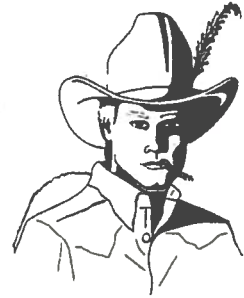


DICKY III



Let's admit it, we all are tempted to employ evil methods at one time or another in our short lives in order to get what we want. When given such an opportunity on a silver platter by circumstances, such as being born into a wealthy family or a family of "royalty," we tend to pounce on opportunity. Richard York Cartwright III, or Dicky III as yer pardners call ye, ye have clearly been demonstrating such tendencies. Like yer daddy, Ben York Cartwright who couldn't carve his Ponderosa empire without spillin' some blood, yer feelin' yer family's English royalty blood in yer veins. "Queenie Margaret" of the neighborin' Lancaster clan killed your Paw and baby brother Edmund Rutland. Why, you York Cartwright boys have had no choice but to kill her husband Henry and son Edward to reclaim the ranch!

Now, Richard III, even though this "Family Feud of Roses" has seemingly come to an end, all of yer remaining brothers still seem to suffer from bad luck. First there was Adam, the one that always wore black for some reason, falling off his horse and breakin' his neck. Then there was half-brother Candy, stabbed in his back while gamblin'. Next came Hoss with his heart attack that actually appeared to be of natural causes. But things started to appear a little bit too strange when Little Joe hung himself, leaving a note saying he was really an angel with appointments elsewhere. First suspects were the remainin' Lancasters, tryin' one last time to kill off all you Yorks. After taking over the Baron of the Ponderosa throne and leading ya'll to victory over the Lancasters, yer elder brother Edward, "Eddie" as ye like to call him, has spread a peaceful time throughout them thar hills. During these prosperous times, he and Elizabeth have produced his two immediate heirs, Edward V and Ricky. Suddenly, Eddie is now suffering from mysterious food poisoning, and orders Sheriff Brakenbury to lock up Clarence, yer only brother left besides you!

Now what in tha Hell is goin' on? To whose advantage could all these events be? Could the Chief Conspirator be you, Dicky III? The one last brother available to take over Baronship should anything terrible happen to Eddie and his kids? The one always lurkin' about shadows and cigar rooms of the Ranch Palace with dedicated family ranchands, or should we say co-conspirators? In times for family sadness, you've always been the one apparently tryin' to lift everyone's spirits. Were ye always actually havin' fun? Why is it ye seem to go out of yer way to become the alltime favorite uncle of yer nephews? So close, are ye now lustin' after power, eager to use it to expand the Ponderosa into more neighborin' family ranches and start up another Family Feud? Tell us, Dicky III, just why are you havin' so much fun?

1.

The time now has come to take yer control
No more tenderfeet will play that role
Of roundin' up rustlers and buckaroos
To calculate plans that cannot lose
With Clarence now well on his way
Black sheep will finally have his day
By dealing himself the winning card
In game script by some theatrical bard
Just a "Friendly Game of Poker"
To be won by a Marlboro smoker
Now off to the palace next to wide trail
To play a role in yer play that cannot fail
Get there before Clarence takes his leave
And before Eddie joins him on this eve
You must ascend to Baron of Ponderosa's Lair
Once Paw's, now Eddie's, up ranchouse stair
On behind lovely Bordello full of booty
Higher on hill among those so snooty
Ye can still be picky even with hump and limp
Once sitting in throne, you will not skimp.
You may even woo pretty Anne of Lancasters
After causing her family deaths and disasters
Just offer her the chance to use yer buckknife
Before ye know it, you'll have her for life!

2. *Since every Jack became a gentleman,
There's many a gentle person made a Jack.*

RICHARD THE THIRD Act 1, scene 3, 71--72

If it ain't Queen Maggie at Eddie's side
Crackin' House whip with her rawhide
Tried to claim Dicky had made her a widow
Then stabbed her son at a big do-si-do
Out into a marsh he dragged her son's body
Then back to his House for another toddy
Though it was true; only a witch could know
Though she has Foreman Grey in her tow
And Stablehand Rivers believes her magic
Now totally victims of her spell is so tragic
They were once cards strongly held in yer hand
Long before Maggie started making her stand

Two more hands will make yer royal flush
Still to be found out here in sagebrush
Behind the House they'll come rollin' in
Count on Marlboro men to help ye win
Family long trusted Buckingham and Stanley
Them in yer holster will make ye seem manly
All have to chuckle, except Eddie too sickly
At Old Maggie's curses directed at Dicky
Be sure to tell them you'd rather just be a peddler
Than Maggie's claim of "family power meddler"
Just set yerself down and relax for a while out back
Between House and Stable, fountain and tack,
Meet *two* executioners and give them a plan
Though it may be difficult with neither a man

3.

Met yer two outlaws and dispatched 'em with key
For Clarence's jail, where they'll set his soul free
Ye must try to see Clarence one last time
Before yer pardners perform your crime
Ye heard he had nightmares on his last night
Sleepin' in the coop under Tower's height
*Dreamin' you'd helped him somehow escape
From the Tower and its faux Spanish roofscape
The two of you were running from a Family Feud
Once on a ship you were able to elude
Yer ship hit terrible storm and ye fell into him
Knockin' him to sea where his chances were slim
Then a sour ferryman led him into Kingdom of Night
Where legions of ghosts offered him no light
He dreamt he was in Hell and felt very guilty
Just being in jail had made him feel filthy
Certainly by now yer murderers done their deed
Better get back up wide trail with gallop speed
Then along tracks until under the clock
Where Clarence is dying in a state of shock
As killers stand above him chickenin' out:*

"What, shall we stab him as he sleeps?"

"No, he'll say it was done cowardly when he wakes."

"How do you feel about yourself now?"

"Faith, some certain dregs of conscience are within me.

"Remember our reward when the deed's done?"

"Zounds! He dies! I had forgot the reward."

"Where is yer conscience now?"

"O, in Richard York Cartwright's wallet."

RICHARD THE THIRD Act 1, scene 4, 100--132

Hopefully then they will silence yer doubt
As well as insurin' not slippin' up in their job
By storin' body in barrel where head will bob
So ye don't have to again be puttin' on that act
Of nice brother not mad because hunchbacked.

4.

Time to find presents for nephews and nieces
Before it comes time to chop them in pieces
Off to bayside town's Market on shopping lark
To childrens' playground amid animal bark
Gifts can be found in a kinda square game
Where people and pawns are treated same
While observin' their play, devise yer evil plan
Always being careful where placing yer hand
In the eyes of a crowd ye may seem a bit weird
After makin' yer way down views a little bit tiered
Once here close to the sea, those pirates were bored
So they dumped treasure chests they'd just scored
Flipped 'em over, sat down and played 'em a game
Hostage kings, queens and toys all used the same
Royalty pushed back and forth through the night
Dyin' of starvin' if it wern't first their fright
Old treasure chests have since aged to grey-green
Sitting there waiting for a new man that's mean
A scurvy like ye who thrives on abuse
Of innocent lives ye always find use
Hands Rivers and Gray, yer first pawns to fall
Lockin' them up behind Promfret prison wall

5.

With no presents for Eddie's sons Ricky n' Eddie
Ye can't firm up their trust until you are ready
For making a change in the order of pecking
In running yer ranch with no one crosschecking
Time to saddle up and get back on the One Trail
Then add to it Two Score, ridin' away from sails
Winding northeast through a wide valley filled
With green orchards and ranchers to be killed
Horse trail will narrow on a stretch of rock slides
Once yer past that it's one of them easy rides
No time now for stoppin' and pickin' raspberries
Get that Bishop of Ely to send ye strawberries
No stoppin' at Last Stage West Halfway Station
And go on past churches at edge of civilization
Cross widest north/south trail and trot on into town
Left on this trail, you'll find City dome kind of brown
Right there on west mall, cross a bridge but no tracks
See Rivers, and especially Grey, both stabbed in backs
Once siding with Maggie, their names were in stone
No longer a chance to get close to ranch throne
On up to the top, until a hitchin' post with view
Up there alone ye can let strategies stew
Listen closely to the leaves' songs in the wind
As ghosts together moan how you've sinned
Kneel down and cry so if ye happen to be seen
No one will know that yer really evil and mean

6.

Sweet Lil' Eddie just loves his most favorite uncle
Unaware ye consider him an irritatin' carbuncle
Can't tell pardner hands Catesby and Hastings
Nor cuz' Bucky, who are all yer safekeepings
Ye might lose their totally obedient allegiance
If they knew ye saw lil' Eddie as a hindrance
Not to mention his brother Ricky York Cartwright
Another heir to the throne without earning right
With their father dead now, ye are their "Protector"
When in fact yer nothing but evil victim collector
Gifts in hand, make yer way to their favorite store
Bit o' a trot north of center town's grassy square
Stocked full of both adult's and children's fare
With tall and shiny representative of their family blood
Which, today with you working within, is in a flood
Favorite toy stands before all records of family
Kept by bard back on old island kind of chilly
What do ye know, thar is lil' Eddie on blood records:

"But say, my lord, it were not regist'ed,
Methinks the truth should live from age to age,
As 'twere retailed to all posterity,
Even to the general all-ending day."

[Ye aside] "So wise so young, they say do ne'er live long."

"What say you, uncle?"

"I say, without characters* fame lives long."
[Ye aside]" * I moralize two meanings in one word."

RICHARD THE THIRD Act 3, scene 1, 75--83

With what a sharp, ready wit he reasons on words!
Because all of his readin' of books rather than fightin'
Like yer type that thinks ye should come out blastin'
Behind six-shooters you've just got it in yer head
Everyone in yer way should get filled full o' lead
By convincing the lil' heirs they'll be safe in the Tower,
You can quickly dispense them and get fix of power.

7.

Eddie York Cartwright's "Queen" Lizzie is a learnin'
That the Tower might just be a place fer yer killin'
Where is brother Clarence and lil' son Ned?
Has someone made sure they are dead?
Where is the gentle Rivers, Vaughan, and Grey?
Alive and happy, they somehow could not stay
"Pardner" Hastings was lynched after a question?
Power has made ye lose temper regulation
But Lizzie senses yer planning and now she worries
With her two boys locked in the Tower she scurries
"Protecting" lil' Eddie and Ricky there has her scared
Like any mother, she will make sure they are spared
She's wisked them away to chamber of sanctuary
On sacred property to keep them off an obituary
Cuzzin Bucky has "found" that lil' Eddie and Ricky
Are both the result of their dad scorin' a quickie
With Lady Lucy and Lady Bona in family disloyalty
Thus they ain't York Cartwright pure blood royalty
Preacher may cause trouble when entering grounds
After you've made the long riding northbounds:

"To mild entreaties, God in heaven forbid
We should infringe the holy privilege
Of blessed sanctuary! Not for all this land
Would I be guilty of so deep a sin."

RICHARD THE THIRD Act 3, scene 1, 40--43

To which, Bucky can answer him,

"Weigh it but with the grossness of this age,
You break not sanctuary in seizing him.
Oft have I heard of sanctuary men,
But sanctuary children ne'er till now."

RICHARD THE THIRD Act 3, scene 1, 46--56

There in the *town of temples* no one will hear
Lizzie's rantin' and ravin' in wild state of fear

8.

Ye just married Annie whether she liked it or not
To secure your power before things all got hot
Lizzie's cute daughter has now caught yer eye
Now Annie's "so sick," it's she that might die
Unable to stop you from pulling kids from a sanctuary
A faction is roundin' up posse to place ye in mortuary
If it's a feud they're a wantin', ye'll be glad to oblige
With size o' yer gang, they're only seein' a mirage
With cuz' Bucky and sidekick Catesby leadin' the way,
Like ye did Lancasters, you'll just shred 'em like hay
Get out and recruit all hired hands and outlaws ye know
Like Ratcliffe and Lovell that say it's you that they owe
By ordering his bloody dogs to smother Eddie's heirs,
Tyrell has proved he's good managin' your affairs
Saddle 'em all up an' head north through them thar hills
Before that posse catches up makin' ye pay fer yer kills
Old yes men Dorset and Richmond have taken her side
And think yer so scared you'll just runaway an' hide
First thang to do is git ye some bullets, rifles and guns
Maybe a gatlin, good rifles, and a great stud that runs
After Family Feud of Roses, both dropped all their arms
At monastery next to wide trail among all the farms
Something about yer man Stanley is seemin' a bit odd
When through Robles Pass he was slow like a clod
Now he's strollin' off with the Chaplain a whisperin'
Not like everybody else who's busy gun cleanin'
You'll have to just take his son George as hostage
To make sure Stanley don't cost ye no leakage
Stay in the shade so ye don't get sunburned and hot
While turning guns upside down an' shakin' out rot

0

9.

Whoa, Nellie! Time to make a U-turn
Before ya'll git yerselves a sunburn
Heading once again back way ye done came
Ain't no way they'll make you pay in shame
You'll be teachin' 'em a thang or two
Whether or not they want ye to
Now it appears they've turned tail n' run
Cuz there ain't no sound of their gun
Time to surprise 'em back at Ponderosa
For a quick lil' Battle of The Roses
West before River Lodge to yer future home
Perched above where small ranches roam
Be careful not to take front trail up the hill
They may be up in the trees for a kill
Better to sneak in the back door trail
Ye know it's a plan that just can't fail
Now ye finally notice yer cuz Bucky's not true
Hangin' Hastings made him yellow clear thru
No excuse for a dadgummit traitor
Have to deal with his neck later
If they ain't at the House ye can set up outside:

"Up with my tent! Here will I lie tonight –
But where tomorrow? Well, all's one for that.
Who hath descried the number of the traitors?

"Sixty or seventy is their utmost power."

"Why, our brigade trebles that account!
Besides, the Baron name is a tower of strength,
Which they upon the adverse faction want."

RICHARD THE THIRD Act 5, scene 3, 7–14

Gain confidence of yer men, restin' on cowhide

"Fill me a bowl of wine. Give me a watch.
Saddle white Surrey for the field tomorrow.
Look that my guns be sound and not too heavy."

RICHARD THE THIRD Act 5, scene 3, 63–65

If not on the big hill, where could Richmond go?
Ye've done lot of chasing with nothing to show
Now ye will be able to get good night's sleep
In a position with a view over the fleet

Now that yer outside, those ghosts can get in
Into yer head where they make ye pay for sin:

“Bloody and guilty, guiltily awake,
And in a bloody battle end yer days!
Think of Little Joe. Despair and die!”

RICHARD THE THIRD Act 5, scene 3, 147--149

Who was that ye heard in yer tent this mornin’?
It sounded like Little Joe with a warnin’!

“Dream on thy cousins smothered in the Tower.
Ye nephews’ souls bid ye despair and die!”

RICHARD THE THIRD Act 5, scene 3, 152--155

Now that sounded purty dammed real didn’t it?
Just go back to sleep as the sun ain’t rose yet

“Dicky, yer wife, that wretched Anne yer wife,
That never slept a quiet hour with ye,
Tomorrow in the battle think of me,
And drop yer leadless gun. Despair and die!”

RICHARD THE THIRD Act 5, scene 3, 160--164

OK, OK now that’s getting’ a lil’ bit too weird now
Causin’ beads of sweat to drip from yer brow

“O, in the battle think on yer cuz Bucky
And die in terror of yer guiltiness!
Dream on, dream on, of bloody deeds and death;
Fainting, despair; desparing, yield yer breath!”

RICHARD THE THIRD Act 5, scene 3, 170--173

Ye thought ye had that cuz Bucky shot in the back
Now it sounds like God has cut him some slack

“Give me another horse! Bind up my wounds!
Have mercy, Jesus! Soft! I did but dream.
O coward conscience, how ye do afflict me!
Cold fearful drops stand on my tremblin’ flesh.
What do I fear? Myself? There’s no one else by.
Dicky loves Dicky: that is, I am I.
Is there a murderer here? No. Yes, I am.
Then fly! What, from myself? Great reason why!”

"Boss Baron?"

RICHARD THE THIRD Act 5, scene 3, 178--208

Zounds, who is there? Ah, that's Ratcliffe yer hired hand
Sayin' town's cock has seen Sun's arrival to the land
Time to git yer friends up and buckle on their gunbelt
Git out and play with the hands you've been dealt
Thar in the hills between family mountain and sea
You'll find Richmond's army tryin' to flee
A vicious battle will follow after any Harmony
Leavin' men an' their horses dyin' in agony
More ghosts for yer dreams will be flyin' in the air
Next gold rush town will greet ye with fanfare
Survivors can all go to wild saloon for a drink
Tryin' to forget how they forgot how to think
Ask bartender where's veins o' gold in yer valley
As dancehall girls there have time to dilly-dally
Prospectin' in Ponderosa has a requirement of course
To carry all yer equipment ye will need a horse!

After all this schemin' fer killin' ye quickly change yer mind
 You'd trade Ponderosa not even sure there's gold to find
 Kind o' suddenlike how yer ranch property ain't important
 You'd rather be findin' gold mines that might be vacant
 Stop prospectin' long enough to relax a while
 Prop yer boots on a table with a big fat smile
 You've gotten all ye wanted in property and wives
 Winnin' all yer games played with peoples' lives
 Ye'll drink to that as ye watch the sun a settin'
 In some artists place even doin' some paintin'
 Don't let all them war weary revellers disturb you below
 As you drink and paint away in yer loft on a pillow.

*"Inter their bodies as become their births.
 Proclaim a pardon to the soldiers fled
 That in submission will return to us;
 An then, as we have taken the sacrament,
 We will unite the White Rose and the Red.
 Smile heaven upon this fair conjunction,
 That long have frowned on their enemies!
 What traitor hears me and says not amen?
 Ponderosa has long been mad and scarred herself;
 The brother blindly shed the brother's blood,
 The father rashly slaughtered his own son,
 The son, compelled, been butcher to the sire.
 All this divided York Cartwright and Lancaster,
 Divided in their dire division,
 O, now let Richmond and Lizzie
 The true succeeders of each house
 By God's fair ordinance conjoin together!
 And let their heirs, God, if thy will be so,
 Enrich the time to come with smooth-faced peace,
 With smiling plenty, and fair prosperous days!
 Abate the edge of traitors, gracious Lord,
 That would reduce these bloody days again
 And make poor Ponderosa weep in streams of blood!
 Let them not live to taste this land's increase
 That would with treason wound this fair land's peace!
 Now civil wounds are stopped, peace lives again;
 That she may long live here, God say amen!"*

RICHARD THE THIRD Act 5, scene 5, 15—41