

III.1 *Enter Anne.*

ANNE. Unhappy me! Already afternoon,
I pray a hopeful message finds me soon,
But wherefore art mine cousins yet so late?
I cannot fadge – they know my woeful state!
How Edmund hath restricted me to home;
The New World Order tracking should I roam;
My twitter feed's been censored – FBI,
And, unexpectedly, I may soon die!
We go along to get along, but now
10 I have to speak the truth, my holy vow:
A plague is here upon us, all man-made,
I took the so-called cure - I was betrayed!
When danger from the drug exceeds disease
'Tis best to trust to nature; not to please
The profit margins of some company!
I wish it were not so, but so it be.
My friends are dying left and right, so young,
I must give voice; I should not hold my tongue:
Conspiracists proved right with each new day;
20 There's tragedy in every comic play.

Slight pause. Then, dramatically...

O William, wherefore must you be so?
O come and rescue; Edmund overthrow;
Climb up and save your princess from her plight -
Anne talks to an imagined writer/director in the auditorium.
I'm sorry, but these lines are just so trite!
Do any women talk like this these days?
It's clear – the writer read some ancient plays,
But girls are tough and hardy now – I am:
I've messed this up, but I don't give a damn!
You want a true performance, set me free:
30 I'll improvise iambic – you shall see!
Director, writer, sirs, I have a list:
Bring Edmund to my door, then to my fist!

Enter Lord Edmund.