

Grant: Ah, Nurse Darrell. How I've missed you.

Darrell: Go on with you. You haven't given me a moment's thought all day. Who's that you are mooning over? That actress friend of yours?

Grant: No, Nurse Darrell. This is someone who's been dead for hundreds of years. And I'm not mooning. I'm just intrigued. Do you happen to have any history books in your nurse quarters that I could borrow?

Darrell: I do as it happens. I kept all my books from school. I love history. Richard the Lionheart is my favorite.

Grant: Not that brute!

Darrell: Do you want to borrow my books or not?

Grant: I shan't say another word. When do you get off duty?

Darrell: When I finish my trays, but you don't expect me to come traipsing all the way back here with them do you? I'll bring it tomorrow.

Grant: Oh, come on, Nurse Darrell, it will give me something to do this evening. Not even for some chocolate?

Darrell: Hmm. I will think about it. But you are supposed to be resting, not staying up all night reading history books.

Grant: I might as well be looking up history as looking up at the cracks in the ceiling.

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Darrell: Talking to yourself?

Grant: Good morning, Nurse Darrell. What do you know about Richard III?

Darrell puts down the tray.

Darrell: Oh, those poor little lambs. I used to have nightmares that someone would put a pillow over my face whilst I was asleep.

Grant: If that is what happened.

Darrell: I know the story well. James Tyrrell made his way to London from the court in Warwick and recruited two thugs on the way. The three of them went to the tower and demanded to see the constable, Sir Robert Brackenbury. They had a royal warrant, you see, which was signed by Richard himself telling the constable to hand over the keys. Brackenbury, the fool, thought the princes were to be released, but Tyrrell had his thugs kill them and bury them under the staircase.

Grant: All very interesting, but it doesn't say any of that in your book

Darrell: Oh, no. Those books are just the history you need to know to pass exams. They don't have any of the interesting stuff.

Grant: So where does this gossip about Tyrrell come from, might I ask?

Darrell: It isn't gossip. You'll find it in Sir Thomas More's History of Richard III, and you can't find a more respected or trustworthy person in the whole of history than Sir Thomas More.

Grant: Who would dare to contradict the Man for all Seasons?

Darrell: Exactly. That's what he wrote in his biography. He was there at the time and knew the right people ask, so I think we have to take his word, don't you?

Grant: I don't suppose you have a copy of this biography?

Darrell: I'm afraid not.

Grant: In that case, I wonder if you might do me a small favour? Would you call Miss Hallard? I can give you the number for the theatre, and ask her to pick up a copy for me.

Darrell: The things I do for you. Here, write on the back of here so I don't forget what it is. *(She passes him the paper containing Richard III's portrait.)*

Grant: Not that, I want to study it some more. *(He props it up on his side table and writes the number on another piece of paper.)*

Darrell: Well, most people have pictures of their family on their side table, but each to his own.