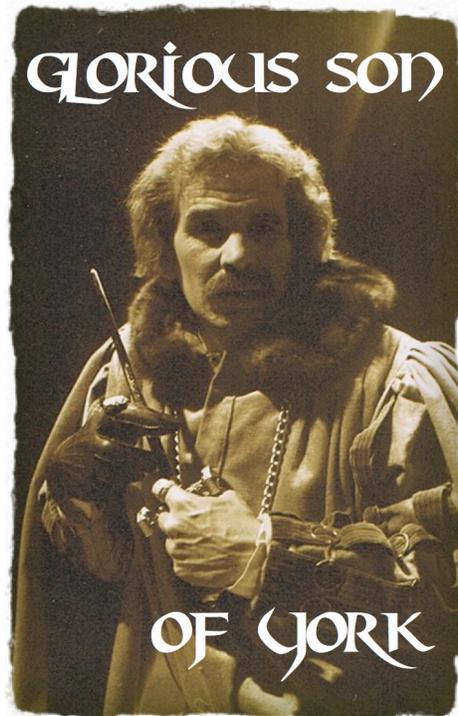
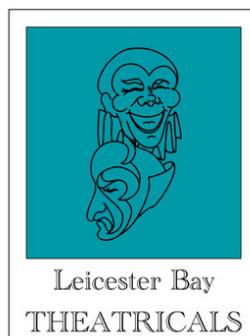


PERUSAL SCRIPT



BY R. REX STEPHENSON

A play for two or more people
about King Richard III



Leicester Bay
THEATRICALS

Newport, Maine

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GLORIOUS SON OF YORK

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THE CAST (Small cast)

Richard III – Former King of England

Anne – Richard's Queen. She also portrays Elizabeth, Buckingham, and Lord Stanley.

THE CAST (Larger cast)

Richard III

Anne – She also portrays Buckingham.

Elizabeth – Edward's Queen

Lord Stanley – A powerful lord

The play can be done with two characters, Richard and Anne. However, if the director desires to have a larger cast, then another actress could be used for Elizabeth and another actor could be used for Lord Stanley. Furthermore, if the director wants to eliminate the participation aspect of the show, the volunteer actors could be replaced by cast members. These adjustments are indicated in the script by the use of brackets. The number of roles then could be expanded to twelve or more players.

THE SETTING:

Up center hangs a large drop with Richard III's crest. Far stage right is Richard's table; it holds a sword, two medieval-looking goblets, an apple and a crown. It also holds posterboard signs that will hang around the necks of the volunteers. These signs are lettered, spelling out the names of each king and queen: Richard II, Henry IV, Henry V, Henry VI, Margaret. Two banners flank the drop. Two chairs are set center facing each other: one chair bears a white rose and the other chair bears a red rose. These can be elaborately painted throne-looking chairs or as simple as a painted canvas stapled to the chairs.

COSTUMES:

Both Richard and Anne wear costumes of the period. Richard's should not be too elaborate, as he needs to be able to move freely, unencumbered by too heavy or too long a costume. He should wear a chain of office. On Richard's right hand he wears a black glove and he has a bow tied around his right cuff. He carries with him a long dagger. Anne does not change costumes to portray her various roles.

NOTES ABOUT THE PLAY:

Richard appears or returns after over 400 years to answer charges he feels Shakespeare and other historians have made against him. He believes in his heart that Shakespeare maligned him, and if he can just explain his position he will have the place in history he rightfully deserves. But Richard doesn't find Shakespeare all bad. He is enchanted by the way Shakespeare portrays him as a seducer of women, by Shakespeare's unflattering portrayal of Elizabeth and Margaret, and most importantly by Shakespeare's description of his death.

AUTHOR'S NOTE

In using excerpts from Shakespeare's *Richard III*, I had to compress all of the scenes between Richard and Anne, Richard and Elizabeth, and Richard and Lord Stanley. Sometimes the leaps and editing caused me to add a word here or there and in rare cases a phrase or two. What others say about Richard in the Elizabeth scene is drawn from a variety of places in the script. It wasn't hard to do this, for almost everyone in the play slanders Richard at least twice. I also interpolated some lines of Richard's from *Henry VI Part III*. I have played this show 100 times (at least) in a variety of venues, from well-equipped theatres to hotel ballrooms, to gymnasiums and everything in between. Once I even performed to 20 people in what I swear was a living room. My point is that "Glorious Son of York" can be successfully presented in any venue with almost no scenery or lighting. Nevertheless, I prefer a theatre where lighting, fog machines, medieval-looking furniture and drapes all add a theatrical quality to the performance. On several occasions I added kettledrums and used them at the beginning, when Richard's father and brother were murdered, and for the Battle of Bosworth Field. This improvisational underscoring added a great deal to the play.

GLORIOUS SON OF YORK by Rex Stephenson. 1M 1W (+ 2 optional supporting roles that can be played by the actress). Simple Setting. Great for Touring. About 70 mins. Richard appears or returns after over 400 years

to answer charges he feels Shakespeare and other historians have made against him. He believes in his heart that Shakespeare maligned him, and if he can just explain his position he will have the place in history he rightfully deserves. But Richard doesn't find Shakespeare all bad. He is enchanted by the way Shakespeare portrays him as a seducer of women, by Shakespeare's unflattering portrayal of Elizabeth and Margaret, and most importantly by Shakespeare's description of his death. FAMILY, YOUTH AUDIENCES. **Order #3157**

R. Rex Stephenson earned his B.A. in middle and secondary education at Ball State University. Upon graduation, Stephenson taught at Bayshore Middle School in Florida and Redkey High School in Indiana. He received his M.A. from Indiana State University in theatre and in 1973 became a drama professor at Ferrum College in Virginia, where he was named professor emeritus in 2013. In 1984, he received his Ph.D. in educational theatre at New York University. He was producer/director of the Blue Ridge Dinner Theatre from 1979 to 2012. Stephenson has had 24 plays for children and adults published, including *The Jack Tales*, *The Liberated Cinderella*, *Treasure Island*, *Galileo: Man of Science*, *The Jungle Book*, *A Christmas Carol*, *Connecticut Yankee*, and *Glorious Son of York*. He has been a winner in two major playwriting contests: The American Alliance for Theatre and Education 1995 award for *Too Free For Me* (published by Encore), and the IUPUI National Youth Theatre Playwriting Competition, "Excellence in Playwriting" award 1996 for *Jack's Adventures with the King's Girl*. In 1996 he was awarded an Appalachian College Association Faculty Research Fellowship, to research and write *The World Is My Parish*, a drama about the life of John Wesley, the founder of Methodism. He also received the Sara Spencer Child Drama Award from the Southeastern Theatre Conference in 2007. Stephenson lives in Ferrum, Virginia, and he has three daughters, Janice, Jessica, and Juliet.

Dedication

To Jody Brown and her Mother

PERUSAL SCRIPT – GLORIOUS SON OF YORK by *R. Rex Stephenson*

Richard: Now is the winter of our discontent
Made glorious summer by this son of York,
And all the clouds that loured upon our house
In the deep bosom of the ocean buried.
Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths,
Our bruised arms hung up for monuments,
Our stern alarums changed to merry meetings,
Our dreadful marches to delightful measures.
Grim-visaged war hath smoothed his wrinkled front,
And now, instead of mounting barbed steeds
To fright the souls of fearful adversaries,
He capers nimbly in a lady's chamber
To the lascivious pleasing of a lute.
But I, that am not shaped for sportive tricks
Nor made to court an amorous looking-glass;
I, that am rudely stamped, and want love's majesty
To strut before a wanton ambling nymph;
I, that am curtailed of this fair proportion,
Cheated of feature by dissembling Nature,
Deformed, unfinished, sent before my time
Into this breathing world, scarce half made up,
And that so lamely and unfashionable
That dogs bark at me as I halt by them—
Why I, in this weak piping time of peace,
Have no delight to pass away the time,
Unless to spy my shadow in the sun
And descant on mine own deformity.
And therefore, since I cannot prove a lover
To entertain these fair well-spoken days,
I am determined to prove a villain.
I'll smile and murder while I smile,
And cry content to that which grieves my heart,
And wet my cheeks with artificial tears,
And frame my face to all occasions.
I'll drown more sailors than the mermaids shall,
Deceive more slyly than Ulysses can,
And like a Ceylon, take another Troy.

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I shall add colors to the chameleon,
Change shape with fruitious fair advantages,
And set the murderous Machiavelli to school.
Can I do this and cannot get a crown?
Tut, if it was farther off, I'd pluck it down.

(Richard becomes very dramatic near the end and bows. He pauses, realizes the audience isn't going to clap. So he starts; after he milks applause from them, he addresses the audience directly in a somewhat sarcastic manner.)

Isn't that what you came to see? Did you not call me back, to meet the real Richard III? Everyone knows that was the way Shakespeare introduced me in his play, and everybody assumed this is the genuine, authentic representation of the historical persona, me, Richard III.

(He comes up stage left, partially turning his back on the audience.)

Why waste my time? There are plenty of others who have played at being me. Richard Burbage –that was the man Shakespeare first cast in the role. Oh, he was wonderfully evil; he had the groundlings hissing and throwing oranges. And then there is your American chap. *(He turns back to face the audience.)* What was his name? The one who suffered so after his brother shot President Lincoln – uh, Booth, wasn't it, Edwin? He was superb in his black-heartedness. Then more recently there is always Sir Laurence Olivier.

(He does an exaggerated limp in an imitation of Olivier.)

He captured me on celluloid for time immortal. So heroic. So passionate in his immorality.

(He changes tone and becomes more direct.)

But could it be that some of you are wondering if Shakespeare's Richard and I are duplicates? Of course we are! Did not Richard have a limp,

(He undoes bow and straightens out his leg.)

a humpback,

(He straightens up.)

a withered arm?

(He takes off his glove.)

I have but a small deformity.

Shine out, fair sun, till I have bought a glass.

That I may see my shadow as I pass.

(He crosses stage right to deposit ribbon and glove on the table.)

Shakespeare invented these deformities. Like so many other things about my personal and professional life, pure fabrication. He created a counterfeit Richard. One that plays dramatically, but historically is woefully short of the mark.

(He crosses back center; he is talking the audience into the palm of his hand.)

Now, I'm not here to cast aspersions on one of the great literary figures of the English language. The man could write, he had a way with words, and sometimes his observations of human nature are uncanny in their perception. I've read all his plays. Even *Cymbeline*. He even got some parts of my life correct. It was like he put a magnifying glass into my soul, but I'll get to that later. You see, Shakespeare suffered from "dramatic exuberance." He took events in my life and retold them in black or white situations; he set all kinds of

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characters in motion to resolve the conflict of who would capture the English crown. A battle between the just and the unjust. And Shakespeare always cast me in the role of the unjust villain.

(He paces and becomes very charming.)

In this drama I am misrepresented as a deformed, depraved, despot. According to Shakespeare, I killed a king, I drowned my brother, usurped the throne of England, and I even murdered my own nephews, all in the space of less than two and one half hours. That's quite a lot to accomplish, even for me. And people believe it.

Remember the Duke of Marlborough.

(With an exaggerated Oxford accent)

"I got all my English history from Shakespeare." Shakespeare has poisoned one English generation after another against me. All believing that I wantonly killed kings, brothers, and nephews. Do you need any further proof than the fact that since my death no English monarch has been named Richard? How many Edwards, Henrys, Georges? But the name Richard stops with me. In due time I'll answer all these charges, and prove to you how they are false.

(He becomes secretive.)

I'll even tell you who really killed the Princes, my nephews.

However, if I am to be frank, really honest with you, Shakespeare's portrayal of me was not all his fault. He was just writing, or more accurately, rewriting Tudor histories, or to put it even more accurately, Tudor propaganda. You see, I was followed on the throne by Henry VII, a Tudor, and it was in his and his family's interest not only to discredit me, but also to justify the killing of a king, ME. Thus, the Tudor historians, whom Shakespeare used as his sources, not only distorted my role in history, but told unmitigated lies about me. But wait a minute, I'm not saying Shakespeare was always wrong. He was right about my courtship of Anne. Well, right in thought if not in deed. You see, what Shakespeare realized was, well, to put it in the vernacular of today's college students, I was a stud. You laugh. If I can get Anne, who believes that I killed both her father-in-law and her husband, to fall in love with me, and I can do it in less than ten minutes, then you have to admit, I'm a stud. I need to call back Anne.

(Anne enters and crosses to "coffin.")

Here is

(He points to chairs center.)

the coffin that houses the body of Henry VI. It is guarded by several armed soldiers. Anne has come to weep over his stone cold corpse.

(He crosses stage right and watches Anne.)

Anne: Poor key-cold figure of a holy king,
Pale ashes of the house of Lancaster,
Thou bloodless remnant of that royal blood,
Be it lawful that I invoke thy ghost
To hear the lamentations of poor Anne,
Wife to thy Edward, to thy slaughtered son
Stabbed by the selfsame hand that made these wounds!

(He addresses the audience.)

Richard: Hear that? Touching.

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(He crosses towards Anne.)

Stay, you that bear the corpse, and set it down.

And at this point, the guards rush towards me with halberds and swords, but I draw mine.

(He draws his sword.)

Villains, set down the corpse, or by St. Paul

I'll make a corpse of him that disobeys.

(He addresses the audience.)

They cower at this heroic display. Remember Olivier in his film, so brave, so confident. If I had been more like Olivier, I'd never have lost the throne.

(She crosses to him.)

Anne: Blush, blush, thou lump of foul deformity;

For 'tis thy presence that exhales this blood.

Richard: Lady, you know no rules of charity,

Which renders good for bad, blessings for curses.

Anne: Villain, thou know'st no law of God or man:

No beast so fierce but knows some touch of pity.

Richard: But I know none, and therefore am no beast.

(She turns away and crosses to left.)

Anne: O wonderful, when devils tell the truth!

(He follows her.)

Richard: More wonderful, when angels are so angry.

Vouchsafe, divine perfection of a woman,

Let me but acquit myself.

Anne: Fouler than heart can think thee, thou canst make

No excuse current but to hang thyself.

That didst slaughter my father and husband.

Richard: Say that I slew them not?

Anne: Then say they were not slain.

But dead they are, and, devilish slave, by thee.

Richard: I did not kill your husband.

(She crosses back to coffin.)

Anne: Why, then he is alive?

(He follows.)

Richard: Nay, he is dead, and slain by Edward's hands.

Anne: He is in heaven, where thou shalt never come.

(He moves away from her going stage left.)

Richard: Let him thank me that help to send him thither;

For he was fitter for that place than earth.

(She follows him.)

Anne: And thou unfit for any place, but hell.

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Richard: Yes, one place else, if you will hear me name it.

Anne: Some dungeon?

(He turns to her.)

Richard: Your bedchamber.

(She takes a few steps away from him.)

Anne: Think that I should lie,

With one that was the cause of poor Edward's effect?

Richard: Your beauty was the cause of that effect—

Your beauty, that did haunt me in my sleep

To undertake the death of all the world,

So I might live one hour in your sweet bosom.

Anne: If I thought that, I tell thee, homicide,

(She raises hands to claw her face.)

These nails should rent that beauty from my cheeks.

(He grabs her hands.)

Richard: These eyes could not endure thy beauty's wrack.

Anne: Be thou accursed, for making me so young, so old a widow.

(She breaks away from him and takes several steps away.)

Richard: He that bereft thee, lady, of thy husband

Did it to help thee to a better husband.

Anne: His better doth not breathe upon the earth.

Richard: He lives, that loves thee better than he could.

(He moves to her.)

Anne: Where is he?

Richard: Here.

(She spits at him and walks away from him.)

Lady why dost thou spit at me?

Anne: Would it were mortal poison for thy sake!

Richard: Never came poison from so sweet a place.

(She looks scornfully at him.)

Anne: Never hung poison on a fouler toad.

Out of my sight!

Richard: Teach not thy lip such scorn; for it was made

For kissing, lady, not for such contempt.

If thy revengeful heart cannot forgive,

Lo, here I lend thee this sharp-pointed sword,

(He draws his dagger.)

Which if thou please to hide in this true breast

Which that I lay naked to the deadly stroke,

(Opening his shirt, he places the dagger against his bare chest.)

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And humbly beg my

(He kneels.)

death upon my knee.

(She crosses to him; he offers her the dagger; she takes it, raises it as if to plunge it into his breast, and then stops.)

Nay, do not pause; for I did kill King Henry—

But 'twas thy beauty that provoked me.

Nay now, dispatch; 'twas I that stabbed young Edward—

But 'twas thy heavenly face that set me on.

(She drops the dagger.)

Take up the sword again, or take up me.

(She backs away.)

Anne: Arise, dissembler; though I wish thy death

I will not be thy executioner.

(He picks up the sword.)

Richard: Then bid me kill myself, and I will do it.

Anne: I have already.

Richard: That was in thy rage.

Speak it again, and even with the word

This hand, which for thy love did kill thy love,

Shall for thy love kill a far truer love;

To both their deaths shalt thou be accessory.

Anne: I would I knew thy heart.

Richard: 'Tis figured in my tongue.

Anne: I fear me both are false.

Richard: Then never was man true.

Anne: Well, well, put up your sword.

(Richard rises and puts up his sword.)

Richard: Say then my peace is made.

(Anne takes a couple of steps towards him.)

Anne: That shalt thou know hereafter.

Richard: But shall I live in hope?

Anne: All men, I hope, live so.

(Richard crosses to her and takes a ring off his index finger.)

Richard: Vouchsafe to wear this ring.

Anne: To take is not to give.

(He puts the ring on her finger.)

Richard: Look how my ring encompasseth thy finger,

Even so thy breast encloseth my poor heart.

Wear both of them, for both of them are thine;

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Bid me farewell.

Anne: 'Tis more than you deserve,
But since you teach me how to flatter you,
Imagine I have said farewell already.

(She exits.)

Richard: Was ever woman in this humour wooed?

Was ever woman in this humour won?

I'll have her but I will not keep her long.

I did have her and I wish I could have kept her longer. She did become my wife, and later the queen of England and the mother of my son, but she died in the midpoint of my reign. I didn't really kill Edward, her husband. My other brother, George, Duke of Clarence, did, but I would have if I had gotten to him first, and Anne knew this. Who actually killed King Henry VI is of little importance. He was not fit to rule. You know, it was Henry and his grandfather that caused the War of the Roses.

(Looking at the audience, Richard realizes they don't really know about the War of the Roses.)

You don't know about the English Civil War? Let me explain. It is called the War of the Roses, because the war was fought between the House of York, my house or family, whose emblem was the white rose,

(He turns the chair around with the white rose on it.)

and the House of Lancaster, whose emblem was the red rose.

(He turns the other chair around that has the red rose on it.)

Both families felt they had legitimate claim to the English crown.

Now this civil war was going on long before I began my reign and didn't end until several years after my death.

(This can all be done with a bit of fun. Richard will get the "kings" from the audience and place a posterboard sign on each one that says Richard II, Henry IV, etc. Each one falls down as they die. He passes crown from one king to another.) [If actors are used instead of volunteers, they enter when Richard says their name. For example, when Richard says, "It all began when Henry Bolingbroke," the actor enters stage right and says, "Hello I am Henry Bolingbroke." Then Richard II enters stage left wearing a crown and saying, "I'm King Richard the Second." Bolingbroke says, "but not for long" and comically stabs him and takes the crown. Richard II falls to the ground. Henry V enters stage right and takes his father's crown, places it on his head, and his father dies. Catherine enters stage right and joins hands with Henry V. They do an exaggerated kiss and Henry VI enters stage left with a rattle or baby bottle. Henry V dies. Catherine takes his crown and places it on Henry VI, who gets on his knees to signify being a child. Catherine steps back to look with pride on the baby king and says, "What a handsome king you are." And Henry VI replies, "Goo, goo, ga, ga." When Richard says he grew up, Henry VI rises and when Richard says he lacked "decisiveness to rule," Richard says, "What should we do today, my King? Attack France?" Henry VI: "I don't know; what do you think?" Richard: "Should we raise taxes?" Henry: "That could be a good idea. On the other hand...." Richard interrupts and goes back to his line: "With this 'bookish man.'" Margaret enters, moving Richard and Catherine away from Henry VI so she can have center stage. As in the other version, when Richard dismisses them, they leave.]

It all began when Henry Bolingbroke (who was from the House of Lancaster) murdered King Richard II (who

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was from the House of York). As Henry the Fourth, he was followed on the throne by his son, whom he named Henry the Fifth. Henry V married Catherine of France and they produced a son, who was named Henry the Sixth. The Lancastrians were never very original when it came to names. Henry V died when Henry VI was but nine months old,

(Richard gets "Henry VI" on his knees to represent a child.)

and all England said, "Woe to a country ruled by a child." But as it turned out, we were ruled better during his youth because there was a guardian to help. But when he grew up,

(Richard helps "Henry VI" to rise.)

Henry became pious, holy, and filled with so much forgiveness that he lacked the decisiveness to rule. With this "bookish man" as king, one would think England could not have a more serious problem. Then he married Margaret. Strong willed, unreasonable, French. If Henry was milk, she was fire.

(If audience participants are used, all kings and queens are sent back to the audience.)

Thank you.

(To kings)

You may go. While these two were ruling England, my father, Richard, Duke of York, proclaimed his greater right to the throne, based both upon his lineage and the fact that Henry was unfit to rule. Henry VI had already lost more territory during his reign than any previous English monarch and his government was outrageously corrupt. If someone was going to restore law and order to England, the responsibility rightfully fell to my father. He raised an army and fought Henry and Margaret in several battles before Henry finally capitulated and agreed to only the title of king. Thus, he became the figurehead, while the real power was invested in my father. Queen Margaret would have none of this, because it disinherited her "peevish brat of a son," Edward. So she and the Lancastrians raised an army which engaged my father in combat outside the walls of Sandal Castle. This was the Battle of Wakefield in which my father was slain and my sixteen-year-old brother, Rutland, was murdered while begging for his life. Margaret ordered that my father's head be cut off and placed on Mickel Gate at the entrance to the city of York, and then she disrespectfully crowned the head of the Noble Duke of York with a wreath of paper and straw. Shakespeare was right on the mark when he wrote:

(Richard becomes very emotional as he recalls his father's and brother's deaths.)

Thou didst crown his warlike brows with paper
And with thy scorns drew'st rivers from his eyes,
And then, to dry them gav'st the Duke a clout
Steeped in the faultless blood of pretty Rutland.

And now, with Margaret and the Lancaster family ruling England, it was like a dark cloud covered all that was good in the realm. Placards were even nailed on church doors begging us of the House of York to return. And we did return.

There followed five more years of civil war. My older brother Edward and I fought together until we finally defeated Margaret's armies and she was banished to France. Her son Edward (Anne's first husband) was killed, and poor Henry VI had gone quite mad. My brother Edward became the King. The ruler of England, Ireland and Wales. The House of York

(Richard moves the white rose chair center and turns the red rose chair backwards.)

had returned to the throne. What a handsome and strong ruler Edward made, and how I loved every second of

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the part I played in bringing him to the throne. We were avengers. We brought down the House of Lancaster for what they had done to my father and to my sixteen-year-old brother, Rutland. Now Edward was the most eligible bachelor in all the world. King Edward could have married any woman he wanted, but he foolishly chose the widow of Lancaster and someone without royal blood. That woman was ugly; she was mean-spirited and ugly, and had no chin, but what was worse than her mean-spiritedness was her kindred whom she brought with her to court.

(At this point Richard should go into the audience to select Elizabeth's kindred: he selects the sons, brothers etc., until the stage has somewhere between six and ten "new actors.")

When Elizabeth became queen, she brought a whole realm of kinfolk: sons by her first marriage, brothers, uncles, first cousins, second cousins, third cousins, and cousins of cousins. And they, like she, all suffered from vaunting ambition. They all wanted titles, estates and wealth. And my brother, Edward, gave her and her Woodville kindred almost everything they asked for. I grant you, that's another thing that Shakespeare got right, the arguments between Elizabeth and me. I'll need to call Queen Elizabeth back to show you what I mean.

[If large cast is used, the kinfolk can be actors and just enter (swarming like bees) from different directions, or Richard selects the kinfolk from the audience. The kinsfolk should enter talking—improving a line or two and lining up behind the "throne." Richard will hush them and then go on. When he calls Elizabeth, she answers from off stage. If a large cast is not used, the next fifteen speeches are cut.]

Elizabeth: I'm not helping you, Richard.

Richard: You must. You said you would. I've brought back all your kinfolk.

Elizabeth: You said I had no chin.

Richard: *(He turns to kinfolk.)* Did I say that?

(Kinfolk nod in agreement.)

Elizabeth, everyone is waiting.

(She enters.)

Elizabeth: Not until you apologize.

Richard: Apologize? For what?

Elizabeth: You said I was ugly and mean-spirited and had no chin.

Apologize if you want me in this scene.

(Richard hesitates; he looks at the audience, at the kinfolk, then at Elizabeth. He would rather have a tooth pulled than to apologize to Elizabeth. Anne enters.)

Anne: Richard, apologize to her. You are keeping all these people waiting.

(Richard hesitates.)

I'll leave with her, if you don't!

Richard: I am sorry I said you were ugly and mean-spirited.

Elizabeth: The chin...

Richard: And you have a strong chin.

(Elizabeth indicates that is not acceptable: Richard looks to Anne.)

Anne: Beautiful chin.

Richard: Beautiful?

Elizabeth: Beautiful!

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Richard: You have a beautiful chin. Now let's begin.

(Anne exits. Queen Elizabeth takes the throne and Richard begins.)

Richard: Elizabeth, Elizabeth.

(Anne enters.)

Anne: She left.

Richard: Why? It is her scene!

Anne: Well, you said she was ugly and mean-spirited and had no chin. You can't expect people to help you when you publicly chastise them.

Richard: She always was a royal pain in the...

(Anne cuts him off.)

Anne: Richard!

Richard: In the abdomen. Can you play her part, Anne?

Anne: Yes, I suppose.

(She sits in the chair center.)

Richard: *(He points to kinfolk standing behind Queen Elizabeth.)*

They do me wrong, and I will not endure it!

Who is it that complains unto the King

That I, forsooth, am stern, and love them not?

By holy Paul, they love his grace but lightly

That fill his ears with such dissentious rumours.

Cannot a plain man live and think no harm?

Queen Elizabeth: Brother of Gloucester, you mistake the matter.

Richard: I cannot tell; the world is grown so bad

That wrens make prey where eagles dare not perch.

Since every Jack became a gentleman

There's many a gentleperson made a Jack.

Queen Elizabeth:

Come, come we know your meaning, Brother.

Gloucester:

You envy my advancement and my friends.

God grant we may never have need of you!

Richard: Meantime, God grants that I have need of you.

Our brother is imprisoned by your means,

Myself disgraced, and the nobility

Held in contempt, while great promotions

Are daily given to ennoble those

(Again he singles out Elizabeth's kinfolk.)

That scarce, some two days since, were worth a noble.

Queen Elizabeth:

By Him that raised me to this careful height

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From that contented hap which I enjoyed,
I never did incense his majesty
Against the Duke of Clarence, but have been
An earnest advocate to plead for him.

(She rises and takes a few steps towards Richard.)

My Lord, you do me shameful injury
Falsely to draw me in these vile suspects.

Richard: Thou liest!

(At this point Anne crosses to her kinfolk. She hands five of them their lines typed on a sheet of paper.)

Audience 1: Richard is angry.

Audience 2: See, he gnaws his lip.

Audience 3: My lady, take heed of yonder dog.

Audience 4: Beware of him!

Actor 5: Richard is a foul hunch-back toad!

Richard: What doth they say, my Queen?

Anne: Nothing that I would repeat.

Queen Elizabeth: My Lord of Gloucester, I have too long borne

(She rises and makes Richard kneel to her.)

Your blunt upbraidings and your bitter scoffs.

By heaven, I will acquaint his majesty

Of those gross taunts that oft I have endured.

Small joy have I in being England's queen.

Richard: Ere you were queen, yea, or your husband king,

I was a packhorse in his great affairs;

A weeder-out of his proud adversaries,

A liberal rewarder of his friends.

To royalise his blood I spent mine own.

(He rises.)

In all which time you and your husband Grey

Were factions for the house of Lancaster;

Let me put in your minds, if you forget,

What you have been ere this, and what you are;

Withal, what I have been, and what I am.

Queen Elizabeth: As little joy, my Lord, as you suppose

You should enjoy, were you this country's king,

As little joy you may suppose in me

That I enjoy, being the Queen thereof.

(He crosses down center and addresses this to the audience.)

Richard: I would to God my heart were flint like Edward's,

Or Edward's soft and pitiful like mine:

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I am too child-foolish for this world.

(Pause)

Thank you, Anne. You and your kinfolk may go.

(They exit.)

an additional 10 pages make up the remainder of the script