him to be like God,
   \*ay-lasting to \*\*lende, (\*ever-lasting) (\*\*live)
To lift up the \*laby to lose or release. (\*labour, burden)

**PILATUS**   His masteries should move you,
   your mood for to amend.

**ANNA**   Nay, for \*swilke \*\*mis from malice (\*such) (\*\*misery, sin)
   we may not us miss,
For he says he shall \*deme us, that dote, (\*doom, judge)
And that to us is \*dayne or \*\*dispite. (\*insult) (\*\*malice, spite)

**PILATUS**   To (an)noy him now is your note,
But yet the law lies in my lot.

**I DOCTOR**   And if ye will \*wit, sir, ye \*wot, (\*know)
That he is well worthy to \*wyte. (\*blame, punish)

For in our Temple has he taught
   by times more than ten
Where tables full of treasure lay
   to tell and to try
Of our chief money changers;
   but, cursedly to \*ken, (\*know)
He cast them over, that \*caitiff, (\*captive, scoundrel)
   and counted not thereby.

**CAYPHAS**   Loo(k), sir, this is a perjury
   to print under pen,
Wherefore make ye that \**appostita*, (\*apostate)
   we pray you, to plea.

**PILATUS**   How mean ye?

**CAYPHAS**         Sir, to \*mort him for moving of men. (\*kill)

**PILATUS**   Then should we make him to mourn
   but through your mastery.
Let be, sirs, and move that no more
But what in your Temple betide?

**I MILES**   Wey, there, sir, he \*skelpte out of score (\*scourged, whipped)
That stately stood selling their store.

**PILATUS**   Than felt he them fault before
And made the cause well to be \*kydde. (\*known, enforced)

But what taught he that time
   \*swilk tales as thou tells? (\*such)

**I MILES**   Sir, that our Temple is the tower
   of his throned sire,
And thus to praise in that place
   our prophets compels,
To him that has \*posté (\*power)
   of prince and of empire.
And they make *domus Domini*  **[house of God]**
   that dealing there dwells,
The den of the \*derfenes (\*sacrilege, audacity)
   and oft that they desire.

**PILATUS**   Loo(k), is he not a madman
   that for your \*mede \*\*melles? (\*benefit, reward) (\*\*speaks, preaches against)
Since ye imagine amiss,
   that \*makeles to \*\*mire, (\*blameless) (\*\*trouble, mud-sling)
Your rancour is \*raykand full raw. (\*flowing, wandering)

**CAYPHAS**   Nay, nay, sir, we rule us but right.

**PILATUS**   Forsooth, ye are over cruel to know.

**CAYPHAS**   Why, sir, for he would lose our law
Heartily we him hate as we \*awe, (\*ought, owe)
And thereto should ye maintain our might.

For why, upon our Sabbath day
   the sick makes he safe
And will not cease for our \*sawes (\*teachings, orders)
   to sink so in sin.

**II MILES**   Sir, he covers all that comes
   \*recoverance to crave, (\*redemption, healing)
But in a short continuance
   that \*kens all our kin. (\*knows)
But he holds not our holy days —
   hard \*happe might him have — (\*happiness)
And therefore hanged be he
   and that by the \*halse. (\*neck)

**PILATUS**       Ah, ho(ld), sir, now, and hold in.
For though ye \*gange thus giddy (\*go, journey)
   him guiltless to grave
Withouten ground you gains nought,
   \*swilke grief to begin. (\*such)
And look your (al)leging be \*lele (\*loyal, legal)
Withouten any trifles to tell.

**ANNA**   For certain our \*saws dare we \*seele. (\*speeches) (\*\*seal? Make good?)

**PILATUS**   And then may we prophet our (ap)peal.

**CAYPHAS**   Sir, \*but his faults were fell, (\*unless)
We meant nought of him for to \*melle. (\*meddle, mingle, accuse)

For he perverts our people
   that (ap)proves his preaching,
And for that point ye should prise
   his \*posté to \*\*pare. (\*power) (\*\*i.e. cut down)

**II DOCTOR**   Ya, sir, and also that \*caitiff (\*captive, commoner)
   he calls him our king,
And for that cause our commons are cast in care.

**PILATUS**
And if so be, that \*borde to \*bayll will him bring (\*joke, trick) (\*pain, prison)
And make him boldly to \*banne the bones that him bare. (\*curse)
For why that wretch fro(m) our wrath shall not wring,
Ere there be wrought on him \*wrake. (\*punishment, torture)

**I DOCTOR**                                 So would we it were,
For so should ye sustain your \*seele (\*happiness)
And mildly have mind for to make you. (i.e. keep your mind peaceful)

**PILATUS**   Well \*wit ye this work shall be well, (\*understand)
For \*kenned shall that knave be to kneel. (\*taught, made to know)

**II DOCTOR**   And so that our force he may feel,
All same for the same we beseech you.

**JUDAS**   *Ingenti pro injuria*, him Jesus, that Jew, **[Because of great injury]**Unjust unto me, Judas, I judge to be l(o)athe,
For at our supper as we sat, the \*sooth to pursue (\*truth)
With Simond Leprous full soon,
   my \*skiffte come to \*\*scathe. (\*share, portion) (\*\*danger)
To him there brought one a \*boyste (\*cosmetic jar)
   my \*bale for to brew, (\*torment, pain)
That \*baynly to his bare feet (\*humbly, obediently\_
   to bow was full \*braythe. (\*violently eager, breathless)

She anoint them with an ointment
   that noble was and new,
But for that work that she wrought
   I wax wonder wroth.
And this, to discover, was my skill,
For of his pennies, purser was I,
And what that me taught was \*until (\*unto)
The tenth part that stole I \*ay still. (\*always, ever)
But now for me wants of my will
That bargain with \*bale shall he buy. (\*torment)

That same ointment, I said,
   might same have been sold
For silver pennies in a sum
   three hundred, and \*fayne (\*happily)
Have been departed to poor men
   as plain pity would.
But for the poor ne their part
   pricked me no pain,
But me \*tened for the tenth part, (\*pained, yearned)
   the truth to behold,
That thirty pence of three hundred
   so \*tyte I should \*\*tyne. (\*quickly) (\*\*take, tithe)
And for I miss this money
   I mourn on this \*mould, (\*earth)
Wherefore for to mischief
   this master of mine,
And therefore fast forth will I flit
The princes of priests \*until (\*unto)
And sell him full soon ere that I sit
For thirty pence in a knot knit.
Thus gets full well shall he \*wit (\*know, understand)
That of my wrath wreak me I will.

Do open, porter, the port of this proud place
That I may pass to your princes
   to prove for your \*prowe. (\*power, proof)

**JANITOR**   Go hence, thou glowering \*gadling, (\*bastard)
   God give thee ill grace.
Thy glifting is so grimly (\*glaring)
   thou \*gars my heart grow. (\*gets, makes)

**JUDAS**   Good sir, be toward this time,
   and tarry not my trace,
For I have tidings to tell.

**JANITOR**         Ya, some treason I \*trowe, (\*trust, believe)
For I feel by a figure in your false face
It is but folly to fast affection in you;
For Mars he hath morticed his mark
After all lines of my lore,
And says ye are wicked of work
And both a strange thief and a \*stark. (\*strong or stiff)

**JUDAS**   Sir, thus at my beard \*and ye bark (\*if)
It seems it shall sit you full sore.

**JANITOR**   Say, beetle-browed briber,
   why blows thou such boast?
Full false in thy face in faith can I find;
Thou art (en)cumbered in cursedness
   and cares to this cost.
To mar men of might
   has thou marked in thy mind.

**JUDAS**   Sir, I mean of no malice
   but mirth move I must.

**JANITOR**   Say, unhanged harlot,
   I hold thee \*unhende. (\*ungracious, ignoble)
Thou looks like a \*lurdan (\*scoundrel)
   his livelihood had lost.
Woe shall I work thee away \*but thou wend. (\*unless)

**JUDAS**   Ah, good sir, take (at)tent to my talking this tide,
For tidings full true can I tell.

**JANITOR**   Say, brothel, I bid thee abide,
Thou chatters like a churl that can chide.

**JUDAS**   Ya, sir, but and the truth should be tried,
Of mirth are there matters I \*mell. (\*tell, speak)

For through my deeds your \*dugeperes (\*twelve peers, i.e. nobles, ministers)
   from \*dere may be drawn. (\*harm)

**JANITOR**   What, deems thou to our dukes
   that \*dole should be \*\*dight? (\*dolour, grief) (\*prepared, done)

**JUDAS**   Nay, sir, so said I not;
If I be called to counsel
   that cause shall be known
Among that comely company,
   to clerk and to knight.

**JANITOR**   Bide me here, \*bewchere, (\*good sir- sarcasm)
   ere more \*blore be blown, (\*blowing, boasting)
And I shall busk to the \*benke (\*bench, i.e. Pilate’s courtroom)
   where banners are bright,
And say unto our sovereigns
   ere seed more be sown
That \*swilke a \*\*seege as thyself (\*such) (\*man)
   sues to their sight.
My lord now, of wit that is well,
I come for a case to be \*kydde. (\*discussed, told)

**PILATUS**   Wey, speak on, and spare not thy spell.

**CAYPHAS**   Ya, and if us master to \*mell, (\*tell, speak)
Since ye bear of beauty the bell,
Blithely shall we bow as ye bid.

**JANITOR**   Sir, without this abating,
   there \*hoves, as I hope, (\*comes near)
A hive held full of ire, for hasty he is.

**PILATUS**   What comes he fore?

**JANITOR**         I \*ken him not, but he is clad in a cope; (\*know)
He cares with a keen face uncomely to kiss.

**PILATUS**   Go, get him that his grief
   we \*grathely may \*\*grope (\*prepared) (\*\*interrogate)
So no open language be going amiss.

**JANITOR**   Comes on \*belive to my lord (\*lively, swiftly)
   and if thee \*liste to leap, (\*likes)
But utter so thy language
   that thou \*let not their bliss. (\*stops, ends)

**JUDAS**   That lord, sirs, might sustain your \*seele (\*health, prosperity)
That flower is of fortune and fame.

**PILATUS**   Welcome, thy words are but well.

**CAYPHAS**   Say, hears thou, knave, can thou not kneel?

**PILATUS**   Loo(k), here may men fault in you feel.
Let be, sir, your scorning, for shame.

But, \*bewshere, be not abashed to bide at the bar. (\*good sir)

**JUDAS**   Before you, sirs, to be brought
   about have I been,
And always for your worship.

**ANNA**   Say, \*wot thou any were? (\*know- i.e. do you know what they were?)

**JUDAS**   Of work, sir, that hath wrathed you,
   I \*wot what I mean. (\*know, understand)
But I would make a merchandise
   your mischief to mar.

**PILATUS**   And may you so?

**JUDAS**   Else made I such masteries to move.

**ANNA**   Then \*kens thou of some (en)cumberance (\*knows)
   our charge for to cheer?
For, cousin, thou art cruel.

**JUDAS**   My cause, sir, is keen,
For if ye will bargain or buy,
Jesus this time will I sell you.

**I DOCTOR**   My blissing, son, have thou forthy.
Loo(k), here is a sport for to spy.

**JUDAS**   And him dare I \*hete you in hie (\*behest, tell, promise)
If ye will be toward I tell you.

**PILATUS**   What \*hytist thou? (\*called, named)

**JUDAS**          Judas Scariott.

**PILATUS**                              Thou art a just man
That will Jesus be justified
   by our judgement.
But how gets bought shall he be?
   Bid forth thy bargain.

**JUDAS**   But for a little betting
   to bear from this \*bente. (\*bench, court)

**PILATUS**   Now, what shall we pay?

**JUDAS**         Sir, thirty pence and (com)plete, no more than.

**PILATUS**   Say, are ye pleased of this price
   he prices to present?

**II DOCTOR**   Else contrary we our conscience
   conceive since we can
That Judas knows him culpable.

**PILATUS**      I call you consent,
But Judas, a knot for to knit,
Wilt thou to this covenant accord?

**JUDAS**   Ya, at a word.

**PILATUS**         Welcome is it.

**II MILES**   Take thereof, a traitor, \*tyte. (\*quickly)

**I MILES**   Now leave, ser, let no man \*wit (\*know)
How this \*losell laykis with his lord. (\*rogue) (\*\*lacks, is missing)

**PILATUS**   Why, dwells he with that \*dotard (\*fool)
   whose deeds has us droved?

**I MILES**   That has he done, sir, and does,
   no doubt is this day.

**PILATUS**   Than would we know why this knave
   thus cursedly contrived.

**II MILES**   Enquire him since ye can best
   \*ken if he contrary. (\*know)

**PILATUS**   Say, man, to sell thy master
   what \*mis hath he moved? (\*sin, misdeed)

**JUDAS**   For of as \*mickle money he made me delay; (\*great)
Of you, as I receive, shall but right be reproved.

**ANNA**   I \*rede not that ye \*reken us (\*advise) (\*command)
   our rule so to \*ray, (\*arrange, make ready)
For that the false fiend shall thee \*fang. (\*grasp)

**I MILES**   When he shall want of a \*wraste. (\*trick, ill turn)

**I DOCTOR**   To whom work we \*wittingly wrong. (\*knowingly)

**II DOCTOR**   To him but ye hastily hang.

**III DOCTOR**   Your language ye lay out too long,
But Judas, we truly thee trust.

For truly thou must learn us
   that \*losel to \*\*latch, (\*scoundrel) (\*\*catch)
Or of land, through a \*lirte, (\*trick)
   that \*lurdan may leap. (\*rogue) (i.e. might escape)

**JUDAS**   I shall you teach a token
   him \*tyte for to take (\*tightly, quickly)
Where he is thronging in the throng,
   withouten any \*threpe. (\*dispute, question)

**I MILES**   We know him not.

**JUDAS**          Take keep then that \*caitiff to catch (\*captive, commoner)
The which that I kiss.

**II MILES**         That comes well thee, curious, I \*cleepe. (\*say)
But yet to warn us wisely,
   always must ye watch.
When thou shall wend forthwith
   we shall walk a wild heap, (i.e. as a large crowd)
And therefore busy look now thou be.

**JUDAS**   Yes, yes, a space shall I spy us
As soon as the sun is set, as ye see.

**I MILES**   Go forth, for a traitor are ye,

**II MILES**   Ya, and a wicked man.

**I DOCTOR**                                  Why, what is he?

**II DOCTOR**   A \*losell, sir, but loyalty should lie us, (\*scoundrel)

He is trapped full of \*trayne the truth for to trust. (\*tricks)
I hold it but folly his faith for to \*trowe. (\*trust, believe)

**PILATUS**   Abide in my blessing,
   and let your \*breste, (\*complaining)
For it is best for our \*bote (\*reward, goodness)
   in \*bayle for to \*\*bow. (\*protection) (\*\*obey)
And Judas, for our profit
   we pray thee be \*pressed. (\*quick)

**JUDAS**   Yet had I not a penny
   to purvey for my \*prowe. (\*proof, evidence)

**PILATUS**   Thou shalt have deliverance,
   \*belyve at thy \*\*list, (\*lively, swiftly) (\*desire, liking)
So that thou shall have liking
   our lordship to love.
And therefore, Judas, mend thou thy moan
And take there thy silver all same.

**JUDAS**   Ya, now is my great grief overgone.

**I MILES**   Be light then.

**JUDAS**   Yes, let me alone,
For \*tyte shall that \*\*taynte be done, (\*quickly) (\*\*trick, ill deed)
And thereto jocund and jolly I am.

**PILATUS**   Judas, to hold thy behest
   be \*hende for our \*\*happe, (\*gracious) (\*\*happiness)
And of us help and uphold
   we \*hete thee to have. (\*promise, command)

**JUDAS**   I shall \*bekenne you his corpse (\*make known. Beckon?)
   in care for to clap.

**ANNA**   And more comfort in this case
   we covet not to crave.

**I MILES**   For (if) we may reach that reckless,
   his ribs shall we rap
And make that \*roy, ere we rest, (\*king, fellow)
   for running to \*raffe. (\*pieces, bereft, grief)

**PILATUS**   Nay, sirs, all if ye scourge him
   ye \*shend not his shape, (\*destroy)
For if the sot be \*sakles (\*innocent)
Us sits him to save.
Wherefore when ye go shall to get him,
Unto his body brew ye no \*bale. (\*torment)

**II MILES**   Our \*liste is for leaping to \*lette him, (\*lust, desire) (\*harm, end)
But in your sight sound shall we set him.

**PILATUS**   Do flit now forth till ye \*fette him, (\*fetch, fetter)
With solace all same to your \*sale. (\*soul, health)