

# Shakespeare's Rugby Wars

*by Chris Coculuzzi, Matt Toner & William Shakespeare*

## ACT 1) PRE-GAME SHOW

### Scene 1: The Choosing of the Teams (Modified Temple-Garden Scene)

*Enter the Earls of SOMERSET, SUFFOLK, EXETER, SALISBURY and WARWICK; Duke of YORK*

YORK                   Dare no man answer in a Case of Truth?  
Then say at once, if I maintain'd the Truth:  
Or else was wrangling Somerset in th'error?

WARWICK             Between two Girls, which hath the merriest eye,  
I have perhaps some shallow spirit of Judgement:  
But in these nice sharp Quillets of the Law,  
Good faith I am no wiser than a Daw.

YORK                   The truth appears so naked on my side,  
That any purblind eye may find it out.

SOMERSET            And on my side it is so well apparell'd,  
So clear, so shining, and so evident,  
That it will glimmer through a blind man's eye.

YORK                   Let him that is a true-born Gentleman,  
And stands upon the honor of his birth,  
If he suppose that I have pleaded truth,  
From off this Brier pluck a white Rose with me.  
*(Puts on a White Jersey)*

SOMERSET            Let him that is no Coward, nor no Flatterer,  
But dare maintain the party of the truth,  
Pluck a red Rose from off this Thorn with me.  
*(Puts on a Red Jersey)*

WARWICK             I love no Colours: and without all colour  
Of base insinuating flattery,  
I pluck this white Rose with Plantagenet.  
*(Puts on a White Jersey)*

SUFFOLK             I pluck this red Rose, with young Somerset,  
And say withal, I think he held the right.  
*(Puts on a Red Jersey)*

SOMERSET            Well, well, come on, who else?

SALISBURY           Unless my Study and my Books be false,  
The argument you held, was wrong in you;  
In sign whereof, I pluck a White rose too.  
*(Puts on a White Jersey)*

WESTMORELAND Prick not your finger as you pluck it off,  
Lest bleeding, you do paint the white Rose red,  
And fall on our side so against your will.

YORK Now Somerset, where is your argument?

SOMERSET Here in my Jersey, meditating, that  
Shall dye your white Rose in a bloody red.

YORK Meantime your cheeks do counterfeit our Roses:  
For pale they look with fear, as witnessing  
The truth on our side.

SOMERSET No Plantagenet:  
'Tis not for fear, but anger, that thy cheeks  
Blush for pure shame, to counterfeit our Roses,  
And yet thy tongue will not confess thy error.

*YORKISTS* Hath not thy Rose a Canker, Somerset?

*LANCASTRIANS* Hath not thy Rose a Thorn, Plantagenet?

YORK Ay, sharp and piercing, to maintain his truth,  
Whiles thy consuming Canker eats his falsehood.

SOMERSET Well, I'll find friends to wear my bleeding Roses,  
And thou shalt find us ready for thee still:  
And know us by these Colours for thy Foes,  
For these, my friends in spite of thee shall wear.

YORK And by my Soul, this pale and angry Rose,  
As Cognizance of my blood-drinking hate,  
Will I for ever, and my Faction wear,  
Until it wither with me to my Grave  
Or flourish to the height of my Degree.

SOMERSET Go forward, and be chok'd with thy ambition:  
And so farewell, until I meet thee next.

WARWICK And here I prophesy: this brawl to-day,  
Grown to this faction in the *Playing Field*,  
Shall send between the Red rose and the White,  
A thousand Souls to Death and deadly Night.

*Exeunt*

Scene 2: Intro to Marlowe and Falstaff

*Fanfare as Marlowe and Falstaff take their places.*

MARLOWE            Good evening rugby and Fringe fans alike and thank you for joining us for another fine evening of the Elizabethan rugby union. But before we get started, we'd like to thank the sponsors of tonight's game, which is brought to you by the legacy of Edward III: "He only started the Hundred Years' Tournament – he didn't lose it" and by Plantagenet Limited where "Pride is job 1". I'm Christopher Marlowe and joining me tonight is a veteran of the union, John Falstaff --

FALSTAFF            Good to be here Kit.

MARLOWE            It's a bit of a departure from our regular fare at Robert St. Playing field as we have the House of Lancaster vying with the House of York. At stake, the English championship and a chance to take on the French side in the upcoming Five Nations Cup. And that's no easy task, with France on the warpath and the loss of her best player - Henry V- England's not doing too well on away games.

FALSTAFF            It wasn't like that in my day! When I was coaching young Hal, I always told him: "*'Tis no sin for a man to labor in his Vocation.*" And he took it to heart he did – he destroyed those French Daisies and **labored** himself his birthright: the French Crown. Back then the game was raw and you didn't mind getting a little mud and blood on your jersey. Nowadays everything's bein' run by either Churchmen or Politicians – lyin' thieves all of them!

MARLOWE            Men after your own heart, eh John?

FALSTAFF            Exactly.

MARLOWE            Let's take a look at the two captains: for York, none other than the Duke himself and for Lancaster, his fierce opponent – the Earl of Somerset. John, what can you tell us about these two players?

FALSTAFF            Well, it's not so much the players, Kit, as the teams themselves. Let's face it, York - despite a long-standing rugby tradition – has been finishing low in the standings for several seasons and is going to have an uphill battle against the favored Lancastrians. But looking at the Captains themselves, I'd have to put my money on the Duke of York – he has a strong background in the game and has played consistently for other teams. Somerset, although technically

Lancastrian comes from the illegitimate line and is basically a wily bastard.

MARLOWE Thanks, John. We'll start off tonight's match as we always do for our North American audience with another edition of "Holinshed's Chronicles."

FALSTAFF Right you are, Kit. "Holinshed's Chronicles" is a quick Tudorial on how we play this crazy game called rugby. *(beat)* Get it, Kit? Tudorial? TUDOR-ial? You know, like the TUDORS? One of the royal houses of England? *(beat)* A little play on words, see? *(beat)* You writer types are supposed to like that kind of thing.

MARLOWE We go now to Raphael Holinshed.

FS #1

Scene 3 – Holinshed's Chronicles

HOLINSHED Thank you, Chris, and what a pleasure it is to be here tonight at the Robert St. Playing Field. We're looking forward to a great match between York and Lancaster but to illustrate the laws of the game, we're going to turn the clock back to a classic Five Nations match between England and France.

*We have JOAN, TALBOT, CHARLES, SALISBURY and a couple of spares. These players will demonstrate the following principles as HOLINSHED delivers his lines.*

HOLINSHED The first concept that might be a little alien to our audience is that there is no forward pass in rugby.

PLAYERS What/Quoi?

HOLINSHED Passing can be done only laterally or backwards, resulting in something that looks like a game of hot potato... *(The English players run by, executing a series of lateral passes, while saying things like "not me," "you do it," "not me.")* Much like when the English side was trying to determine who should send money to help John Talbot in his campaign to maintain Henry V's conquests in France. *(Pause)* North American audiences are also more accustomed to a football style of tackling that involves direct confrontation, with the body used as a weapon.

CHARLES *(stepping forward)*  
Oh English pig-dog, are you zere?  
I fart in your general direction!

SALISBURY        *(stepping forward)* Die, recalcitrant fiend!

*They charge into each other in a football style tackle.*

HOLINSHED        But, rugby is not a violent game. It's more physical, using a form of wrap tackling that we see demonstrated here by Joan of Arc.

JOAN                *(stepping forward with a ball)*  
Thou shalt find that I exceed my sex.  
Resolve on this, thou shalt be fortunate,  
If thou receive me for thy warlike mate.

*They, er, "wrap" one another in something closer to an embrace or a dance floor move.*

HOLINSHED        As you can see, it's a much more... fluid game than football, with fewer stopped plays. Which brings us to scoring. *(CHARLES and JOAN continue to "score")* Scoring is accomplished when one team gains a "try" by touching the ball down in the other team's end zone.

*CHARLES snatches the ball away from JOAN, runs to the end zone and touches the ball down. He prances about.*

HOLINSHED        Scrums occur when the two teams struggle for possession of the ball or, say, a key city in northern France. Here we see the French and English sides grappling in the siege of Orleans. *(The two sides form a scrum)* Touch. Engage. *(They bang heads. All Players return to their sides except TALBOT and JOAN.)*

TALBOT             Pucelle or puzzel, dolphin or dogfish,  
Your hearts I'll stamp out with my horse's heels,  
And make a quagmire of your mingled brains.

HOLINSHED        John Talbot's outburst notwithstanding, rugby is above all a *gentleman's* game. The referee is always quick to award penalties for high tackling... *(JOAN jumps on TALBOT'S back and they fall to the ground)* ...unnecessary roughness... *(JOAN does a Three Stooges nose whack on TALBOT)* ...or decapitation... *(JOAN headlock's TALBOT and drags him over to HOLINSHED'S duffle bag and pulls out a head. TALBOT lifts himself up with his jersey over his head and returns to his team)*. Of course, we must remember that this is *Elizabethan* rugby, so there are a few other special modifications. Teams get extra points for the effective use of dramatic speeches.

JOAN                    I am by birth a shepherd's daughter,  
My wit untrain'd in any kind of art.  
God's mother deigned to appear to me  
And in a vision full of majesty  
Will'd me to leave my base vocation  
And free my country from calamity:  
Her aid she promised and assured success.

MARLOWE            That's great. Raphael, anything else we should know?

HOLINSHED         Well, just the usual, Chris. The referee must give instructions to the players in iambic pentameter, although in the Venetian League prose is still allowed. Rather than playing two halves, games are divided using the traditional five act structure. And, of course, everyone dies at the end.

Scene 4 – Warm-ups and Interviews

*During the remaining section, players can start warming up*

MARLOWE            Thanks, Raphael. Now that our audience at home is more familiar with the game, John, can you bring us up to speed on why England is split and how they lost France.

FALSTAFF            Sure, Kit. Basically Henry V's untimely retirement had a tremendous impact on the English Team. But there were other factors as well: the English side had run out of salary cap room; ticket sales were at an all time low as more and more fans were being drawn to theatre, and their Captain John Talbot suffered a career-ending groin injury. And not to mention the management in-fighting...

*HUMPHREY and WINCHESTER enter fighting with each other.*

HUMPHREY         Stand back, thou manifest conspirator...

WINCHESTER        Nay, stand thou back, I will not budge a foot!

HUMPHREY         I will not slay thee, but I'll drive thee back!

WINCHESTER        Do what thou darest; I beard thee to thy face!

HUMPHREY         What! am I dared and bearded to my face?  
Priest, beware your beard,  
I mean to tug it and to cuff you soundly!

WINCHESTER        Humphrey, thou wilt answer this before the pope.

HUMPHREY Winchester goose, I cry, a rope! a rope!  
Thee I'll chase hence, thou wolf in sheep's array!

*They exit*

FALSTAFF But ultimately it was the French Star Player Joan Arc who upset the whole balance of power. She took to the field and against all expectations – led the French team from victory to victory. A Five Nations Classic Turning Point.

MARLOWE And the shame of those losses created dissension amongst the English Team and blame was tossed from one Player to another. Thus we come to our current strife with York and Somerset vying for the English Title.

FALSTAFF That's right, Kit.

MARLOWE But what happened to the Star Player, Joan?

FALSTAFF Oh, it turns out she had been taking steroids and a host of other drugs and was promptly burned at the stake. Although later the Catholic Church nominated her MVP and secured the rights to use her name and image and made a fortune in royalties and endorsements. In any event, she did open up the game of Rugby for women, and the showers haven't been the same since.

*MARGARET and SUFFOLK join MARLOWE and FALSTAFF at the table for an interview. MARGARET and SUFFOLK can't keep their hands off each other.*

MARLOWE Right you are, John. In fact today's game has an interesting array of the "fairer sex". Joining us in the Studio for a pre-game interview is the Lancastrian William Suffolk, with a rookie player Margaret Anjou. Now William, if I understand correctly Margaret is a recent trade, is that right?

SUFFOLK That's right, Kit; for two first round draft picks and a player to be named later. Margaret here is French and I knew when I saw her that I...uh, Henry...would want to have her. ...on the team...

MARLOWE And Margaret, this is your first time in the professional league. Are you nervous?

MARGARET Not at all. Willy here has trained me very well.

FALSTAFF I'll bet he has.

SUFFOLK O fairest beauty, do not fear nor fly!

For I will touch thee but with reverent hands;  
I kiss these fingers for eternal peace,  
And lay them gently on thy tender side.

MARLOWE Well thanks for joining us and best of luck in today's game.  
*(MARGARET and SUFFOLK exit and GREENE sits down)*  
It's almost time for the kick off, but before the players take  
the field, I'd like to take this opportunity to introduce the  
officials for today's game. The head referee will be a young  
fellow by the name of William Shakespeare. John, what can  
you tell us about this fellow?

FALSTAFF Almost nothing, except this is his first professional call.

MARLOWE Yes and that's surprising considering the touch judge for  
today is none other the veteran Robert Greene. Robert,  
you've called hundreds of games – what do you think of this  
Shakespeare getting today's game instead of you?

GREENE He is an upstart crow, beautified with our feathers, that with  
his tiger's heart wrapped in a referee's hide, supposes he is as  
well able to call out a Rugby penalty as the best of us!

*GREENE exits*

MARLOWE Thanks, Robert. Well, I see the Players are lining up and at  
this point we'd like to ask everyone to please rise for the  
playing of the National Anthem.

*Both sides line up, half-facing each other, half-facing the audience and, not  
without a certain irony, sing "God Save the King."*

*God save our gracious King,  
Long live our noble King,  
God save the King!  
Send him victorious,  
Happy and glorious,  
Long to reign over us,  
God save the King!*

*HENRY parades down between the two sides acting like the winner of the Ms.  
America pageant.*

HENRY Come hither you that would be Combatants:

*All the PLAYERS come over to HENRY.*

Henceforth I charge you, as you love our favor,  
Quite to forget this Quarrel, and the cause.

*The York players laugh at HENRY and walk away, while the Lancaster side looks embarrassed.*

MARLOWE            And now York kicks off to Lancaster and our match is  
underway.

**ACT 2) FIRST HALF:**

*Scene 1 – The Hospital Pass*

*Play begins and goes for a few minutes to allow the audience to get the game's rhythms set in their minds. As the action progresses, ELEANOR sets up MARGARET for a nasty hospital pass – the York side is only too glad to oblige with a brutal tackle. Once the dust settles, this leads to a cat-fight between MARGARET and ELEANOR. SHAKESPEARE hands her a black card and she is ejected from the game. HOLINSHEED interviews her on the way out.*

HOLINSHEED        Dame Eleanor, Dame Eleanor! Do you have any words for all the rugby fans that witnessed your shameful display?

ELEANOR            *(addressing the jeering FANS)* Look how they gaze,  
See how the giddy multitude do point,  
And nod their heads, and throw their eyes on me.  
But be thou mild, and blush not at my shame,  
Nor stir at nothing, till the Axe of Death  
Hang over thee, as sure it shortly will.  
For Suffolk, he that can do all in all  
With her, that hateth thee and hates us all,  
And York, and impious Beaufort, that false Priest,  
Have all limed Bushes to betray thy Wings,  
And fly thou how thou canst, they'll tangle thee!

*We then return to live action.*

*Scene 2 – The removal of HUMPHREY and WINCHESTER*

*The YORK side scores and everyone runs to the bench for a bottle of water. On the LANCASTER bench HUMPHREY and WINCHESTER are lying dead. HOLINSHEED investigates...*

MARLOWE            It seems we have some action over on the sidelines...RH can you tell us what is going on?

HOLINSHEED        It appears that Good Coach Humphrey was poisoned with the water!

*All the PLAYERS, FANS planted in the audience along with MARLOWE and FALSTAFF spit simultaneously.*

HOLINSHEED        And Cardinal Winchester choked on his sausage.

MARLOWE            With both men down, Henry is going to require some assistance...

FALSTAFF           And it looks like William Suffolk is the man of the hour.

*And the game resumes*

Scene 3 – The Exile of YORK

FS #3

LANCASTER executes the “Cavalry Charge” and SOMERSET receives a red card.

MARLOWE           And with the ball down on the field and a penalty called against the Earl of Somerset, let’s go to our man on the pitch, Raphael Holinshed.

HOLINSHED       Thank you, Chris. As we all saw, that last sequence of plays was disastrously executed by Lancaster, resulting in a penalty against their captain John Somerset. For the moment, the York tribe has survived this Immunity Challenge. And we all know what that means. The Lancaster tribe will now come together and decide which player must leave the island and go to Ireland.

*Sound of “Survivor” music in the background. HOLINSHED pulls out a big vase. The LANCASTER side forms a single file on the pitch and, one by one, come forward to cast their votes. As each does so, he/she turns their vote towards the audience.*

SUFFOLK           *(showing a ballot that reads “YORK”)*  
As we make election, give me leave  
To show some reason, of no little force,  
That York is most unmeet of any man.

CLIFFORD       *(showing a ballot that reads “YORK”)*  
In dreadful war mayst thou be overcome,  
Or live in peace abandon'd and despised!

MARGARET       *(showing a ballot that reads “YORK”)*  
Alas poor York! but that I hate thee deadly,  
I should lament thy miserable state.

*Once they have finished, HOLINSHED steps forward.*

HOLINSHED       I will now tally the votes. York. York. York, York. *(big pause)* York. The tribe has spoken. Richard, Duke of York, you must now leave this island... this blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England, this throne of kings, this precious stone set in the silver sea...

YORK              All right, all right, I get it.

And take it kindly; and yet be well assured  
You put sharp weapons in a madman's hands.  
Whiles I in Ireland nourish a mighty band,  
I will stir up in England some black storm  
Shall blow ten thousand souls to heaven or hell;  
And this fell tempest shall not cease to rage  
Until the golden circuit on my head,  
Like to the glorious sun's transparent beams,  
Do calm the fury of this mad-bred flaw.

*He exits; play resumes.*

- HOLINSHED      Back to you, Chris.
- MARLOWE      Well, Jack, that was extremely unusual to say the least. Isn't it usually the case that the tribe who loses the Immunity Challenge must vote one of *their own* members off the island?
- FALSTAFF      Well, Kit, this is the Elizabethan Rugby Union: not exactly a goddamn reality show
- MARLOWE      Well, the call has been made, the man has left the field and play must continue here at Robert St. Field.

Scene 4 – The removal of SUFFOLK

FS #4

*LANCASTER scores twice. Specifically, SUFFOLK scores the second try. He and HASTINGS start pushing and shoving resulting in a yellow card for SUFFOLK and he is benched. Play resumes and some "Fans" planted in the audience start harassing SUFFOLK. It ends with the FANS rushing him and killing him on the sidelines.*

- (FANS jeer)
- SUFFOLK      Base slaves, thy words are blunt, and so art thou.  
(FANS jeer)  
O that I were a God, to shoot forth Thunder  
Upon these paltry, servile, abject Drudges:  
Small things make base men proud.  
(FANS jeer)  
Thy words move Rage, and not remorse in me.  
(FANS jeer)  
True Nobility, is exempt from fear:  
More can I bear, then you dare execute.  
(They rush him)

FS #5

- FAN              There let his head and lifeless body lie,  
Until the queen his mistress bury it.

*The LANCASTER side comes running over.*

MARGARET      Ah, barbarous villains! hath this lovely face  
Ruled, like a wandering planet, over me,  
And could it not enforce them to relent,  
That were unworthy to behold the same?

HENRY            How now, madam!  
Still lamenting and mourning for Suffolk's death?  
I fear me, love, if that I had been dead,  
Thou wouldst not have mourn'd so much for me.

MARGARET      Oh, get stuffed.

*Play resumes.*

*Scene 5 – The streaking JACK CADE*

*LANCASTER scores again when out of the blue JACK CADE interrupts the action by streaking across the field. He is apprehended by SHAKESPEARE and GREENE and bundled off. HOLINSHED rushes over for a quick on field interview.*

FALSTAFF        Wait a minute...I recognize that player!

MARLOWE        Really?

FALSTAFF        Watch it, Kit. That there is Jack Cade – he's from Kent –  
he's been trying to infiltrate the Professional League for  
years.

HOLINSHED      Chris, I've caught up with the renegade. Sir, sir can you tell  
us who you are?

CADE             My Father was a Mortimer.

FALSTAFF        He was an honest man, and a good Bricklayer.

CADE             Valiant I am.

FALSTAFF        A must needs, for beggary is valiant.

CADE             I am able to endure much.

HOLINSHED      No question of that. But why the public display?

CADE                    When I am King, as King I will be, there shall be no money,  
all shall eat and drink on my score, and I will apparel them  
all in one Livery, that they may agree like Brothers, and  
worship me their Lord.

*He is escorted away.*

HOLINSHED        There you have it. Back to you, Chris.

Scene 6 – The return of York

*HENRY interrupts – trying to call the game.*

HENRY                Players, this day have you redeemed your lives,  
And show'd how well you love your prince and country:  
And so, with thanks and pardon to you all,  
I do dismiss you to your several countries.

*YORK returns with his sons.*

YORK                 Now York unloose thy long imprisoned thoughts,  
And let thy tongue be equal with thy heart.  
*(YORK and his sons chant the haka)*

YORK&SONS        Kah mahtay! Kah mahtay! Kah orah! Kah orah!  
Kah mahtay! Kah mahtay! Kah orah! Kah orah!  
Tenei tahy tahngahtah puhuru huru  
Nahnah nei i tiki mai  
Fahkahfiti tahy rah  
Ah uupah ... nay! kah uupah ... nay!  
Ah uupah ... nay! kah uupah ... nay!  
Ah uupahnay, kowpahnay, uupahnay, kowpahnay  
Whiti tahy rah! Hi!!

**FS #6**

*Then YORK and his boys break into the Tetley Tea Dance, accompanied by appropriate music. We return to live action where CLIFFORD is taken out after a three-play sequence: The Scrum of St. Albans.*

**ACT 3) HALF TIME:**

*Scene 1 – Mortimer Interview*

MARLOWE Ladies and Gentleman...this is incredible. A surprise challenge from the York side has brought them back into the game and puts the very crown on the line. Jack, any comments?

FALSTAFF I'm speechless, Kit. I think the Duke of York must have had one too many Guinesses over on the Emerald Isle to pull a stunt like this.

MARLOWE In any event, it will certainly make for an exciting second half.

*MORTIMER sits down at the table with flip chart paper and diagrams. As he goes through the speech he points to various people on the family tree.*

MARLOWE The question of course that is on everyone's mind is, "How can York make such a challenge?" Joining us now is veteran player Edmund Mortimer to try and answer that very question. Edmund, thanks for coming on such short notice.

MORTIMER No problem at all, Chris.

MARLOWE Can you shed some light on this strange turn of events?

MORTIMER It's a complicated affair, but I'll do my best Chris.  
Basically,  
Henry the Fourth, grandfather to this king,  
Deposed his cousin Richard, Edward's son,  
The first-begotten and the lawful heir,  
Of Edward king, the third of that descent:  
During whose reign the Percies of the north,  
Finding his usurpation most unjust,  
Endeavor'd my advancement to the throne...

MARLOWE Your advancement? But how do you come into this mess?

MORTIMER Well, young King Richard --  
Leaving no heir begotten of his body--  
I was the next by birth and parentage;  
For by my mother I am derived  
From Lionel Duke of Clarence, the third son  
To King Edward the Third; whereas he --  
Henry the Fourth, grandfather to this king --  
Being but fourth of that heroic line.

MARLOWE            So then, why don't you have the crown?

MORTIMER           Long after this, when Henry the Fifth,  
Succeeding his father Bolingbroke, did reign,  
York's father, Richard the Earl of Cambridge,  
Married to my sister -- York's mom that is,  
Levied an army, weening to redeem  
And have install'd me in the diadem:  
But, not to be: so fell that noble earl  
And was beheaded. Thus the Mortimers,  
In whom the tide rested, were suppress'd.  
*(He drinks from a water bottle)*

MARLOWE            But that still gives you the right to challenge and not York.

MORTIMER            True; and thou seest that I no issue have  
And that my fainting words do warrant death;  
York is my heir.

*Dies*

FALSTAFF            Well isn't that convenient.

MARLOWE            Let's go over to Raphael Holinshed for some fast breaking  
news on the field. Go ahead Raphael.

Scene 2 – "The Deal"

HOLINSHED  
Chris, tonight's match is all over if these two  
sides can't come to an agreement. The Yorkists  
are proposing to continue playing for the  
coveted Crown of England, but Lancaster is  
reluctant and is threatening to walk from the  
field and head straight for the Beer Tent. As you  
can see behind me, the discussion is pretty lively  
– I am going to try and break through and talk to  
the two captains.

*Over HOLINSHED'S speech is the following  
bickering:*

WARWICK  
Exeter, thou art a traitor to the crown  
In following this usurping Henry.

CLIFFORD  
Whom should he follow but his natural king?

WARWICK  
True, Clifford; and that's Richard Duke of York.

WESTMORELAND  
Henry is king and Duke of Lancaster;  
And that the Lord of Westmoreland shall maintain.

WARWICK  
And Warwick shall disprove it. You forget  
That we are those which chased you from the field  
And slew your fathers, and with colours spread  
March'd through the city to the palace gates.

CLIFFORD  
Yes, Warwick, I remember it to my grief;  
And, by his soul, thou and thy house shall rue it.

WARWICK  
Poor Clifford! how I scorn his worthless threats!

*HOLINSHED breaks through to talk to HENRY and YORK*

HOLINSHED      Excuse me, Excuse me! I'm with the Press.

YORK              Will you we show our title to the crown?

HENRY            What title hast thou, traitor, to the crown?  
Think'st thou that I will leave my kingly throne,  
Wherein my grandsire and my father sat?  
No: first shall war unpeople this my realm;  
Ay, and their colours, often borne in France,  
And now in England to our heart's great sorrow,  
Shall be my winding-sheet. Why faint you, lords?  
My title's good, and better far than his.

WARWICK        Prove it, Henry, and thou shalt be king.

HENRY            Henry the Fourth by conquest got the crown.

YORK            'Twas by rebellion against his king.

HENRY            Tell me, may not a king adopt an heir?

YORK            What then?

HENRY            An if he may, then am I lawful king;  
For Richard, in the view of many lords,  
Resign'd the crown to Henry the Fourth,  
Whose heir my father was, and I am his.

SALISBURY      He rose against him, being his sovereign,  
And made him to resign his crown perforce.

YORK            Why whisper you, my lords, and answer not?

EXETER          My conscience tells me he is lawful king.

HENRY            Art thou against us, Duke of Exeter?

EXETER          His is the right, and therefore pardon me.

CLIFFORD        King Henry, be thy title right or wrong,  
Lord Clifford vows to fight in thy defence:  
May that ground gape and swallow me alive,  
Where I shall kneel to him that slew my father!

WARWICK        Do right unto this princely Duke of York,  
Or I will fill this field with armed men,

And over the chair of state, where now he sits,  
Write up his title with usurping blood.

*The York side starts to do the haka again and are silenced by a whistle blow from Shakespeare.*

HENRY            My Lord of Warwick, hear me but one word:  
Let me for this my life-time reign as king.

YORK             Confirm the crown to me and to mine heirs,  
And thou shalt reign in quiet while thou livest.

HENRY            I am content: Richard Plantagenet,  
Enjoy the kingdom after my decease.

WESTMORELAND Base, fearful and despairing Henry!

CLIFFORD        How hast thou injured both thyself and us!

NORTHUMBERLAND I cannot stay to hear these articles.

CLIFFORD        Come, cousin, let us tell the Queen these news.

HOLINSHED      Well, Chris – there you have it. Rather than risk the Crown,  
Lancaster has forfeited the game – and this in spite of their  
commanding lead. A sad day for rugby fans everywhere –  
just as things were beginning to look interesting.

MARLOWE        Thank you, Raphael. That brings us to the conclusion – a  
surprising end – to tonight's match of the week. Brought to  
you by Tetley tea and Red Rose tea – we bring you a war in  
every cup. Join us next week for more inter-league action as  
Brutus will go up against Mark Antony for the Italian union  
title. For the Upstart Crow Sports Network, I'm Christopher  
Marlowe...

FALSTAFF        And I'm rockin' John Falstaff.

MARLOWE        Good night.

FALSTAFF        Drive safely.

MARLOWE        ... so that's it?

FALSTAFF        I guess so.

MARLOWE        I thought we were going to do that bit with the knives?

*MARLOWE and FALSTAFF exit – bantering as they go...*

Scene 3 – The Deal breaks down

*The next two scenes break out at the LANCASTER and YORK benches and are done in point - counterpoint. While not speaking the other side mimes action and dialogue.*

MARGARET	Nay, go not from me; I will follow thee.
HENRY	Be patient, gentle queen, and I will stay.
MARGARET	Who can be patient in such extremes?

RICHARD	Brother, though I be youngest, give me leave.
EDWARD	No, I can better play the orator.
YORK	What is your quarrel? how began it first?
EDWARD	No quarrel, but a slight contention.
YORK	About what?
RICHARD	About that which concerns your grace and us; The crown of England, father, which is yours.
YORK	Mine boy? not till King Henry be dead.
RICHARD	Your right depends not on his life or death.

PRINCE ED	Father, you cannot disinherit me: If you be king, why should not I succeed?
HENRY	Pardon me, Margaret; pardon me, sweet son.

EDWARD	Now you are heir, therefore enjoy it now.
YORK	I took an oath that he should quietly reign.
EDWARD	But for a kingdom any oath may be broken: I would break a thousand oaths to reign one year.
RICHARD	No; God forbid your grace should be forsworn.
YORK	I shall be, if I claim by open war.
RICHARD	I'll prove the contrary, if you'll hear me speak.
YORK	Thou canst not, son; it is impossible.

HENRY	The Earl of Warwick and the duke enforced me.
MARGARET	Enforced thee! art thou king, and wilt be forced? I shame to hear thee speak. Ah, timorous wretch! Thou hast undone thyself, thy son and me; Had I been there, which am a silly woman, The <i>players</i> should have toss'd me on their pikes Before I would have granted to that act.

RICHARD	An oath is of no moment, being not took Before a true and lawful magistrate: Henry had none, but did usurp the place; Then, seeing 'twas he that made you to depose, Your oath, my lord, is vain and frivolous.
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MARGARET	The northern lords that have forsworn thy colours Will follow mine, if once they see them spread; And spread they shall be, to thy foul disgrace And utter ruin of the house of York.
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RICHARD	Therefore, to arms! And, father, do but think How sweet a thing it is to wear a crown; Within whose circuit is Elysium And all that poets feign of bliss and joy.
---------	--

MARGARET	Thus do I leave thee. Come, son, let's away; Our <i>players are</i> ready; come, we'll after them.
HENRY	Stay, gentle Margaret, and hear me speak.
MARGARET	Thou hast spoke too much already: get thee gone.
HENRY	Gentle son Edward, thou wilt stay with me?
PRINCE ED	When I return with victory from the field I'll see your grace: till then I'll follow her.

RICHARD	Why do we finger thus? I cannot rest Until the white rose that I wear be dyed Even in the lukewarm blood of Henry's heart.
YORK	Richard, enough; I will be king, or die!

*Both teams take to the field again shouting threats at one another and play resumes while MARLOWE and FALSTAFF have to rush back to the table.*

MARLOWE            We're back.

FALSTAFF            Upstart Crow Sports is back on the air! Toronto's only Elizabethan sports station. If you're not watching us, it ain't iambic pentameter. I'm Jumpin' Jack Falstaff here with Krazy Kit Marlowe...

MARLOWE            That's enough, Jack. Raphael, what's happened?

HOLINSHED          Well, it looks like the agreement between the two sides has broken down, Chris. The match is back and both sides look like they're out for blood.

FALSTAFF            How about a little warning next time, you bull's pizzle?

HOLINSHED          Thou clay-brained guts, thou knotty-pated fool, thou whoreson, obscene, grease tallow catch...

MARLOWE            Let's return to live action.

**ACT 4) SECOND HALF:**

*Scene 1 – The removal of RUTLAND and YORK*

*YORK scores. RUTLAND trips CLIFFORD and makes fun of him. CLIFFORD runs after him to the YORK bench and calls over the GOONS and murders him.*

RUTLAND           To thee I pray; sweet Clifford, pity me!

**FS #7a**

CLIFFORD           Thy father slew my father; therefore, die.

*RUTLAND screams. YORK notices from the field, rushes over and is caught by the GOONS with Margaret at the head. Play freezes on the field.*

MARGARET           What! was it you that would be England's king?  
Where are your mess of sons to back you now?  
The wanton Edward, and the lusty George?  
And where's that valiant crook-back prodigy,  
Dicky your boy, that with his grumbling voice  
Was wont to cheer his dad in mutinies?  
Or, with the rest, where is your darling Rutland?  
Look, York: I stain'd this *headgear* with the blood  
That valiant Clifford, with his rapier's point,  
Made issue from the bosom of the boy;  
And if thine eyes can water for his death,  
I give thee this to dry thy cheeks withal.

YORK                O tiger's heart wrapt in a woman's hide!  
How couldst thou drain the life-blood of the child,  
To bid the father wipe his eyes withal,  
And yet be seen to bear a woman's face?  
See, ruthless queen, a hapless father's tears:  
This cloth thou dip'dst in blood of my sweet boy,  
And I with tears do wash the blood away.  
Keep thou the *headgear*, and go boast of this:  
And if thou tell'st the heavy story right,  
Upon my soul, the hearers will shed tears;  
Yea even my foes will shed fast-falling tears,  
And say 'Alas, it was a piteous deed!'  
There, take the crown, and, with the crown, my curse;  
And in thy need such comfort come to thee  
As now I reap at thy too cruel hand!

**FS #7b**

CLIFFORD           Here's for my oath, here's for my father's death.

MARGARET           And here's to right our gentle-hearted king.

*They stab him and the freeze breaks. The GOONS carry off YORK and CLARENCE, EDWARD and RICHARD come running over to see RUTLAND'S lifeless body.*

THE SONS            Oh my God! They killed Rutland! You Bastards!

MARLOWE           And the Duke of York is down on the field. Jack, it doesn't look good.

FALSTAFF           No, indeed, not. Definitely time for the stretcher-bearers. His team has gathered around him now and looks like Richard Plantagenet will not be re-entering the game for the York side. Quite a blow for their chances.

*EDWARD runs over the LANCASTER bench to confront HENRY.*

EDWARD            Now, perjured Henry! wilt thou kneel for grace,  
And set thy diadem upon my head;  
Or bide the mortal fortune of the field?

MARGARET         Go, rate thy minions, proud insulting boy!

CLIFFORD          Who should succeed the father but the son?

RICHARD            Are you there, butcher? O, I cannot speak!

CLIFFORD          Ay, crook-back, here I stand to answer thee,  
Or any he the proudest of thy sort.

EDWARD            Say, Henry, shall I have my right, or no?  
A thousand men have broke their fasts to-day,  
That ne'er shall dine unless thou yield the crown.

WARWICK           If thou deny, their blood upon thy head;  
For York in justice puts his armour on.

PR EDWARD        If that be right which Warwick says is right,  
There is no wrong, but every thing is right.

HENRY              Have done with words, my lords, and hear me speak.

MARGARET         Defy them then, or else hold close thy lips.

*EDWARD begins to leave.*

Stay Edward.

EDWARD            No, wrangling woman, we'll no longer stay,  
These words will cost ten thousand lives this day.

Scene 2 – Battle of Towton

*The players take the field and execute the 2on1 sequence.*

PR EDWARD      Fly, father, fly! for all your friends are fled!

MARGARET      Mount you, my lord; towards Berwick post amain!

EXETER          Nay, stay not to expostulate, make speed;

HENRY          Nay, take me with thee, good sweet Exeter:

*EXETER gets tackled*

*The field should now be littered with bodies. HENRY wanders through the field while “Schindler’s List” music plays. HENRY removes his “crown” (headgear).*

HENRY          Not that I fear to stay, but..... Forward; away!

*EDWARD grabs the headgear and places it on his head while PRINCE EDWARD in agony cries out “NO!” At this point a Time-Out is called in order to mend and recruit fresh blood. HENRY hides in the audience.*

Scene 3 – TIME OUT

*During the Time-Out, Edward cruises women in the audience and Warwick and Margaret try and bribe French Players to join their team. In the end, Edward picks Elizabeth from the crowd and Warwick and Clarence defect to LANCASTER and the players take the field again.*

MARLOWE      Ladies and Gentleman – it doesn’t get any better than this! We’ve got an upset in the making as York has gained control of the crown. John, your thoughts on the play so far?

FALSTAFF      Well, I thought the play on the field was stellar. We saw Lancaster use their pack to break open the field in the early going and it looked like York was in a lot of trouble. They had grievous injuries to key players and the game was going all Lancaster’s way. It looked like the legitimacy of Henry VI’s kingship was all but assured. But the game got bogged down in the centre of the field and that’s all York. That’s the game York wanted to play and they were able to pull themselves back into it.

MARLOWE      Quite a difference in Captains, eh John? Here’s Edward slugging it out in the field, while Henry has run away, leaving his entire team decimated. Not exactly the most honorable tactic.

FALSTAFF Wait a minute, Kit. Don't start pissin' on Henry yet. Can honor set to a leg?

MARLOWE No.

FALSTAFF Or an arm?

MARLOWE No.

FALSTAFF Or take away the grief of a wound?

MARLOWE No.

FALSTAFF Honour hath no skill in surgery, then?

MARLOWE No.

FALSTAFF What is honour?

MARLOWE A word.

FALSTAFF What is in that word honour? What is that honour? air. A trim reckoning! Who hath it? he that died o' Wednesday. Doth he feel it?

MARLOWE No.

FALSTAFF Doth he hear it?

MARLOWE No.

FALSTAFF 'Tis insensible, then. Yea, to the dead. But will it not live with the living?

MARLOWE No.

FALSTAFF Why? detraction will not suffer it. Therefore I'll none of it. Honour is a mere scutcheon: and so ends my catechism.

MARLOWE Sir John Falstaff, ladies and gentlemen. A man who's been described as a huge hill of flesh. Now over to Rafael Holinshed, who has cornered Richard of Gloucester. RH?

*At this point MARLOWE exits for a "break" - never to return.*

HOLINSHED Thank you, Chris. I've caught up with Richard of Gloucester - Richard, losing both your father and your

youngest brother Rutland must be a very tough thing. How do you think it will affect your chances in this second half?

- RICHARD Well, clearly we're going to have to rethink our middle game. Warwick and George will both have to step up a bit to make up for it. But I reckon we're in pretty good shape.
- HOLINSHED With your father out of the picture, someone's got to step up for leadership of the York side. It looks like that someone is Edward. Should we look for you to step up your play as well?
- RICHARD Raphael, Raphael, I do but dream on sovereignty;  
And so I chide the means that keeps me from it;  
And so I say, I'll cut the causes off:  
I'll drown more sailors than the mermaid shall;  
I'll slay more gazers than the basilisk;  
I'll play the orator as well as Nestor,  
Deceive more slyly than Ulysses could,  
And, like a Sinon, take another Troy!
- HOLINSHED So, does this mean you'll be looking for a trade in the off-season....?
- RICHARD Something like that.
- HOLINSHED Good luck. Back to you Chris.
- FALSTAFF Ladies and Gentelman – we have just received word that a bright star in the Rugby firmament is out – it is with deep sorrow that I inform you that Chris Marlowe is dead.
- SHAKESPEARE comes running over in hysterics.*
- SHAKESPEARE Ohmigod! Ohmigod! It's my fault! I didn't know she was engaged! I told her fiance my name was Marlowe and now he's gone and killed him! It's my fault, Jack! It's my fault!
- FALSTAFF Bill...Bill...it's not your fault. He was killed in a brawl at the Fringe Beer Tent. It had nothing to do with a woman – it was an argument over the bill.
- SHAKESPEARE Do I still get to sleep with Gwyneth Paltrow?
- FALSTAFF Ahhhhh.....yeah, sure.
- SHAKESPEARE runs back to the field.*
- FALSTAFF Well, looks like I'll be flying solo for the rest of this game...
- GREENE *(leaping into MARLOWE'S chair)* Did someone say they needed another commentator?

FALSTAFF Ah...no....

GREENE We've just received word that the Yorkists are having a press conference to announce their recent recruiting. On site is our man on the pitch, Rafael Holinshed. Take it away RH!

HOLINSHED Ah, thanks RG. It may be that Lancaster's light is not out yet. In a shocking move, Edward has defied everyone and spent all of his recruitment money on cheerleaders instead of more players. Warwick is furious, especially since he was closing a trade with the French Team. We take you live where the three brothers are discussing the acquisition.

EDWARD Now tell me, brother Clarence, what think you Of this new recruit: the young Lady Grey?

CLARENCE In choosing for yourself, you show'd your judgment,  
Which being shallow, you give me leave  
To play the broker in mine own behalf;  
And to that end I shortly mind to leave you.  
You that love me and Warwick, follow me.

*Exit*

EDWARD Yea, brother Richard, are you offended too?

RICHARD Not I.  
*[Aside]* My thoughts aim at a further matter; I  
Stay not for the love of Edward, but the crown.  
Uh...did I say that out loud?

EDWARD Why, so! then am I sure of victory.  
Now therefore let us hence; and lose no hour,  
Till we meet Warwick with his foreign power.

*Exit to the field*

*WARWICK and CLARENCE now have LANCASTER jerseys. WARWICK has also retrieved HENRY from the audience.*

WARWICK Then, gentle Clarence, welcome unto Warwick;  
You that will follow us in this attempt,  
Applaud the name of Henry as your leader.  
*They all cry, 'Henry!'*

Why, then, let's on our way in silent sort:  
For Warwick and his friends, God and Saint George!

*Exeunt to the field*

HOLINSHED        There you have it Chris, er RG – looks like Lancaster may have a second wind.

FALSTAFF         And with that, let's return to live action.

GREENE            Hey – that's my line!

Scene 4 – The capture and release of EDWARD

FS #9

*CLARENCE takes on the scrum himself and rips the ball away from his own team and barrels through the YORK side. In the end, he takes out brother EDWARD to score a try for LANCASTER. SHAKESPEARE is about to give him a yellow card but afraid of the consequences, instead gives it to EDWARD. The GOONS rush out to take him to the YORK bench. HOLINSHED rushes out for an interview.*

HOLINSHED        Edward – what do you think of your misfortune?

EDWARD            Nay, then I see that Edward needs must down.  
Yet, Warwick, in despite of all mischance,  
Of thee thyself and all thy complices,  
Edward will always bear himself as king!

*SALISBURY distracts SHAKESPEARE while RICHARD and HASTINGS steal Edward away from the Bench.*

FALSTAFF         Looks like Lancaster has Edward bottled up tight. York is going to have a hard time getting their star captain back in the game.

*RICHARD and HASTINGS go over to where EDWARD is.*

RICH/HAST        (to the GOONS) Look! There's Gwyneth Paltrow!

GOONS             Where? (They look around)

*RICHARD and HASTINGS sneak EDWARD away.*

FALSTAFF         I spoke too soon. Now all the Yorkists need would be for Clarence to return – united those brothers are unbeatable.

*LANCASTER has huddled up and won't let the solo boy CLARENCE in their pack. The YORKIST start doing the Maori Chant – very lovingly and softly, like a lullaby to lure CLARENCE back.*

CLARENCE         Look here, I throw my infamy at thee  
I will not ruinate my father's house,  
Who gave his blood to lime the stones together,  
And set up Lancaster.

*CLARENCE returns to the YORK side and play resumes.*

Scene 5 – Barnet or Oscar Night

*YORK kicks off and Oscar music starts. Play stops while HOLINSHED comes on the field with ELIZABETH carrying a water bottle.*

HOLINSHED        And the award for the best cross-gender performance in a Shakespearean play in the Fringe Festival goes to (*Actor's Name*) as Warwick.

*WARWICK makes an impromptu speech and then is cut off as he heads for the sidelines with his "Oscar" of water. SOMERSET runs after him.*

SOMERSET        Ah, Warwick, Warwick! wert thou as we are.  
We might recover all our loss again;  
The queen from France hath brought a puissant power:  
Even now we heard the news!

WARWICK         Fly, lords, and save yourselves;  
For Warwick bids you all farewell to meet in heaven.  
I'M GOING TO HOLLYWOOD!

*During the above section, a massive pile-on scrum is occurring on the field.*

Scene 6 - Battle of Tewkesbury

FS #10

MARGARET        Why, courage then! and in God's name, lords,  
Be valiant and give signal to the fight!

*The ball clears out to PRINCE EDWARD. The LANCASTER side collapses after the scrum and the three YORK sons take out young Eddy.*

EDWARD         Take that, thou likeness of this railer here.  
*Tackles PRINCE EDWARD. He continues.*

RICHARD         Sprawl'st thou? take that, to end thy agony.  
*Tackles PRINCE EDWARD. He continues.*

CLARENCE        And there's for twitting me with perjury.  
*Tackles PRINCE EDWARD. He's dead.*

FS #11

*RICHARD picks up the ball from the dead PRINCE and executes the "Play of the Game" sequence. Every LANCASTRIAN player attempts to take him out until he*

*finally scores – tying it up and sending it into overtime. He runs over to the audience in front of the LANCASTER bench.*

RICHARD            Now is the winter of our discontent  
                         Made glorious summer by **THIS** son of York!

Scene 7 – The removal of Henry

GREENE            The York side jubilant as they tie this game up and force  
                         Lancaster to try their luck in overtime.

FALSTAFF          Absolutely incredible! I have never seen anything like it in  
                         all my years in the league. And if you look at those faces on  
                         the Lancaster side, they don't know what him them. Richard  
                         went through their defensive line like shit through a goose.

GREENE            STOP EVERYTHING! *(All Players Freeze)* There's a man  
                         down on the field. Jack, can you see who it is?

FALSTAFF          Yes, Bob, it's our King - Henry VI. Looks like its stretcher  
                         time.

GREENE            Let's see if we can't get another angle on the play that led up  
                         to the death of the King of England. We'll go now to our  
                         technical crew.

**FS #12**

*On the field, the players all move in slow motion and reverse the action to where the play began. Then they begin moving forward in slow motion. As they do we see RICHARD loom out of the pack and take HENRY down quite murderously.*

FALSTAFF          Ooh, that's a sneaky play there by that little hunchback!  
                         Should not have been allowed! He should be getting an  
                         automatic suspension!

GREENE            Would you care to go tell him?

FALSTAFF          Ahh, no.

## ACT 5) OVER TIME

### Scene 1: The choosing of New Captains (RICHARD and TUDOR)

GREENE Right now the momentum is going all York's way and that's bad news for Lancaster as we head into the extra period.

FALSTAFF Right you are, Bob. We're going into sudden death overtime where anything can happen. York is playing like they've got nothing to lose, which makes them very dangerous right now.

GREENE Lancaster still in their huddle, trying to name a Captain. Most of their top players have either been a casualty of the game, or just plain murdered.

FALSTAFF York on the sidelines as well, with Edward trying to calm his side down and give them the focus they need to finish out this game. Too much emotion isn't what York wants right now. They just need to execute a few key plays and it will be all over for Lancaster and their hopes for an English title. Let's go over to Raf on the sidelines.

HOLINSHED John, it appears that Edward and Clarence, once more have had a falling off, only this time he has been kicked off the team. I'll try and get an interview – Clarence, Clarence, why were you removed from the team?

CLARENCE They say "because my name is George."

HOLINSHED Oh well, then that explains it.

CLARENCE But I blame weak officiating and I blame the league. Their marketing machine just wasn't ready to have a player like George Clarence as a dominant force in the league. They don't understand my situation or why I need a multi-year contract or why I need a record deal. They don't understand the pressures a modern player faces from the media, the fans, my six ex-wives.

HOLINSHED So, you're looking forward to next season...?

CLARENCE No, I'm looking forward to my next sneaker endorsement. Fool. If anyone wants me, I'll be in a butt of malmsey at the Beer Tent.

*He exits*

HOLINSHED And there you have it John.

GREENE Thanks RH. Looks like Lancaster has decided on a Substitution to lead their last ditch effort – Henry Tudor. John, any comments?

FALSTAFF Boy, Lancaster must be desperate because this kid is a long shot. Not only is he inexperienced, but his royal lineage is completely suspect – and to make matters worse - he's half Welsh!

*EDWARD runs over to GREENE and whispers something to him. Then he and ELIZABETH run away together.*

GREENE This just in – the Captain and current Monarch of the Realm, Edward has unexpectedly decided to leave the game of Rugby to pursue a career in minor league baseball.

FALSTAFF He stands a better chance than Jordan.

GREENE In any event, looks like we've got a Substitution on the York side as well. Naturally, we assume the torch will be passed without difficulty to Edward's young son – Edward.

**FS #13**

*RICHARD kills YOUNG EDWARD.*

FALSTAFF Bob – a word of advice: never ASSUME anything.

YORKISTS *(to RICHARD)* Oh my God! You killed Edward! You Bastard!

GREENE Well it looks like, the only one who can lead this York team to victory is none other than that crook-back: Tricky Dicky. Let's go direct to the pitch where the Captains are addressing their teams.

Scene 2 – Captain speeches to their players on the Sidelines

*TUDOR'S and RICHARD'S speeches to their teams – said at the same time.  
Eventually RICHARD is left alone with the audience as everyone goes over to  
listen to TUDOR.*

TUDOR

God and our good cause fight upon our side;  
The prayers of holy saints and wronged souls,  
Like high-rear'd bulwarks, stand before our faces;  
Richard except, those whom we fight against  
Had rather have us win than him they follow:  
For what is he they follow? truly, gentlemen,  
A bloody tyrant and a homicide;  
One raised in blood, and one in blood establish'd;  
One that made means to come by what he hath,  
And slaughter'd those that were the means to help him;  
Abase foul stone, made precious by the foil  
Of England's chair, where he is falsely set;  
One that hath ever been God's enemy:  
Then, if you fight against God's enemy,  
God will in justice ward you as his soldiers;  
If you do sweat to put a tyrant down,  
You sleep in peace, the tyrant being slain;  
If you do fight against your country's foes,  
Your country's fat shall pay your pains the hire;  
Then, in the name of God and all these rights,  
Advance your standards, draw your willing swords.  
For me, the ransom of my bold attempt  
Shall be this cold corpse on the earth's cold face;  
But if I thrive, the gain of my attempt  
The least of you shall share his part thereof.  
Sound drums and trumpets boldly and cheerfully;  
God and Saint George! Tudor and victory!

RICHARD

What shall I say more than I have inferr'd?  
Remember whom you are to cope withal;  
A sort of vagabonds, rascals, and runaways,  
A scum of Bretons, and base lackey peasants,  
Whom their o'er-cloyed country vomits forth  
To desperate ventures and assured destruction.  
You sleeping safe, they bring to you unrest;  
You having lands, and blest with beauteous wives,  
They would restrain the one, distain the other.  
And who doth lead them but a paltry fellow,  
Long kept in Bretagne at our mother's cost?  
A milk-sop, one that never in his life  
Felt so much cold as over shoes in snow?  
Let's whip these stragglers o'er the seas again;  
Lash hence these overweening rags of France,  
These famish'd beggars, weary of their lives;  
Who, but for dreaming on this fond exploit,  
For want of means, poor rats, had hang'd themselves:  
If we be conquer'd, let men conquer us,  
And not these bastard Bretons; whom our fathers  
Have in their own land beaten, bobb'd, and thump'd,  
And in record, left them the heirs of shame.  
Fight, gentlemen of England! fight, bold yoemen!

GREENE

And with that, we have York kicking off to Lancaster and  
play is underway once again at Robert St Field.

Scene 3 – The sack of Richard

**FS #14**

*The players take the field and YORK is going to kick off when they throw the ball  
away and start chasing RICHARD. Then LANCASTER team joins in and chases  
him around the field. While this is going on, TUDOR picks up the ball and  
scores for the game winning try. While RICHARD is being pursued by everyone:*

RICHARD

A horse! A horse! My kingdom for a horse!

*RICHARD trips and there is a massive pile-on. The largest player comes in for  
the fatal blow. TUDOR comes running over after the try.*

TUDOR

God and your arms be praised, victorious friends,

The day is ours, the bloody dog is dead!  
We will unite the white rose and the red!  
Now civil wounds are stopp'd, peace lives again!

*Everyone surrounds TUDOR and HOLINSHEW runs over to him on the field.*

HOLINSHEW Henry Tudor: against all odds you've just led the  
Lancastrians to a complete victory for the Rugby Crown!  
What are you going to do next?

TUDOR I'm going to Stonehenge!

*Scene 4 – Post-Game Show*

GREENE Well, that's it – Lancaster in a stunning victory over York  
that will send them into the Cup finals against France.

FALSTAFF And a lovely match it was, Bob. No shame in the York side  
going down to such a strong Lancaster squad. Keep your  
chins up there, lads. No, today Lancaster was in fine form,  
moving the ball well, winning crucial victories in the scrum,  
keeping control of their line outs and taking full advantage  
of the mistakes made by the York side. Even though Young  
Richard had a wonderful first half, today was a case of just  
too much Lancaster and not enough York.

GREENE Indeed you're right, Jack. And there's no question in my  
mind about today's play of the game.

FALSTAFF Not at all. It has to be Richard's final try to send the match  
into overtime. Number three makes a lovely run down the  
far side of the pitch, simultaneously scoring a beautiful try  
and eliminating England's rightful king.

GREENE Once a Lancastrian, always a Lancastrian, right Jack?

FALSTAFF Oh, aye, aye. Died in the wool, as it were. But, to top it off,  
Richard caps the play by delivering a lovely monologue  
directly to the audience here at Robert St. Playing Field.  
And don't think the fans don't appreciate that wee bit of  
showmanship.

GREENE You're right there. It promises to be a stirring match against  
France next week in the Cup finals.

FALSTAFF I can't wait.

GREENE But although, Richard gets the play of the game, I think hands down, tonight's MVP was Margaret Anjou.

FALSTAFF Right with you on that one, Bob. Quite frankly, if it wasn't for Margaret, there's no way Lancaster would have lasted as long as they did. That Tudor boy owes a lot to her leadership and fanatical blood-thirsty drive.

GREENE Let's go to Raphael for a special interview with our MVP: Margaret Anjou.

HOLINSHED Thanks, Bob. Margaret, we all know how hard you've worked all season – the betrayals, killings, murder and intrigue – and then to be stripped of everything and not share in the final triumphant glory – why, you must feel cursed?

MARGARET Can curses pierce the clouds and enter heaven?  
Why then, give way, dull clouds, to my quick curses!

GREENE That's great RH, but unfortunately we are out of time.

MARGARET Stay, dog, for thou shalt hear me!

**FS #15**

*She jumps HOLINSHED and the GOONS carry her off kicking and struggling.*

GREENE Thanks for joining us at Robert St. Playing Field today - I'm Bobby Greene.

FALSTAFF And I'm Jack Falstaff.

GREENE For the Upstart Crow Sports Network, good night.

FALSTAFF Good night.

GR/FAL Say good night Raf.

HOLINSHED *(dizzy)* Good night Raf.

**END**