

## ***Richard the Second. (Part one.)***

*Dramatis Personae:*

*Richard (king of England.)*

*Thomas Mowbray (Norfolk.)*

*Robert de Vere (Ireland.)*

*John of Gaunt.*

*Thomas Woodstock (Gloucester.)*

*Simon Sudbury (Archbishop of Canterbury.)*

*Abbot of Westminster.*

*Robert Hales (Treasurer.)*

*William Walworth (Mayor of London.)*

*John Cavendish.*

*Edmund Langley (York.)*

*Constance of Castille. (Wife of John of Gaunt.)*

*Lords, Heralds, Officers and Attendants.*

*Ladies of the Court.*

*Lollards:*

*John Wycliffe.*

*John Purvey.*

*Nicholas of Hereford.*

*Rebels:*

*Wat Tyler.*

*John Ball.*

*Jack Straw.*

*Mistress Swift.*

*Percival Bunion.*

*Oliver Barnett.*

**Act 1. Scene 1.**

*Porchester Castle.*

*(Enter Richard II, Thomas Woodstock, the Abbot of Westminster, Robert de Vere, Thomas Mowbray and, lords, heralds, officers, attendants and ladies of the court.)*

*Richard: This disparity of faith, in god's name do we prosper, this disparity of power, that consequence of that doctrine of belief, and so it becomes that disharmony of the imposition of prognosis, to live is to err, and in that derivation of that proximity of purpose do we fail, in the concept of divine revelation, the truth is but the truth, and all that comes is the prophecy of all that is, my allegiance is but to god, my pleasure is the acquaintance of the profound dignitaries of politics, this foul dancing fool that becomes a swerve to my design of construct, in that prophecy of death, he that abandons my faith, so dies in the infancy of purpose, that prophecy of infamy from that defiled moment of silence, that inconvenience of faith, that devotion to the unpredictability of soul, in the presence of faith so do we rise, that wellness of being is ours to protect, the suffrage of Christ is the power of all that we encompass.*

*Thomas Mowbray: This incumbent heart, this assignation of that disease of desecration of the mind, that which permeates the thread of consciousness, this imperative of our existence, this renewed fertility of being, this light of human suffering, so becomes the foundation of our eternal salvation, this thirst for the knowledge of Christ empowers our hearts, and this wanton desire to prosper in that kingdom of Christ, this devil-bearer, this free fallen fool, that anoints himself to that high throne of his own destiny, he that lives in the isolation of his own heart.*

*Robert de Vere: This usurpation of god's power, this grace of evil, this serpent of the devil's realm, this unfortunate imp of miscreation, what soul devotes all creation to the dark consequence of the devil, this misappropriation of the divine, those scriptures written by the tongues of old, those words of Christ, misplaced in their true essence of nature, that misplaced fool, be damned and thrown into the fires of hell.*

*The Abbot of Westminster: This discourse of god, this reverence of the soul, this sacred work of the Holy Spirit, despoiled by this impudent, debased, counterfeit bibcock, that guise of the devil's name, that unstudious wretch from hell, that humpback scourge of the god, what name hath he that threatens the very realms of heaven.*

*Richard: He that is, is he that will be, Wycliffe, the devil's conjurer, that reviled countenance of god, miscreated in the devil's womb, tossed out into this world, to do the pleasure of*

*his bidding, a plague unto this earth, a curse upon this realm of god, no more to walk the cobblestones of England.*

*Thomas Woodstock: That remonstrance of our faith is that prognosis of belief, who dares to speak out against that proposition of god, as it becomes, so will it be, the conception of constraint, is the perception of our purpose, god is of no design under that constitution of being to accept the accomplishment of fools.*

*Richard: This discourteous countenance of this undistinguished brood, they that would have our holy scriptures soiled by the bitter hands of those contemptuous base unfortunates, unworthy of this wealth of sacrament, the word of god is the word of kings and scholars, and thus should it be preached from the pulpits of our holy realm, not for the unwashed eyes of ignominious fools, let us end this day, and let this thistle in our blood, this dire prospect of our power, be perished in its infancy of purpose.*

*(Exeunt All.)*

## **Act 1. Scene 2.**

*The University of Oxford.*

*(Enter John Wycliffe, John Purvey, Nicholas of Hereford and John of Gaunt.)*

*John Wycliffe: Time is that circumstance of renewal, this kingdom in its present delusional state of existence, is long furrowed in that field of reasoning, this king of all fools has*

*succumbed to that notion of ignorance, that belief in that papal authority, that ungodly power, that power that is the impregnation of our faith, to believe, is to believe, there is no fortune to be had, but for the providence of god.*

*John Purvey: That time of covenant is that subjective condition of our belief in that circumstance of our existence, all that falters is the perception of our belief, and so it becomes that that caustic science of religion becomes the downfall of faith, this precious king, so anointed at his mercy of belief, fails in that which he ascends to.*

*Nicholas of Hereford: This king, this ink spot of delusion, this false embarkation of that odyssey of belief, is to hold that promiscuous enclave of power, not to sit with that comfort of peace, they are destined for the deepest apocryphal surges of despair, and so it becomes, as so it exists, to define who we are, is to define god.*

*John Purvey: This abduction of faith, this desire to live in the acceptance of the equality of Christ, this misconstrued deviation of that malignant notion of privilege, we that live are equal in the eyes of god, so let what will be, be our strength of purpose, in the strength of our faith, I in that glorious moment of revelation, will rise unto that prosperity of faith, that death of faith, is but the prosperity of kings.*

*John Wycliffe: What is the ignorance of sin, that so precludes this purpose, this progression of morality, so afflicted by the laws of nature, so a king is a king, and what concept of justice is to be proclaimed.*

*John Purvey: Now is the precedent of our faith, this designation of morality by the powers of the crown are false in their perception of purpose, now shall we have our faith restored in the name of Jesus, in the providence of grace of that supreme authority, that prognosis of the Holy Trinity, our faith is the faith of all, in that presence of god, so do we exist, existence is the supreme concept of humanity, happiness is the essence of humility, to live is to prosper in that recognition of equality.*

*John Wycliffe: This concept of existence, equality and self determination has been proven false by the judiciary of a king, and the constitution of that papal restitution, so the fires of hell await, and so let it come to the truth of that proposition of our consecrated worth, we the citizens of Christ are lost in the darkness of the knowledge of kings.*

*Nicholas of Hereford: That devil's muster of this unpleasant brood, this untimely intervention into that stagnation of belief, that power is ours to restore, in this night of truth, this night so good, this hope sometimes wanting of that truth, that truth to which we have been reconciled to our heart's prophecy, these laws of god under which we do preside, this is our destiny, and in that proclamation of purpose, so long let us endure.*

*John Wycliffe: So do we suffer for the preclusion of our beliefs, that inept state that devours the most common of our spiritual resonance, how is god not for prosperity and the*

*prosperity of all, to die a death in that preclusion of our conception of faith, is to die a death for god.*

*John Purvey: So what disparaging experience is our time of life, to live is to be, happy in our existence of god, what so becomes a man as that prosperity of conclusion, to die, to live is a prospect of certainty, this range of possibilities that so affects the ephemeral prognosis of life, and so it is that, that becomes us, this uncertain world, and our hearts open to the possibility of happiness, if death comes with this proposition of faith, then let that faith be the liberty of our hearts.*

*John of Gaunt: The ghosts of our heart, are the ghosts of justice, we that deliver this prosperity of our god, are we that are willing to dance to the tune of angels, the cleanest of us all, is the sublimation of god, in that providence of god, so do we see fools, fools prosper in the proclamation of kings, and so the king must make recompense for the sins of his begotten beliefs, this beast that shares his name with the papacy of the prophet of illusion, is beast enough, for to live as the name of king.*

*John Wycliffe: This incomplete man, this sour-swept disregard of human indulgence, is the profanity of divine irrelevance, to be a king is to be a fool, and to be a fool is to be a king, and to be a master of the destiny of your own soul, is to be propelled to the kingdom of god.*

*John of Gaunt: As this article opens, do does it sit deep within our hearts, the prosperity of humanity, is but to rise to the prosperity of Christ, so we must open the doors to heaven to*

*that which is open to all, to believe in the spirit of life is to believe in the truth of inclusion, belief is open to all that believe, and the integrity of knowledge is the foundation of Christ.*

*Nicholas of Hereford: What we have is the ability of our own truth, my lord, you have the discretion of the impudence of kings, what form of justice sits upon the truth of kings, for a fool is a fool, and there is no greater fool than the king, and so with the king, do you so reside, what truth do you impart to this meagre audience of this obstinate regime, these lesser fools than kings, foretell the proposition of our hearts, and sweep the foul justice from beneath our feet.*

*John of Gaunt: What fanciful fools do I impeach, what resignation do I implore in you, how the world can change in the heartbeat of a minute, I bid thee well in the fortitude of your faith. (Exit.)*

*John Wycliffe: This power of that dying preclusion of disgust, is the power of evil, a king is a king, and the wealth of that power must come from the proposition of god, to trust that time of a king, is to trust in the ascendancy of creation, a king has the ascendancy of authority and the power of principle, in the protection of this kingdom, this world on fire to protect the king, that proclaims his throne to the authority of heaven, this heaven aborted in that manifest of delusion, this king deluded, this king has no name under the authority of Christ, he that bears the title of king, bears not the title of Christ.*



*(Exuent All.)*

## **Act 2. Scene 1.**

*Porchester Castle.*

*(Enter Richard, Thomas Mowbray and Thomas Woodstock, Lords, heralds, officers, attendants and ladies of the court.)*

*Richard: What prognosis of Christ is this. This rupture of heaven that so anoints this unworthy fool, so becomes a man that eats the dogs of an unworthy kingdom, and so devours the souls of satanic prevalence, this tumour of heaven, this plague which possesses this earthly dominion, so becomes a man that sits with devil's mercy, to anoint a king is an end to this power of irreverent murmurings, death will come, as death will do, in the fires of his execution, so will he burn.*

*Thomas Mowbray: May the fires of the world, burn his soul, and so his followers unite in that prognosis of death, the destruction of this untimely intervention, this injustice of this brutal assault on our destiny of reason, lie in the fallow of fields of false enterprise.*

*Thomas Woodstock: So, burn this traitor, this thorn of heaven that besets this holy order asunder, what amalgamation of this precious fool, that rants the ravings of a woman in labour, so do we believe in that power to defame our purpose, light the pyres of infamy in that prospect of conclusion.*

*(Exuent all.)*

## **Act 2. Scene 2.**

Lutterworth.

*(Enter John Wycliffe.)*

*John Wycliffe: I taste the embers of death, this fire lit to burn the shrinking affirmation of our souls, those souls that lit the fires of providence, blind are they to see that bloodless rage, that rage to be, that rage to live, that rage to exit in the light of our existence, good night my noble friends, to die a death so noble, is to die a death for god.*

*(Exit.)*

### **Act 3. Scene 1.**

Canterbury.

*(Enter Wat Tyler, John Ball, Jack Straw, Mistress Swift, Percival Bunion and Oliver Barnett.)*

*Wat Tyler: This principle of self-determination of that prophecy of kings, this kindness interrupted, this determination of our freedom conscripted to the bowels of iniquity, so becomes our proposition, this disfavour of that certainty of poverty, is ours to incite rebellion in the midst of equality, those that exist in the kingdom of god, live in that strangeness of the acceptance of the presence of truth, what is a man but to sit in the circumstance of god, he that favours power, is but a fool, and so should we exist under the derivation of god, the skin of life hides the soul that sits beneath it, the truth of human kindness is the equality of all.*

*John Ball: This deviation of that degradation of our understanding, is the percumspect deliberation of our beliefs, he that knows nothing, knows all, for nothing is the emptiness of belief, this utopian prognosis of power, is but a matter for the gallery of fools.*

*Jack Straw: How so becomes a man that loses the proposition of his own existence, the mind of all, is the mind of one, to live is to prosper in that equation of god, the morality of a man is the prognosis of everything, all that is necessary is all that exists.*

*Mistress Swift: And so, it becomes us all in this condition of mind, to see the providence of the solution of all that prospers, a king who steals the heart of that precious gift of freedom, is a king no more.*

*Percival Bunion: A king who steadfastly stands his heart against that dominion of god, is a king no more, what is a king, but a profuse definition of humanity, to live in peace without boundaries is to live in harmony, this ignorant fool that debases his soul from that which would have us prosper, is a fool indeed.*

*Oliver Barnett: The equality of justice is a confession of truth, what display of wealth so impresses a man, as to live with the indignation of poverty, for poverty is a curse of kings, for kings sit with the power of justice, whilst we suffer in the shadows of that unspoken truth.*

*Wat Tyler: This unspoiled world, spoiled by the corruption of that supposition of destiny, to face the consequences of our beliefs is to face the consequence of existence, rebel we must, for to rebel we can, and in that commission of god is everything that we deserve.*

*John Ball: Let us raise this rebel army to its proposition of purpose, with the flags of our destiny.*

*Wat Tyler: The flags of our destiny are the flags of our dreams, our dreams perceive the world in its entirety of the lustre of god, god let us prosper in our precluded eyes.*

*Oliver Barnett: What circumstance prevails upon this world, that would so beseech a man of his destiny, to live, to breathe, is but the breath of life, dreams so become as would rent our hearts from heaven, this world torn from the grasp of imperious fools, our right is our right to exist, and that base proposition of that nemesis of constraint, is but a proposition from a high born impregnation, to see the dreams of providence, is to see the truth, this sacred oath, testified, proclaimed by the definition of our hearts, is ours to live in the glory of our beliefs.*

*Mistress Swift: This indignant truth, this truth that so defies the realm of heaven, this king that would permeate our salvation with that false prognosis of that false faith, that faith of a king that would steal the chattels of heaven to suppress this our hour of retribution, let us this day ignite the torches of rebellion, in restoration of this proclivity of our existence.*

*(Exuent all.)*

### **Act 3. Scene 2.**

*Porchester Castle.*

*(Enter Simon Sudbury, Richard, Edmund Langley, Robert Hales, William Walworth, Thomas Mowbray, Robert de Vere, John Cavendish, lords, heralds, officers, attendants and ladies of the court.)*

*Simon Sudbury: Good lord, my king and protector of this noble realm, I must by this proclamation have the grievance of heart, to weight your soul with these heavy yokes of burden, there stirs an evil brew, a foul wind rises in a tumultuous provocation, witchcraft and the occult have this day married with evil to debase this throne of Engand.*

*Richard: Thirsty is my soul for this retribution of this countenance of that provocation of this affirmation of the corruption of this precious gem, this jewel, this crown of god, that so rests upon this ignacious pate, so be it that comes before me, these fools of a lesser dimension, what proportion of faith do they incur within that prospect of belief, a king is a king, and in that notion of knowledge of that kingship, should these peasants allude to my divine wisdom, and let no prophets come before us.*

*Edmund Langley: This man so beset in his world, so as to preclude his definition of purpose, what beast shall come forth unto this world, that so defies the laws of nature, that fool of that allusive character that despoils our spirit.*

*Robert Hales: This treacherous act of aggression, so befouls our nation to prosper in the midst of destiny, is now to prosper in the midst of death, he that comes before us, signs no contract, that contract sits with the devil, this feast upon the devil's flesh is a feast of the gods that prevail upon this succulent kingdom.*

*William Walworth: These peasants of a degenerate prophecy, that conflict of the existence of that destiny, that proclaimed fortitude of our beliefs, which we have in that intimacy of our being, god thrive that proposition of kingship, and so to the devil, this profound gesture of insolence, this devil rides with the sword of his own hand.*

*Thomas Mowbray: This remonstrance of this peasant brigade, by this dark hand of fate, these lowly fools that plot to usurp this throne of England from this regal platform, how prospers this iniquitous breed, this commonality of purpose, this infection to this holy realm, supposition by the power of reason, this sacred spirit that so encompasses every moment of existence, is but a precious gift from the eternal realm of creation.*

*Robert de Vere: This land profound that presents itself under the ecstasy of kings, this kingdom under the reverence of Christ, so protected in the fundamental aspiration of circumstance, this kingship by the right of god, so exists, a king has the anointed power of the divine purpose, what virtues have these peasants that so beseech this divine implication.*

*Richard: Thank the gods, thank that illustrious prophecy that so defines our purpose, this crusade of fools that would set ablaze this divine proclamation of the ascendancy of Christ, to be a king is but that righteous providence of the church, what church have these peasants that so defy the lineage of kings.*

*Edmund Langley: This destiny so profound, this derivation of the divine, so profoundly placed on this noble proposition of kings, this proposal of the holy trinity proclaimed upon this crown of god's creation, this merciful fool, this illustrious popinjay that so abases this prognostic spirit of Christ, is now to raise this unwashed army of peasants against our unity of holy service to the papal preclusion of the divine authority of kings, my lords, let us to this derisive revolt, this usurpation of power, this inconclusive law that on no parchment has been conceived, let us resist this uninked rebellion.*

*John Cavendish: So as it comes down to that mortal prophecy of that inclination of our prospect of belief, and in so factum do we exist, that circumspect illusion that drives forth this nation of knowledge, is but a mere trifle of truth, knowledge is the divine authority of kingship, and kingship is the proposition of god, he who defies that aspect of belief is a fool of magnanimity, kings are kings and within that order of things, so does that crown unite that thatched existence of the kingdom of heaven, let this benality of design, be called the imperial rostrum of peace.*

*William Walworth: And so, they come, with their wisdom of that inprognacious assumption, this defilement of the*

*kingdom of god, is the inconsiderate disrespect of this imperious court, and by foul means so will they fall, this rebellion is the rebellion of the unwashed masses of that indiscriminate force, that force that denies the belief in the ascendancy of kings.*

*Edmund Langley: Lack lustre is this unshining, unpolished power that so bequeaths its power to that ungodly cause in that proposition of belief, and so will they fall.*

*Robert Hales: I fear this infectious rabble that perpetrates the inclusion of our sanctity of liberty, liberty is but the truth of kings, and rabble is but rabble, and the truth is the truth, and in that complexity of existence, sits the truth of god.*

*Richard: How perplexing is this proposition of kingship, to deny one's faith in the face of god, is to denounce the purpose of faith, these uncourtly words that sit in revenance is the abasement of this noble heart and tears the supposition of my being in the severance of my spirit.*

*Robert Hales: This grand design of fools will flounder on the shores of ignorance, let them come and let them die on the crosses of their impunity, the blood will flow in that aspect of their delusion.*

*(Exuent all.)*

### **Act 3. Scene 3.**

*Canterbury.*

*(Enter Wat Tyler and John Ball and the rebel army.)*



*Wat Tyler: We must steady this ship of lies, under the circumspect conclusion of existence, we are but equal in the eyes of the enlightened perception, to see all as equal is to see the perception of god, this anger within retracts from our duty to escalate all in the community of Christ.*

*John Ball: Is god not existent for all, we that sit in that design are free to choose our preferred colour, the colour of purpose is the colour of our heart, so becomes this prognosis of intention, that inference that we are not of equal spirit to that royal bloodline, is the inference of fools, we are all born natural unto this world as god intended, and all are free unto this requiem of existence.*

*(Exuent. The Rebels march on London and slaughter Flemish merchants.)*

### **Act 3. Scene 4.**

*The Savoy Palace in flames.*

*(Enter John of Gaunt and Constance of Castille.)*

*John of Gaunt: This requisition of terror that has designated these devils in the name of Christ, has served no purpose in this divulgent prophecy of that proclaimed aspect of equality, to suffer these fools, is to suffer the forces of fate, fear is the weapon of this cruel brigade, these beasts that would have us release the chattels of wealth to this rabble of god, lie in the suppositions of intimidation, fire by force, fear by fools, and so the idiom of truth is separated from the equation of our hearts.*

*Constance of Castille: And to bequeath the love and truth of this prosperity of existence to this rank of man, this pestilence of the world that fires the imagination of all the circumspect illusion of life, this life so loved in the peace of all that we hold dear to our hearts, this derisive act of wanton destruction, what cause of offence have we offered up to this unkindly rabble, our hearts rented from this world, in this profound moment of cowardice, what now my lord, I beseech thee, does this ignited firmament so preclude our lives.*

*John of Gaunt: There so becomes our fat, this proclamation of god thwarted in its paradigm creation of the world, there stands our freedom, rattled by the profound consequences of fools, these fools of no prognosis of existence, are but fools in the midst of their misogyny of purpose. (Exuent.)*

#### **Act 4. Scene 1.**

*Tower Hamlets.*

*(Enter Robert Hales, Simon Sudbury and members of the clergy.)*

*Robert Hales: The tides of truth so inflict this disparity of the cogenesis of this perturbation of faith, this godless troupe of incompetent fools, are predestined with that arrogance of purpose to swerve this court to its limits of obligation, dire is this night, that so comes forth with this murderous intent, this night is dark as are their eyes of fury.*

*Simon Sudbury: Suddenly so darkness bequeaths my soul, this end to night, this end to life, so becomes the darkness of this*

*hour, bring on the torches of profanity, and let sleep the tigers of that forest of that inception of war.*

*Robert Hales: On hence the rabble comes, with torches and swords of the depleted flesh of the ignorant supposition of faith, fear this night of fools, for they will blindly slaughter that generous expression of life with the grace of ignorance.*

*(Enter Wat Tyler, John Ball and the rebel army.)*

*Wat Tyler: These authors of their own downfall, so defiled in their own beliefs, be brief and so eloquently dismiss them from this shroud of god, an end to this unfortunate equation, and deliver them to god's mercy.*

*John Ball: So, it comes as so it is given, and now the prosperity of this nation will heal under the protestations of the people, this kingdom of goodwill will forever attest the malignant pain of the disequilibrium of life, render these unworthy souls to the prosperity of heaven.*

*(Exuent all, Simon Sudbury and Robert Hales are beheaded on Tower Hill.)*

#### **Act 4. Scene 2.**

*Tower Hamlets.*

*(Enter Wat Tyler, John Ball, Jack Straw mistress Swift, Percival Bunion and Oliver Barnett.)*

*Wat Tyler: These conquered demons of ill persuasion, that chose the ignorance of their fate, so have we prevailed in this*

*fire of reason, deny this prophecy that has passed, and all the roses of summer will flourish in this ecstasy of this glorious dawn.*

*John Ball: This flowering of reason, this revolution of this profound acquisition of power, is to behold in the company of kings, that royal counsel so sought the throne of England, this mass of impoverished relics of sedition have become the masters of their own fate.*

*Jack Straw: Fate is but a matter of the complexity of this industrious hour, so proclaimed are we that sow the seeds of this great rendition of prophecy, that so much ignites this great debate, ask all, and so, all will be answered.*

*Mistress Swift: Foul is this song, that is sung in the fateful doctrines of the percussion of existence, which of us is not equal, that cannot exist in the providence of god, thereafter a soul is but a soul born into the prosperity of life, as the naked innocence, was so designed, the perplexity of mind is a contortion of the human existence.*

*Percival Bunion: The foundation of peace is the foundation of equality, no derision of experience is so subjective to the flames of fortune, as yet is understood by these fracturous prophets of that incumbent tradition, the plain of heaven is open to all, as the plains of earth, so should be, denial of that equilibrium, is but a denial of god.*

*Oliver Barnett: The vibration of eternal peace is the voice of the angelic dimensions of creation, as we live, as we pray, as*

*do we seek knowledge, and in that wisdom, so do we all seek god, under the same equivocal notions of freedom.*

*(Exuent.)*

### **Act 4. Scene 3.**

*Kent.*

*(Enter Richard, William Walworth, Thomas Mowbray, Robert de Vere and Thomas Woodstock.)*

*Richard: What right does this rabble prosper in this proclamation of liberty, liberty is a gift of kings to bestow on that unholy contingency of idiom, this crown anointed on this sceptre of god's holy proposition of purpose, is mine in the mercy of grace, empowered by the divine decree of heaven, to admonish as I so please.*

*William Walworth: So befits this hour, this darkness of a lesser order that so weeps in the eyes of that pertinent preclusion of faith, fire and brimstone reign upon this earth, under the shadow of our own destiny, the devil's hands have work enough to do, without these peasants alluding to consideration of power, power is predestined in the prophecies of the highest command of heaven, to arms must we, in response to that murderous action of these preanointed fools, as they live in rebellion, so in that prospect of death should they pray.*

*Thomas Mowbray: As destiny dictates so does the impregnation of our existence fall, this prudent enemy is born*

*to be called the prophecy of prudent fools, the mighty, blessed by the invested spirit of Christ, are created to serve alms to the lowly ravages of condition.*

*Robert de Vere: So, comes this design of life, this comedy of fools that undermines this resignation of this cruel account of prophecy, which gargoyles of the conjecture of the distorted realms of fantasy so chooses to play the victim of the iniquities created by the distortion of the accrual of reality, what base fools so predict this inception of the rudimentary truth of god.*

*Thomas Woodstock: The fairies of winter so do despoil this summer of compassion, these anointed creatures from the underworld of darkness, sit in denial of god's prophecy of the ascendancy of kings, blasphemous beasts that have tails to whip the flames of insurgency against the laws of nature, defile this death knell of the legitimacy of order, to the devil's chamber with these chagrin charges of impunity, now beset with order, that which is disordered.*

*(Exeunt all.)*

### **Act 5. Scene 1.**

*Smithfield.*

*(Enter Richard, William Walworth, Wat Tyler and all attendants of the crown and rebels.)*

*Wat Tyler: My liege, what gracious servant do I prostrate before your enlightened soul, as we do live, so are we the*

*servants of god, and in that respect of the officers of communal existence, do we share the same enlightened prophecy of that bestowed welfare of all that is presented under the encompassment of heaven, I graciously present to you this manifesto of our designation of belief, we are all but souls of the same derivation of that profound destiny, consideration of this proclamation, is but a proclamation of order.*

*(Wat Tyler hands Richard the proclamation.)*

*Richard: My soul grieves at this forthright document, this parchment of honesty so encompassing of the charitable truth of existence, this charter of the expeditious spirit that lies within, that spirit of Christ that abounds everyone of us, this circle of faith that equates the generosity to the power of god equally in its distribution of the servitude to god, to all as one, this is the most forthright statement of truth.*

*Wat Tyler: My liege, how so your words have inspired this tender heart, so profound in its appearance, this dragon breathes a sigh in the sweet air of courage to recognise the truth of god, so precluded are our hearts on this field of providence, this field of dreams of the restoration of that acquisition of prosperity, now shall we lay down our arms in this great acceptance of the universal privilege of us all.*

*William Walworth: My liege do not take this fool for his worth, this script of dogs is but the devilment of the tournament of clowns, these popinjays of virtue, this verse transcribed from the flagitious shelves of Hades, is nought but*

*a smokescreen of the devil, avast damn fool and take your prophecies to the black margins of hell.*

*(He runs through Wat Tyler with his sword.)*

*Richard: Stand down the arrow of dissonance, with this act, so now sits the equilibrium of god, an eye for an eye, a heart for a heart, a heart so mistaken in its wandering of deeds, hearts broken in the disillusionment of dreams, all that see, on this day, are all that are blind.*

*(Exuent.)*

## **Act 5. Scene 2.**

*Porchester.*

*(Enter Richard.)*

*Richard: What is a king, but a lowly fool, who would so choose to whisper the truth of angels into this royal ear, this ear of a king breathed with the distinction of madness, what truth is but the butterflies of thought, pampering their wings on the winds of the misery of fortune, this flesh has more to give, and this flesh has more to ponder, and this flesh has more to wonder, let no king be torn asunder.*

*(Exit.)*

*The End.*





