

PHILIP

(To HENRY.) One time, when I was very small, I watched some soldiers take their dinner pig and truss it up and put the thing, alive and kicking, on the fire. That's the sound I'm going to hear from you. You — you made my father nothing. You were always better. You bullied him, you bellied with his wife, you beat him down in every war, you twisted every treaty and then made him love you for it. I was there: his last words went to you. A king like you has policy prepared on everything. What's the official line on sodomy? How stands the Crown on boys who do with boys? He found me first when I was fifteen. We were hunting. It was nearly dark. I lost my way. My horse fell. I was thrown. I woke to Richard touching me. He asked me if I loved him — Philip, do you love me? — and I told him yes. You know why I told him yes? So one day I could tell you all about it. You cannot imagine what that yes cost. Or perhaps you can. Imagine snuggling to a poxied chanced whore and, bending back your lips in something like a smile, saying, "Yes I love you and I find you beautiful." I don't know how I did it.