

ACT 3 SCENE 2

London: the palace

Enter the KING, PRINCE of Wales, and others

KING Guys can you leave us alone. I need to talk to my son.

Exeunt LORDS

KING I don't know what I did wrong, but God must be punishing me through you. Why else would you hang out with such poyo losers, and enjoy such shit, low-class pleasures?

PRINCE I promise half the stuff people say about me isn't true. People make shit up to impress the court. But yeah, I've done some dumb stuff. I'm sorry.

KING God forgive you Harry. But you've lost your place on the council to your little brother. Everyone in the court thinks you're a joke. If I had hung out in public as much as you, I'd never have become King. I was hardly ever seen, so when I did show up people were like "OMG it's him". I was like a priest's robe, rarely worn but always admired. My appearances were like a feast. Rare and special.

KING But that clown Richard? He was always out there, partying with idiots, joking around. People got sick of him. They saw him so much they stopped looking at him, like the sun in June. And Harry, you're exactly like him. Everyone's sick of seeing you, except me. I want to see more of you.

PRINCE I'll be more like myself from now on, I promise.

KING Richard was like you when I came back from France. And I was like Hotspur. And honestly, Hotspur has more of a right to the throne than you do. He's younger than me and he's leading an army. He beat Douglas, the greatest soldier around, and turned him into a friend. And now he's teamed up with Mortimer and the Archbishop to take my throne. But why am I telling you this? You're my worst enemy. You'll probably end up fighting for Hotspur because you're that scared of me.

PRINCE Wtf Dad, no. That's not gonna happen. Fuck the people who turned you against me. I'll make up for all of it on Hotspur's head. On some glorious day I'll be covered in blood and wear a bloody mask, and you'll be proud to say I'm your son. Hotspur and I will 1v1 and all his glory will become mine. He's just my agent, storing up glory for me. I'll take every last bit of it off him. If I die, I die. But if I don't, I'll keep this promise.

KING ...a hundred thousand rebels will die because of this. You're in charge of an army.

Enter BLUNT

KING Wassup Blunt? You look like you're in a hurry.

BLUNT Douglas and the English rebels met at Shrewsbury on the 11th. It's a huge and scary army.

KING Westmoreland and my son John left today. Harry, you leave on Thursday. I'll go on Wednesday. We'll all meet up at Bridgenorth. Let's go. If we're too slow, they'll get stronger.

Exeunt