

**KING LEAR Audition Side #5 – Cornwall, Regan, Gloucester, First Servant**

CORNWALL.

Who's there? The traitor?

Enter GLOUCESTER and First Servant.

REGAN.

Ingrateful fox! 'tis he.

CORNWALL.

Bind fast his corky arms.

GLOUCESTER.

What mean your graces?

Good my friends, consider you are my guests.

Do me no foul play, friends.

CORNWALL.

Bind him, I say.

[Servant binds him.]

REGAN.

Hard, hard. O filthy traitor!

GLOUCESTER.

Unmerciful lady as you are, I'm none.

CORNWALL.

To this chair bind him. Villain, thou shalt find—

[REGAN plucks his beard.]

GLOUCESTER.

By the kind gods, 'tis most ignobly done

To pluck me by the beard.

REGAN.

So white, and such a traitor!

GLOUCESTER.

Naughty lady,

These hairs which thou dost ravish from my chin

Will quicken, and accuse thee. I am your host:

With robber's hands my hospitable favours  
You should not ruffle thus. What will you do?

CORNWALL.

Come, sir, what letters had you late from France?

REGAN.

Be simple answer'd, for we know the truth.

CORNWALL.

And what confederacy have you with the traitors,  
Late footed in the kingdom?

REGAN.

To whose hands have you sent the lunatic King?  
Speak.

GLOUCESTER.

I have a letter guessingly set down,  
Which came from one that's of a neutral heart,  
And not from one oppos'd.

CORNWALL.

Cunning.

REGAN.

And false.

CORNWALL.

Where hast thou sent the King?

GLOUCESTER.

To Dover.

REGAN.

Wherefore to Dover? Wast thou not charg'd at peril,—

CORNWALL.

Wherefore to Dover? Let him first answer that.

GLOUCESTER.

I am tied to the stake, and I must stand the course.

REGAN.

Wherefore to Dover, sir?

GLOUCESTER.

Because I would not see thy cruel nails  
Pluck out his poor old eyes; nor thy fierce sister  
In his anointed flesh stick boarish fangs.  
but I shall see  
The winged vengeance overtake such children.

CORNWALL.

See't shalt thou never. Fellows, hold the chair.  
Upon these eyes of thine I'll set my foot.

[GLOUCESTER is held down in his chair, while CORNWALL plucks out one of his eyes and sets his foot on it.]

GLOUCESTER.

He that will think to live till he be old,  
Give me some help!—O cruel! O you gods!

REGAN.

One side will mock another; the other too!

CORNWALL.

If you see vengeance—

FIRST SERVANT.

Hold your hand, my lord:  
I have serv'd you ever since I was a child;  
But better service have I never done you  
Than now to bid you hold.

REGAN.

How now, you dog!

FIRST SERVANT.

If you did wear a beard upon your chin,  
I'd shake it on this quarrel. What do you mean?

CORNWALL.

My villain?

[Draws, and runs at him.]

FIRST SERVANT.

Nay, then, come on, and take the chance of anger.

[Draws. They fight.]

REGAN.

A peasant stand up thus?

[Snatches a sword, comes behind, and stabs him.]

FIRST SERVANT.

O, I am slain! My lord, you have one eye left

To see some mischief on him. O!

[Dies.]

CORNWALL.

Lest it see more, prevent it. Out, vile jelly!

Where is thy lustre now?

[Tears out GLOUCESTER'S other eye and throws it on the ground.]

GLOUCESTER.

All dark and comfortless. Where's my son Edmund?

Edmund, enkindle all the sparks of nature

To quit this horrid act.

REGAN.

Out, treacherous villain!

Thou call'st on him that hates thee: it was he

That made the overture of thy treasons to us;

Who is too good to pity thee.

GLOUCESTER.

O my follies! Then Edgar was abus'd.

Kind gods, forgive me that, and prosper him!

REGAN.

Go thrust him out at gates, and let him smell

His way to Dover.