



Richard III, abridged. (source : https://www.goodreads.com/review/show/753826867?book_show_action=true&from_review_page=1)

RICHARD: Mwahahaha! Mwahahahahaha! Mwahaha!

CLARENCE: Hey brother! So, I guess I'm being sent to the Tower of London. Sucks, right?

RICHARD: Don't worry, Clarence, you'll be fine. I'll try and get you out, and certainly won't hire assassins to kill you or anything.

CLARENCE: Awesome! You're the best!

RICHARD: Mwahahaha!

ANNE: You killed my husband and my son in the last play, you asshole! I HATE YOU SO MUCH!

RICHARD: I only killed your husband because you're so fucking hot.

ANNE: OMG TAKE ME RIGHT NOW.

RICHARD: Mwahahahaha.

MARGARET: YOU'RE ALL GONNA DIE BECAUSE OF RICHARD! I CURSE ALL YOU FUCKERS!

EVERYONE: *ignores Margaret*

EDWARD V: The king is dead! Good thing he made you Lord Protector, Richard, so now you can make sure no one steals my throne.

RICHARD: Yeah...so you know what the best hotel in town is? The tower of London. I got you and your brother a suite.

EDWARD V: Awesome! Let's go!

RICHARD: Mwahahahahahaha! Hey everybody, those kids are bastards. I should be king instead.

EVERYONE: WOOOO! WE LOVE RICHARD!

HASTINGS: Okay, I was fine with all the usurping and murdering up until now but...seriously dude, I gotta ask: WHY ARE YOU SO EVIL?

RICHARD: I'm a hunchback. Discussion closed. Oh, and you're under arrest. Say hi to my dead nephews for me.

BUCKINGHAM: Wait, what? Dude, you have officially overdone it. I'm out.

RICHARD: Memo to self: get Buckingham killed. Mwahaha.

ELIZABETH: Okay Richard, you've now killed my two sons, my brothers, and I'm not completely sure you didn't kill my husband too. What else could you possibly do to me?

RICHARD: Well, your daughter's kinda hot. And fortunately, my wife just came down with a deadly illness - the symptoms include head/neck separation, very gross - and I've got to start making some legitimate heirs, *if ya know what I mean*.

ELIZABETH: Fuck you. The Earl of Richmond is gonna kill you so hard.

RICHARD: Oh shit, that's right, we're being invaded. Guess I'd better head over to Bosworth field, then.

AUDIENCE: Oh thank god, it's nearly over.

(For those of you keeping score at home, Richard's current body count is ELEVEN FUCKING PEOPLE.)

GHOSTS OF LITERALLY EVERYONE IN THE PLAY: BOOGEDY BOOGEDY BOOGEDY! You're so gonna die tomorrow, Richard, because we're on the Earl of Richmond's side. In fact, we've already started calling him Henry VII. DESPAIR AND DIE, MOTHERFUCKER!

RICHARD: Mwaha...ha?

AUDIENCE: SERIOUSLY CAN HE PLEASE GET KILLED ALREADY SO I CAN GO TO THE BATHROOM?

RICHARD: All right men, first let me say thanks for sticking with me, despite the fact that all my close friends seem to mysteriously die whenever they disagree with me. Secondly: Yorkists, ready your breakfasts and eat hearty. FOR TONIGHT, WE DINE IN HELL! MWAHAHAHAHAHA-aaaack! That hurt! AND WHERE THE FUCK DID MY HORSE GO?

HENRY VII: I KEEL YOU!

RICHARD: Oh, fuck. *dies*

AUDIENCE: Thank god. *sprints for the bathrooms*

THE END.