Lady Anne is mourning the loss of her husband, King Henry, when she is interrupted with a video call from Richard (Gloucester) whom Lady Anne believes murdered her husband.

**LADY ANNE**
*She answers the call, astounded by the audacity of it*

Villain, thou know'st no 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.

**LADY 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-evils, to give me leave,
By circumstance, but to acquit myself.

**LADY ANNE**

Vouchsafe, defused infection of a man,
For these known evils, but to give me leave,
By circumstance, to curse thy cursed self.

**GLOUCESTER**

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

*(Begins to hang up, but waits briefly to hear her reply)*
LADY ANNE
Fouler than heart can think thee, thou canst make
No excuse current, but to hang thyself.

(She hangs up on him to beat him to it; he immediately calls her back)

GLOUCESTER
By such despair, I should accuse myself.

LADY ANNE
And, by despairing, shouldst thou stand excused;
For doing worthy vengeance on thyself,
Which didst unworthy slaughter upon others.

GLOUCESTER
Say that I slew them not?

LADY ANNE
Why, then they are not dead:
But dead they are, and devilish slave, by thee.

GLOUCESTER
I did not kill your husband.

LADY ANNE
Why, then he is alive.

GLOUCESTER
Nay, he is dead; and slain by Edward's hand.

LADY ANNE
In thy foul throat thou liest: Queen Margaret saw
Thy murderous 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 slanderous tongue, which laid their guilt upon my guiltless shoulders.

LADY ANNE
Thou wast provoked by thy bloody mind. Which never dreamt on aught but butcheries: Didst thou not kill this king?

GLOUCESTER
I grant ye.

LADY ANNE
Dost grant me, hedgehog? then, God grant me too Thou mayst be damned for that wicked deed! O, he was gentle, mild, and virtuous!

GLOUCESTER
The fitter for the King of heaven, that hath him.

LADY 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.

LADY ANNE
And thou unfit for any place but hell.

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

LADY ANNE
Some dungeon.
GLOUCESTER
Your bed-chamber.

(Lady Anne moves so that her bed is no longer visible in the background)

LADY ANNE
I’ll rest betide the chamber where thou liest!

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

LADY ANNE
I hope so.

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

LADY ANNE
Thou art the cause, and most accursed effect.

GLOUCESTER
Your beauty was the cause of that effect;
Your beauty: which did haunt me in my sleep
To undertake the death of all the world,
So I might live one hour in your sweet bosom.

LADY ANNE
If I thought that, I tell thee, homicide,
These nails should rend that beauty from my cheeks.
GLOUCESTER
These eyes could never endure sweet 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.

(If your video service has filters available, feel free to find an “ugly” one for lady Anne to use at some point in the line above)

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

GLOUCESTER
Curse not thyself, fair creature thou art both.

LADY ANNE
I would I were, to be revenged on thee.

GLOUCESTER
It is a quarrel most unnatural,
To be revenged on him that loveth you.

LADY ANNE
It is a quarrel just and reasonable,
To be revenged on him that slew my husband.

GLOUCESTER
He that bereft thee, lady, of thy husband,
Did it to help thee to a better husband.

(If Lady Anne has a filter on, she would take it off here)

LADY ANNE
His better doth not breathe upon the earth.
GLOUCESTER
He lives that loves thee better than he could.

LADY ANNE
Name him.

GLOUCESTER
Plantagenet.

LADY ANNE
Why, that was he.

GLOUCESTER
The selfsame name, but one of better nature.

LADY ANNE
Where is he?

GLOUCESTER
Here.

(Enraged, she reacts and hangs up on him)

End of Scene.