



Digital Filmmaking Handbook

RICHARD III

This document contains the complete text of Shakespeare's Richard III, Act I, Scene 2. This scene will be used for some of the editing tutorials later in the book. In the meantime, it's a chance for you to see a script in screenplay format.

This script was created using B.C. Software's Final Draft version 6 for Macintosh. However, because Shakespeare's dialog is written in verse, the dialog in this script is a little different from a normal screenplay. Line breaks have been inserted to preserve the line readings of the original verse.

Though the bulk of this script was shot, it was heavily cut during the editing process to achieve an end result that was a reasonable length.

Exit. London. Another street. Enter corpse of KING HENRY THE SIXTH, with halberds to guard it; LADY ANNE being the mourner, attended by TRESSEL and BERKELEY.

ANNE

Set down, set down your honourable
load-
If honour may be shrouded in a
hearse;
Whilst I awhile obsequiously lament
Th' untimely fall of virtuous
Lancaster.
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,
Stabb'd by the self-same hand that
made these wounds.
Lo, in these windows that let forth
thy life
I pour the helpless balm of my poor
eyes.
O, cursed be the hand that made
these holes!
Cursed the heart that had the heart
to do it!
Cursed the blood that let this
blood from hence!
More direful hap betide that hated
wretch
That makes us wretched by the death
of thee
Than I can wish to adders, spiders,
toads,
Or any creeping venom'd thing that
lives!
If ever he have child, abortive be
it,
Prodigious, and untimely brought to
light,
Whose ugly and unnatural aspect
May fright the hopeful mother at
the view,
And that be heir to his
unhappiness!

(MORE)

ANNE (cont'd)

If ever he have wife, let her be
made
More miserable by the death of him
Than I am made by my young lord and
thee!
Come, now towards Chertsey with
your holy load,
Taken from Paul's to be interred
there;
And still as you are weary of this
weight
Rest you, whiles I lament King
Henry's corse.

The bearers take up the coffin. Enter GLOUCESTER

GLOUCESTER

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

ANNE

What black magician conjures up
this fiend
To stop devoted charitable deeds?

GLOUCESTER

Villains, set down the corse; or,
by Saint Paul,
I'll make a corse of him that
disobeys!

FIRST GENTLEMAN

My lord, stand back, and let the
coffin pass.

GLOUCESTER

Unmannerd dog! Stand thou, when I
command.
Advance thy halberd higher than my
breast,
Or, by Saint Paul, I'll strike thee
to my foot
And spurn upon thee, beggar, for
thy boldness.

The bearers set down the coffin

ANNE

What, do you tremble? Are you all
afraid?
Alas, I blame you not, for you are
mortal,
And mortal eyes cannot endure the
devil.

(MORE)

ANNE (cont'd)

Avaunt, thou dreadful minister of
hell!
Thou hadst but power over his
mortal body,
His soul thou canst not have;
therefore, be gone.

GLOUCESTER

Sweet saint, for charity, be not so
curst.

ANNE

Foul devil, for God's sake, hence
and trouble us not;
For thou hast made the happy earth
thy hell
Fill'd it with cursing cries and
deep exclams.
If thou delight to view thy heinous
deeds,
Behold this pattern of thy
butcheries.
O, gentlemen, see, see! Dead
Henry's wounds
Open their congeal'd mouths and
bleed afresh.
Blush, blush, thou lump of foul
deformity,
For 'tis thy presence that exhales
this blood
From cold and empty veins where no
blood dwells;
Thy deeds inhuman and unnatural
Provokes this deluge most
unnatural.
O God, which this blood mad'st,
revenge his death!
O earth, which this blood drink'st,
revenge his death!
Either, heav'n, with lightning
strike the murd'rer dead;
Or, earth, gape open wide and eat
him quick,
As thou dost swallow up this good
king's blood,
Which his hell-govern'd arm hath
butchered.

GLOUCESTER

Lady, you know no rules of charity,
Which renders good for bad,
blessings for curses.

ANNE

Villain, thou knowest nor law of
God nor man:
No beast so fierce but knows some
touch of pity.

GLOUCESTER

But I know none, and therefore am
no beast.

ANNE

O wonderful, when devils tell the
truth!

GLOUCESTER

More wonderful when angels are so
angry.
Vouchsafe, divine perfection of a
woman,
Of these supposed crimes to give me
leave By circumstance but to acquit
myself.

ANNE

Vouchsafe, diffus'd infection of a
man,
Of these known evils but to give me
leave
By circumstance to accuse thy
cursed self.

GLOUCESTER

Fairer than tongue can name thee,
let me have
Some patient leisure to excuse
myself.

ANNE

Fouler than heart can think thee,
thou canst make
No excuse current but to hang
thyself.

GLOUCESTER

By such despair I should accuse
myself.

ANNE

And by despairing shalt thou stand
excused
For doing worthy vengeance on
thyself
That didst unworthy slaughter upon
others.

GLOUCESTER

Say that I slew them not?

ANNE

Then say they were not slain.
But dead they are, and, devilish
slave, by thee.

GLOUCESTER

I did not kill your husband.

ANNE

Why, then he is alive.

GLOUCESTER

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

ANNE

In thy foul throat thou liest:
Queen Margaret saw
Thy murd'rous falchion smoking in
his blood;
The which thou once didst bend
against her breast,
But that thy brothers beat aside
the point.

GLOUCESTER

I was provoked by her sland'rous
tongue
That laid their guilt upon my
guiltless shoulders.

ANNE

Thou wast provoked by thy bloody
mind,
That never dream'st on aught but
butcheries.
Didst thou not kill this king?

GLOUCESTER

I grant ye.

ANNE

Dost grant me, hedgehog? Then, God
grant me to
Thou mayst be damned for that
wicked deed!
O, he was gentle, mild, and
virtuous!

GLOUCESTER

The better for the King of Heaven,
that hath him.

ANNE

He is in heaven, where thou shalt
never come.

GLOUCESTER

Let him thank me that help to send
him thither,
For he was fitter for that place
than earth.

ANNE

And thou unfit for any place but
hell.

GLOUCESTER

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

ANNE

Some dungeon.

GLOUCESTER

Your bed-chamber.

ANNE

I'll rest betide the chamber where
thou liest!

GLOUCESTER

So will it, madam, till I lie with
you.

ANNE

I hope so.

GLOUCESTER

I know so.

(MORE)

GLOUCESTER (cont'd)

But, gentle Lady Anne,
To leave this keen encounter of our
wits,
And fall something into a slower
method-
Is not the causer of the timeless
deaths
Of these Plantagenets, Henry and
Edward,
As blameful as the executioner?

ANNE

Thou wast the cause and most
accurs'd effect.

GLOUCESTER

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,
These nails should rend that beauty
from my cheeks.

GLOUCESTER

These eyes could not endure that
beauty's wreck;
You should not blemish it if I
stood by.
As all the world is cheered by the
sun,
So I by that; it is my day, my
life.

ANNE

Black night o'ershade thy day, and
death thy life!

GLOUCESTER

Curse not thyself, fair creature;
thou art both.

ANNE

I would I were, to be reveng'd on
thee.

GLOUCESTER

It is a quarrel most unnatural,
To be reveng'd on him that loveth
thee.

ANNE

It is a quarrel just and
reasonable,
To be reveng'd on him that kill'd
my husband.

GLOUCESTER

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.

GLOUCESTER

He lives that loves thee better
than he could.

ANNE

Name him.

GLOUCESTER

Plantagenet.

ANNE

Why, that was he.

GLOUCESTER

The self-same name, but one of
better nature.

ANNE

Where is he?

GLOUCESTER

Here.

(She spits at him)

Why dost thou spit at me?

ANNE

Would it were mortal poison, for
thy sake!

GLOUCESTER

Never came poison from so sweet a
place.

ANNE

Never hung poison on a fouler toad.
Out of my sight! Thou dost infect
mine eyes.

GLOUCESTER

Thine eyes, sweet lady, have
infected mine.

ANNE

Would they were basilisks to strike
thee dead!

GLOUCESTER

I would they were, that I might die
at once;
For now they kill me with a living
death.
Those eyes of thine from mine have
drawn salt tears,
Sham'd their aspects with store of
childish drops-
These eyes, which never shed
remorseful tear,
No, when my father York and Edward
wept
To hear the piteous moan that
Rutland made
When black-fac'd Clifford shook his
sword at him;
Nor when thy warlike father, like a
child,
Told the sad story of my father's
death,
And twenty times made pause to sob
and weep
That all the standers-by had wet
their cheeks
Like trees bedash'd with rain-in
that sad time
My manly eyes did scorn an humble
tear;
And what these sorrows could not
thence exhale
Thy beauty hath, and made them
blind with weeping.
I never sued to friend nor enemy;
My tongue could never learn sweet
smoothing word;
But, now thy beauty is propos'd my
fee,
My proud heart sues, and prompts my
tongue to speak.

(MORE)

GLOUCESTER (cont'd)

(She looks scornfully at
him)

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;
Which if thou please to hide in
this true breast
And let the soul forth that adoreth
thee,
I lay it naked to the deadly
stroke,
And humbly beg the death upon my
knee.

He lays his breast open; she offers at it with his sword.

GLOUCESTER (cont'd)

Nay, do not pause; for I did kill
King Henry-
But 'twas thy beauty that provoked
me.
Nay, now dispatch; 'twas I that
stabb'd young Edward-
But 'twas thy heavenly face that
set me on.

(She falls the sword)

Take up the sword again, or take up
me.

ANNE

Arise, dissembler; though I wish
thy death,
I will not be thy executioner.

GLOUCESTER

Then bid me kill myself, and I will
do it;

ANNE

I have already.

GLOUCESTER

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;

(MORE)

GLOUCESTER (cont'd)
To both their deaths shalt thou be
accessory.

ANNE
I would I knew thy heart.

GLOUCESTER
'Tis figur'd in my tongue.

ANNE
I fear me both are false.

GLOUCESTER
Then never was man true.

ANNE
well put up your sword.

GLOUCESTER
Say, then, my peace is made.

ANNE
That shalt thou know hereafter.

GLOUCESTER
But shall I live in hope?

ANNE
All men, I hope, live so.

GLOUCESTER
Vouchsafe to wear this ring.

ANNE
To take is not to give.
(Puts on the ring)

GLOUCESTER
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.
And if thy poor devoted servant may
But beg one favour at thy gracious
hand,
Thou dost confirm his happiness for
ever.

ANNE
What is it?

GLOUCESTER

That it may please you leave these
sad designs
To him that hath most cause to be a
mourner,
And presently repair to Crosby
House;
Where-after I have solemnly
interr'd
At Chertsey monast'ry this noble
king,
And wet his grave with my repentant
tears-
I will with all expedient duty see
you.
For divers unknown reasons, I
beseech you,
Grant me this boon.

ANNE

With all my heart; and much it joys
me too
To see you are become so penitent.
Tressel and Berkeley, go along with
me.

GLOUCESTER

Bid me farewell.

ANNE

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

Exeunt two GENTLEMEN With LADY ANNE

GLOUCESTER

Sirs, take up the corse.

GENTLEMEN.

Towards Chertsey, noble lord?

GLOUCESTER (cont'd)

No, to White Friars; there attend
my coming.

Exeunt all but GLOUCESTER

GLOUCESTER (cont'd)

Was ever woman in this humour
woo'd?

(MORE)

GLOUCESTER (cont'd)

Was ever woman in this humour won?
 I'll have her; but I will not keep
 her long.
 What! I that kill'd her husband and
 his father-
 To take her in her heart's
 extremest hate,
 With curses in her mouth, tears in
 her eyes,
 The bleeding witness of my hatred
 by;
 Having God, her conscience, and
 these bars against me,
 And I no friends to back my suit at
 all
 But the plain devil and dissembling
 looks,
 And yet to win her, all the world
 to nothing!
 Ha!
 Hath she forgot already that brave
 prince,
 Edward, her lord, whom I, some
 three months since,
 Stabb'd in my angry mood at
 Tewksbury?
 A sweeter and a lovelier gentleman-
 Fram'd in the prodigality of
 nature,
 Young, valiant, wise, and no doubt
 right royal-
 The spacious world cannot again
 afford;
 And will she yet abase her eyes on
 me,
 That cropp'd the golden prime of
 this sweet prince
 And made her widow to a woeful bed?
 On me, whose all not equals
 Edward's moiety?
 On me, that halts and am misshapen
 thus?
 My dukedom to a beggarly denier,
 I do mistake my person all this
 while.
 Upon my life, she finds, although I
 cannot,
 Myself to be a marv'llous proper
 man.
 I'll be at charges for a looking-
 glass,
 And entertain a score or two of
 tailors
 To study fashions to adorn my body.

(MORE)

GLOUCESTER (cont'd)

Since I am crept in favour with
myself,
I will maintain it with some little
cost.
But first I'll turn yon fellow in
his grave,
And then return lamenting to my
love.
Shine out, fair sun, till I have
bought a glass,
That I may see my shadow as I pass.

Exit