

**3 Dicks and a Willie©**

by  
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Historical comedy based upon Lee Kitchen's Play, The Three Richards

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**3 Dicks and a Willie**

**ACT I**

EXT. HILL TOP. SUMMER-DAY

Bright summer day on a grassy hill top. Sound of a horse gallops, louder and louder. Horse and a rider reach the pinnacle of the hill.

It is a medieval king, RICHARD I, (32), with a cross bow draped over his shoulder, dressed in a Crusade outfit with a red cross on the front of his tunic.

A shield is in one hand and the reigns of the horse in the other hand. He is tall. Majestic and authoritative. HE looks the part of a warrior-leader. RICHARD I stops and looks around and behind him.

Another horse gallops, closing in. The other horse whines and resists. Hear a shrieking voice fighting with the horse. Eventually, after the dust settles, another king, RICHARD II (33) appears, riding a Shetland pony.

He is much smaller than RICHARD I and is dressed ornately in beautiful silk clothes of the period during Richard II's reign. HE is clearly not dressed for riding. Richard I stares, incredulously, at this newcomer.

RICHARD II

(tugging at horse)

You bloody excuse for a steed, get up there. Ugg. You make me so mad!

RICHARD II finally settles his pony down close to RICHARD I. He does not have a weapon and seems out of place next to the warrior.

RICHARD II has both hands on the pony's reins. HE turns and stares up at RICHARD I. Suddenly, before either can speak, a loud galloping sound reaches the two kings.

Arriving abruptly with trumpet fanfare is RICHARD III, (32). HE is dressed royally, in white. He is a masculine-warrior with a dark black hat with a white rose protruding; wearing armor.

RICHARD III has a large broad sword in one hand and the other hand holds the reins of his magnificent white horse.

RICHARD III

A horse. My kingdom for a horse!  
 (Beat) Well, maybe not Yorkshire,  
 Wales, Ireland or Scotland. Or..  
 (Beat) Hello, you are?

RICHARD I

King Richard, Coeur de Lion. Some  
 call me, the Lion Hearted.

RICHARD II

Hey, Dick. I'm Dick, too. Pleased  
 to make your acquaintance. Heard a  
 lot 'bout you, I have.

RICHARD III

(leaning over RICHARD  
 II to extend his  
 hand)

Hi, Dick, I'm Dick THE THIRD, but  
 you can also call me third dick.

RICHARD II

So, we are three Dicks, eh, and we  
 are here because?

RICHARD III

You didn't receive the summons?

RICHARD I

I've got mine, right here. (Beat)  
 How come you didn't get one, li'l  
 Dick?

RICHARD II

The story of my life. Really.  
 Summons for what? Oh, now I  
 remember, we are sewing him..

RICHARD I

Not *sewing*. *Suing* the scoundrel  
 Shakespeare, for the mess he put  
 you two in and for black balling  
 me.

RICHARD III pulls out a period-piece eyeglass and surveys  
 the town below.

RICHARD II

What's that contraption?

RICHARD I

It's called an eyeglass. Invented  
by Sir John Glass. Helps to see  
the enemy.

RICHARD II

Could have used one on my  
neighbor, the Lord of Bath, drying  
hisself off. Another shilling and  
a day late...

EXT. MOUNTAIN TOP VIEW OF TOWN-DAY

It is a modern-American small town. The eyeglass surveys  
the strange surroundings, people walk and shop, cars  
travel up and down, a bus rolls by, billboards  
advertising modern day appliances.

The eyeglass stops on a court-house building. Standing on  
the steps is WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, dressed in period  
costume.

People walk by snickering or surprised, to see the  
character on the steps. RICHARD III reads the summons out  
loud.

RICHARD III

Appear this day, at the Boone  
County Courthouse. Recognized by  
the gold on the top of the weather-  
vane, next door to Saul's Running  
Shoes. (Pause) Running shoes?

(quizzically looking  
at the other two  
RICHARDS who shake  
their heads)

Well, there is gold on the weather  
vane. And there is the shop so  
mentioned. Alas, my fellow kings,  
there! We ride post haste.

EXT. COURTHOUSE-DAY

SHAKESPEARE, (40s), stands on the steps holding a  
portfolio. The breeze blows some of his papers down the  
steps. He chases after them, tripping while losing more  
papers.

SHAKESPEARE

All this the world well knows; yet  
none knows well.

To shun the heaven that leads men  
to this hell. (Beat) Christ on a  
maypole! Stupid summons!

EXT. HILLSIDE-DAY

Clouds of dust as the riders descend the hill and gallop through the town. Citizens are in awe as they drop bags of groceries, drivers slam on the brakes, pedestrians point and laugh.

EXT. COURTHOUSE-DAY

BALIFF, (60s), walks down the steps and helps SHAKESPEARE gather his papers.

SHAKESPEARE

How do I lose thee on a summer  
day? My papers...

BAILIFF

(stopping to help  
gather the papers)  
What an honor! Mr. SHAKESPEARE,  
I'm the court BAILIFF, my name is...

SHAKESPEARE

(reaching up to  
snatch a paper and  
another)  
Like as the waves make towards the  
pebbled shore, so do our minutes  
hasten to their end, each changing  
place with that which goes before.

BAILIFF

(reaching up to grab  
another paper and  
giving it to  
SHAKESPEARE)  
God. That is so beautiful! Did you  
actually write that? Sorry, I was  
a Math major. (Beat) Oh, hurry! We  
must rush up the steps. The JUDGE  
is waiting.

BAILIFF escorts SHAKESPEARE up the steps and points to the door, indicating Shakespeare should enter that way. Bailiff turns around and notices the three kings have arrived at the foot of the steps to the courthouse. HE rushes down to greet the kings.

BAILIFF

Good afternoon, Your Majesties! I am the court bailiff. The judge is ready and waiting. Please, up the steps, first door on your right.

The three hand the reins to the Bailiff who is confused. They signal him over. He reluctantly agrees.

RICHARD I

Kneel, knave.

BAILIFF

(getting on his hands  
and knees)

What the f...Uh. OK.

Each king uses the BAILIFF as a footstool. He is left holding the reins of the three horses while the Shetland Pony tries to bite him. The kings move awkwardly up the stairs, swords banging against cross-bow, and RICHARD II keeps tripping over his tunic. A crowd has formed at the base of the steps, giggles and points to the three kings.

INT. COURHOUSE-DAY

JUDGE, (45), female, presides. To the left, a large screen and table with projector. JUDGE eyes the three kings as they walk inside.

SHE points to a table where the three must sit. SHAKESPEARE is at a table laterally across from the three kings. The kings argue over who gets the first chair.

The THREE RICHARDS sit after the JUDGE bangs her gavel and addresses them. Court is empty except for the BAILIFF who runs in after everyone, with horse dung on him.

JUDGE

Welcome to small claims court. You are here because mediation didn't solve the problem. And seeing how you, Richard the first, Richard the second, Richard the third, and you, William Shakespeare, are all dead, well, God help us. Judge Ephriam left town in a hurry, so, you have me. Court requests Richard the first present his petition to the court.

RICHARD I takes the witness stand and, after swearing in, addresses the court.

RICHARD I

(booming voice)

I am Richard the Lion Hearted.  
Coeur de Lion. The Lion in Winter.  
The Lion in Summer. The Lion all  
over the bloody place.

(turning and pointing  
to Shakespeare)

Except in that so-called writer's  
published work! Nary a mention. No  
Stratford Festival. That bloke  
never wrote a play about me.

JUDGE

Mr. Shakespeare, how do you  
respond?

SHAKESPEARE

Your Honor, I did not write about  
his Majesty because quite frankly,  
he is not a 3D figure.

RICHARD I

Magistrate, I don't know what 3D  
means?

JUDGE

Please clarify, Mr. SHAKESPEARE.

SHAKESPEARE

He has only one side, no depth,  
like writing about a blank  
parchment. Simply speaking, just a  
warrior. Not the substance of  
drama.

RICHARD I

I beg your JUDGESHIP's pardon. I  
was the alpha in my family, well,  
excluding Mum and Dad. I took  
Jeffrey and John to task, two  
conniving, mischievous tu...

SHAKESPEARE

Oh, poppycock! So you were the  
dominating big brother. Try making  
a two-our play out of that! (Beat)  
Your Honor, please. He really  
can't keep an audience engaged?  
May I?

(nodding from JUDGE;  
SHAKESEARE stands  
and clicks a remote  
mouse on a video;

broadcasting image  
on screen)

INT. CASTLE THRONE ROOM-NIGHT

RICHARD I shadow-boxes with his broad sword, stabs at imaginary warriors. ALIAS, (20s), dressed in a blue gown with the fleur-de-lis, reads from a scroll.

INT. CLOSE UP. SCROLL

The scroll reveals in readable old English, OLD MAGNA CARTA.

ALIAS swivels, turns to Richard who has moved within a foot from her. SHE pulls the skirt of her dress up over her knees and pushes the top part of her dress down revealing one breast. Richard I glances at her and then continues shadow-sword play. She is disgusted, pulls the skirt back down and raises the top of her dress, back to reading. Richard jumps on the table, knocks off a chalice of wine and it splashes all over her blue gown, also ruining the scroll.

ALIAS

Sacrebleu! Vous le cul de cheval!  
Tu n'es pas vraiment un Français.  
Qui pourrait résister à ces  
melons, sauf pour un fou!  
*(Holy Damn! You horse's ass! You  
are not truly a Frenchman! Who  
could resist these melons except  
for a war-mongering fool!)*

ALIAS pushes the scroll away. Jumps up from the table and begins singing to the tune of *Melancholy Baby*.

ALIAS

*Look at these melons, Richie baby!  
Puckered up just for you. But no!  
You run in flight, looking for a  
fight, yet heaven is shining down  
on you.  
Look at these Charley's, Lion  
heart! Cuddle up and stop your  
fight. Don't run from my chaste,  
in military haste. Maybe a good  
shrink's in store for you.*

*(ceasing song)*

OK. Enough is enough. What's with you?



Preferring to charge on the back  
of a horse instead of riding the  
best thoroughbred in all of Anjou?

RICHARD pretends he has just stabbed an opponent to  
death. He genuflects, drops to one knee and kisses his  
sword. Then HE stands and turns to Alias.

RICHARD I  
Pretty good, eh. Slew five of 'em  
at once!

A male servant rushes over to clean up the mess on the  
table, wipes off the dress of ALIAS. The servant is  
young, handsome, sporting a large codpiece.

ALIAS stares at the codpiece and then flirts with the  
servant while addressing RICHARD I, who is oblivious to  
the flirtation and touching.

ALIAS  
Yes, My Liege. How nice. (Beat)  
Say, don't you have a Crusade to  
attend?

RICHARD I  
Right! My adoring, and beautiful  
French Flower.  
(singing to tune of  
Diamonds Are a  
GIRLS's Best Friend)  
*Women grow cold; young men grow  
old  
but warring is a man's best  
friend.  
a kiss may be fine, as a pat on  
the hind,*

SHAKESPEARE  
(singing the last  
line)  
*but warring is his best friend.*

RICHARD I  
*Don't give me a tart, or a silly  
boy's heart*

SHAKESPEARE  
(singing the last  
line)  
*because, warring is his best  
friend.*

RICHARD I  
*I'll take the old bow over any old  
 ho,*

SHAKESPEARE  
 (singing the last  
 line)  
*'cuz warring is his best friend.  
 (Chorus)*

RICHARD I  
 (singing chorus)  
*Stab in the knee, shoot an arrow  
 with glee,  
 oh, how the blood makes me hot!  
 It's on the field of battle,  
 there's no room for wo-man's  
 babble, 'cuz*

SHAKESPEARE  
 (singing the last  
 line)  
*warring is his best friend.*

RICHARD I  
*Yes, warring is my best friend.*

INT. COURTROOM-DAY

SHAKESPEARE clicks off the mouse and returns to his table, addressing the JUDGE.

SHAKESPEARE  
 I submit this as Exhibit A, Your Honor, for one-dimensional, horse's ass.

RICHARD I  
 Because I did not spoon Alias?  
 Thanks to Daddy, was a used siege engine. (Beat) Besides, I despised that horrid accent.  
 (feigning French accent)  
 "What do I look like to you, as if I just fell off a watermelon truck?"

SHAKESPEARE  
 (clicking mouse again)  
 Right! Well, the other one, the thirteen-year-old.

You'd get forty in the slammer  
today for robbing that cradle!  
Your Honor, Exhibit B for  
BERENGARIA.

EXT. CASTLE GARDEN-MORNING

BERENGARIA, 13, though appears 18, sits at a marble  
bench, tosses petals into a fountain. She shakes her head  
back and forth and exclaims in a shrill voice.

BERENGARIA

Mami Mami Por favor envíeme de  
vuelta a España. ¡Odio este lugar!  
*(Mommy, Mommy, please send me back  
to Spain. I hate it here!)*  
(speaking in broken  
English)

Wish I had my dollies with me.  
This man is old enough to be my  
daddy. Always practicing his  
crossbow. Never taking me skating.  
I hate the French! I hate the  
Brits! I want my España! Mami!  
Mami!

RICHARD I sneaks up behind her and puts his hands over  
her eyes. He is trying to speak Spanish.

RICHARD I

¿Adivina quién?  
*(Guess who?)*

BERENGARIA

Jean, the gardener.

RICHARD I

Nope!

BERENGARIA

Herman, the chamber pot squire?

RICHARD I

Wrong again!

BERENGARIA

Big Luis, the chef?

RICHARD I

What? No. Er...

BERENGARIA

OK. Then, Felipe, Marcel,  
Bridgette, Mason, Francis,  
Camille?

RICHARD I

No. It is I, your faithful, well,  
except for that squire in Islam,  
honorable husband, Dickie!

BERENGARIA

Oh, so sorry, My Lord. It's just  
that I haven't felt your hands  
since you put the ring on my  
finger, seems like centuries ago.

INT. COURTROOM-DAY

JUDGE addresses RICHARD I.

JUDGE

And what do you have to say in  
defense, RICHARD I?

RICHARD I

(feigning Spanish  
accent)

Another annoying accent, "Mami  
sent you some Spanish Fly, señor?  
She say, maybe you will like de  
woman from de plains."

SHAKESPEARE

(approaches RICHARD I  
who is in witness  
seat)

So what's he do? Runs away to war.  
Really? I write better material on  
the crapper Your Honor!

JUDGE

And how do you reply, RICHARD I?

RICHARD I

(walking over and  
grabbing the remote  
from SHAKESPEARE)

Disagree! There was conflict with  
the nobles. But why play the  
diplomat or loving husband when  
you can stab an opponent? May I?

JUDGE

Continue.

EXT. CASTLE WALL-DAY

RICHARD I is on a ladder at a Muslim-held castle. He fights fiercely, killing several Muslim soldiers. He then runs around and grabs wounded Muslims, shakes them, interrogates them.

RICHARD I

Where is Saladin?

MUSLIM SOLDIER 1

(trying to speak but  
holding his ear that  
is bloodied)

No salad. Only falafel.

RICHARD I

(rushing over and  
interrogating  
another prisoner)

Where is your leader, Saladin?

MUSLIM SOLDIER 2

(expiring, whispering  
with last breath)

No talk to infidel! (Beat) Give  
water, I tell you where he buys  
his dates...erg.

INT. COURTROOM-DAY

RICHARD I

Your Honor, history pegged me as  
war mongering, asexual, but let me  
tell you, being son to Henry II,  
now that was conflict! Taking what  
was rightfully mine--the original  
Indian giver.

(approaching bench)

Warring meant never having to say  
I'm sorry about anniversary dates.  
Spurs against hot flesh, smashing  
through the Greek fire, all in  
the name of God. May I?

JUDGE

Proceed.

RICHARD I goes to his table, picks up a broad sword. An projection protrudes from his tunic as he picks up the sword. He is turned on.

SHAKESPEARE

Your Honor, maybe I'll concede this one.

RICHARD I

This is the stuff dreams are made of, right sweetheart? I'll call you Charise, after my favorite teddy. You've been waiting for Saladin for so long. But I'm afraid he isn't going to show, rat fink bastard! Jesus, I hate that son of a bitch!

(looking up to ceiling)

Sorry, big guy. It was all done in your name, you know.

(taking remote away from SHAKESPEARE)

Your Honor, are you a Christian?

JUDGE

No. I'm a '57 Chevrolet!

SHAKESPEARE

Object Your Honor. We don't even know what that means.

JUDGE

Strike that. Put, Judge says she's agnostic.(Beat) RICHARD I, continue.

RICHARD I

(clicking remote)

The court should know I liberated Acre. I made Saladin sign a three-year peace agreement. Yeah! For Christianity. Look, Your Honor.

EXT. ACRE PORT-DAY

Crowds of pilgrims cheering as they pass by Richard I who is on his horse. Boatloads of Christian Pilgrims keep disembarking.

Muslim vendors at the docks selling relics. Pilgrims dash up to the vendors fighting over the goods.

MUSLIM VENDOR 1

Get your pieces of the cross here.  
Absolutely authentic. Got the  
Saladin Good Housekeeping Seal  
right here. Only one silver piece.

MUSLIM VENDOR 2

Got shroud here. Get your red hot  
shreds of shroud! The original  
thing. Shroud here! Shroud here!

RICHARD I

(sitting on his  
horse, smiling and  
talking to a soldier  
with helmet on)

Feels good, eh? What's a hundred  
thousand English, French, German,  
Italian, Austrian bodies when what  
really counts, is, those pilgrims  
and the kingdom of Heaven, eh?

INT. COURTROOM-DAY

Richard puts the remote on the tip of the sword and  
pushes it over to SHAKESPEARE.

RICHARD I

(swinging sword;  
resuming singing).

*A swing to the jugular  
is quite avicultural  
because warring is a man's best  
friend.  
don't bind me with Alias,  
when I've got sweet Charise*

SHAKESPEARE

(singing the last  
line)

*warring is his best friend.*

RICHARD I

*at Ayers I kicked their butt,  
siege engines and such*

SHAKESPEARE

(singing the last  
line)

*'cuz warring's his only charm.*

RICHARD I  
*two fools have I for brothers  
 one dumber than the other*

SHAKESPEARE  
 (singing the last  
 line)  
*warring is his best friend.*

RICHARD I  
*only staff I know  
 attached to my bow*

SHAKESPEARE & RICHARD I  
 (singing the last  
 lines together)  
*so warring is,  
 yes, warring is,  
 yes, warring is  
 my-his-best friend!*

Music fades. He holds broad sword while addressing the JUDGE.

JUDGE  
 Mr. First, I don't understand.  
 Exactly what is your petition  
 against Mr. SHAKESPEARE?

RICHARD I  
 Willie or won't he? That's the  
 question! Perhaps more fitting,  
 willie or why didn't he?

JUDGE  
 Evidence, please.

RICHARD I  
 Why didn't Willie write about me,  
 Willie, eh?

SHAKESPEARE  
 I didn't write about you because,  
 quite frankly...

RICHARD I  
 ...Yes?

SHAKESPEARE  
 Holinshed, the historian I copied,  
 did not find you interesting. You  
 simply wanted to fight. Limits the  
 audience...



RICHARD I

...Saying you don't care for  
bloodshed. What about Titus  
Andronicus? As for the comedies,  
I've no sex on the beach? No  
buggery? Well, very little.  
(Pause) Phillip was-very little.

SHAKESPEARE

Not the stuff great plays are made  
of, Your Honor. Perhaps if I had  
HIM don a football helmet, in love  
with the team's quarterback. Wait!  
Goulding covered that in the *Lion  
in Winter*. Sorry.

JUDGE

So, the point of your petition  
RICHARD I, is your feelings are  
hurt because Mr. SHAKESPEARE did  
not write a play about you?

RICHARD I

Yes! Your Judgeship! That bard  
left me out of his portfolio.  
Seriously? What British history  
begins in the fifteenth century  
and excludes its Heisman Trophy of  
Warriors two hundred years  
earlier?

SHAKESPEARE

Your Honor, his big lion heart  
feelings are hurt? It's bad drama.  
Fein a marriage, kill a bunch of  
Moors. Feign a marriage, kill a  
bunch more Moors. Did anyone ask  
the Moors if they wanted to read  
such a play?

RICHARD I

Let the record show. I took Acre  
and Jaffe. OK, so we didn't really  
conquer Jerusalem. Oh, what fun,  
though! We burned little houses,  
and my men took turns pillaging  
while I kept my steed galloping.

SHAKESPEARE

Oh, horse dung! He's had the  
marque Your Honor. Anthony Hopkins  
played him in the film, *Lion in  
Winter*. Twelfth highest grossing  
film in '68 so *Variety* says.

Stage production got bad reviews  
but, since then, every community  
theatre in the country performs it  
and..

RICHARD I

Right. My character is a jock who  
likes boys pretending to be men.

SHAKESPEARE

Well?

RICHARD I

What family doesn't have its up  
and downs? Besides, Hopkins became  
stereotyped as Hannibal Lecter.  
Not good publicity for me, I'll  
say.

SHAKESPEARE

At least there was an edge to his  
performance. Unlike you, My Liege.  
Pretty boring if you ask me.

RICHARD I

You write a whole play about my  
brother John! Sniveling,  
conniving, skinny-arsed John who  
ate a humble pie full of Magna  
Carta. Think that was good  
character development? And then,  
you write about those losers over  
there..

(RICHARD II snoring  
with head on table;  
RICHARD III playing  
with toy soldiers on  
table, oblivious)

But moi? Oh, no. Hey, who needs a  
magnificent warrior? Not me. I'm  
Willie Shakespeare and I write the  
same poem to boys as girls. Right!

JUDGE

Please, what exactly do you want  
to do here? Are you suing him, or  
not?

RICHARD I

Something like that, your Duchess  
of Court. May I continue?

JUDGE

You've got five minutes. After all, you're not the only dick in court today.

RICHARD I

(taking clicker away  
from SHAKESPEARE)

My turn!

EXT. CASTEL CHALUS CHARBROL-DUSK.

RICHARD I's army is camped around a castle. Bonfires burn as sentries walk around the camp-site. RICHARD steps out of tent, take his cross bow, leaves his helmet and armor on the stand. HE proudly walks in front of his troops who monitor the castle. He walks through a line of guards.

RICHARD I

Good evening, my loyal warriors.

RICHARD'S GUARD ONE

Evening, me Lord. Grabbing some fresh air, sire?

RICHARD I

Uh, yep. Just taking this little bow in case I see, er, a rabbit or such, you know.

RICHARD'S GUARD TWO

Right, sire. A rabbit's foot will come in handy when we have to charge that fortified castle with all that burning oil pouring on top of me head.

RICHARD I

Right. Well, have to trot. Keep up the good work, eh?

RICHARD I nods and bobs and then sneaks through the underbrush as he approaches the castle. Two enemy sentries are on the rampart. One wears an apron and holds a frying pan. The other is a sentry with a bow.

EXT. CASTLE RAMPART-DUSK

The enemy chef is up on the rampart wearing a soiled apron and holding a gigantic frying pan that has a rat sizzling inside of it.

He approaches another enemy guard who has a bow and arrow and is studying the surrounding landscape.

ENEMY CHEF

Luis, been lookin' fer ya. I tried your basil recipe. Check it out! Smells delicious, eh?

ENEMY GUARD

Finally, Michel! My, that smells wonderful and..

(GUARD hears rustling below and spins around with his bow)

Hold yer horses, somethin' down there!

EXT. BUSHES-NIGHT

RICHARD I takes aim and fires two arrows at the two men on the castle wall. The chef raises the frying pan just before the arrows reach him.

The arrows bounce off the frying pan. The rat falls on the foot of the other guard who hops around in pain.

ENEMY CHEF

Just saved yer life, Michel. You owes me big time.

ENEMY GUARD

Jesus, that hurts! Wait! It's a nobleman down there! It's 'iem. The Lion Heart. He's a dead shot from here.

ENEMY CHEF

Oh, well, don't look a gift lion in the mouth, me mum always says.

ENEMY GUARD

All's fair in war and war, so here's a splinter in yer paw, monsieur Lion Heart.

GUARD fires arrow at RICHARD I who is hit and, for a minute or two, carefully studies the missile lodged in his upper chest, next to the cross he is wearing.

RICHARD I

Talk about not my lucky day! Forgot my armor. (Pause). Son-of-a-pup, this stings!