



SHAKESPEARE

War of the Roses Insult Battle: Lancaster vs. York

LANCASTER:

Come, come, you froward and unable worm

YORK:

Your abilities are too infant-like for doing much alone.

LANCASTER:

Thou art a boil and a plague sore.

YORK:

Foul spoken coward, that thund'rest with thy tongue, and with thy weapon nothing dares perform.

LANCASTER:

O you beast! I'll so maul you and your toasting-iron, that you shall think the devil is come from hell.

YORK:

Thou art the cap of all the fools.

(Fight)

LANCASTER:

Bloody, bawdy villain! Remorseless, treacherous, lecherous, kindless villain!

YORK:

Thou elvish-mark'd, rooting hog!

LANCASTER:

Thou flea, thou nit, thou winter-cricket thou!

YORK:

Thou lump of foul deformity!

(Fight)

LANCASTER:

Bottled spider!

YORK:

Poisonous, bunch-backed toad! *(Dies)*

LANCASTER:

I am sick when I do look on thee... *(Exit)*