

# JOHN

Poor John — who says poor John? Don't everybody sob at once. My God, if I went up in flames, there's not a living soul who'd pee on me to put the fire out. Richard hates me. Why? What should he hate me for? Am I the eldest son? Am I the heir? Am I the hero? *(To RICHARD)* What's my crime? Is it some childhood score, some baby hurt? When I was six and you were sixteen, did I brutalize you? What? You're everything a little brother dreams of. You know that? I used to dream about you all the time. *(ELEANOR reaches for him, he speaks to her)*. That's right, Mother, mother me. Will I let you? Let you put your arms around me just the way you never did? You can do it. Think I'm Richard. *(She puts her arms around him.)* That's it. That's the way. Now kiss my scabby cheek and run your fingers through my hair. *(He wrenches away from her)*. No — it's all false. You know what I am? I'm the family nothing. Geoffrey's shrewd and Richard's brave and I'm not anything. I'll show you, Eleanor. I haven't lost yet.