

DIRECTING *RICHARD III*

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A Thesis  
Submitted to  
The Temple University Graduate Board

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In Partial Fulfillment  
Of the Requirements for the Degree  
MASTER OF FINE ARTS  
IN DIRECTING

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By  
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## ABSTRACT

DIRECTOR OF *RICHARD III*

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*Richard III* is regarded as one of Shakespeare's longest and most complex plays, with a complicated plot, and a character that is a Machiavellian villain. After a workshop of Act I as an MFA Directing Project, I was granted by Temple University to stage a full production of *Richard III* as my thesis. Approaching the play proved difficult for me due to my lack of experience with Shakespearean text. However, by analyzing Shakespeare's text, and approaching the cut with the goal to make the story as clear as possible, I desired to create a production that embodied the idea of "now." The designed team and I created a world that was a-historic pulling from classic and modern forms providing the necessary landscape for the play to occur. Through a series of seven chapters I explain my process from conception to production. I also evaluate my growth as a director during this artistic achievement. A Director's Script, Actor's Lexicon, Program Note, Design Renderings and Production Photos support my journey to opening night of *Richard III*.



For Peter Reynolds,

Thank you.

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## CHAPTER 1: BEGINNINGS

### Introduction: Why “Now”?

*"Now is the winter of our discontent."* The first line of Shakespeare's play *The Tragedy of Richard the Third*, haunts me as I write. Why is it important to write about something that is past? Why record the process of something that can only be experienced in the memory of the few thousand people that saw the production?

Theater is a unique art form in the sense that it cannot be repeated or recreated. Its impermanence is what makes it stand apart from any other fine art. Theater can only be experienced the moment it is occurring, it serves as a transactional ritual between the company and the audience, and once it finishes, each performance can only be recounted in the memory of those present. It can only happen in the now. I came to this understanding by studying the writings of legendary theatre director Peter Brook who says:

Theatre exists in the here and now. It is what happens at that precise moment when you perform, that moment at which the world of the actors and the world of the audience meet. A society in miniature, a microcosm brought together every evening within a space. Theatre's role is to give this microcosm a burning and fleeting taste of another world, and thereby interest it, transform it, integrate it (Brook).

From the beginning of this process, I wanted this production to have immediacy and accessibility.

*"Now is the winter of our discontent...."*

This opening remark Shakespeare has given Richard, Duke of Gloucester, is not only a metaphor referring to the safety felt by post war England within the play, but it is

also an invitation to the audience to let go of their memory of history, because although the play is now considered a history play, Shakespeare was loose with historical information and his interpretation of Richard III. When the play was written Elizabethan England was facing an end to the Tudor empire, with Queen Elizabeth having no heir to her throne, and the citizens generally discontented with the church and state. In the first words of the play Shakespeare is requesting that the audience let the stress of their daily lives freeze, while we prepare to witness the tale he is going to unfold.

*"Now is the winter..."*

As a Director I look for the relevance of any piece that I am working on. The first questions I ask myself are: Why is important that this story is told? How will the audience receive this story? How do I as a storyteller help the audience experience this play, escaping into the world we create for them? Why this play? Why now?

It was never interested in a historically accurate production of *Richard III*, because that approach unnecessarily distances a modern audience from the play. We could have easily set the play in the period it was written, complete with Elizabethan costumes on a set that was a close proximity to Shakespeare's Globe Theatre; or we could have set the play in the late fifteenth century when the action of the play takes place, bringing to life the cold and violent world of the middle ages, but that form of theatrical museum piece does not excite the average modern audience. Many productions including the recent Ian McKellan film transfer the action of the play to the 1930's, setting it in the period of history closest to now that best parallels the period in the play,

but the transfer of time, though a more recent time in history, still allows audience members to distance themselves from the action in the play.

Modern audience members engage in virtual worlds of simulated life online, some embrace science fiction, and some watch "reality shows" that offer a reality that is far from real. Why confine the play to a time period when many people freely suspend the constraints of realism on a daily basis? The audience I intended this production for was not an audience of Shakespearean or Elizabethan scholars, it was not the upper middle class that fills the majority of seats in regional theaters, and it was not the groundlings that filled the Globe Theatre. It was an audience of people that would see a Shakespeare play produced at Temple University, in poverty stricken North Philadelphia. It was an audience of students some unwillingly attending a performance as a class assignment, some attending Temple thirsting to expand their minds, some to please parents, some to prove they could do it for themselves.

*"Now..."*

It was vital that the production had intimacy and immediacy. I wanted the audience to experience Richard as engagingly and enthrallingly as imaginable. Richard may have been a King from five centuries past, but Shakespeare had crafted a much different Richard. He based his version on Sir Thomas More's *History of Richard III*, which reflected the Tudor caricature of Richard as an evil monster, Shakespeare's version of Richard is a villain who is as seductive and intelligent as he is violent and evil. A man whose unsightliness is the engine of his ambition. A creature that no matter how foul his intentions, his cleverness and charm triumph of the misshapen form he must dwell in.

My desire for this production was to embrace the impermanence of theatre and give the audience an experience as uniquely specific as the student body at Temple University.

*"Now..."*

I had never directed a full length Shakespeare play before this production, eighty percent of my cast members have never performed in a full length Shakespeare play before, the designed team assembled had never worked with me before, and none of us knew how exactly we would pull off such a large play in such a small theater, with so little money. But we did pull it off. Temple University's fall 2011 production of *Richard III* garnered a popularity which played every night to sold out audiences.

### **Shakespeare and Fear**

In the fall of 2010, my second year of graduate school, my class of graduate directors was to spend an entire semester working on Shakespeare. My mentor, and advisor, Douglas C. Wager had structured the pedagogy using Adrian Noble's book *How to do Shakespeare*, and the video series *Playing Shakespeare* which is a series of master classes held by Trevor Nunn and John Barton using members of The Royal Shakespeare Company. We were to work on scenes and text utilizing the various tools of acting, then the semester would culminate in long form scenes.

My career in theatre has been ninety percent Musical Theatre; I came to directing only in the past six years, three of which have been in graduate school. I was a dancer/actor/singer (in that order of skill) in my undergraduate training, after undergrad I

transitioned from a chorus boy to a Choreographer finding more pleasure in the story telling, and then eventually started directing large dance musicals. It was not until graduate school that I began directing non-musicals. Plays were a new form for me in general and classics terrified, particularly Shakespeare. I had never really enjoyed seeing Shakespeare. When I thought of seeing a Shakespeare play I saw myself sitting in the dark theater waiting for the moment where I fell in love with Shakespeare, when all the words made sense, and I was transported to another world. What usually occurred was I would sit in the dark fighting to stay awake, bored, confused, and wanting that portion of my life back. I even forced myself to act in a production of *The Merchant of Venice*, playing a small role, but hoping my involvement in a production would enlighten me to the work. It did not. My mind was made up; Shakespeare was and will forever remain boring.

So when Doug decided we would devote an entire semester on Shakespeare, not only was I less than enthusiastic, I was downright mad. Thinking to myself, well, probably saying out loud many times to my colleagues, "I only have three years of grad school, why should I spend almost twenty percent of it doing something I hate." Doug always says I have, "a healthy conditional skepticism" and that I initially challenge the orthodoxy of any given methodology or craft tool, until I work my way through the material. So, slowly, and with great trepidation I started my exploration of the material.

My Shakespeare hatred goes back to my undergraduate training. In 1996, as a young Musical Theatre performance major at Roosevelt University, sick of not being taken as a 'serious actor' and tired of fitting my "chorus boy" type, I petitioned to be let into the Shakespeare acting class taught by Steve Scott, who was a Director and teacher

who worked at The Goodman Theater. First day of class; I show up to class ready for the world of Shakespeare to be bequeathed to me. That was a Tuesday. Instead of a bequethment, Steve dismissed the class and told us all to come back on Thursday when we would present one of the Shakespeare monologues we use to audition. I did not have an Shakespeare audition monologue, “chorus boys” never needed Shakespeare monologues, but unwilling to show vulnerability I quickly learned one the Prince Hal monologue from Henry IV part i:

*Prince Hal:* I know you all, and will awhile uphold  
The Unyoked humor of your idleness:  
...  
I'll so offend, to make offence a skill;  
Redeeming time when men think least I will. (I,ii.)

I found this monologue in a book of "Popular Shakespeare Monologues" at the school library, and chose it because I thought, "I could play a prince, and it is only 23 lines to memorize. I memorized it and showed up to class on Thursday, luckily we ran out of time I was to go on the following Tuesday. I worked all weekend on the monologue and felt pretty good about it. Tuesday rolls around and I wait to go last, because I wanted to wow the class with my Shakespearean prowess, and show them all what the “chorus boy” could do. I got up in front of the class and begin "I know you all...." and I froze. I did not forget the lines, I froze solid, I could not breathe, I could not blink, and least of all speak. Steve Scott asked me if I was okay, the silence in the room was deafening, I tried to start over but words did not come out of my mouth, because my mouth was preoccupied with the sobbing that overtook my body. There I stood in front of my peers, a Shakespearean failure.

Now this story may seem irrelevant, but it is that single moment of fear that has ballooned over the past decade leaving me dismissive and hating Shakespeare. So here I am, ten years later, in graduate school getting an MFA in Directing, and I am facing the same fears, and this time I cannot blame it on youthful ignorance.

### **The Workshop**

Doug's pedagogy over the semester definitely lessened my resistance to the material, and I set out to choose my final scenes. Three of my colleagues chose to present scenes from *Hamlet*. Each doing 15-20 minutes of material, and my fourth colleague would present the ballroom and balcony scene from *Romeo and Juliet*. Knowing I wanted to work with Craig Bazan, an extremely talented African-American with who I collaborated with the year before in my production of *Little Shop of Horrors*. Craig and I had been saying for a year that when it came around to doing the Shakespeare portion of my graduate studies that we would work together. Having a talented Africa-American actor in my pocket I decided I would work on *Othello*, and present a series of scenes featuring the love triangle between Othello, Iago, and Desdemona. Doug was less than supportive of this decision, saying text is too dense, and Craig was less than excited. So I decided I would save *Othello* as a backup plan. Doug suggested *Twelfth Night* as a better option. So I decided to go with that seeing as he had never steered me wrong before, and I chose a collection of scenes focusing on the comedic subplot.

I held auditions, feeling positively about them I had call backs. I read Craig as Sir Toby Belch and put together a cast list. As I sat with a cast list in front of me and rehearsals needing to begin that week, I still could not get excited about the project. Was

it my fear? Was it the play? Was it the Cast? So instead of posting the list I decided to sleep on it. I reread the scenes I had collected from *Twelfth Night* trying to imagine the cast in the roles. Not only did it seem unfunny, but it seemed badly cast. I remembered my colleague David Mackay saying in class that if had to do a chunk he would do Act IV or *Richard III*, coming from a Shakespeare background and trusting David's taste, I decided to read the play to get my mind off of *Twelfth Night*.

*"Now is the winter of our discontent."*

Within the first lines of Richard's opening soliloquy I could envision Craig in this role, his charm his humor, his ability to turn on a dime. But my preconceived notion was Richard as hunchbacked monster, but reading I found him charming and witty. As I finished Act 1, I knew that this was the play I should be doing. I did not read the rest of the play that night, I reread Act 1 and looked for places I could combine/cut characters. I could not pull together the schedules of 20 actors. I cut the Act down to where 12 actors would suffice, made a cast list using people who I had called back for *Twelfth Night*, and headed to class to get my cast list approved. I announced to Doug and the class that for my final scene I will be presenting Act I of *Richard III* featuring Craig Bazan as Richard, Doug's response, "that works."

My twelve actors set off to explore the script, many of whom had never worked on Shakespeare, but who was I to judge having never directed Shakespeare. I did my best to assuage their fears at the first reading, telling them "I have never worked on this kind of material and know a lot of you have not either. This is a project we have no

business doing, but isn't that what school is for? Our job from this day forth is to make the story as clear as possible. I look forward to failing big with you all."

The work was long and difficult. Craig quickly got off book and began exploring with the physicality of the character. We decided to go with the double polio crutch physicalization, which allowed him to embody the disfigurement and play against it emotionally. Days were spent with Craig and Maria Konstantinitis, who played Lady Anne, attempting to balance the emotional trajectory of the wooing scene with its socio-political significance in the context of the play. I grew to love the characters even more deeply, from Richard to the unnamed murders in the last scene of the act. As Murders 1 and 2, actors LJ Norelli and Natalie Pellegrini brought comedic relief and emotional depth wandering moral struggle the murders are faced with, quickly making it my favorite scene. Lateefah Holder found Margaret's power in the depth of her grief and anger, which made Margaret's lengthy tirade fly by in what felt like seconds. Maria was giving Anne wonderful strength and depth, and Alexcia Irizarry's Elizabeth was thrilling cold. The women in this play were fighters, whether it was for loyalty, family, honor, or revenge, they fought for it.

I was proud of the work we were doing but only ran it once before we moved in the theater. With limited technical support, no set, and costumes of suits and evening gowns purchased at local thrift stores. We prepared to present our work. The cutting of Act 1 was running an hour and ten minutes, and as we set off to present it to a full house in the Randall Theater, my parting words to the cast were, "Break legs, be proud of the work we have done. Have fun, and remember to fail big."

I sat in the audience and did not breathe for the entire hour, while the audience hung on their every word. Craig had them laughing as he talked about killing his brother. I do not remember the performance, but I recall the lights fading on Clarence's slain body and the audience leaping to their feet in applause. I did it. I corrected my failure from the day I cried in front of my class of actors over a decade ago. I told the story and kept the audience from being bored. I understood all the words. I felt great. The cast was dumbfounded by the excitement surrounding our one act and compliments abounded. Failing big did not happen. The next night went just as well, and Doug approached me afterwards and said, "That was great. I could sit through another hour of that." To which my partner Peter Reynolds added, "We should do this next year as his thesis." To which Doug replied, "Yes, we should."

Left speechless and unsure if he was joking, I remember telling him, hoping to clarify his remark "Doug, this is Act One of five, not of two, the full play is four hours long and has at least fifty characters in it." His next three words would lead me on a journey down the Shakespearean rabbit hole that would consume the next year my life. Those words were, "You'll make cuts."

It was pretty much a done deal that we would do a full production of *Richard III* my third year, because the Theater Department Chair, Marie Anne Chiment and the Artistic Director, Doug Wager, agreed that with my vision for the one act, I proved that a history play could be done in the small Randall Theater, with a simple elegant costume design, and undergraduate actors. I was terrified, I did not know what I was doing with the one act, and I was simply trying to tell it clearly enough to not embarrass myself again. The "chorus boy" in me wanted to crawl in a hole. I waited months for the final

decision and for the season to be announced. When it was and the second show listed was:

*Richard III*

**Directed by Brandon McShaffrey**

My immediate response was, "How the hell am I going to pull this off?"

## CHAPTER 2: PREPARING THE SCRIPT

### Making the Cut

*The Tragedy of King Richard III* as it appears in its entirety is roughly 3,700 lines which ranks it as one of Shakespeare's longest plays. Theater practitioners use the rough estimate that every 1,000 lines equals approximately one hour of stage time, bringing a full production of the text as a whole in at just under four hours. The play also contains fifty-two named characters, not including messengers, citizens, soldiers and halberdiers. The following chapter will give you an idea on how I edited the play down to the performance script that ran two hours and twenty minutes, with 25 characters.

The main reasons for making a cut were limitations of budget, time, resources, and space. The production was to take place in the intimate 80 seat black box theater, which enabled me to maintain the immediacy and intimacy of the workshop, but the stage size limited the size of the cast. I wanted to keep the production length under two and a half hours, because that length is about the maximum time that an average audience member is able to stay engaged (many directors would argue that point, but nothing kills an audience members engagement in a play faster than feeling it was too long.)

The Utah Shakespeare festival suggests a 2,800 maximum line count for its productions, usually guaranteeing that a play will come to its conclusion in two hours and forty five minutes including a fifteen minute intermission. Hoping to get my cut under two and a half hours I set my goal at cutting to ideally 2,200 lines which would be a mean a running time of two and a half hours including intermission.

Having never cut a Shakespeare play, I asked many directors, playwrights, and veteran Shakespearean actors their point of view on what embodies a good cut. Here is a consensus of what I gathered:

Directors:

- These easiest cuts to make are by taking out any extraneous subplots.
- Get rid of extraneous characters.
- Cut for length, without a cast of seasoned actors giving them too much material will overwhelm them.
- Have a strong point of view on the play, and cut around that.
- Find what excites you in the text, and focus the action around those moments.
- Internal cuts within scenes are the difficult way to go but most effective when trying to maintain the integrity of the play.

Actors:

- Do not cut the juicy parts, part the fun of acting Shakespeare is being able to use the language he gives actors to get the character to the emotional point actors need to get to make the scene work, too many times directors cut chunks of text that make it much harder for actors to get where they need.
- Do not make cuts that interfere with the iambic pentameter of the text.
- Do not cut any of the female roles, there are too few roles for women in Shakespeare plays already (many of the veteran actors I sought guidance from were female).

- Make the majority of cuts before rehearsals begin, it will prevent the actors feeling that you cut their scene because they were not performing it well.

Playwrights:

- Do not cut anything. Cutting goes against the playwright's intent.
- If you must cut, cut as little as possible.
- Make sure that the web of information remains intact, too many times in careless edits, directors will leave dangling plot points.

This useful and opinionated information, while overwhelming, was undeniably useful. I decided to begin my cut by establishing my point of view of the play, cutting characters and minor subplots while maintaining the integrity of the story. Once that was done I would make internal scene cuts for length which would hopefully bring me in at my desired length.

### **Defining a Point of View**

Although *Richard III* is listed amongst Shakespeare's history plays, it is far from historically accurate. For instance, he has Richard planning Clarence's murder and wooing Lady Anne almost simultaneously. Historically, Richard married Lady Anne in 1471, while Clarence was killed in 1478. To recall past Yorkist crimes and improve the play's dramatic structure Shakespeare had Margaret, Henry VI's widow, haunting the royal palace when in reality she disappeared from public view after her husband's murder and was exiled to France. Shakespeare's source material turned Richard into a deformed monster, when in truth there is no documentation from Richard's lifetime that he was

indeed deformed. It wasn't until after his death during the Tudor period that depictions of Richard included signs of deformity. Taking all of this into account, I was not interested in putting together a production that would serve as a museum piece of historically accurate facts. Shakespeare took his liberties and so would I.

Many productions interpret the play to be a political piece of theater. Following Bertolt Brecht's beliefs on theater, all theater is political because in telling a story you innately will challenge peoples systems of beliefs. Brecht states in *Brecht on Theatre: The development of an Aesthetic*:

The theater-goer in conventional dramatic theater says: Yes, I've felt that way, too. That's the way I am. That's life. That's the way it will always be. The suffering of this or that person grips me because there is no escape for him. That's great art—everything is self-evident. I am made to cry with those who cry, and laugh with those who laugh. But the theater-goer in the epic theater says: I would never have thought that. You can't do that. That's very strange, practically unbelievable. That has to stop. The suffering of this or that person grips me because there is an escape for him. That's great art—nothing is self-evident. I am made to laugh about those who cry, and cry about those who laugh (Brecht).

When Shakespeare wrote the play in the 1590's he was pleasing the Royalty, Church, and State of Elizabethan England and crafted his play to help sway the audience's opinion on Richard's political history, but that is not our modern audience. The Elizabethan audience was more readily familiar with the history surrounding the play, because it was only a few generations past, and it was their country's history. Our audience generally does not have this historical context of the play.

What resonates most in the play is how Richard manipulated everyone around him. His familial relationships and how quick he was to dispose of them. How quickly

he turned on the people whose loyalty aligned then solely with him, mainly his right hand Buckingham. The story that interested me most to tell was the familial drama of a Royal family surrounded by death and grief living in an unstable post war world, destroyed by one man's blind greed for power.

Within the play itself Richard controls the narrative by anticipating each step to his climb to power; his chief weapon of his ambition, not violence, but language. Language fueled by his intelligence, cynicism, wit, and amorality. He guides the audience through his climb, by directly addressing them in his soliloquies giving them just enough information to get them into the next scene. As witnessed in Richard's lines at the end of Act I scene I:

I'll in, to urge his hatred more to Clarence,  
With lies well steel'd with weighty arguments;  
And, if I fall not in my deep intent,  
Clarence hath not another day to live:  
Which done, God take King Edward to his mercy,  
And leave the world for me to bustle in!  
For then I'll marry Warwick's youngest daughter.  
What though I kill'd her husband and her father:  
The which will I, not all so much for love  
As for another secret close intent,  
By marrying her which I must reach unto.  
But yet I run before my horse to market:  
Clarence still breathes; Edward still lives and reigns:  
When they are gone, then must I count my gains. (I, i.)

Richard guides the audience through his ascent to the throne through these soliloquies, then with minimal moments of asides or soliloquies after he is made King, he

deserts the audience; discarding them like he does with anyone that stands in his way. Richard spends the first three acts getting the audience on his side, abandons them in Act IV, and is alone in Act V. This realization made me decide that I wanted to put the intermission at the end of Act III when Richard achieves his goal of becoming King. Leaving the audience to visit the restrooms and lobby wondering, "I wonder what he is going to do now that he is King."

### **The Essential Beauty**

The play, being told to the audience from Richard's point of view, belongs to no one but Richard. Every other character is seen through Richard's point of view, and should be treated in such fashion. The historical accuracies do not matter to Richard, what matters to him is if people are giving him what he wants or is standing in his way, and if they are in his way he will dispose of them without hesitation. My mentor Doug Wager subscribes to William Ball's belief on finding a plays "essential beauty," According to Ball a play's general or essential beauty is found in the following questions:

What does a play represent? What is its theme? Why is it important? Why does it deserve to be witnessed? What is the moral? What universal truth does it illustrate? What excites you the director about the work? What aspect of the drama fires your imagination? What makes you feel zealous and impassioned? What moves you? What about the material gives you a deep feeling of satisfaction? What in the play makes it worthy of an audience's attention? Why is it compelling? (Ball).

The essential beauty helps designate the aspect of the play that awakens the director's subjective enthusiasm. This beauty encapsulates what excites a director about telling a story, and why the story needs to be told. Below is my statement of essential beauty:

The essential beauty of Richard III is that it is a cautionary tale of hubris; that warns us that succumbing to our thirst for power will lead to our own demise.

This point of view was reached after months of research and reading the play many times. Now that I had a point of view I could proceed with my cut. The remainder of this chapter is an explanation of how I made my cut and adaptation. As fair warning, if you are not familiar with Shakespeare's complete text of *The Tragedy of Richard the Third* you will have a very difficult time following the rest of this chapter.

### **Cutting Characters**

I decided that I did not want to do a lot of doubling of roles, knowing Temple is an academic institution that does not produce Shakespeare regularly, I wanted to give as many students as possible the opportunity to work on a full length Shakespeare play. Not doubling roles would help the audience follow the story. Many times when I am watching a Shakespeare play performed by a small ensemble half the fun is watching the actors transform into different roles, this device is most effective when the plots are easily followed. *Richard III* does not have the luxury of a simple plot. I also loved the impact that the ghost scene would have in Act V if the actors playing characters that were killed were not seen again until then. For example: Richard's brother Clarence is murdered at the end of act one, some common double casting would have the same actor that plays Clarence, also play Derby, various Lords, and messengers. While this sort of doubling is great fun for the actor, it does not always serve the play, and can be confusing for the audience to follow.

By not doubling roles I set myself the arbitrary goal of cutting to twenty-five characters. This was mainly because the costume shop was the first to need a budget and needed an approximate number of costumes that would be needed, because I had not done the cut yet I approximated somewhere between twenty and thirty, giving me leeway on both sides. The shop agreed to no more than twenty-eight. Not doubling meant I needed to combine characters, and use named characters to serve as messengers and soldiers depending on their aligning side.

I narrowed in the dramaturgical purpose for each act, and would cut to support that specific story. Act I, is about learning who Richard is, what his past entails, and how he manipulates people. Act II is about the state of the Royal Palace and understanding the dynamics of the relationships within. Act III is the political act with the young prince's return and Richards clearing his way to the throne. Act IV is the unraveling of the palace, and Richard's inability to stop asserting his position of power. Act V is Richard's demise, and inevitable murder.

The characters that were easiest to cut were Tressel and Berkeley, who served as Lady Anne's attendants and only appeared once in the play. Clarence's two children, a young boy and a young girl, the one scene they appear in helps establish the Duchess of York's role as caretaker, but the children themselves are not integral to the plot. Other characters cut were minor lords that served either Richard or Richmond near the end of the play, Earl of Oxford, Sir Walter Herbert, Earl of Surrey. Sir Thomas Vaughan only appeared in Lord Rivers and Grey execution scene he was cut. Once Richard was King he had three men serving his needs, Ratcliffe, Catesby, and Lovell, as much as I appreciate a trio, two sufficed, and Lovell having the least amount of lines was the easiest

to cut. His lines as well as the lines of various messengers would then go to Ratcliffe and Catesby.

Since I focused on the familial relationships and not the political maneuvers, I wanted to take more out of Act III, than Act I and II, so I cut the Religious characters: Lord Cardinal Bouchier, The Bishop of Ely, Christopher Urswick (a priest), the two bishops (Shaa and Penker) and the Sheriff of Wiltshire.

Once these tertiary characters were omitted from play, I set out to combine other minor characters was. In the workshop I combined Sir Robert Brakenbury and the nameless keeper in the tower, because Brakenbury serving as the Lieutenant of the Tower could easily also serve as the Tower Keeper. The new problem was Brakenbury did not appear in any of the later acts, so I decided, because of Brakenbury's implied alliance to Richard, I would turn one of the men that serves Richard, Ratcliffe or Catesby, into the Lieutenant of the Tower. I consider this combination my first act of historical accuracy anarchy. I am a bit embarrassed by how I decided which one would serve as the tower Keeper. There is a proverb from the Elizabethan era the goes found on a Yorkist History server:

*The Cat the Rat and Lovell our dog, riled under England form under a hog*  
(www.r3.org).

The hog referring to Richards coat of arms which was a white boar, Lovell (a cut character), and Ratcliffe and Catesby, I was drawn to the fact that the character names shortened to animals. Leading me to the conclusion that rats would live in the tower of London, and therefore Ratcliffe, would serve as the tower keeper. This decision resulted in Ratcliffe absorbing the roles of Brakenbury, and the tower keeper.

My beloved unnamed pair of murders from Act I never appear again in the play, these roles were combined with; James Tyrrel who appears only in Act IV, and Captain James Blunt, the leader of Richmond's army, who only appears in Act V. I decided to keep Captain Blunt, because Richmond needed a partner in crime, and I knew I had a limited number of swordsmen in the student body to pull from for the battle scenes. I gave Tyrrel the role of Murder 1, who ends up slaying Clarence, and Blunt the role of Murderer 2 who argues Clarence's survival for moral reasons. Creating through lines for both parts: Tyrrel appearing as Richard's hit man in two parts of the play, and then fighting on Richards's side of the battle: Blunt whose morality prevents him from participating in Clarence's murder, later appearing as a moral citizen, and then leading Richmond's Army in the fight against Richard. Combining these roles not only gave the actors more substantial character arcs, but made the number of combatants needed for the production smaller.

One of the latest changes of the cut occurred with Captain Blunt. I had a series of readings of the script before rehearsals began. The first in Missouri at the summer stock I directed over the summer, and another with the actual production cast a week before rehearsals began. The first reading was to ensure that my cut was dramaturgically sound and that the story remained clear, the second was to make any last minute changes and additions before we began the official rehearsal process. During the cast reading, when we got to Act V, scene 2 Richmond refers to Captain Blunt, as "Good Captain Blunt," and "Good Blunt," numerous times. When this scene was being read I heard twitters throughout the company. Then when Richmond read the line, "Good night, good Captain Blunt," the reading was halted due to cast laughter. I did not anticipate the

association the name of the character with the slang term referring to a marijuana cigarette. If a cast of actors who are serious about the work made the association, an audience full of Temple students would as well, which would not serve the story. I did not want to reedit the cut at that point, pleased with the flow of Act V, so I decided to change the character's name to the name of a character I cut prior that would fight on Richmond's side. This made my choices; Sir William Brandon, Earl of Oxford, and Sir William Herbert. I chose Sir William Brandon because it fit the scansion, Blunt and Brandon both started with 'B' keeping alliterative phrases intact, and I was amused by inventing a character that shared my name. Vain? Sure. Justifiable? Yes.

Once all of the characters were combined and I formed tracks for three ensemble members who would serve as messengers, attendants, halberdiers, and soldiers. Remembering my goal of cutting from 3,700 lines to under 2,500 lines, I counted the lines remaining. Even though I had cut 24 characters from the script, I had only cut 400 lines of text. Over 3,200 lines remained. Onto stage two, cutting minor subplots and simplification of the story.

### **Plot Cuts and Shifts**

It was important that I continue to cut some of the fat away from the plot. There was plenty of text that remained from the original text that I felt was less than essential to the story, or that I could show better with action, so I began extracting it.

### **Act I**

The murders in the end of act one, though one of my favorite scenes in the play, served as a reminder to the audience that non-royals were made of moral fiber, and the

scene served some much needed comic relief. I cut the majority of the murders exchange and argument; by making their moral vacillations quicker and maintaining their comedic tone.

## **Act II**

The citizen scene in Act II, scene iii, was shortened. I needed the scene to show passage of time, and show the state of the citizens, but it was entirely too long and was probably that length to cover the costume changes needed in the original doubling of roles. I had already cut the scene between the Duchess of York and Clarence's children, which created a major hole between King Edward's exit and Queen Elizabeth wailing entrance announcing his death. With the children's scene missing, I needed to solve the problem of the King exiting in anger, everyone following him to attend on him and the Queen immediately reentering announcing his death.

To do this I inserted the Duchess of York and Queen Elizabeth's youngest son the Duke of York into the King Edward scene. With creative staging I could establish the King's illness, and give the Duchess of York and the young Duke an exchange establishing her role as caretaker. While staging this scene, after sickly Edward's procession I had the young Duke run onstage clinging to his sick father's legs, establishing the actor as very young, and showing the King was a good father. This action allowed me to cut much of the dialogue about what a great man Edward was. The Duchess then kindly removed the Duke from the King's legs, calmed him and dismissed him, while Queen Elizabeth ignored the child, establishing the household dynamics. The Duchess would then be present to hear her son Richard announce her other son Clarence was dead by her third son Edward's order. When the King would exit she would remain

onstage and.....do something, which would be interrupted by the Queen's wailing entrancing announcing the King's death.

This cut excited me, because not only did it establish the relationships and the power struggle that was occurring in the Royal Palace, but it also established the landscape of grief that the women of the play experienced. Heightening the drama and the heartbreak the Duchess of York is known to have witnessed. Now the audience will see her while still mourning the loss of Rutland her youngest son, learn of her son Clarence's death, moments before her son King Edward's death. The problem remained that I would have the Duchess alone on stage, and had no idea of how to show her grief while buying the audience a believable amount of time for the King to die offstage. I left this problem unsolved, because I knew if I did not have an actress with some age and experience behind her playing the Duchess, hers would be the one female role I was willing to cut.

### **Act III**

With the extreme shortening of Act III scenes, 1, 3, 5, and 7, I did not leave enough actual stage time to believe the passage of time that occurred in the act. As written, the progression is: The Prince arrives, Derby has a nightmare predicting Hastings death, the Queen's kinsmen are executed, the men plan the coronation at which Hastings is ordered to die, Hastings head is presented to the Mayor and Richard, and Richard stages the refusal of the crown leading to the citizens proclaiming Richard as England's Royal King. Once removing the business with the Clergymen, the scrivener's scene, and much of Hasting's scenes with the pursuivant and citizens, not enough stage time was left to show the passage of three days that the script indicates. To solve this I

moved Rivers and Grey's processional to death from after Derby's nightmare scene, to after Hastings was sentenced to death. I restored the triple execution of the original scene I had lost by cutting Vaughn and replace Vaughn with Hastings.

Then replace the passage of time established by the scrivener's speech, with a silent scene showing Lady Anne being welcomed to the palace by the Duchess of York.

#### **Act IV**

This act remained ostensibly intact except for a major shortening of Queen Elizabeth's standoff with Richard. While the argument Richard makes for Elizabeth's unseen daughter shows the lows that Richard will sink to, and the scene is filled with beautiful language, the scene is unnecessarily long in length, and slows the action leading us into Act V.

#### **Act V**

The shortest of the five acts is built with a great scene rhythm that constitutes a series of short scenes switching swiftly back and forth, from Richard's army to Richmond's army, interrupted by the nightmare sequence and then leading us to the final battle. I cut most of the dialogue in pertaining to the unseen armies. When a character is referring to an army of thousands offstage, and the audience only sees a small group of men in each army, the reference to larger numbers is distracting. I wanted to build the anticipation that the audience would soon witness these two armies fight, and to do this I tightened the scene lengths and cut most of the nightmare.

As the nightmare sequence is originally written each ghost enters, curses a sleeping Richard, and then speaks kindly to a sleeping Richmond. I cut the ghosts speaking to Richmond and decided he would be asleep offstage. It was my intention to

have the audience experience Richard's haunting, which would be muddied by a split the scene with the spirits blessing Richmond. I also cut the ghosts lines to allow me to stage the scene with needed spectacle.

My final cut to the act was cutting most of the dialogue that occurs in the excursion scenes. The only line the audience would hear in that sequence is Richard's infamous "A horse, a horse, my kingdom for a horse." Which for me was the only line of dialogue necessary and I could add any additional back in if the fight director, John Bellomo, needed it to support the fighting in the final battle sequence.

After reviewing this process I was pleased with how much I cut and shifted in this stage of the edit, and then counted the lines. I had only removed around 450 line of text bringing the script down to 2, 750 lines, and still 550 lines from my ideal.

### **A Reading Then More Edits**

At this point I needed to hear the play read. I happened to be in Missouri directing Ray Cooney's farce *Run for Your Wife*, and had a company of actors stuck in Missouri willing to do a reading of my cut on an off night. We gathered casually in the producer's living room, opened a couple bottles of wine and read the play. I learned a lot that night. Those actors brought so much clarity to the text, and easily followed the story. I was thankful that I had not confused the plot structure. My cut worked but there was more that needed to go because our casual reading lasted well over three hours and there was still too much play there.

The Lady Anne wooing scene is too long in comparison to the rest of the play. During the workshop production it was the heart of the piece. Acting instructors here at Temple favor this scene for its accessibility for female actors, and I believe have an

affinity for the character of Lady Anne that I do not possess. The main dramaturgical purpose of this scene is for the audience to see Richard work his oratory magic, and show his versatility of character. Essentially introducing the audience to what a great actor the character Richard is. Surprising even himself at his own achievement:

Was ever woman in this humour woo'd?  
Was ever woman in this humour won?  
I'll have her, but I will not keep her long.  
What, I that kill'd her husband and his father:  
To take her in her heart's extremest hate,  
With curses in her mouth, tears in her eyes,  
The bleeding witness of her hatred by  
Having God, her conscience, and these bars against me--  
And I, no friends to back my suit at all  
But the plain devil and dissembling looks--  
And yet to win her, all the world to nothing! (I, ii.)

This discovery led to the cutting the wooing scene down a third in length, and then cutting the parallel scene in Act IV with Queen Elizabeth further to match in tone length and rhythm.

The other big discovery from my Mid-Missouri read was the importance that the role of the Duchess carried in Richard's downfall. I was considering cutting the role in its entirety, but was heeding the advice of the veteran female Shakespeare actors I spoke with who pleaded, "Don't cut any female roles." It was my dear friend and costume designer Jack Smith's reading of the Duchess' scene in Act IV that made me realize her importance. She stops Richard in his tracks and tells him to listen to her because she will never speak to him again. Many people have tried to take Richard down at this point in

the play, and he disregards them or makes them disappear. The Duchess he cannot ignore, and her curse leads to his downfall. Richard faces his mother, and she tells him how long she has despised him:

Thou cam'st on earth to make the earth my hell.  
A grievous burden was thy birth to me;  
Tetchy and wayward was thy infancy;  
Thy school-days frightful, desp'rate, wild, and furious,  
Thy prime of manhood daring, bold, and venturous,  
Thy age confirm'd, proud, subtle, sly, and bloody:  
More mild, but yet more harmful, kind in hatred:  
What comfortable hour canst thou name,  
That ever graced me in thy company? (IV, iv.)

It was then I learned where Richard had gotten his viscous side, his father was a good man, and a noble ruler. It was his mother who hated him from his infancy, and it was possibly because she saw the ugly side of herself in him.

#### RICHARD III

Madam, I have a touch of your condition,  
Which cannot brook the accent of reproof. (IV, iv.)

Of all the attempts the women in the play attempt to lay a curse on Richard, it is only his mother's curse that he hears.

#### DUCHESS

Therefore, take with thee my most grievous curse,  
Which in the day of battle tire thee more  
Than all the complete armour that thou wear'st!  
My prayers on the adverse party fight;  
And there the little souls of Edward's children

Whisper the spirits of thine enemies  
And promise them success and victory.  
Bloody thou art, bloody will be thy end;  
Shame serves thy life and doth thy death attend. (IV, iv.)

It is only the mother's curse of her son that brings the ghost's of his victims back to haunt him in the battlefield, or for those that do not wish to take the haunting literally, it is the Duchess' words her words that cause Richard to have his nightmare. It is his mother betrayal and denial of love that resonate him and allow him to look at himself for who he truly is in his final soliloquy.

KING RICHARD III

Have mercy, Jesu!—Soft, I did but dream.  
O coward conscience, how dost thou afflict me?  
Cold fearful drops stand on my trembling flesh.  
What do I fear? Myself? There's none else by:  
Richard loves Richard, that is, I am I.  
Is there a murderer here? No. Yes, I am!  
Then fly; What from myself? Great reason: why?  
Left I revenge. What? My Self upon my Self?  
Alack, I love my Self. Wherefore? For any good  
That I my Self, have done unto my Self?  
I am a villain: yet I lie. I am not!  
Fool, of thyself speak well! Fool, do not flatter.  
My conscience hath a thousand several tongues,  
And every tongue brings in a several tale,  
And every tale condemns me for a villain;  
Perjury, perjury, in the high'st degree;  
Murder, stem murder, in the direst degree;  
All several sins, all us'd in each degree,

Throng to the bar, crying all, 'Guilty, guilty!'  
I shall despair. There is no creature loves me,  
And if I die, no soul shall pity me.  
And wherefore should they? Since that I my Self,  
Find in my Self no pity to myself? (V, iii.)

Cutting the Duchess would have been a grave mistake, I am thankful to Jack Smith's impassioned reading of the role, that made me realize that it is only a mother who could hurt a being as cruel and amoral as Richard. Knowing I had a graduate actor, Yvette Ganier, who is an OBIE award winning actor, who would be in school the semester of the production, who was eager to work worth me, and had distinct vocal patterns that parallel Craig Bazan patterns, I saw the powerful possibility of this relationship and finally understood that it is indeed the turning point of the play.

Some other discoveries of my Mid-Missouri read were:

- The Margaret speeches are too long, and some of her recapping of past events is unnecessary.
- The Derby story line at the end of Act IV is unclear and needs point and focusing.
- The past reference to battles and characters that are not seen in this play are confusing.
- The different palace names and locations while well known during Shakespeare's time, made the ever changing location confusing. With a simple set it is not important whether we are at The Palace, Baynard Castle, or Pomfret. My scenic designer will have to take care of location specificity.

- The Queen having adult children and young children will be confusing if I have a college aged actor playing her, and switching her sons to brothers and kinsmen is an easy shift, and outside of the tetralogy of the HENRY plays the shift is unnoticeable.

These and other internal line cuts I made slowly and with precision, eventually getting the edit down to around 2,200 lines, which would give me room to add anything back I felt missing in the rehearsal process. I used the text used in *The Arden Edition of King Richard III edition*, and the punctuation provided in *The Riverside Shakespeare: Second Edition*. The liner notes and combination of the folio and quartos used in *The Arden*, were clearer to me, but in the Arden they have inserted a lot of unnecessary punctuation to the text. This is why I chose The Riverside as the source for punctuation.

Here is an example of how the internal cuts were made using a portion of Act I, scene i: Slashed through (~~example~~) text means the text was removed, parenthesis represent text that was changed or inserted.

*Enter CLARENCE, guarded, and ~~BRAKENBURY~~ (RATCLIFFE)*

GLOUCESTER  
 Brother, good day; what means this armed guard  
 That waits upon your grace?

CLARENCE  
 His majesty  
 Tendering my person's safety, hath appointed  
 This conduct to convey me to the Tower.

GLOUCESTER  
~~Upon what cause?~~

CLARENCE

~~Because my name is George.~~

GLOUCESTER

~~Alack, my lord, that fault is none of yours;  
He should, for that, commit your godfathers:  
O, belike his majesty hath some intent  
That you shall be new christen'd in the Tower.  
But what's the matter, Clarence? may I know?~~

CLARENCE

~~Yea, Richard, when I know; for I protest  
As yet I do not: but, as I can learn, (The King, our brother,)  
He hath hearken'd after prophecies and dreams;  
And from the cross-row plucks the letter G.  
And says a wizard told him that by G (me)  
His issue disinherited should be;  
And, for my name of George begins with G,  
It follows in his thought that I am he.  
These, as I learn, and such like toys as these  
Have moved his highness to commit me now.~~

GLOUCESTER

~~Why, this it is, when men are ruled by women:  
'Tis not the king that sends you to the Tower:  
My Lady Grey his wife, Clarence, 'tis she  
That tempers him to this extremity.  
Was it not she and that good man of worship, (her good brother Rivers  
Anthony Woodville, her brother there,  
That (She) made him send Lord Hastings to the Tower,  
From whence this present day he is deliver'd?  
We are not safe, Clarence; we are not safe.~~

CLARENCE

~~By heaven, I think there's no man is secure  
But the queen's kindred and night-walking heralds  
That trudge betwixt the king and Mistress Shore.  
Heard ye not what an humble suppliant  
Lord Hastings was to her for his delivery?~~

GLOUCESTER

~~Humbly complaining to her deity  
Got my lord chamberlain his liberty.  
I'll tell you what; I think it is our way,  
If we will keep in favour with the king,~~

~~To be her men and wear her livery:  
The jealous o'erworn widow and herself,  
Since that our brother dubb'd them gentlewomen.  
Are mighty gossips in this monarchy.~~

~~BRAKENBURY (RATCLIFFE)~~

I beseech your graces both to pardon me;  
His majesty hath straitly given in charge  
That no man shall have private conference,  
Of what degree soever, with his brother.

GLOUCESTER

~~Even so; an't please your worship, Brakenbury,  
You may partake of any thing we say:  
We speak no treason, man: we say the king  
Is wise and virtuous, and his noble queen  
Well struck in years, fair, and not jealous;  
We say (her highness) that Shore's wife hath a pretty foot,  
A cherry lip, a bonny eye, a passing pleasing tongue;  
And that the queen's kindred are made gentlefolks.  
How say you sir? Can you deny all this?~~

~~BRAKENBURY (RATCLIFFE)~~

~~With this, my lord, myself have nought to do.~~

GLOUCESTER

~~Naught to do with mistress Shore! I tell thee, fellow,  
He that doth naught with her, excepting one,  
Were best he do it secretly, alone.~~

~~BRAKENBURY (RATCLIFFE)~~

~~What one, my lord?~~

GLOUCESTER

~~Her husband, knave: wouldst thou betray me?~~

~~BRAKENBURY (RATCLIFFE )~~

I beseech your grace to pardon me, and withal  
Forbear your conference with the noble duke.

CLARENCE

We know thy charge, Brakenbury, Ratcliffe and will obey.

GLOUCESTER

We are the Queen's abjects, and must obey.

Brother, farewell: I will unto the King;  
And whatsoever you will employ me in,  
~~Were it to call King Edward's widow sister,~~  
~~I will perform it to enfranchise you.~~  
Meantime, this deep disgrace in brotherhood  
Touches me deeper than you can imagine.

CLARENCE  
~~I know it pleaseth neither of us well.~~

GLOUCESTER  
~~Well, your imprisonment shall not be long;~~  
I will deliver you, or else lie for you  
Meantime, have patience.

CLARENCE  
I must perforce. Farewell.

## CHAPTER 3: CREATING THE WORLD OF THE PLAY

### Design Process

Deciding on an overall aesthetic for the production was a quick decision for me to make. One of the main reasons it was selected for full production was how simple and elegant the workshop was. Suits and swords, was my initial thought. That oversimplifies it, but taking into account the recent budget cuts and wanting to create a world that was streamlined, modern, and classic while representing the status of the Royalty in the play, but also embodying a wartime feel. It had to feel dangerous and violent. Going into early design meetings was freeing knowing that the story was strong enough to be told with next to nothing. I was confident that *Richard III* could be produced on an empty stage with the actors in the T-shirts and jeans the actors came to rehearsal in, and it would still be a compelling piece of theater.

The Temple Theaters department heads assigned me the design team, and although my input and suggested designers were taken into consideration, I was not assigned the exact team I requested. Not that I was not excited to work with the design team that I was assigned, I knew that the aesthetic I was hoping for was very specific, and not every designers strength. The design team consisted of:

Scenic Design: Colin McIlvaine

Costume Design: Jamie Grace-Duff

Lighting Design: Chris Hallenbeck

Sound Design: Ryan Walsh

Fight Direction: John Bellomo

The only designer I had previously collaborated with outside of the classroom was undergraduate sound designer Ryan Walsh who had worked with me on various MFA Directing projects and designed a production of *The Foreigner* that I directed in Missouri the previous summer.

Our early design meetings were conducted outside of the academic setting at one of team member's apartment, where we ate food that we prepared, drank wine and discussed the play. This is how I prefer to work with designers, over food and in intimate environments; I believe that breaking bread with collaborators is an important part of any artistic process. One evening I had the Colin and Chris over for dinner at my apartment. I was still working on the cut, and wanted to talk about the ideas of the play with them and thought it would be great to do over dinner. Over that meal that was comprised of steak, popcorn and bourbon, we talked about the violence and masculinity that drives the play forward. That night as we discussed Richard and his manipulative behavior, we discovered that the world of the play need to feel emotionally raw and bloody (perhaps inspired by the steak I had undercooked), no one in his world is safe, anyone at any moment was subject to his violence. Though Richard is not a raging madman, he is a Machiavellian villain with a heart burning with rage (perhaps inspired by the bourbon we drank). We wanted it to be a familiar but unexpected experience, like combining steak and popcorn (an unexpectedly delicious combination). We came to the conclusion that night that the set (whatever it ended up being) would be an extension of Richard, and represent his manipulative spirit.

The next dinner meeting included costume designer Jamie, and was hosted at Chris Hallenbeck's' loft. He provided a deliciously, and more well-rounded meal of

grilled chicken, vegetables, potatoes, and light beer. The discussion focused on how the play moves from a claustrophobic series of small contained scenes, to the vast emptiness of the battle field. Jamie's major dilemma was the rank variation of the characters in the play. What is the line of succession? What is the pecking order? What differentiates a Duke from an Earl, or them from a sir? Colin's major dilemma was how do we represent all the different locations? Chris' major concern was that we had not set a time period or setting. There were a lot of questions floating in the air, we had all begun to develop our individual points of view, and they were not in agreement. So to get us on the same page, I pulled out a sheet of paper, to make a list of everything we agreed on. That list was:

1. The play and all the characters in it are told from Richard's point of view.
2. The play goes from being contained and claustrophobic to open and messy.
3. The world must feel dangerous, foreboding and war-torn.
5. The aesthetic of all design elements combine classical and modern forms.
6. Swords, but no blood. (Costume shop restriction)
7. Set should be non-realistic, but not a static unit set.

Our goal was to develop a world that has never existed, but is recognizable. Knowing we did not want it to feel Elizabethan, but also should not be contemporary. We wanted the play to have a timeless yet timely feel, being a-historic without being anachronistic. We agreed that this was what we wanted, but still had no idea at how we would get there.

With this new starting point we separated and began our research.

## Scenic Design

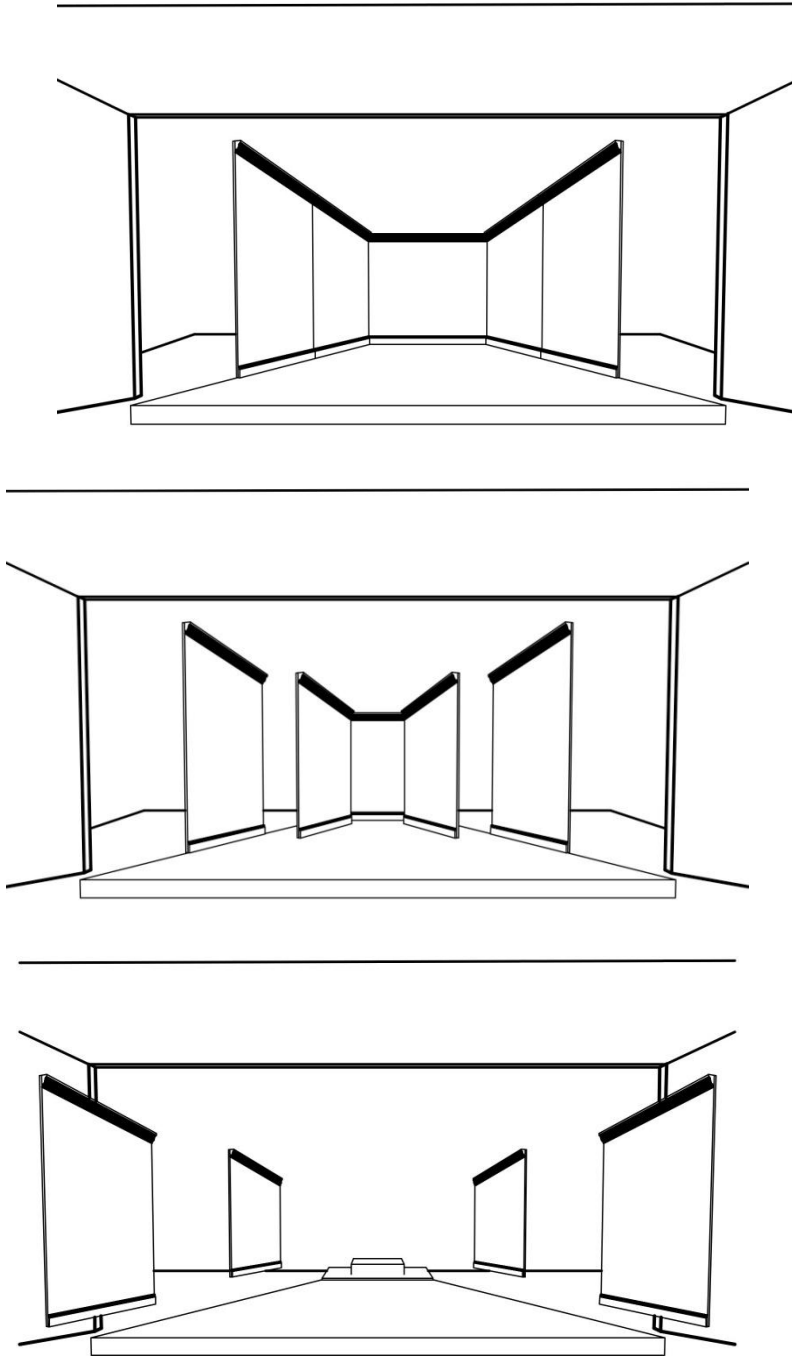
Colin and I agreed that the space should be as plastic and fluid as possible, allowing the space to be suggestive of different locations, and using light as an extension of the scenic element. We began exploring the idea of a box. I do not recall what the impulse for the idea, maybe it was because we were in the black-box theater, but the conversation led to the discovery that Richard's world is like a puzzle-box, constantly manipulated and as complex and intricate appears simple. The world of the play is an extension of Richard's desires, and should expand and contrast with him. Colin's visual research focused on the different forms of what living in a box means, and abstracting the limitations of a box.

Colin and I shared our thoughts on Peter Brook's theories of Holy and Rough Theater, Brook is convinced of the materiality of energy and in *The Empty Space*: describes of 'rough theatre': The Holy Theatre has one energy, the Rough has others. Lightheartedness and gaiety feed it, but so does the same energy that produces rebellion and opposition. This is a militant energy: it is the energy of anger, sometimes the energy of hate. (Brook) Colin and I agreed that the space need to be flexible but charged with energy. So we began visualizing how we could charge a box with dynamic energy.

In an evening, fueled by Manhattans, and more salty foods, Chris, Colin and I began to play with a stack of books on my coffee table, exploring the different dynamic spaces we could achieve while playing with the idea of a box. We were all drawn the forced perspective and found two long halls in forced perspective the ideal throne room. Within a few sketches the scenic design began to take shape. What developed was a system of five walls in forced perspective, which would travel on varied angle tracks.

The space would be completely plastic to roughly suggest internal and external spaces while tracking the walls to create architecture that visually charges the space. We determined early on that the movement of the walls would be motivated by Richard's actions and would be manipulated by the actors, and that the language of the walls would progress paralleling Richard's journey within the play from a claustrophobic space to the wide expanse of the battle field. We ended the evening knowing what configuration a few key scenes would be in.

Within a few days Colin presented renderings of these few scenes and I knew he was had hit the nail on the head. The walls were classically inspired with dynamically large crown molding. The angle of the walls and the forced perspective gave an illusion of depth. The only piece of furniture ever seen was the throne that sat on a platform behind the back scrimmed wall. The scrimmed moving walls allows for seamless transitions, and allow the throne to glow behind the scrim during moments of Richard's ascent to power. The initial renderings, pictured below, changed only slightly as we moved to a final design.

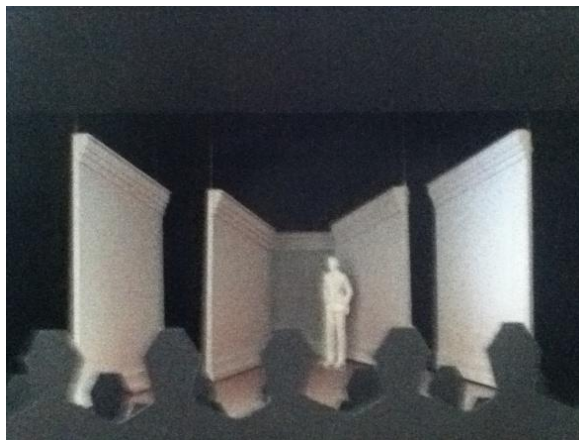


**Preliminary Scenic Design showing various wall position options**

**Figure: 1.**

© 2011 Colin McIlvaine

Colin's scenic design provided a plastic space that allowed the actors and the wall position shape to determine location. Being such a minimalistic structural design it set the tone for everything to be simple and elegant, without unnecessary adornments and flourishes. Colin achieved his goal of created a box of space within the theater that can expand and contract. All props needed would be cast black to accompany the streamlined world. While distorting perspective and scale with a flared platform and walls, making individuals appear much larger as they approach the throne. The design was everything we had discussed, a puzzle-box, a plastic environment, elegant, simple, classic, dynamic, holy, and rough.



**Picture of the scenic design model: two variations of wall placements.**

**Figure: 2.**

## Lighting Design

Once Colin had determined a ground plan; lightening designer Chris Hallenbeck began to play. Using the moving walls as giant shutters creating dynamic shafts of light. The lights were to feel oppressive and looming. His few renderings were dynamic and visually stimulating.



**Light Rendering of the Tower Act I, Scene ii.**

© 2011 Chris Hallenbeck **Figure: 3.**



**Light Rendering of a Street Act I, Scene iv.**

© 2011 Chris Hallenbeck **Figure: 4.**

These few images made me trust that the entire show would be as bold as those initial renderings, and in hindsight I wish I had requested more renderings for specific locations, and not waiting for tech to discover some of the locals were defined by wall placement, and was lit with a general wash. There were definitely some missed opportunities. Ultimately once we got to the technical rehearsal, lighting became a major issue. The tracks that were needed to allow for the movement of the walls had severely limited Chris' ability to hang lights where he needed. The other challenge Chris faced

was, because the severe angle of the platform I was used thrust style staging which requires the actors to be lit from all four sides, and with the restrictions of the space and resources the actors' faces were often in shadow when they turned upstage. Chris did what he could to rectify this problem, but never fully balancing the shadowed faces. The last issue was something I had never faced before.

I had assembled a multicultural cast that contained skin tones from the palest of pale to the darkest of dark, and everything in between. This wide array of skin tones that was always present made lighting a scene evenly almost impossible. These practical problems that surfaced took much of the tech process to fix. Overall, I was pleased with the lighting design. I wish as much attention had been paid to more of the location specific scenes, the lighting lost impact in the middle of the play. Which had the larger issue of balance, and shadow not occurred in tech, we may have been able to address the lack of dynamics in some of the locals. Chris' design provided the mood, tone, and atmosphere effectively, but while undeniably theatrical was inconsistently dynamic.

### **Costume Design**

Costume Designer Jamie Grace-Duff and I had the roughest rode to a final design. The minimalist design of the set, made her design responsible to providing all the texture for the world as well as designing a visual metaphor that would allow the audience to understand the ranking system of the court. Jamie sought to create a unified look that had no definable time period, but also refrained from being anachronistic. The clothing needed to represent the dark, brooding, dangerous world, and provide contrast with the white walls.

In meetings Jamie and I discuss Richard's quest, or hunt, for power. Sport hunting is about the display of power - the most powerful weapon, the ability to take down the biggest most vicious prey, capturing the most exotic creature, or the sheer enormity of the hunter's collection. During the time the story is set, hunting was even more brutal than today because instead of guns they used swords, daggers, and spears, and sometimes other animals such as dogs or birds of prey were trained to use their animal nature to kill for their masters.

Jamie used two imagery sources to begin her design process. The first is the painting *Wild Boar Hunting in Poland* by Carl Vernet.



***Boar Hunting in Poland* by Carl Vernet  
Period of creation : 17th century, France.**

**Figure: 5.**

It depicts a vicious boar hunt with men on horseback spearing the wild beast while dogs nip and drag the boar down. The ferocity of the image spoke volumes to us as we discussed Richard's being a feral boar. The colors in the painting are muted earth tones with a few spots of saturated reds and greens; it has a definite autumnal feel, which parallels the quick descent of Richard, ending in his slaying. The other research imagery that spoke to her was falconry, which is a sport of Kings. The strong regal falcon hooded and tethered, the falconer with his bag belted around him and heavy leather gauntlets. Her design was to combine these elements to recall the idea of the hunted and the hunter.

While developing the design Jamie and I were side tracked by research that includes the Japanese art of Shibari which is an ancient artistic form of rope bondage. We were both drawn to the striking images of women bound by these ropes, their movements restricted by the men that tie them. In an early draft of her design, the base of the women's costumes were from these Shibari silhouettes, but physicalizing the women's submission would undercut the regality of their positions in the Royal House. The idea of the women in bondage silhouettes was scrapped, but the inspiration of the knot work led to the unifying element of the design.

As for the twenty men in the production, Jamie came to the design rather simply. In her search for a silhouette for the men she came to the conclusion that for centuries some variety of a suit has been worn, and felt that a form of suiting would give a sense of timelessness to the play. She chose fabrics that were more natural and rougher than most contemporary suits, and chose suits that were flannel, tweed, or brushed worsted wool. The women also were in need of a unifying silhouette, and Jaime designed a gown a long

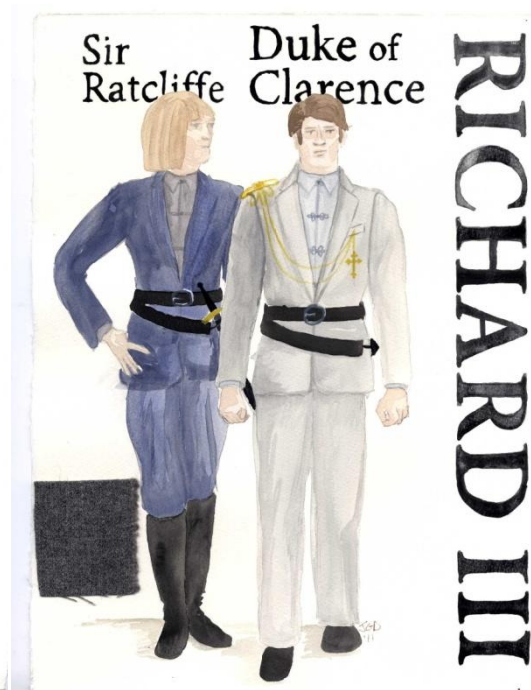
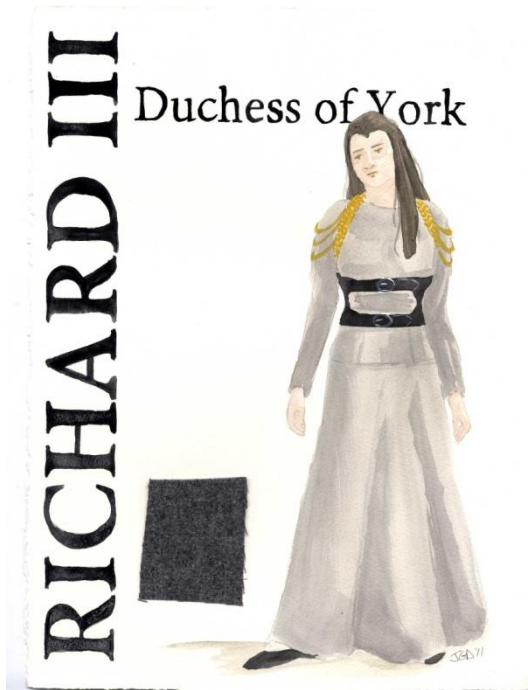
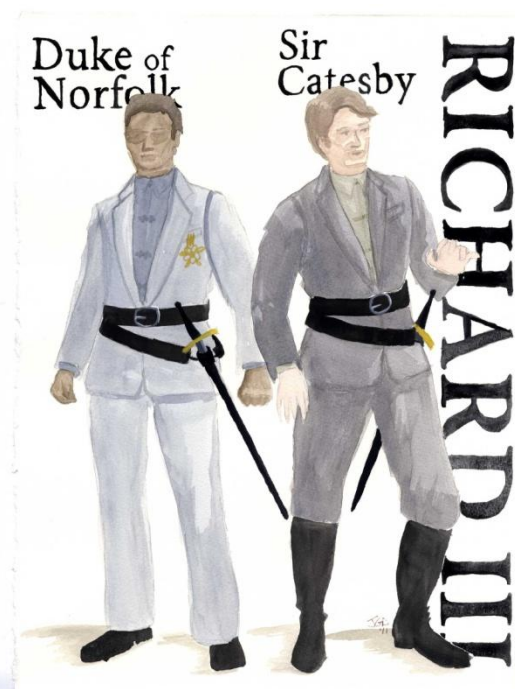
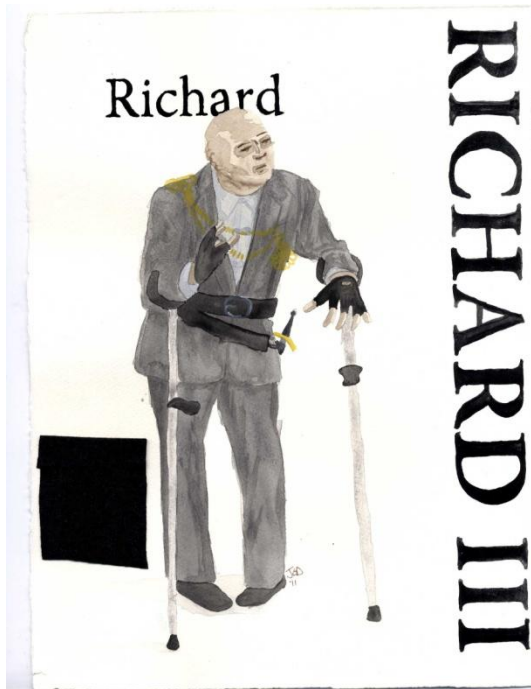
gown that was reminiscent of medieval dresses, and would flatter most female figures. All five women in the show would be in the same silhouette, but Jamie altered the neckline of each to better represent each of the characters, and made the characters distinct by color and texture. The colors of the suits and dresses all came from the Vernet's painting: muted autumnal earth tones in grays, greens, golds, and browns.

Jamie's color palette signified that Richmond, the hero of the play, wore warmest brown tones as he is seen as the most human and good, and his allies and army would be dressed in similar warm tones. Richard was dressed in a dark cool charcoal gray and his allies, and those who ally with him were in blues and grays representing the air and indifference of the cerebral, and the coolness of their cruelty. Those that fall somewhere between the two sides, morally and socially will be in shades of green - a blend of brown earth and blue sky. The shirts toned to coordinate with the suits gave the suits more of a military uniform effect.

The world of the play is one that violence can occur at any given moment. This opportunity for violence was supported by all of the members of the court wearing swords and sword belts at all times. All the belts and scabbards were matte black leather with nickel metal works. The women were belted as well to echo their male counterparts.

To delineate the social structure of power, instead of the typically use of polished metals and jewels. Jamie, stemming from her Shibari research designed a language of knotted adornment that would help the audience visually relate the families and power structure. With more power, comes more entanglements and this was translated into elaborate Chinese knotting that decorated the ranks. These knots and braids echoed her

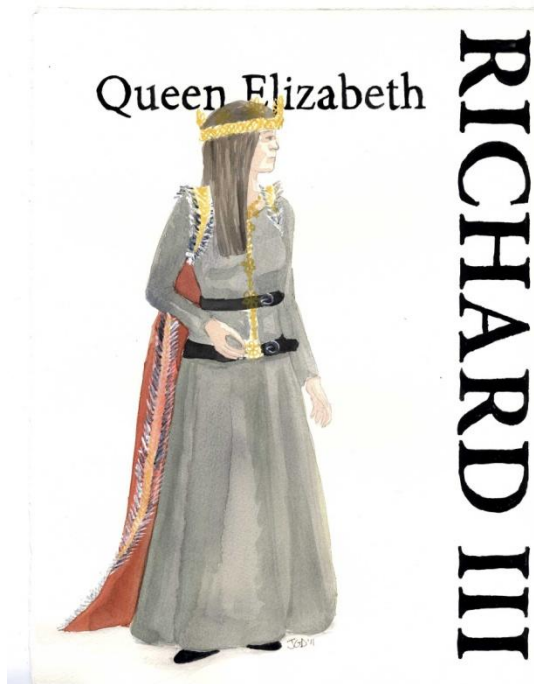
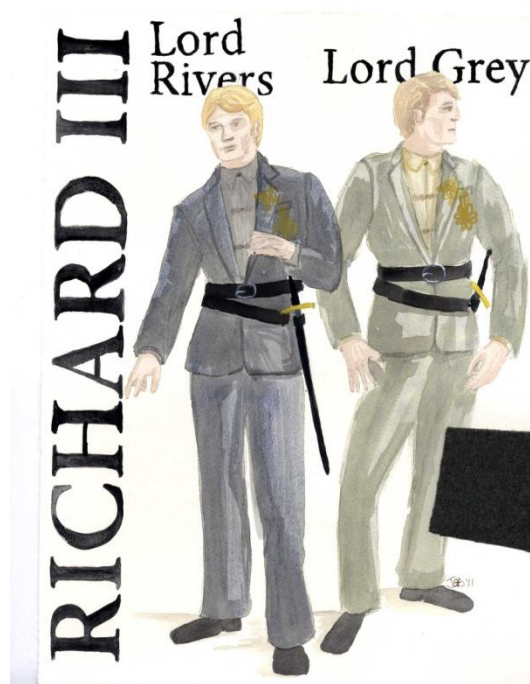
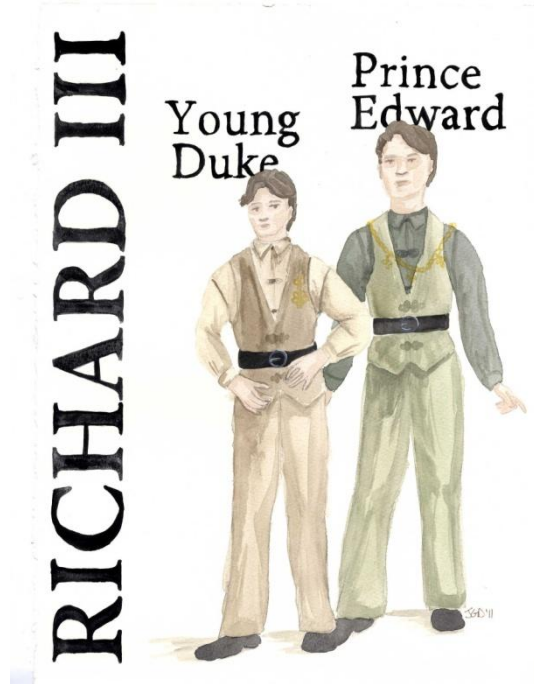
original impulse towards falconry. This delicate and intricate knot work replaced all metals that would be used in typical royal adornment. The King and Queen wore knotted crowns and their capes were trimmed in knotted braids. The women's hair was adorned with this knot work and most of them wore braids in their hair. As we go lower in the ranks, less and less knot work was incorporated into the characters costumes. The less the characters' status the less intricate knot work they wore, and since knot work was the craft of the visual world she created, visible buttons and closures were replaced with Chinese frog closures.



Costume Renderings of Richard, the Duchess of York, the Duke of Norfolk, Sir Catesby, Sir Ratcliffe, and the Duke of Clarence.

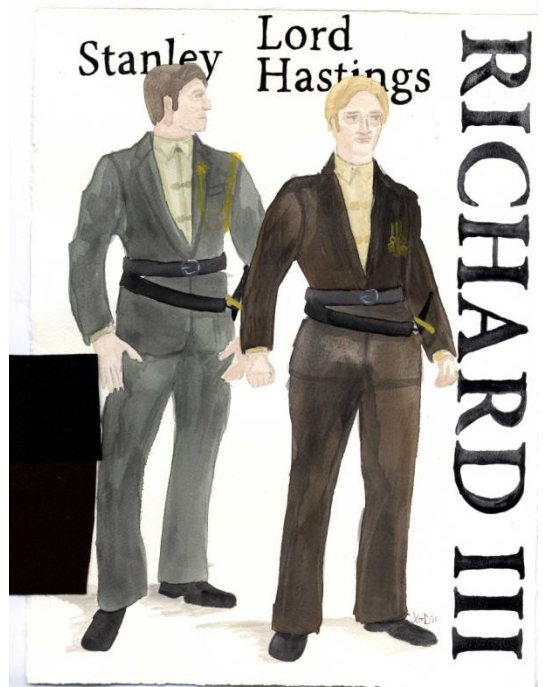
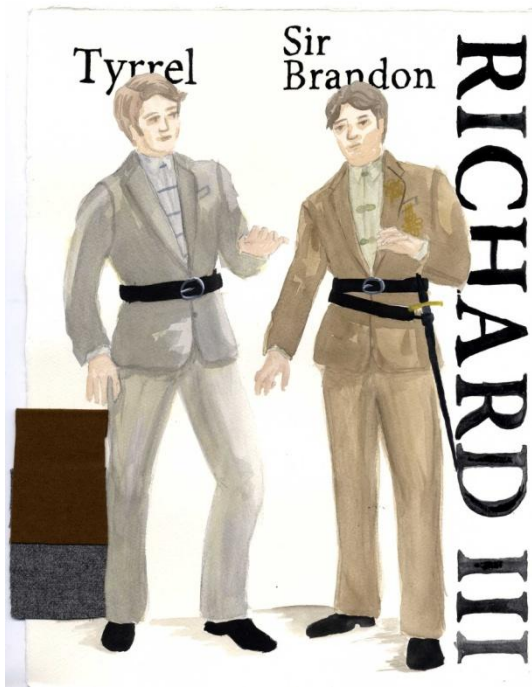
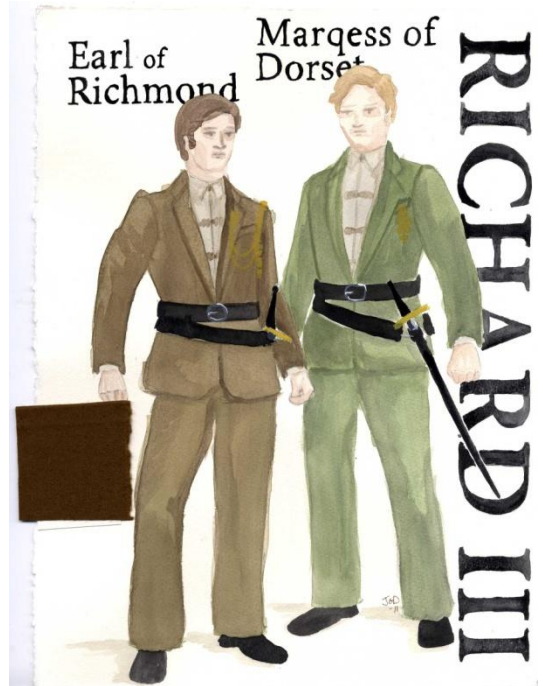
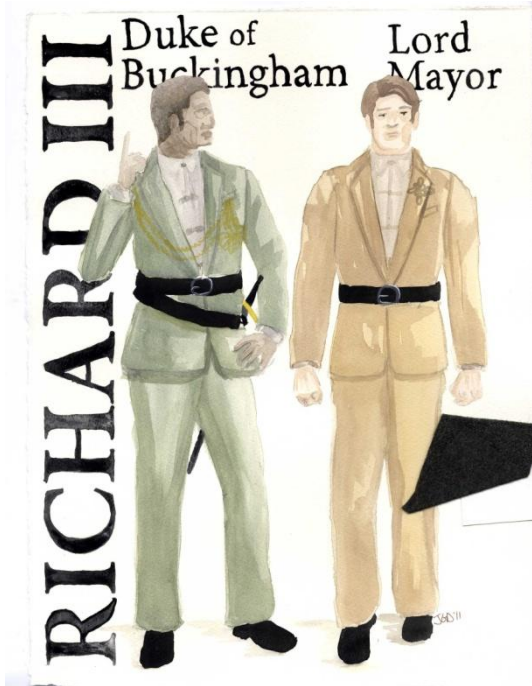
© 2011 Jamie Grace-Duff

Figure: 6



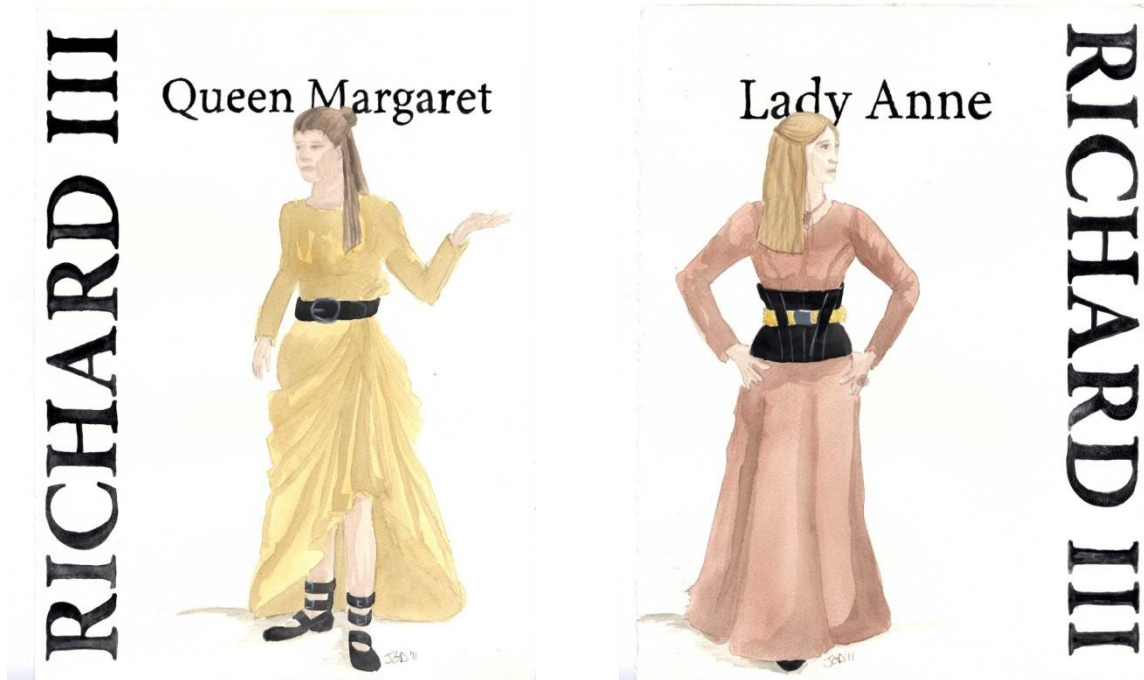
**Costume Renderings of King Edward IV, the Young Duke of York, Lord Rivers, Lord Grey, and Queen Elizabeth.**

© 2011 Jamie Grace-Duff  
**Figure: 7**



**Costume Renderings of the Duke of Buckingham, the Lord Mayor of London, Earl of Richmond, the Marquess of Dorset, James Tyrrel, and Sir Brandon, Lord Stanley of Derby, and Lord Hastings.**

© 2011 Jamie Grace-Duff  
**Figure: 8**



**Costume Renderings of Lady Anne, and Queen Margaret.**

© 2011 Jamie Grace-Duff

**Figure: 9**

The world she created with her design was simple, elegant, timeless, and beautiful. The full effect of the color pattern became a vital part of the storytelling in Act V when the two armies were approaching each other. Every aspect of her design supported making the story as clear to the audience as possible.

### **Richard's Physicality**

To hunchback, or not hunchback; that is the question. The design team, the actor playing Richard and I discussed at length what to do with Richard's disfigurement. Historically the actual record of Richard having a disability is foggy at best, but in tradition of the past century he has been portrayed as a hunchback, a spider-like creature, a cripple, or even a handicapped veteran. We decided early on that we wanted Richard to

have the double arm crutch made popular with Anthony Shear's portrayal of Richard as a bottled spider, but found it difficult to justify dramaturgically. Richard is known to have been a great spear warrior in battle, and man on crutches does not exactly communicate that. Not that it would ever be clear to the audience, but the actor and I felt it extremely important to design a physical language for Richard's movement, so the audience would never doubt his capabilities. We determined that Richard was a war veteran and that he could have received a spinal injury from either a sword wound or falling off his horse. This spinal injury, while not debilitating him completely caused nerve damage making the use of his reliability of his right leg inconsistent at best. This injury affected his balance, allowing us to use one or two crutches depending on the needs of the scene. He could also use one crutch in the battle scene as a shield, and when left crutch-less would be left in the battlefield unable to pick himself up.

The double crutch supported the metaphor, established by King Richard III coat of arms, , giving him four legs and a slightly curved upper spine, embodying Richard as the boar. Jamie's knot work encompassed his crutches, and her inspiration image, Vernet's boar hunting painting inspired the final moments of the battle. Richard used his crutches as support, as weapons, as a plea for pity, and for dramatic effect. I have to admit there is nothing quite more effective to make an audience feel sympathetic for Richard than physicalizing his disability. I used it to gain sympathy for him by having him fall three times on his ascent to the throne: once by having his crutches swept out from under him by Margaret, showing him as a victim, the second time as the Young Duke of York jumps on his back, to show his instability, and a final time when he takes

the throne for the first time, having his crutches get entangled in his long robe, embodying the inevitable downfall due to his pride.

### **Sound Design**

My mentor Doug advised me that the sound is often the most complicated design component of a Shakespeare production. So when I had learned the powers that be had not set aside money to hire a sound designer, assuming since it was a 'straight play' and an undergraduate designer would be able to handle the design. In an ideal world, I would have hired a composer to score the production, but that request was denied. There was only one student that I knew would be willing to put in the work needed, and that was undergraduate designer Ryan Walsh. He had worked with me on various projects and had never let me down. He readily took the challenge.

His goal was to create a heavy, dark and foreboding atmosphere that reflected the action in the play, but would be as dangerous and entrancing as Richard. He accomplished this by gathering contemporary sounds and music that was simple by nature but grounded in classical style and instrumentation centered on stringed instruments, particularly the cello. Ryan and I agreed that the cello represented the duality of Richard's personality. The cello can produce sound that can be calm, smooth and seductive, but it can also make music that is powerful, dangerous, and bombastic.

Ryan's final design was fully integrated providing a musical through-line that served transitions and interstitial music, but also underscored the soliloquies supporting the rhythm of the text.

## **Crafting a Battle**

How do you fit a battle in a black box theater, I had no idea, so I called in a huge favor by having my good friend and master fight director John Bellomo design the battle sequence. I cannot describe in words the heart pounding, breathtaking battle he created, but I have never seen a sword battle as exciting as the one he created before on stage. I know that sounds like sheer flattery, but John is a master storyteller and fight director, and deserves the flattery. As a movement choreographer I do not understand stage combat, and marvel at it when well done, and no one does it better than John. He managed to make it flashy and exhilarating without being full of stereotypical sword play with actors prancing about like Errol Flynn. He captured the violence of the surprise attack, and made the actual fighting breathtakingly violent. Breathtaking is the only way to describe it because the three and a half minute sequence with swords flying a mere two feet away from audience members made them stop breathing.

The visual world we created accomplished everything we dreamed up in the initial design dinners. We developed a world that has never existed, but is recognizable, with a unique set of rules. The overall design felt, timeless yet timely, was a-historic without being anachronistic, and was ultimately modern with roots set deeply in classicism. The biggest strength of the design was its unity of consistency and form which was fully realized in each design element: scenic, lighting, costumes, sound, and movement. That strength is due to the thoroughness and hard work of each of the designers, faculty mentors, and supporting shop.

With the cut prepared ready, and the designs solidified, the production was ready for the next variable, which was casting the play. Being the first Shakespeare produced

as a main-stage production to be done in four years; the undergraduate was buzzing with anticipation for their chance to be cast in the production.

## CHAPTER 4: ASSEMBLING A CAST

### Casting Considerations

There were a few casting variables I knew before auditions. I knew that Craig Bazan, who had played Richard in the workshop, would be playing Richard again. It went against all standard casting practices at the university, but the aesthetic and tone of the design had been built around the idea that Craig would play the role. He is one of the most charismatic young actors I have ever worked with and had the charm and humor needed to make Richard a villain that the audience would love to hate. His passion for Shakespeare's text, his extensive training with classical material outside the university, his impeccable work ethic, his familiarity with the role, and my trust in his ability to carry the show, made him my only choice. Knowing I had Craig to play Richard also allowed me to have a central energy to cast around, since every other character in the play is seen by the audience through Richard's eyes.

Another variable was that I knew I would be casting the entire show from the undergraduate population except for the lone graduate actor in the program, Obie Award-winning actress Yvette Ganier. Her classmates had graduated the semester prior, but she did not graduate with her class because she took a semester off to be in the Broadway revival of *The Miracle Worker*. Yvette is a powerhouse actor that has the ability to change the temperature of the room with a single look. I was certain she would play The Duchess of York, but she had her heart set on the role of Margaret, because she saw it as a splashier role. I needed an actor who had the sophistication and skill to carry the Duchess' arc of grief through first four acts then finally become the one person who Richard cannot dismiss or destroy. There is nothing more powerful than a mother turning

her back on her son. The Duchess is the one female character in the play that embodies royal grace, she has outlived her husband the King and all of her sons, she has lived through wars, and grieved a thousand grieves. It took me weeks to convince her that though it was not the "star" role, it was the lynchpin role that leads to Richard's downfall. I managed to convince her, and her Duchess was everything that I imagined it could be. Through her portrayal it was clear that Richard was not a raving lunatic, he was his mother's son. Richard is the son who was full of rage because his mother withheld her affection from him. Yvette's portrayal was heart wrenching as she maneuvered around Richard's behavior and tantrums taking care of everyone else, until she decides to fight back. When she turns on him in Act IV and tells him:

Bloody thou art, bloody will be thy end;

Shame serves thy life and doth thy death attend. (IV, iv.)

Every night at this moment in the theater you could hear a pin drop. The audience at this point of the play has waited almost two hours for someone to finally stand up to Richard, and every night the audience sat on the edge of their seats and watched The Duchess, shatter Richard's charming veneer and demolish his obstinate pride. One of my favorite moments during the run of the show was when my mother attended the play, afterwards the first words out of my mother's mouth were "His mother should have just killed him, she was ready to I could tell. Only a mother knows the look in a woman's eyes when she looks at her child and wishes he was never born." I am choosing to believe that my mother was referring to one of my brothers, but I digress...

## **Audition Techniques**

One of the main challenges casting from an undergraduate pool of actors, varying in training, is seeing through a well coached audition. Frequently students will audition with a piece they have used for years and have coached by many instructors and directors, and their audition may be stunning, but a stunning audition does not always mean they have a true command of the language. Knowing I would be casting many students in their first full length Shakespeare play, and that we only had six weeks to rehearse, I needed actors that not only could learn quickly, but who used the language to define their characters actions.

This being the first Shakespeare play I have directed, I understood the young actor's nerves when they auditioned for me. The initial auditions went extremely well, but many of them were visibly nervous, recalling my fateful first day of undergraduate Shakespeare acting class. So I asked them, "Is this your first Shakespeare audition?" As they nervously nodded or apologized for their performance, I told them, "Great, well, now that your first Shakespeare audition is over, and that pressure is gone. Would you like to get your second one out of the way?" I generously allowed students who were visibly nervous to perform their monologue for me a second time. Their second time through was always better and much more relaxed. Temple University is a learning institution, and it is my job as an educator to have each auditioner to gain something from their audition experience.

During the call back process, along with reading sides, I often asked an actor to do their initial monologue again and gave them a major adjustment that would informed me of how they used the text. The adjustment was to see if they could take direction,

and if they used the text to make the adjustment. For example Bob Carlton auditioned with a monologue, and I was very interested in for Buckingham, so instead of having him cold read Buckingham's speech to the citizen's at Baynard Castle, I asked him to do his audition monologue as if he was a Jim Jones convincing a thousand people that a mass suicide was the solution. Which was an absurd adjustment, but his willingness to commit to the action and his command of the language let me know that he was indeed the perfect man to play Buckingham. Many other students gave an exact replica of their initial audition without making a single adjustment, informing me that they did not have a command of the text.

I would also give actors physical tasks to accomplish while performing their monologue. For example: a young woman brought in an overly coached rendition of Viola's "I left no ring with her. What means this lady?" (A piece I heard over twenty times the night of the initial auditions.) I instructed her to take a stack of ten chairs from one side of the room, and move that stack to the other side of the room one chair at a time, over the course of the monologue. This technique allowed me to see if the actor could actually communicate the text to the audience, or if they had a recording of the monologue playing in their head and they were simply recreating that recording.

### **Gender/Color Blind Casting**

It was always my intent to "gender-blind" cast *Richard III*, but I learned during call-backs that utilizing gender as a casting stunt was a disservice to the story being told. My initial casting intent was to cast female in roles such as Ratcliffe and Catesby and other minor Lords which would provide more opportunities for underserved female actors in the department. It was during the callback process that I learned that the

addition of this gender shift made the four female characters in the play less effective, by putting a female onstage with the power and the freedom of a lord, it took away from the importance of the patriarchal confines within the play. The women needed to remain powerless.

That being said, I had one female that auditioned, Natalie Pellegrini, that was not only a gifted actor, but had fantastic stage combat skills. I cast her as a citizen/ensemble role, and together we crafted an arc that allowed her to not only be the wiser of the citizens, but also join in battle against Richard and be one of the few living soldiers at the end of the battle. It was important to me to maintain the patriarchal structure of the world, but also to send the message that women can kick ass and live to tell about it.

The systematic practice of non-traditional or "color blind" casting began with Joseph Papp's New York Shakespeare Festival in the 1950s. Color blind casting, non-traditional casting or integrated casting is the practice of casting a role without considering the actor's ethnicity. It derives its name from the medical condition of color blindness. Although colorblind casting has been practiced for half a century now, it still inspires vehement controversy and debate. (Widener) I have always supported the idea of color blind casting, but during the casting process became astutely aware of the pitfalls of the practice. When casting color blind you must be conscious of the possible connotations that the casting of different ethnicities may imply, because although the idea of a utopian audience blind to the connotations of race is wonderful it is not realistic and not the truth of the average audience member. In no way am I claiming to be an expert on racial diversity, or to fully understand the racial consciousness of modern audiences,

but I learned the importance when casting in a "non-traditional" way to consider the implications that could be made from casting certain roles out of tradition.

While designing the world of the play it was determined that color and race would not define the families in the play. Knowing that Craig Bazan would be playing Richard, and Yvette Ganier would be playing his mother The Duchess of York, both African-American and both the best choice for each role. One casting option would have been casting all of The Duchess' family African-American, and Elizabeth's family as Caucasian, doing this would have overshadowed the familial drama and would have turned the production into a play about racial tension between two families, which I see as a viable option, but was not the point of view we were focusing on. The colorblind casting had to remain random and not biologically feasible for the characters for the audience to accept that race and color did not define the relationship of the characters. For example: A Caucasian Elizabeth (Rachel Kitson) and a Caucasian Edward (Pat Pote) can be the biological parents of an Asian Prince Edward (Steve Wei) and a Latino Duke of York (Kevin Lopez). Casting the appropriate actor for each role disregarding the actor's ethnicity worked extremely well, in most cases.

Near the end of the casting process I had assembled a cast that I was pleased with, and thought each actor was well suited to the role they would play, but knowing it is always good to sleep on a decision, I decided to give myself a day before the cast list was released. It was that night realized that I had made a casting error. Initially both of Richard's brothers the gentle and loving Clarence, and the popular and capable King Edward were cast using Caucasian actors making Richard the "evil" brother the only son of color, literally making him the "black sheep" of the House of York. The implications

of this casting arrangement were more racially charged than I wanted, so I set out to find a non-Caucasian actor to play Clarence. I called in a young African-American actor, Edward Mawere to read for Clarence and although he did not have the training and the experience needed to play the role, he had a wonderful voice and the warm, gentle spirit needed to make the audience fall in love with Clarence in the few short scenes before his murder. I am unsure if any audience members would have made the jump to Richard as the "black sheep" of the family, but I did not want any audience member to make Richard's complex violent character an issue of race.

Casting the best actor for each role not taking in regard the actor's age or race, and focusing on the intrinsic energy of each actor in regard to the character that most fit that spirit, made the final cast not only a cast full of fine actors, but also a cast as racial diverse as the student population of Temple University. The cast was solidified a week before rehearsals were to begin, which gave the actors very little time to prepare their roles before they began rehearsals.

## CHAPTER 5: REHEARSALS

### Laying the Groundwork

I equally adore and adore the customary director speech that leads into the first rehearsal. It sets the tone for the entire rehearsal process, the actors are always extremely nervous, even though they have secured the roles, the first read can often feel like an audition. It is my job as the director to instill confidence that the actors will be well taken care of throughout the process and share the excitement, ideas and intricacies that the creative team has been stewing for months in preproduction.

For the first read of a play, I stipulate to the actors that we are simply reading through the play, and that "no acting is required for this read." This usually calms some of their nerves. For the first read-through of the play we had the privilege to be in the Randall Theater where the play would be performed six weeks later. I set place-cards in front where each actor was to sit in the circle, sitting them in groups and families, teaming Richard's family, the court, the citizens, and Richmond's followers together. This helped the actors visually keep track the twenty-four other characters in the play.

When the actors arrived I was blown away by the sheer number of people on that tiny stage. It was time to give my welcome speech, and I meant to start my speech with something inspirational, but standing in front of the cast the first words out of my mouth were, "This is one attractive group of people." They laughed, agreed, and then I continued. I spoke about the importance of the play being "now" and what that word has meant to me while preparing for this production and how honored I was to be doing this play with mostly undergraduate actors, and then I started to tear up. It hit me right then in front of the cast, that the scared boy from acting class had accomplished something,

that I had gotten this far and for the first time in the year long journey I was confident that this was going to be a stellar production. I explained to the cast my journey on from chorus boy to director and that I never thought I would be standing in front of a cast ready to rehearse a Shakespeare play, I vowed to them, "That no matter how rocky the process got, I will never take their time, artistry, and spirits for granted." I am typically not that flowery, but I believe in speaking from your heart and allowing people to see your passion, and to explain my tears. The cast was moved and excited to begin our journey together, a silence fell over the room brimming with anticipation, expectation, and fear. I turned to Craig and he quietly began, "Now is the winter of our discontent."

The first week of rehearsal was spent entirely at the table. Discussing and dissecting the text. The dramaturges, Sarah Stearns and Lindsey Butler gave stunning presentations on the themes of the plays and were at the actors' beck and call. I have never seen such thorough and eager support from student dramaturges. My assistant director Chelsea Drumel gave the cast an entire history lesson on the Henry VI plays and the wars of the roses. Luckily the directing and the dramaturgy team had spent so much time prepping we were able to get the actors all the information they needed to understand the world of the play, and the action within the play. Then there was the text.

This production could not have been half as successful as it was without the help of the voice and text coach Erika Anselmo, known to the cast as the "Verse Nurse." Erika prepped a lexicon for the actors use, because she knew that time was limited and the actors could use a condensed version of the two volume lexicons. She started with a verse workshop giving the actors different ways to approach the text. Erika and Chelsea worked hours outside of the regular rehearsals helping the actors explore and bring the

text to life. Erika's support and notes to the actors were always structurally supportive and dramatically accurate. Instructing the actors when they need to color a phrase more, make an image clearer, use their prosody and diction, when upward inflection was needed and when they need to springboard or trigger the next image or idea. She devised a way of giving notes to the actors that were clear and helpful regardless of their training level. Giving text notes up to opening night, she taught the actors the valuable lesson that no matter how much you think you have command of the language, there is always more to do to make it clearer.

Adrian Noble's book *How to Do Shakespeare* became especially helpful during this early stage of rehearsals. Noble uses Richard's speech to show how Shakespeare's character's use of apposition defines the kind of person they are.

In the opening speech Richard sets out his stall with a vivid apposition in the opening couplet.

Now is the winter of our discontent  
Made glorious summer by this sun of York,

So winter has become summer. Place these two words carefully and you appear to have a neat, compact view of the world. We get a clue to Richard's sense of irony with his choice of the word 'discontent', a bit of an understatement, considering that the bloodiest battles ever to take place on English soil occurred during the recent civil war. You [the actor] should counterpoint the whole of the next line, "And all the clouds that lour'd upon our house", with the whole of the fourth, "In the deep bosom of the ocean buried".

These appositions require you [the actor] to strongly visualize the imagery.

By the end of this opening monologue Noble derives.

In the following lines, Richard confronts the audience with his terrible deformity. This is perhaps the cruelest antithesis of them all – a witty, brilliant mind inside a badly deformed body.

In the last four lines, which are:

And therefore, since I cannot prove a lover,  
To entertain these fair well-spoken days,  
I am determined to prove a villain  
And hate the idle pleasures of these days.

Shakespeare places the antithesis – lover and villain – boldly at the end of the lines; this contrasts with the rather antiseptic repeated cadence of “well-spoken days”. By this time, the audience is well and truly inducted into Richard’s dangerous and sly, but attractive, mind (Noble).

We used Noble’s lessons on the use of poetic devices to define character as a basis for early exploration. Our workshops with the actors focused on the character’s use of Apposition, Metaphor, Meter and pulse, line endings, word play, vocabulary, and alliteration. Also using shape, structure, and meaning to define a character’s journey:

- Every speech tells a story.
- Every speech has a beginning, a middle and an end.
- Every speech starts with a headline (Noble).

Noble’s invaluable tools laid the groundwork that began the development of the characters. This approach was new to the actors in the room, who had various levels of training, who were used to using Uta Hagen or Stanislavski methods of character development. They began to search for their characters from what the characters said, and how they chose to say it. This approach to developing character was an exciting new challenge for most of them and they eagerly began the work.

## Staging

My background as a choreographer and my picturization skills, in conjunction with Colin's versatile set made the play easy to stage.

I staged the play as if it were being performed in a thrust seating arrangement, utilizing the exits to the theater as entrances; encompassing the audience with the action of the play. I relied heavily on the use of diagonal movements slicing across the stage and propelling the action forward with every scene. Since the only sit-able onstage was the throne, no one was allowed to sit, unless they were the King. This rule was only broken once by the women in the scene grieving the two princes' deaths, because the text specifically calls for them to sit on the ground:

DUCHESS OF YORK  
Blind sight, dead life, poor mortal living ghost,  
Woe's scene, world's shame, grave's due by life usurp'd,  
Brief abstract and record of tedious days,  
Rest thy unrest on England's lawful earth. (IV, iv.)

Though the locations were not literally represented by the set, I used the actors as architecture. For example: to set the tone in the Throne Room I creating formalized positioning and behaviors that were specific to each ruler, Edward's Throne Room was more organic and safe as compared to Richard's whose Throne room was rigid, cold, and dangerous. This was accomplished by moving the actors through stage pictures that evoked that energy.

In the exterior scenes I used more organic rounded staging to help give the feeling of air. Moving scenes like Act II, scene iv, when the Duchess and Queen Elizabeth are anticipating the arrival of Prince Edward from an undetermined palace location to a garden, where the young Duke of York is found playing with The Duchess

and a Hobby Horse, galloping in circles. This circular playful energy helped stir the audience with anticipation and child-like ignorance coming from the previous scene with the citizens that was riddled with uncertainty and fear.

I diligently staged every scene to have a deliberate visual progression propelling us forward into the next scene.

The one scene audience members most recalled for the staging, other than the spectacular battle, was the ghost sequence. I had worried about the staging for this scene for months; I wanted it to be spectacular but was not certain how to accomplish the spectacle needed for the scene without any bells and whistles. The challenge was how to create spectacle using only language and movement. I have been fascinated by the use of grids in movement pieces over the past few years. By moving ghost in a grid formation the formality and manufactured structure causes tension and a supernatural feel to a scene. Staging this complicated sequence in all actuality took about fifteen minutes; I gave the actors three simple rules:

1. They could only move in straight lines on the grid.
2. When they turned a corner they had to change the pace of their walking.
3. When it came time to speak their text they must hit their mark on the grid.

The first time we experimented with this staging, I knew it would not only work but it would accomplish the spectacle I desired.

Now before someone claims that I stole this staging technique let me clarify that it was not until months after the production closed that I learned this exact exercise was developed by Anne Bogart and Tina Landau as part of their Viewpoints methodology. In

Viewpoints it is an exercised referred to as *The Grid*. When I staged it, the idea was completely original, and where I am disappointed I was not the first to come up with the exercise, I can testify that it indeed works. As Doug has frequently said, “It has all been done before.”

### **Clarifying the Action**

As I determined when I was making my cut, I used action to help clarify and focus some of the plot points that were underdeveloped, unclear or heightened the dramatic effect of action that craved to be seen.

An underdeveloped story line was Lord Stanley’s surrendering his son to Richard, to assure his loyalty before heading into battle. This plot, while important to Stanley’s acting as a traitor and informant to Richmond, did not seem believable with the college aged Ethan Botwick playing the role. In no way could the audience believe he had a son that would be fighting with him on the battlefield. So I added a silent transition between Acts IV and V, where the audience witnessed him surrendering his infant son to Catesby. This action allowed the audience to sympathize even more with Stanley’s traitorous turn.

I was afraid the audience would forget about the women in production Act II, because as the action heads towards battle they are used less and less in the play. I wanted the audience to remember Margaret’s warnings from Act 1 so as the lights came down after intermission I inserted text that had been cut from another part of the play.

O God, that sees it, do not suffer it.

As it was won with blood, lost be it so.

Sin, death, and Hell have set their marks on him,

And all their ministers attend on him. (I, iii.)

This addition not only helped bring the audience back to the action of the play, but set tone for the downfall of Richard to begin.

When the Stanley and Catesby come to retrieve Anne for her coronation, subsequently informing the women that Richard is to be crowned King, I had them walk in with Richard's men and unceremoniously remove the crown and cape from Elizabeth and exit, before Lord Stanley says to Anne, "Comes, madam, you must straight to Westminster, there to be crowned Richard's royal queen." Physicalizing the stripping of Elizabeth's power, and heightening the dramatic effect when Anne is seen in the next scene standing in Elizabeth's position next to the throne. Anne was then shortly dismissed by Richard from the Throne Room, moments after she overhears the Richard's intent to kill the princes, and as she exited, Richard tells Catesby:

Rumour it abroad  
That Anne, my wife, is sick;  
I will take order for her keeping close.  
Look, how thou dream'st! I say again, give out  
That Anne, my Queen is sick and like to die. (VI, ii.)

Catesby exiting quickly grabbing Anne on his way out seals her fate clearly for the audience.

There was still the problematic moment where The Duchess was alone onstage while King Edward was offstage dying. I knew I wanted the moment to be about her dealing Clarence's, but could not find any text in the play that I could insert to support that action. I first searched the tetralogy to find a speech that would fill the moment. My assistant found the speech from Henry VI part 3. The speech is part of Richard's reaction to the death of his beloved brother Rutland. I staged the scene with the Young

Duke of York crouched behind a wall listening to the scene prior. The King has angrily exited it a fit of coughing, and we are left alone with the Duchess onstage. The following exchange is a combination of the speech from Henry VI part 3, and cut scene between The Duchess and Clarence's children.

DUCHESS OF YORK

I cannot weep; for all my body's moisture  
Scarce serves to quench my furnace-burning heart:  
Nor can my tongue unload my heart's great burthen;  
For selfsame wind that I should speak withal  
Is kindling coals that fires all my breast,  
And burns me up with flames that tears would quench.  
To weep is to make less the depth of grief.  
O Clarence, my unhappy son.

*Revealing himself*

YORK

Why do you weep so,  
And cry 'O Clarence, my unhappy son'?

DUCHESS OF YORK

My pretty child, you do mistake my grief;  
I do lament the sickness of the King.  
As loath to lose him, not my Clarence's death;  
It were lost sorrow to wail one that's lost.

*a wail is heard from the King's Chambers*

Hark! What noise is this?

To protect the Young Duke from the impending outpour of emotion she hurried him offstage.

This exchange set up the landscape of grief and the behavioral patterns of dealing with grief privately for the women in the play. This addition, made me feel nervous that the ‘Shakespeare Purists’ would attend the production and dismiss the entire play because her text is not even from the same play. Nerves aside, I felt confident that it worked structurally and dramatically and at that point did not care what the Shakespeare purists thought. It was at this point that I stopped referring to the edit as a cut, and started calling it an adaptation, just in case the purists came after me.

### **Digging Deeper**

By week four of rehearsal the entire play was staged and we were running the show. By that point my concern was with pacing, cleaning up transitional moments, choreographing wall movements, and point and focusing the action. Then my mentor Doug Wager came to see the final designer’s run. The run went well, and the design team was fired up and ready to head into tech, the actors loved performing the play for the design team, and felt confident the show was going well. Doug seemed surprised that we were in such great shape and that the actors seemed to have a handle on the show, but his major note was that the actors were riding emotion and were not using the text in the most compelling way. Which he noted was common with young actors, and that we were going to have a "fine" production. I had not worked this hard for a "fine" production, and asked him how I can remedy the situation. He suggested we go back to the table and reinvestigate the text. Shakespeare was not writing poetry for poetry sakes and it was important that these characters use the poetic tools Shakespeare has given them to communicate. I explained that those are the principals that we began developing the characters with. He replied, “Great, then the actors are familiar with the process and will

be able to use Noble's tools, they simply need a refresher course." He had never steered me wrong, and I knew he was right. The actors had been seduced into the emotions of the characters and were no longer relying on the text to convey the emotion. My fears of failure were at the forefront of my thoughts, but I knew it was too important of a problem, and unlike some problems, this would not fix itself in tech.

So with three days of pre-tech rehearsal remaining I brought the actors back to the table. I had scheduled pacing runs for Saturday, Monday and Tuesday, and we began tech on Wednesday. For the first four hours of Saturday's rehearsal I went back to square one. Leading the cast in workshops, as Erika and I did the first few days of rehearsal, of using how a character uses alliteration, repetition, onomatopoeia, images, and metaphors to evoke the characters ideas, and communicate their feelings. An example that uses every one of those poetic devices is in one of Margaret's attacks on Richard:

Thou elvish-mark'd, abortive, rooting hog,  
Thou that wast seal'd in thy nativity  
The slave of nature and the son of hell;  
Thou slander of thy mother's heavy womb,  
Thou loathed issue of thy father's loins,  
Thou rag of honour! thou detested— (I, iii.)

The actress, Maria Konstantinitis, was screaming this line during the run, full of Margaret's rage and hatred towards Richard but the specificity of the language was lost to a wash of emotive sound. The explosive onomatopoeic words and dark violent imagery was lost because the Maria had been swept away with the language. I knew she was capable of more sophisticated use of language as I witness when she played Anne in the workshop.

I worked multiple examples of this problem with the entire cast, and released them early. Charging them to use the next few hours and Sunday to reexamine your text and find the character's use of these devices. That every metaphor must be coined and every idea and feeling must be convey through the choice of words and not rely on emotion to carry you through. They left feeling overwhelmed by the work ahead of them, but understood the task that was ahead of them.

### **Complicating Richard**

After I dismissed them the next few hours were spent with a one on one session with me and Craig, because Doug's other note was that Richard had become predictable, generalized and that he lost interest in him early on. I knew that this was an issue and Doug helped me pinpoint the problem; Craig was making obvious choices that supported the actions of the play, instead of embracing Richard's duality and playing against the obvious. This news crushed Craig, but he understood that his predictability was why Act IV was currently feeling flat.

Craig's fears final surfaced, this note made he questioned his ability to embody the cold hearted monster that Richard needed to be. I remembered an anecdote from Richard Boleslavsky's book *Acting: The First Six Lessons*. In the book, the book is a collection of 6 dialogues between him and a young actress referred to "The Creature", at one moment The Creature doubts that she could ever play a murderer.

I: Ever sat in the woods at the edge of a lake after sundown?

THE CREATURE: Yes.

I: Were there any mosquitos around?

THE CREATURE: It was in New Jersey.

I: Did they annoy you? Did you follow one of them with your eyes and ears and hate until the beast landed on your forearm? And did you slap your forearm cruelly without even thinking of the hurt to yourself – with only the wish to...end?

THE CREATURE: (*Quite ashamed*) To kill the beast.

I: There you are. A good sensitive artist doesn't need any more than that to play Othello and Desdemona's final scene. The rest is the work of magnification, imagination, and belief (Boleslavsky).

I shared this anecdote with Craig, which led to the following exchange.

CRAIG: Like those bastards in Missouri.

ME: Yes they were bothersome to our fishing, so the bastards....

CRAIG: Had to die.

This revelation led us to a discussion about playing against the rage, and hatred that lies deep within Richard's psyche, and we played with various scenes and soliloquies that helped bring it to fruition. We talked through each scene of the play and discussed the different roles Richard played in each scene, and how he used tactics and actions to serve his needs. This discussion reconfirmed our belief that Richard was a better actor within the play scenes than most actors in the play. Richard turns on a dime the moment he does not get what he wants, and is a master at using tactical shifts to accomplish his immediate needs. He does not contain the hubris to stop when his ultimate goal of being King is achieved, which leads to his downfall.

I gave Craig the permission to try approaching scenes from complete different angles, and it was the freedom he needed to completely submerge into the mind of the madman.

## Later Runs

After that Saturday rehearsal my fears of failure ripe: I was afraid all of our hard work was in vain, and that we would not be able to pull off this epic tragedy, in a sophisticated way because the actors could not handle the language. I failed to take them to the finish line, and what we would put in front of an audience would be a mediocre college production. Of course I did not share these fears with anyone; I sleeplessly kept them to myself.

Then the actors returned to rehearsal on Monday, hopefully having reinvestigated the text. Knowing the habits of young actors, I doubted their work ethic, but hey surprised me. Everyone appeared to have taken the Saturday work session seriously and had done their homework. I told the actors, before we ran the show, to take the time they need to communicate the ideas and explore the text they had reexamined, I also informed them that Craig would be trying some new things today, and that they should go with his instincts and use the text to respond.

The run was thrilling. Craig had found many new colors and played the duality of the character, smiling breezily as he asked for Hastings head, and gently kissing Queen Elizabeth as he tells her he will bury her dead children in her daughter's womb. The other actors not only had done their text work, but were made to actually listen and respond to Richard truthfully because they had no idea what he would do next. The danger was back in the play. We lost all sense of pace and forward momentum, but I had gained depth and sophistication, the danger and duality of the play resurfaced, and I had faith that pacing would return in tech and dress rehearsals.

During our final run before tech Craig began to refine the choices and the rest of the cast followed in suit. The cast was ready to go into tech, with the text refreshed and the characters deepened they were ready to step into the world the designers had created.

## **CHAPTER 6: FINAL DAYS**

### **Tech and Dress Rehearsals**

When we moved into the theater, the actor adjusted to the space extremely well, but the rehearsals involved re-blocking many scenes. The sight lines for the Randall proved to be a great challenge, even though I had staged the play using rules typical for a thrust stage which should have made the sight lines a non-issue. When it came to the throne room scenes with the most important person in the room, the King, completely upstage, audience members on the far sides of the seating were not able to see the King. Ideally the angle of the platform should have been a few degrees wider, but I was able to change the staging to allow everyone in the audience to see Richard and Edward on the throne.

The walls were gorgeous and moved rather easily..... most of the time. We had choreographed all the wall movements in the rehearsal hall, but actors had a hard time adjusting from the idea of moving a wall, to actually pulling a twelve foot wall. Their over-zealous pulls and the antiquated track used to hang the walls from the grid, made for bumpy wall shifts. Ninety percent of the time it was based on operator error, and the technical director corrected the technical glitches allowing the walls to move as smoothly as possible.

The lighting had a difficult time as I referred to in chapter three. Once the actors were on stage we discovered that the lights were illuminating the white walls better than the actors faces. This created high contrast shadows behind any actor who came near a wall. These shadows were distracting from the text, because every time an actor moved the shadows moved as well, and with three to five shadows moving around an actor, the

audience's attention would be drawn away from the actor to the shadow on the wall. Chris did a lot of trouble shooting, and at times we used the shadows as an effect. The problem was complicated by the stark white walls. The lighting designer blamed the set, and the set designer blamed the lights, and neither was doing anything to fix the problem that the set was better lit than the actors. So, on the day before dress rehearsal the three of us discussed our options. The lighting designer reacted negatively to the conversation and claimed nothing could be done, so I suggested we paint the entire set gun-metal gray making the actors to catch the light. This change would have taken away the integrity of the initial design, but I felt it was the only option, if the lighting could not be adjusted. With the integrity of both designs at risk, the lighting designer figured out how to refocus the lights to not cause such extreme shadows on the wall, and the set remained white.

There was a change in stage management heading into tech, undergraduate Stage Manager Lauren McDowell had shown signs of weakness during the rehearsal process, mostly messing up actors calls, and scheduling. This being her first show made her extremely nervous and the complicated cueing sequences she would have to call were beyond her skill set. Undergraduate Assistant Stage Manager JT Murtagh was working on the show and had called cue heavy musicals in the past. So the two switched roles the day before tech began. No tension occurred because of this shift, the entire crew handled the shift extremely professionally, and the cast adjusted swiftly.

Once we got through cueing the show and added costumes, the show began to get its pacing back. The actors had been rehearsing in rehearsal suits and dress that were similar to the actual costumes so there was little for them to adjust to.

The first dress rehearsal was a stressful night. Craig's voice had a strange rasp to it and it sounded like he was in danger of losing his voice. Yvette had numerous issues with the technical aspects of the show, and voiced these opinions to everyone. Whether it was the fit of her costumes, or the shadows onstage she commented on it. The actress playing Lady Anne, Maggie Smith, had an extreme asthma attack onstage, and the rehearsal held as she administered her nebulizer. Maria Konstantinitis who was playing Margaret during intermission, apologizing for her performance, telling me that faculty member and head of lighting, John Hoey, was giving her acting notes before the run began and it really messed with her head. The coffin didn't fit in through the exit. The actors in the battle were dangerous backstage as they were running swords in hand to make each entrance. Everything was so chaotic in the theater that the last thing on anybody's mind was telling the story. It was a terrible night.

The final dress and preview ran smoothly, though the latter half of Act 1 felt sluggish. That portion of the play relies heavily on the audience enjoying Richard, and without the energy of a responsive audience the humor fell flat and the Act dragged.

Getting all the elements of the performances to fall together with one preview is almost impossible. I had my final note session with the actors, addressing keeping the stakes high enough to allow the heightened text to be alive in the characters, I congratulated them on their highly professional behavior throughout the rehearsal process, and expressed the pride I felt for our work. It was important to me that they understood that many theater practitioners have very strong opinions on what the correct way of performing Shakespeare is, and I implored the cast not to listen to their opinions. It is my experience that teachers and students like to give the actors performance notes

once the show is open. I instructed the cast to not let outside opinions alter their performance. We worked way too hard, and needed to hold onto the positive energy we had created. I have never seen a cast this large get along so well, and take care of each other onstage and off. I reminded them that in two weeks the production would close and disappear in the memory of the people who were privileged enough to see our tale, and to never take one moment of the run for granted.

### **Opening Night**

Opening was a surreal experience for me. Doug took me for a Manhattan before the show, to take the edge off my nerves, it helped.... We headed to the theater and I visited the actors in the dressing room telling them to “Break legs, and fail big.” I sat in the full audience, waiting to release to watch the culmination of the past year’s work. Doug gave a curtain speech, congratulating me on the production, the house lights went out. I held my breath, a hush fell over the crowd, the lights came up on Richard seated center stage, and he began .....

*”Now is the winter of our discontent....”*

Opening night could not have gone better. Each actor was on his or her ‘A’ game. The audience was responsive and the first act flew by. The second act started off a bit rocky, but picked up once Richard took his throne. Richmond gave his final words the lights went out, and the audience leapt to their feet. As the twenty five actors took the stage for curtain call, the only time in the show that everyone was onstage, I was

overwhelmed with the feeling of pride and accomplishment. That moment was the winter of my discontent.

The faculty attended in force to support their students work. And during the reception that followed the performance, the comments from the patrons, faculty members, and fellow students were very complimentary on many levels. One professional actor in town told me he had not seen a Richard that was that fun to watch, since Kevin Kline performed the role in Shakespeare in the park. People seem to appreciate the humor and charm Craig brought to the role. The night was electric.

The production was a huge success, and ran to sold out performances the entire run.

## CHAPTER 7: EVALUATION

As I reflect upon the journey that was *Richard III*, I find myself profoundly grateful. The production which was well received by the faculty and student body was a culmination of a personal journey of facing my fears. The first show I directed was merely five years ago, when a producer friend, Todd Davison, needed a Director for *Sweet Charity*. He asked me if I wanted to do it, I initially declined no, and agreed to choreograph it for him. That night my partner Peter asked me why I turned down the amazing opportunity, I told him I was scared. He told me that his mother always told him to always do whatever scares you most. I did it. That summer I discovered my theatrical voice. It was for the first time I felt like I was doing what I was supposed to be doing. For the following years every time I began a new project I was afraid: afraid that I did not know what I was doing, that everyone would think I was a hack, and that the production would fail. My background as a choreographer and my instincts were helpful, but I never felt confident in my work. Ultimately, that is what brought me to Temple University. I wanted to learn the craft of directing; I adored musical theater but wanted to expand myself beyond that genre.

And now, three years later, on the cusp of graduating with my MFA, I need to evaluate my thesis project, as well as my time invested as a student of directing. I entered the program earning a spot using my domestic partner's tuition remission. A week before school began an email was irresponsibly forwarded to me between two department heads, saying that my work is inferior to the other incoming directors, but they are letting me enter the program because it would not cost the department anything. This email brought my fear of being discovered as a hack to a reality. I came into the

department wanting prove to myself and to everyone here that I indeed deserve to be here, and that my work would never be inferior. It sounds childish to me now, but it is the reason I pushed myself so hard these past three years. While I was busy trying to prove myself to everyone else, I managed to prove myself to myself.

Directing is a responsibility in leadership. It is the job of the director to guide a group of artists and designers into something deeply rooted in humanity that may not get exposure because of emotional fear, lack of strength or confusion. I have always been a person who speaks his mind, bringing to light the subjective truths that I hold within. My first semester, Doug asked the class of directors, what kind of director we are, and if it is important to us that we are recognized in our work. I differed from my colleagues, because I did not want to be seen in the plays I direct, I believed that if the audience could see the director's hand in the work, he was not doing his job of telling the story.

In directing *Richard III*, that belief of being hidden behind the story was challenged. While I tried to hide behind "serving the story," I could not deny that I made that adaptation. The production we staged was not Shakespeare's *The Tragedy of King Richard the Third*, it was my adaptation of that work, based on a workshop that I cut, directed, and designed. I could not hide, behind the play because I crafted the play.

For the first time in my career I can honestly say that I am proud of every aspect of the production. I lead the team of designers, actors, and everyone involved through a difficult show to produce, with very little difficulty or resistance, and we managed to tell the story in an evocative and contemporary way. The past few years of producing solid work instilled the faculty and students with a faith in my work. Nobody thought I

couldn't do it, except myself. Now, as I face my future outside of school, I am no longer afraid. I have faith in my ability as a storyteller, director, and citizen artist.

The legendary director Harold Prince when asked what basic equipment is required for young directors entering the profession, and he said

There are a lot of people who think they want to be directors. They have an absolute need for self expression. To be able to direct, there are two things that you need: that supreme arrogance or *need* to express yourself, and the right equipment. Now, that's the problem. How do you acquire the equipment, the craft? There are fewer people from whom to acquire it than there used to be. On the other hand, they still exist and you have to get close to them and to those productions.....You must learn a lot of things. Then you must make your own rules. From the first day on, you never cease to take chances, although you don't know what they are until you take them (Bartow).

I arrived in this program needing to learn a lot of things, and thanks to my mentor Douglas C. Wager, I was able to learn many of them from him and the teaching artists, and colleagues at Temple University. Doug Wager, Robert Hedley, Ed Sobel, Marie Anne Chiment, David Ingram, Lynne Innerst, Daniel Boylen, and Dan Kern taught me many of the tools I needed to be a more effective director. My colleagues and collaborators supported, challenged, and pushed me, leading to discover the strength in my capabilities. Each actor I have worked with in my three year tenure at Temple has taught me something about the director/actor relationship, and I am honored to have had the opportunity to work with each and every one of them. My family and partner Peter Reynolds have been the support I needed to make this journey, and my word cannot express how much I appreciate them.

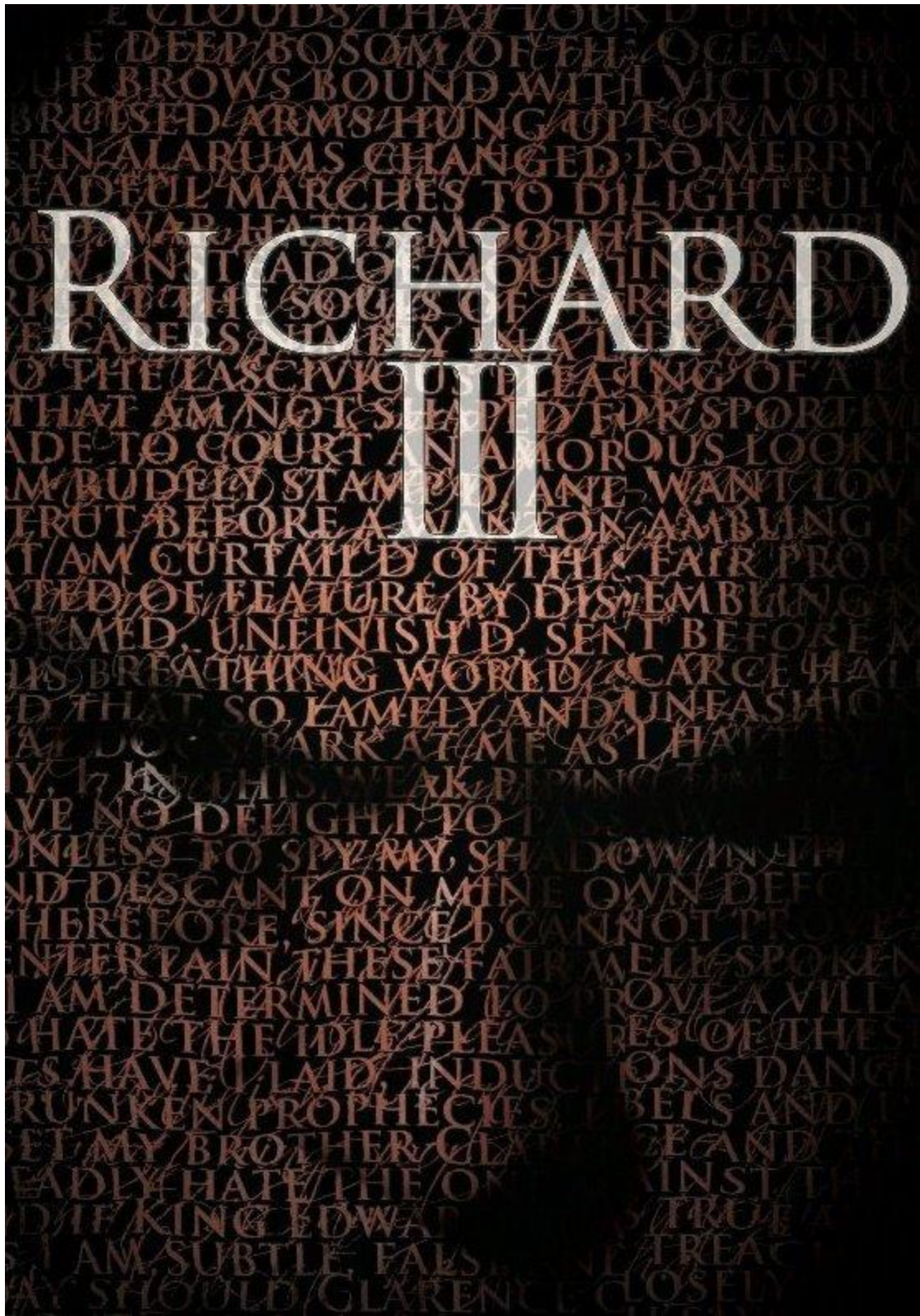
I am eternally grateful for my three years spent at Temple University, and for the year I spent exploring the world of *Richard III*. Now I am ready now to make my own rules, and never cease to take chances.

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## **APPENDIX A: PROMOTIONAL MATERIAL**

Included is the image used to promote the production, a preview article featuring the production in Philadelphia's *Citypaper*, and a copy of the director's note featured in the program and lobby display.



The image used for the production posters, programs and all promotional materials.  
Design by Ian Guzzone

Figure: 10

# [ PHILADELPHIA ] citypaper

+ PHILADELPHIA'S INDEPENDENT  
WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

No Shakespeare villains match Richard III for sheer shameless bravado, brutality and balls. I love when he boasts to us that he'll win Lady Anne's hand in marriage after killing her father and husband, and then he just *does* it — and right after, he confides that he'll soon dump her. At Temple University, professional choreographer and MFA directing candidate Brandon McShaffrey promises a contemporary spin on the diabolical Duke of Gloucester's bloody rise and fall with a strong cast lead by Princess Grace Award-winner Craig Bazan. "The winter of our discontent"?



Fuckin' A!

*Through Nov. 22, \$20, Randall Theater, Temple University, 2020 N. 13th St., 215-204-1122, [templetheaters.ticketleap.com](http://templetheaters.ticketleap.com).*

**Preview Article that appeared in the Philadelphia *Citypaper* advertising the production.**

**Figure: 11**

## Program Note

*The Tragedy of King Richard III*, the first of Shakespeare's great dramas, is often categorized as either a History or a Tragedy, when, of course, it is both. Shakespeare has announced it in the title. In this historically inaccurate work of fiction, the playwright has created an engagingly repelling Richard, a characterization so compelling that it has redefined the king's image ever since. Eschewing historical accuracy, we have chosen to fashion a world that is essentially as 'a-historical' as the play itself, but as timeless and timely as the themes of the play.

Richard's use of the audience as 'confidant' in his bloody ascent to the throne is reminiscent of the narcissistic online 'Me-Generation' digital profiles that permeate our society. Richard presents himself to the audience as he sees fit, Richard maneuvers through the world as he sees fit, Richard eradicates obstacles as he sees fit.

He is a classic Machiavellian tyrant, disguising his evil intentions with enticements of good, offers of protection, rewards of power, leading those under his charm into a world ripe with confusion, fear, mistrust, and death. Richard's malevolent litany of contradictions and deceptions define him as a character; the villain who appears innocent, the hero who is malformed, and the ugly spider that is magnificently colored. His dark humor and familial melodramatics invite the characters of this frantic play to take part in a cautionary tale of hubris; for they each confront a moment in the play where they face a decision which will violate their conscience, status, or moral servitude in exchange for a piece of power, influence, or their life.

Yet, in the end, Richard is merely a man, a heartbroken creature, crippled, unloved and ultimately consumed by the love of power.

Brandon McShaffrey

*Director*



# PRODUCTION ACT 1

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**I.i, A street.**

*Enter GLOUCESTER, solus*

GLOUCESTER

Now is the winter of our discontent  
Made glorious summer by this sun of York;  
And all the clouds that lour'd upon our house  
In the deep bosom of the ocean buried.  
Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths;  
Our bruised arms hung up for monuments;  
Our stern alarums changed to merry meetings,  
Our dreadful marches to delightful measures.  
Grim-visaged war hath smooth'd his wrinkled front;  
And now, instead of mounting barbed steeds  
To fright the souls of fearful adversaries,  
He capers nimbly in a lady's chamber  
To the lascivious pleasing of a lute.  
But I, that am not shaped for sportive tricks,  
Nor made to court an amorous looking-glass;  
I, that am rudely stamp'd, and want love's majesty  
To strut before a wanton ambling nymph;  
I, that am curtail'd of this fair proportion,  
Cheated of feature by dissembling Nature,  
Deformed, unfinish'd, sent before my time  
Into this breathing world, scarce half made up,  
And that so lamely and unfashionable  
That dogs bark at me as I halt by them;  
Why, I, in this weak piping time of peace,  
Have no delight to pass away the time,  
Unless to spy my shadow in the sun  
And descant on mine own deformity:  
And therefore, since I cannot prove a lover,  
To entertain these fair well-spoken days,  
I am determin'd to prove a villain  
And hate the idle pleasures of these days.  
Plots have I laid, inductions dangerous,  
By drunken prophecies, libels, and dreams,  
To set my brother Clarence and the King  
In deadly hate, the one against the other:  
And if King Edward be as true and just  
As I am subtle, false, and treacherous,  
This day should Clarence closely be mew'd up,

Dive, thoughts, down to my soul: here Clarence comes.

*Enter CLARENCE and RATCLIFFE*

Brother, good day; what means this armed guard  
That waits upon your grace?

CLARENCE

His majesty  
Tend'ring my person's safety, hath appointed  
This conduct to convey me to the Tower.

GLOUCESTER

But what's the matter, Clarence, may I know?

CLARENCE

Yea, Richard, when I know; for I protest  
As yet I do not: the King, our brother Edward  
Hath hearkened after prophecies and dreams;  
And says a wizard told him that by me  
His issue disinherited should be;  
These( as I learn) and such like toys as these  
Have mov'd his highness to commit me now.

GLOUCESTER

Why, this it is, when men are ruled by women:  
'Tis not the King that sends you to the Tower:  
My Lady Grey his wife, Clarence, 'tis she  
That tempers him to this extremity.  
She made him send Lord Hastings to the Tower,  
From whence this present day he is deliver'd?  
We are not safe, Clarence; we are not safe.

RATCLIFFE

I beseech your Graces both to pardon me;  
His majesty hath straightly given in charge  
That no man shall have private conference,  
(Of what degree soever) with his brother.

GLOUCESTER

We speak no treason, man: we say the king  
Is wise and virtuous, and his noble Queen  
Well struck in years, fair, and not jealous;  
We say her highness hath a pretty foot,  
A cherry lip, a bonny eye, a passing pleasing tongue;  
And that the Queen's kindred are made gentlefolks.  
How say you sir? Can you deny all this?

RATCLIFFE

I beseech your grace to pardon me, and withal  
Forbear your conference with the noble Duke.

CLARENCE

We know thy charge, Ratcliffe, and will obey.

GLOUCESTER

Brother, farewell: I will unto the King.  
Meantime, this deep disgrace in brotherhood  
Touches me deeper than you can imagine.

*[embraces Clarence, weeping]*

I will deliver you, or else lie for you;  
Meantime, have patience.

CLARENCE

I must perforce. Farewell.

*Exeunt CLARENCE and RATCLIFFE*

GLOUCESTER

Simple, plain Clarence, I do love thee so  
That I will shortly send thy soul to heaven -  
But who comes here? the new-deliver'd Hastings?

*Enter HASTINGS*

HASTINGS

Good time of day unto my gracious lord.

GLOUCESTER

As much unto my good Lord Chamberlain:  
How hath your lordship brook'd imprisonment?

HASTINGS

With patience, noble lord, as prisoners must:  
But I shall live, my lord, to give them thanks  
That were the cause of my imprisonment.

GLOUCESTER

No doubt, no doubt;  
What news abroad?

HASTINGS

No news so bad abroad as this at home;  
The King is sickly, weak and melancholy,

And his physicians fear him mightily.

GLOUCESTER

O, he hath kept an evil diet long,  
And over-much consumed his royal person:  
'Tis very grievous to be thought upon.  
What, is he in his bed?

HASTINGS

He is.

GLOUCESTER

Go you before, and I will follow you.

*Exit HASTINGS*

I'll in to urge his hatred more to Clarence,  
With lies well steel'd with weighty arguments;  
And, if I fall not in my deep intent,  
Clarence hath not another day to live:  
Which done, God take King Edward to his mercy,  
And leave the world for me to bustle in!  
For then I'll marry Warwick's youngest daughter.  
What though I kill'd her husband and her father,  
The readiest way to make the wretch amends,  
Is to become her husband, and her father:  
The which will I, not all so much for love  
As for another secret close intent  
By marrying her which I must reach unto.  
But yet I run before my horse to market:  
Clarence still breathes, Edward still lives and reigns,  
When they are gone, then must I count my gains.

*Exit*

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**I.ii. Another street.**

*Enter the corpse of KING HENRY the Sixth, Gentlemen  
with halberds to guard it; LADY ANNE being the mourner*

LADY ANNE

Set down, set down your honourable load  
(If honour may be shrouded in a hearse)  
Whilst I awhile obsequiously lament  
The untimely fall of virtuous Lancaster.  
Poor key-cold figure of a holy king,  
Be it lawful that I invoke thy ghost  
To hear the lamentations of Poor Anne,  
Wife to thy Edward, to thy slaughter'd son,

Stabb'd by the selfsame hand that made these wounds.  
Cursed be the hand that made these fatal holes;  
Cursed be the heart that had the heart to do it;  
Cursed the blood that let this blood from hence.  
If ever he have child, abortive be it:  
If ever he have wife, let her be made  
More miserable by the death of him  
Than I am made by my poor lord and thee.  
Come, now towards Chertsey with your holy load,  
Taken from Paul's to be interred there;  
And still, as you are weary of the weight,  
Rest you, whiles I lament King Henry's corpse.

*Enter GLOUCESTER*

GLOUCESTER

Stay, you that bear the corpse, and set it down.  
Villains! set down the corpse, or by Saint Paul,  
I'll make a corpse of him that disobeys.

GENTLEMAN

My lord, stand back, and let the coffin pass.

GLOUCESTER

Unmanner'd dog, stand thou when I command!  
Advance thy halbert higher than my breast,  
Or by Saint Paul I'll strike thee to my foot,  
And spurn upon thee, beggar, for thy boldness.

LADY ANNE

Foul devil, for God's sake hence, and trouble us not;  
If thou delight to view thy heinous deeds,  
Behold this pattern of thy butcheries.  
O gentlemen! See, see dead Henry's wounds  
Open their congeal'd mouths and bleed afresh.  
Blush, Blush, thou lump of foul deformity,  
Thy deed inhuman and unnatural,  
Provokes this deluge most unnatural.  
O God, which this blood mad'st, revenge his death;  
O earth, which this blood drink'st revenge his death;  
Either heaven with lightning strike the murderer dead,  
Or earth gape open wide and eat him quick,

GLOUCESTER

Lady, you know no rules of charity,  
Which renders good for bad, blessings for curses.

LADY ANNE

Villain, thou know'st no law of God nor man:  
No beast so fierce but knows some touch of pity.  
GLOUCESTER

But I know none, and therefore am no beast.

LADY ANNE  
O wonderful, when devils tell the truth!

GLOUCESTER  
More wonderful, when angels are so angry.  
Vouchsafe, divine perfection of a woman,  
Of these supposed crimes, to give me leave,  
By circumstance, but to acquit myself.  
Say that I slew them not.

LADY ANNE  
Then say they were not slain:  
But dead they are, and, devilish slave, by thee.

GLOUCESTER  
I did not kill your husband.

LADY ANNE  
Why then he is alive.

GLOUCESTER  
Nay he is dead; and slain by Edward's hand.

LADY ANNE  
In thy foul throat thou liest: Queen Margaret saw  
Thy murd'rous falchion smoking in his blood,  
The which thou once didst bend against her breast,  
But that thy brothers beat aside the point.  
Didst thou not kill this king?

GLOUCESTER  
I grant ye.

LADY ANNE  
Dost grant me, hedgehog? Then God grant me too  
Thou mayst be damned for that wicked deed.  
O he was gentle, mild, and virtuous.

GLOUCESTER  
The fitter for the King of Heaven, that hath him.

LADY ANNE  
And thou unfit for any place but hell.

GLOUCESTER  
Yes, one place else, if you will hear me name it.

LADY ANNE  
Some dungeon.

GLOUCESTER  
Your bed-chamber.

LADY ANNE  
Ill rest betide the chamber where thou liest.

GLOUCESTER  
So will it, madam till I lie with you.

LADY ANNE  
I hope so.

GLOUCESTER  
I know so. But, gentle Lady Anne,  
Is not the causer of the timeless deaths  
As blameful as the executioner?

LADY ANNE  
Thou wast the cause, and most accurs'd effect.

GLOUCESTER  
Your beauty was the cause of that effect:  
Your beauty, that did haunt me in my sleep  
To undertake the death of all the world,  
So I might live one hour in your sweet bosom.

LADY ANNE  
If I thought that, I tell thee, homicide,  
These nails should rend that beauty from my cheeks.

GLOUCESTER  
These eyes could never endure sweet beauty's wreck.

LADY ANNE  
Black night o'ershade thy day, and death thy life.

GLOUCESTER  
Curse not thyself, fair creature; thou art both.

LADY ANNE  
I would I were, to be reveng'd on thee.

GLOUCESTER  
It is a quarrel most unnatural,  
To be reveng'd on him that loveth thee.

LADY ANNE  
It is a quarrel just and reasonable,  
To be reveng'd on him that kill'd my husband.

GLOUCESTER  
He that bereft thee, lady, of thy husband,  
Did it to help thee to a better husband.

LADY ANNE  
His better doth not breathe upon the earth.

GLOUCESTER  
He lives that loves thee better than he could.

LADY ANNE  
Where is he?

GLOUCESTER  
Here.

*She Spits at him.*

Why dost thou spit at me?

LADY ANNE  
Would it were mortal poison, for thy sake.

GLOUCESTER  
Never came poison from so sweet a place.

LADY ANNE  
Never hung poison on a fouler toad.  
Out of my sight! Thou dost infect my eyes.

GLOUCESTER  
Thine eyes, sweet lady, have infected mine.

LADY ANNE

Would they were basilisks, to strike thee dead.

GLOUCESTER

Those eyes of thine from mine have drawn salt tears,  
Sham'd their aspect with store of childish drops:  
These eyes that never shed remorseful tear,  
Not when thy warlike father, like a child,  
Told the sad story of my father's death,  
And twenty times made pause to sob and weep.

In that sad time

My manly eyes did scorn an humble tear;  
And what these sorrows could not thence exhale,  
Thy beauty hath, and made them blind with weeping.  
I never sued to friend nor enemy:  
My tongue could never learn sweet smoothing word;  
But now thy beauty is propos'd my fee,  
My proud heart sues, and prompts my tongue to speak.

*She looks scornfully at him*

Teach not thy lips such scorn; for they were made  
For kissing, lady, not for such contempt.  
If thy revengeful heart cannot forgive,  
Lo here I lend thee this sharp-pointed sword,  
Which if thou please to hide in this true breast,  
And let the soul forth that adareth thee,  
I lay it naked to the deadly stroke,  
And humbly beg the death upon my knee.

*[kneels;] He lays his breast open: she offers at [it]  
with his sword.*

Nay, do not pause; 'twas I that killed your husband  
But 'twas thy beauty that provoked me.  
Nay, now dispatch; 'twas I that stabb'd King Henry,  
But 'twas thy heavenly face that set me on.

*She lets fall the sword*

Take up the sword again, or take up me.

LADY ANNE

Arise, dissembler: though I wish thy death,  
I will not be thy executioner.

GLOUCESTER

Then bid me kill myself, and I will do it.

LADY ANNE  
I have already.

GLOUCESTER  
That was in thy rage:  
Speak it again, and even with the word,  
This hand, which for thy love did kill thy love,  
Shall, for thy love, kill a far truer love;  
To both their deaths shalt thou be accessory.

LADY ANNE  
I would I knew thy heart.

GLOUCESTER  
'Tis figured in my tongue.

LADY ANNE  
I fear me both are false.

GLOUCESTER  
Then never man was true.

LADY ANNE  
Well, well, put up your sword.

GLOUCESTER  
Say then my peace is made.

LADY ANNE  
That shall you know hereafter.

GLOUCESTER  
But shall I live in hope?

LADY ANNE  
All men, I hope, live so.

GLOUCESTER  
Vouchsafe to wear this ring.

LADY ANNE  
To take is not to give. *She takes his ring*

GLOUCESTER  
Look, how this ring encompasseth thy finger:  
Even so thy breast encloseth my poor heart;



The bleeding witness of her hatred by  
Having God, her conscience, and these bars against me--  
And I, no friends to back my suit at all  
But the plain devil and dissembling looks--  
And yet to win her, all the world to nothing!  
Ha!  
Hath she forgot already that brave prince,  
Edward, her lord, whom I, some three months since,  
Stabb'd in my angry mood at Tewksbury?  
And will she yet debase her eyes on me,  
On me, whose all not equals Edward's moiety?  
On me, that halts and am misshapen thus?  
I do mistake my person all this while!  
Upon my life, she finds -- although I cannot--  
Myself to be a marvellous proper man.  
I'll be at charges for a looking-glass,  
And entertain some score or two of tailors,  
To study fashions to adorn my body:  
But first I'll turn yon fellow in his grave;  
And then return, lamenting, to my love.  
Shine out, fair sun, till I have bought a glass,  
That I may see my shadow as I pass.

*Exit*

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**I.iii *The Palace, the Throne Room.***

*Enter QUEEN ELIZABETH, LORD RIVERS, and LORD GREY*

RIVERS

Have patience, Madam, there's no doubt his Majesty  
Will soon recover his accustom'd health.

GREY

In that you brook it ill, it makes him worse:  
Therefore, for God's sake, entertain good comfort,  
And cheer his Grace with quick and merry eyes.

QUEEN ELIZABETH

If he were dead, what would betide of me?

GREY

The heav'ns have bless'd you with two goodly sons  
To be your comforter, when he is gone.

QUEEN ELIZABETH

Ah, they are young and their minority  
Is put unto the trust of Richard Gloucester,  
A man that loves not me, nor none of you.

RIVERS

Is it concluded that he shall be Protector?

QUEEN ELIZABETH

It is determin'd, not concluded yet:  
But so it must be, if the King miscarry.

*Enter DORSET and [STANLEY EARL OF] DERBY*

GREY

Here comes our brother Dorset and Lord Derby.

DERBY

Good time of day unto your royal Grace!

QUEEN ELIZABETH

The Countess Richmond, good my Lord of Derby,  
To your good prayers will scarcely say Amen;  
Yet, Derby, notwithstanding she's your wife,  
And loves not me, be you, good lord, assur'd  
I hate not you for her proud arrogance.

DERBY

I do beseech you, either not believe  
The envious slanders of her false accusers,  
Or if she be accused in true report,  
Bear with her weakness, which I think proceeds  
From wayward sickness, and no grounded malice.

RIVERS

Saw you the King today, my Lord of Derby?

DERBY

Madam, good hope; his grace speaks cheerfully.

DORSET

We did; your grace, he desires to make atonement  
Betwixt the Duke of Gloucester and our brothers,  
And between them and my lord chamberlain;

QUEEN ELIZABETH

Would all were well-- but that will never be;  
I fear our happiness is at the height.

*Enter GLOUCESTER, [BUCKINGHAM and HASTINGS,]*

GLOUCESTER

They do me wrong, and I will not endure it!  
Who are they that complain unto the King,  
That I, forsooth, am stern, and love them not?  
Because I cannot flatter, and look fair,  
Smile in men's faces, smooth, deceive and cog,  
Duck with French nods and apish courtesy,  
I must be held a rancorous enemy.  
Cannot a plain man live and think no harm,  
But thus his simple truth must be abus'd  
By silken, sly, insinuating Jacks?

GREY

To whom in all this presence speaks your grace?

GLOUCESTER

A plague upon you all! His royal Grace  
Cannot be quiet scarce a breathing-while,  
But you must trouble him with lewd complaints.

QUEEN ELIZABETH

Brother of Gloucester, you mistake the matter.  
The King, of his own royal disposition,  
Aiming, belike, at your interior hatred,  
Against my kindred, brothers, and myself,  
Makes him to send; that he may learn the ground  
Of your ill-will, and thereby to remove it.

GLOUCESTER

I cannot tell; the world is grown so bad,  
That wrens make prey where eagles dare not perch.  
Since every Jack became a gentleman  
There's many a gentle person made a jack.

QUEEN ELIZABETH

Come, come: we know your meaning, brother Gloucester;  
You envy my advancement and my friends'.  
God grant we never may have need of you.

GLOUCESTER

Meantime, God grants that we have need of you:  
Our brother is imprison'd by your means.

QUEEN ELIZABETH

By Him that raised me to this careful height  
I never did incense his majesty  
Against the Duke of Clarence, but have been  
An earnest advocate to plead for him.  
My lord, you do me shameful injury.

GLOUCESTER

You may deny that you were not the cause  
Of my Lord Hastings' late imprisonment.

RIVERS

She may, my lord, for--

GLOUCESTER

She may, Lord Rivers; why, who knows not so?  
She may do more, sir, than denying that:  
She may help you to many fair preferments,  
And then deny her aiding hand therein,  
And lay those honours on your high desert.

QUEEN ELIZABETH

My Lord of Gloucester, I have too long borne  
Your blunt upbraidings and your bitter scoffs:  
By heaven, I will acquaint his majesty  
With those gross taunts I often have endured.

*Enter QUEEN MARGARET, behind*

I had rather be a country servant-maid  
Than a great queen, with this condition,  
To be so baited, scorn'd, and stormed at:  
Small joy have I in being England's queen.

QUEEN MARGARET [aside]

And lessen'd be that small, God, I beseech him:  
Thy honour, state, and seat is due to me.

GLOUCESTER

What, threat you me with telling of the King?  
Tell him, and spare not: look, what I have said  
I will avouch't in presence of the King:  
I dare adventure to be sent to th' Tower.  
'Tis time to speak; my pains are quite forgot.

QUEEN MARGARET *[aside]*  
Out, devil! I remember them too well:

GLOUCESTER  
Ere you were queen, ay, or your husband king,  
I was a pack-horse in his great affairs;  
To royalize his blood I spilt mine own.

QUEEN MARGARET  
*[aside]* Ay, and much better blood than his or thine.

GLOUCESTER  
Let me put in your minds, if you forget,  
What you have been ere now, and what you are;  
Withal, what I have been, and what I am.

QUEEN MARGARET  
*[aside]* A murderous villain, and so still thou art.

GLOUCESTER  
Poor Clarence did forsake his father Warwick;  
Ay, and forswore himself,--which Jesu pardon--

QUEEN MARGARET  
*[aside]* Hie thee to hell,  
Thou cacodemon! There thy kingdom is.

RIVERS  
My Lord of Gloucester, in those busy days  
We follow'd then our lord, our sovereign king:  
So should we you, if you should be our king.

GLOUCESTER  
If I should be? I had rather be a pedlar!  
Far be it from my heart, the thought of it!

QUEEN MARGARET  
*[aside]* I can no longer hold me patient.  
*[coming forward]*

Hear me, you wrangling pirates, that fall out  
In sharing that which you have pill'd from me;  
Which of you trembles not that looks on me?  
If not, that I am Queen, you bow like subjects,  
Yet that, by you depos'd, you quake like rebels.  
Ah, gentle villain, do not turn away!

GLOUCESTER

Foul wrinkled witch, what makest thou in my sight?  
Wert thou not banished on pain of death?

QUEEN MARGARET

I was, but I do find more pain in banishment,  
Than death can yield me here by my abode.  
A husband and a son thou ow'st to me;  
And thou a kingdom; all of you, allegiance.  
The sorrow that I have, by right is yours,  
And all the pleasures you usurp are mine.

GLOUCESTER

The curse my noble father laid on thee,  
When thou didst crown his warlike brows with paper  
And with thy scorns drew'st rivers from his eyes,  
And then, to dry them, gavest the Duke a clout  
Steep'd in the faultless blood of pretty Rutland--  
His curses, then from bitterness of soul  
Denounc'd against thee, are all fall'n upon thee;  
And God, not we, hath plagued thy bloody deed.

QUEEN ELIZABETH

So just is God, to right the innocent.

HASTINGS

O, 'twas the foulest deed to slay that babe,  
And the most merciless that e'er was heard of.

RIVERS

Tyrants themselves wept when it was reported.

DORSET

No man but prophesied revenge for it.

BUCKINGHAM

Northumberland, then present, wept to see it.

QUEEN MARGARET

What? Were you snarling all before I came,  
Ready to catch each other by the throat,  
And turn you all your hatred now on me?  
Can curses pierce the clouds and enter heaven?  
Why, then, give way, dull clouds, to my quick curses:  
Though not by war, by surfeit die your King,  
As ours by murder, to make him a king.

Edward thy son, that now is Prince of Wales,  
For Edward my son, which was Prince of Wales,  
Die in his youth, by like untimely violence.  
Thyself, a queen, for me that was a queen,  
Outlive thy glory like my wretched self:  
Die neither mother, wife, nor England's Queen.  
Rivers, Grey, Dorset, you were standers by,  
And so wast thou, Lord Hastings, when my son  
Was stabb'd with bloody daggers. God, I pray Him,  
That none of you may live your natural age,  
But by some unlook'd accident cut off.

GLOUCESTER

Have done thy charm, thou hateful wither'd hag!

QUEEN MARGARET

And leave out thee? Stay, dog, for thou shalt hear me.  
If heaven have any grievous plague in store  
Exceeding those that I can wish upon thee,  
O, let them keep it till thy sins be ripe,  
And then hurl down their indignation  
On thee, the troubler of the poor world's peace.  
The worm of conscience still begnaw thy soul!  
Thy friends suspect for traitors while thou live'st,  
And take deep traitors for thy dearest friends!  
Thou elvish-mark'd, abortive, rooting hog,  
Thou that wast seal'd in thy nativity  
The slave of nature and the son of hell;  
Thou slander of thy mother's heavy womb,  
Thou loathed issue of thy father's loins,  
Thou rag of honour! thou detested--

GLOUCESTER

Margaret.

QUEEN MARGARET

Richard!

GLOUCESTER

Ha!

QUEEN MARGARET

I call thee not.

GLOUCESTER

I cry thee mercy then, for I had thought

That thou hadst call'd me all these bitter names.

QUEEN MARGARET

Why so I did, but look'd for no reply.  
O, let me make the period to my curse!

GLOUCESTER

'Tis done by me, and ends in 'Margaret.'

QUEEN ELIZABETH

Thus have you breathed your curse against yourself.

QUEEN MARGARET

Poor painted queen, vain flourish of my fortune:  
Why strew'st thou sugar on that bottled spider,  
Whose deadly web ensnareth thee about?  
Fool, fool; thou whet'st a knife to kill thyself.  
The day will come when thou shalt wish for me  
To help thee curse that poisonous bunch-back'd toad.

BUCKINGHAM

Peace, peace, for shame, if not for charity.

QUEEN MARGARET

My charity is outrage, life my shame;  
And in that shame, still live my sorrows' rage.

BUCKINGHAM

Have done, have done!

QUEEN MARGARET

O princely Buckingham I'll kiss thy hand,  
In sign of league and amity with thee.  
O Buckingham, take heed of yonder dog!  
Look, when he fawns, he bites; and when he bites  
His venom tooth will rankle to the death.  
Have not to do with him; beware of him;

GLOUCESTER

What doth she say, my Lord of Buckingham?

BUCKINGHAM

Nothing that I respect, my gracious lord.

QUEEN MARGARET

What, dost thou scorn me for my gentle counsel?

O, but remember this another day,  
When he shall split thy very heart with sorrow,  
And say, poor Margaret was a prophetess.  
Live, each of you, the subjects to his hate,  
And he to yours, and all of you to God's!

*Exit*

HASTINGS

My hair doth stand on end to hear her curses.

GREY

And so doth mine; I muse why she's at liberty.

GLOUCESTER

I cannot blame her: by God's holy mother,  
She hath had too much wrong; and I repent  
My part thereof that I have done to her.

QUEEN ELIZABETH

I never did her any, to my knowledge.

GLOUCESTER

Yet you have all the vantage to her wrong.

*Enter CATESBY*

CATESBY

Madam, his majesty doth call for you,  
And for your Grace; and you, my noble lords.

QUEEN ELIZABETH

Catesby, I come. Lords, will you go with me?

RIVERS

Madam, we will attend your grace.

*Exeunt all but GLOUCESTER*

GLOUCESTER

I do the wrong, and first begin to brawl:  
The secret mischiefs that I set abroad  
I lay unto the grievous charge of others...

*Enter two Murderers (Tyrrel is TYRREL, Brandon is Second Murderer)*

But, soft, here come my executioners.  
How now, my hardy, stout resolved mates;  
Are you now going to dispatch this thing?

TYRREL

We are, my lord, and come to have the warrant  
That we may be admitted where he is.

GLOUCESTER

Well thought upon; I have it here about me.      *Gives the warrant*  
But, sirs, be sudden in the execution,  
For Clarence is well-spoken, and perhaps  
May move your hearts to pity if you mark him.

BRANDON

Fear not, my lord: we will not stand to prate;  
We go to use our hands and not our tongues.

GLOUCESTER

I like you, lads: about your business straight;  
Go, go, dispatch.

BOTH

We will, my noble lord.

*Exeunt*

---

***l.iv, The Tower.***

*Enter CLARENCE and RATCLIFFE*

RATCLIFFE

Why looks your grace so heavily today?

CLARENCE

O, I have pass'd a miserable night,  
So full of fearful dreams, of ugly sights,  
That, as I am a Christian faithful man,  
I would not spend another such a night,  
Though 'twere to buy a world of happy days,

RATCLIFFE

What was your dream, my lord? I pray you tell me.

CLARENCE

Methoughts that I had broken from the Tower,  
And was embark'd to cross to Burgundy;

And in my company my brother Gloucester;  
Who from my cabin tempted me to walk  
Upon the hatches.

As we paced along  
Upon the giddy footing of the hatches,  
Methought that Gloucester stumbled; and in falling,  
Struck me (that thought to stay him) overboard,  
Into the tumbling billows of the main.  
Oh, Lord! Methought what pain it was to drown:  
What dreadful noise of waters in mine ears:  
What ugly sights of death within mine eyes:  
Methought I saw a thousand fearful wrecks;  
Ten thousand men that fishes gnaw'd upon;  
Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,  
Inestimable stones, unvalu'd jewels,  
All scatter'd in the bottom of the sea:  
Some lay in dead men's skulls, and in those holes  
Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept--  
As 'twere in scorn of eyes-- reflecting gems,  
That woo'd the slimy bottom of the deep,  
And mock'd the dead bones that lay scatter'd by.

RATCLIFFE

Awaked you not with this sore agony?

CLARENCE

No, no, my dream was lengthen'd after life;  
O, then began the tempest to my soul:  
I pass'd, methought, the melancholy flood,  
With that grim ferryman which poets write of,  
Unto the kingdom of perpetual night.  
The first that there did greet my stranger-soul,  
Was my great father-in-law, renowned Warwick;  
Who cried aloud, 'What scourge for perjury  
Can this dark monarchy afford false Clarence?'  
And so he vanish'd. Then came wandering by  
A shadow like an angel, with bright hair  
Dabbled in blood; and he shriek'd out aloud,  
'Clarence is come; false, fleeting, perjur'd Clarence,  
That stabb'd me in the field by Tewksbury!  
Seize on him, Furies! Take him to your torments!'  
With that, methoughts, a legion of foul fiends  
Environ'd me about, and howled in mine ears  
Such hideous cries, that with the very noise  
I trembling wak'd, and for a season after  
Could not believe but that I was in hell,

Such terrible impression made the dream.

RATCLIFFE

No marvel, lord, though it affrighted you;  
I am afraid, methinks, to hear you tell it.

CLARENCE

I pray thee, gentle keeper, stay by me;  
My soul is heavy, and I fain would sleep.

RATCLIFFE

I will, my lord: God give your grace good rest

*CLARENCE sleeps*

*Enter the two Murderers*

TYRREL

Ho! who's here?

RATCLIFFE

What would'st thou, fellow, and how cam'st you hither?

TYRREL

I would speak with Clarence, and I came hither on my legs.

BRANDON

Let him see our commission, and talk no more.

*RATCLIFFE reads it*

RATCLIFFE

I am in this commanded to deliver  
The noble Duke of Clarence to your hands.  
I will not reason what is meant hereby,  
Because I will be guiltless of the meaning.

TYRREL

You may, sir; tis a point of wisdom. Fare you well.

*Exit RATCLIFFE*

BRANDON

What, shall we stab him as he sleeps?

TYRREL

No; then he will say 'twas done cowardly when he wakes.

BRANDON

When he wakes! why, fool, he shall never wake till the judgment-day.

TYRREL

Why, then he will say we stabbed him sleeping.

BRANDON

The urging of that word 'judgment' hath bred a kind of remorse in me.

TYRREL

What, art thou afraid?

BRANDON

Not to kill him-- having a warrant for it-- but to be damned for killing him, from which no warrant can defend me.

TYRREL

I thought thou hadst been resolute.

BRANDON

So I am-- to let him live.

TYRREL

Remember our reward, when the deed is done.

BRANDON

'Zounds, he dies! I had forgot the reward.

TYRREL

Where is thy conscience now?

BRANDON

In the Duke of Gloucester's purse.

Come, shall we fall to work?

TYRREL

Take him over the costard with the hilt of thy dagger, and then we will drown him in the vat of wine in the next room.

BRANDON

O excellent devise! And make a sop of him.

TYRREL

Soft, he wakes

BRANDON

Strike!

TYRREL

No, first let's reason with him.

CLARENCE

Where art thou, Keeper? Give me a cup of wine.

BRANDON

You shall have wine enough, my lord, anon.

CLARENCE

In God's name, what art thou?

BRANDON

A man, as you are.

CLARENCE

But not, as I am, royal.

BRANDON

Nor you, as we are, loyal.

CLARENCE

Wherefore do you come?

BOTH MUDERERS

To, to, to--

CLARENCE

To murder me?

BOTH MURDERERS

Ay

CLARENCE

You scarcely have the hearts to tell me so,  
And therefore cannot have the hearts to do it.  
Wherein, my friends, have I offended you?

TYRREL

Offended us you have not, but the King.

CLARENCE

I shall be reconciled to him again.  
I charge you, as you hope to have redemption  
By Christ's dear blood, shed for our grievous sins,  
That you depart and lay no hands on me:  
The deed you undertake is damnable.

TYRREL

What we will do, we do upon command.

BRANDON

And he that hath commanded is the King.

CLARENCE

Erroneous vassal! The great King of kings  
Hath in the tables of His law commanded  
That thou shalt do no murder: Will you then  
Spurn at His edict and fulfil a man's?

TYRREL

Thy brother's love, our duty, and thy faults  
Provoke us hither now to slaughter thee.

CLARENCE

If you are hir'd for meed, go back again,  
And I will send you to my brother Gloucester,  
Who shall reward you better for my life  
Than Edward will for tidings of my death.

BRANDON

You are deceiv'd: your brother Gloucester hates you.

CLARENCE

O no, he loves me, and he holds me dear:  
Go you to him from me.

TYRREL

Ay, so we will.

'Tis he that sent us hither now to destroy you here.

CLARENCE

It cannot be; for when I parted with him,  
He hugg'd me in his arms, and swore, with sobs,  
That he would labour my delivery.

TYRREL

Make peace with God, for you must die, my lord.

CLARENCE

Have you that holy feeling in your souls  
To counsel me to make my peace with God,  
And are you yet to thy own souls so blind,

That thou will war with God by murd'ring me?  
O sirs, consider: they that set you on  
To do this deed will hate you for the deed.

BRANDON  
What shall we do?

CLARENCE  
Relent, and save your souls.

*[to BRANDON]*  
My friend, I spy some pity in thy looks:  
O, if thine eye be not a flatterer,  
Come thou on my side, and entreat for me;

BRANDON  
Look behind you, my lord!

TYRREL  
*[Stabs him]* If all this will not do,  
I'll drown you in the vat of wine within.

*Exit, [with body]*

BRANDON  
A bloody deed, and desperately dispatch'd!  
How fain, like Pilate, would I wash my hands  
Of this most grievous murder.

*Exit*

---

**II.i The Palace, Throne Room**

*Flourish. Enter KING EDWARD IV sick, QUEEN ELIZABETH, DUCHESS OF YORK, DORSET, RIVERS, HASTINGS, BUCKINGHAM, GREY, and others*

KING EDWARD IV

Why, so: now have I done a good day's work:  
You peers, continue this united league.  
I every day expect an embassy  
From my Redeemer, to redeem me hence;  
And more in peace my soul shall part to Heaven,  
Since I have set my friends at peace on earth.  
Rivers and Hastings, take each other's hand;  
Dissemble not your hatred, swear your love.

RIVERS

By heaven, my heart is purged from grudging hate:  
And with my hand I seal my true heart's love.

HASTINGS

So thrive I, as I truly swear the like.

GREY

And I with mine.

DORSET

This interchange of love, I here protest,  
Upon my part shall be inviolable.

HASTINGS

And so swear I, my lord

*They embrace*

KING EDWARD IV

Madam, yourself are not exempt in this;

QUEEN ELIZABETH

Here, Hastings; I will never more remember  
Our former hatred, so thrive I and mine!

KING EDWARD IV

Now, princely Buckingham, seal thou this league  
And make me happy in your unity.

BUCKINGHAM

Whenever Buckingham doth turn his hate,  
On you and yours, God punish me  
With hate in those where I expect most love.

*Embrace*

KING EDWARD IV

A pleasing cordial, princely Buckingham,  
Is this thy vow unto my sickly heart.

*Enter GLOUCESTER*

GLOUCESTER

Good morrow to my sovereign King and Queen:

And happy time of day good mother.

KING EDWARD IV

Happy indeed, as we have spent the day;  
Brother, we have done deeds of charity,  
Made peace of enmity, fair love of hate,  
Between these swelling wrong-incensed peers.

GLOUCESTER

A blessed labour, my most sovereign lord.  
Amongst this princely heap -- if any here,  
By false intelligence or wrong surmise  
Hold me a foe— I most desire  
To reconcile me to his friendly peace:  
'Tis death to me to be at enmity;  
First, madam, I entreat true peace of you,  
Of you, my noble cousin Buckingham,  
If ever any grudge were lodg'd between us;  
Of you, and you, Lord Rivers,  
Lord Hastings, gentlemen: indeed of all.  
I thank my God for my humility.

QUEEN ELIZABETH

A holy day shall this be kept hereafter:  
My sovereign lord, I do beseech your Majesty,  
To take our brother Clarence to your grace.

GLOUCESTER

Why, madam, have I offer'd love for this  
To be so bouted in this royal presence?  
Who knows not that the noble duke is dead

*They all start*

KING EDWARD IV

Who knows not he is dead! Who knows he is?

DUCHESS OF YORK:

Oh, Clarence.

QUEEN ELIZABETH

All-seeing heaven, what a world is this!

KING EDWARD IV

Is Clarence dead? The order was reversed.

GLOUCESTER

But he, poor soul, by your first order died,  
And that a winged Mercury did bear,  
Some tardy cripple bore the countermand,  
That came too lag to see him buried..

KING EDWARD IV

Have I that tongue to doom my brother's death,  
My brother slew no man; his fault was thought,  
And yet his punishment was bitter death.  
Who sued to me for him? Who, in my rage,  
Kneel'd at my feet, and bade me be advis'd?  
Who spoke of brotherhood? Who spoke of love?  
Who told me, when we both lay in the field,  
Frozen almost to death, how he did lap me  
Even in his own garments, and did give himself  
(All thin and naked) to the numb-cold night?  
All this from my remembrance brutish wrath  
Sinfully pluck'd, and not a man of you  
Had so much grace to put it in my mind;  
And none of you would once beg for his life.  
O God, I fear Thy justice will take hold  
On me, and you, and mine, and yours for this.  
Come, Hastings, help me to my chamber.  
Ah, poor Clarence!

*Exeunt omnes, leaving Gloucester, Buckingham, Duchess of*

*York*

*and Young Duke of YORK hidden*

GLOUCESTER

This is the fruit of rashness! Mark'd you not  
How that the guilty kindred of the queen  
Look'd pale when they did hear of Clarence' death?  
God will revenge it. Come, Lord, will you go  
To comfort Edward with our company.

BUCKINGHAM

I wait upon your grace.

*Exeunt*

---

**II.ii. same (continued)**

DUCHESS OF YORK:

I cannot weep; for all my body's moisture  
Scarce serves to quench my furnace-burning heart;  
Nor can my tongue unload my heart's great burthen,  
For self-same wind that I should speak withal  
Is kindling coals that fires all my breast  
And burns me up with flames that tears would quench.  
To weep is to make less the depth of grief:  
Oh Clarence, my unhappy son.

YORK

*Revealing himself*

Why do you weep so,  
And cry 'O Clarence, my unhappy son'?

DUCHESS OF YORK

My pretty child, you do mistake my grief;  
I do lament the sickness of the King.  
As loath to lose him, not my Clarence's death;  
It were lost sorrow to wail one that's lost.

*A wail is heard, from the Kings chambers*

Hark! What noise is this?

*Enter QUEEN ELIZABETH, with her hair about her ears;*

*RIVERS, and*

*DORSET after her, Exit GLOUCESTER*

QUEEN ELIZABETH

Oh! Who shall hinder me to wail and weep,  
To chide my fortune, and torment myself?  
I'll join with black despair against my soul,  
And to myself become an enemy.

DUCHESS OF YORK

What means this scene of rude impatience?

QUEEN ELIZABETH

To make an act of tragic violence:  
Edward, my lord, your son, our King, is dead.

DUCHESS OF YORK

I have bewept a worthy husband's death,  
And liv'd by looking on his images:

But now two mirrors of his princely semblance  
Are crack'd in pieces by malignant death;  
And I, for comfort, have but one false glass,  
That grieves me when I see my shame in him.  
Thou art a widow--yet thou art a mother,  
And hast the comfort of thy children left:  
But death hath snatch'd my husband from mine arms,  
And pluck'd two crutches from my feeble hands,  
Edward and Clarence. Pour your tears on me.  
Thine being but a moiety of my grief,  
To overgo thy plaints and drown thy cries.

QUEEN ELIZABETH

Ah, for my husband, for my dear lord Edward!  
Was never widow had so dear a loss.

DUCHESS OF YORK

Was never mother had so dear a loss.  
Alas, I am the mother of these griefs,  
Their woes are parcell'd, mine are general.  
She for an Edward weeps, and so do I:  
I for a Clarence weep, so doth not she: Alas, you three, on me, threefold distress'd,  
Pour all your tears! I am your sorrow's nurse,  
And I will pamper it with lamentations.

DORSET

Comfort, dear mother.

GREY

Madam, bethink you, like a careful mother,  
Of the young prince your son: send straight for him  
Let him be crown'd; in him your comfort live.

*Enter GLOUCESTER, BUCKINGHAM, and HASTINGS*

GLOUCESTER

Sister, have comfort: all of us have cause  
To wail the dimming of our shining star;  
But none can help our harms by wailing them.  
Madam, my mother, I do cry you mercy;  
I did not see your Grace: Humbly on my knee  
I crave your blessing. *[kneels]*

DUCHESS OF YORK

God bless thee; and put meekness in thy mind,  
Love, charity, obedience, and true duty.

GLOUCESTER

Amen; [*Rises: Aside*] and make me die a good old man--  
That is the butt-end of a mother's blessing:  
I marvel why her grace did leave it out.

BUCKINGHAM

Though we have spent our harvest of this king,  
We are to reap the harvest of his son.  
Me seemeth good, that, with some little train,  
Forthwith from Ludlow the young prince be fetch'd  
Hither to London, to be crown'd our king.

GLOUCESTER

Then be it so; and go we to determine  
Who they shall be that straight shall post to Ludlow.  
Madam, and you, my mother, will you go  
To give your censures in this weighty business?

QUEEN ELIZABETH /DUCHESS OF YORK  
With all our hearts.

*Exeunt all but BUCKINGHAM and*

*GLOUCESTER*

BUCKINGHAM

My lord, whoever journeys to the Prince,  
For God's sake, let not us two stay at home;  
For by the way I'll sort occasion,  
As index to the story we late talk'd of,  
To part the Queen's proud kindred from the Prince.

GLOUCESTER

My other self, my counsel's consistory,  
My oracle, my prophet, my dear cousin:  
I, like a child, will go by thy direction.  
Towards Ludlow then, for we'll not stay behind.

*Exeunt*

---

**II.iii; A Street.**

*Enter two Citizens meeting*

FIRST CITIZEN

Good morrow Neighbour: whither away so fast?

SECOND CITIZEN

Hear you the news abroad?

FIRST CITIZEN

Yes, that the King is dead.

SECOND CITIZEN

Ill news, by'r lady; seldom comes the better:  
I fear, I fear 'twill prove a troublous world.

*Enter another Citizen*

THIRD CITIZEN

Good morrow neighbours,  
Doth this news hold of good King Edward's death?

SECOND CITIZEN

Indeed, it is too true; God help the while.

THIRD CITIZEN

Then, sirs, look to see a troublous world.

FIRST CITIZEN

No, no; by God's good grace, his son shall reign.

THIRD CITIZEN

Woe to the land that's govern'd by a child!

FIRST CITIZEN

He hath virtuous uncles to protect his grace.

THIRD CITIZEN

O, full of danger is the Duke of Gloucester!.

FIRST CITIZEN

Come, come, we fear the worst; all shall be well.

THIRD CITIZEN

When clouds appear, wise men put on their cloaks;  
When great leaves fall, the winter is at hand;  
When the sun sets, who doth not look for night?  
Untimely storms make men expect a dearth.  
All may be well; but if God sort it so,  
'Tis more than we deserve, or I expect.

FIRST CITIZEN

Let us to the palace for more news.

---

**II.iv, The Palace, the garden**

*Enter the young Duke of YORK, QUEEN ELIZABETH,  
and the DUCHESS OF YORK*

QUEEN ELIZABETH

Last night, I hear, they lay at Northampton  
Tomorrow, or next day, they will be here.

DUCHESS OF YORK

I long with all my heart to see the Prince:  
I hope he is much grown since last I saw him.

QUEEN ELIZABETH

But I hear, no; they say my son of York  
Hath almost overta'en him in his growth.

YORK

Ay, mother; but I would not have it so.

DUCHESS OF YORK

Why, my good cousin, it is good to grow.

YORK

My uncle Gloucester says small herbs have grace, great weeds do grow apace.

DUCHESS OF YORK

Good faith, good faith, the saying did not hold  
In him that did object the same to thee!  
He was the wretched'st thing when he was young,  
So long a-growing and so leisurely,  
That, if this rule were true, he should be gracious.

YORK

Marry, they say my uncle grew so fast  
That he could gnaw a crust at two hours old  
'Twas full two years ere I could get a tooth.  
Grandam, this would have been a biting jest!

QUEEN ELIZABETH

A parlous boy: go to, you are too shrewd.

DUCHESS OF YORK

Good madam, be not angry with the child.

QUEEN ELIZABETH

Pitchers have ears.

*Enter DERBY*

DUCHESS OF YORK  
Here comes the Marquis. What news?

DORSET  
Such news, madam, as grieves me to report.

QUEEN ELIZABETH  
How fares the prince?

DORSET  
Well, madam, and in health.

DUCHESS OF YORK  
What is thy news then?

DORSET  
Lord Rivers and Lord Grey  
Are sent to Pomfret, prisoners.

DUCHESS OF YORK  
Who hath committed them?

DORSET  
The mighty dukes  
Gloucester and Buckingham.

QUEEN ELIZABETH  
Ay me, I see the downfall of our House:  
The tiger now hath seized the gentle hind;  
Insulting tyranny begins to jut  
Upon the innocent and aweless throne:  
Come, come, my boy; we will to sanctuary.  
Madam, farewell.

DUCHESS OF YORK  
Stay, I will go with you.

QUEEN ELIZABETH  
You have no cause.

DORSET(to QUEEN ELIZABETH)  
My gracious lady, stay;  
Come, I'll conduct you to the sanctuary.

*Exeunt all but* DUCHESS OF YORK

DUCHESS OF YORK

Accursed and unquiet wrangling days,  
How many of you have mine eyes beheld!  
My husband lost his life to get the crown;  
And often up and down my sons were toss'd,  
For me to joy and weep their gain and loss:  
And being seated, and domestic broils  
Clean over-blown, themselves, the conquerors.  
Make war upon themselves; brother to brother  
Blood against blood, self against self. O preposterous  
And frantic outrage, end thy damned spleen,  
Or let me die, to look on death no more.

*Exeunt*

---

**III.i, A street.**

*The trumpets sound. Enter the young PRINCE EDWARD,  
Duke of GLOUCESTER, Duke of BUCKINGHAM, CATESBY,  
DORSET and others.*

BUCKINGHAM

Welcome, sweet prince, to London, to your chamber.

GLOUCESTER

Welcome, dear cousin, my thoughts' sovereign  
The weary way hath made you melancholy.

PRINCE EDWARD

No, uncle, but our crosses on the way  
Have made it tedious, wearisome, and heavy  
I want more uncles here to welcome me.

GLOUCESTER

Sweet prince,  
Those uncles which you want were dangerous;  
Your Grace attended to their sugar'd words,  
But look'd not on the poison of their hearts :  
God keep you from them, and from such false friends!

PRINCE EDWARD

God keep me from false friends-- but they were none.

*Enter the Lord Mayor with a present.*

GLOUCESTER

My lord, the Mayor of London comes to greet you.

LORD MAYOR

God bless your grace with health and happy days!

PRINCE EDWARD

I thank you, good my lord; and thank you all.  
I thought my mother, and my brother York,  
Would long ere this have met us on the way  
Fie, what a slug is Hastings, that he comes not  
To tell us whether they will come or no.

*Enter Lord HASTINGS*

BUCKINGHAM

And, in good time, here comes the sweating lord.

PRINCE EDWARD

Welcome, my lord: what, will our mother come?

HASTINGS

On what occasion God he knows, not I,  
The Queen your mother, and your brother York,  
Have taken sanctuary: the tender prince  
Would fain have come with me to meet your Grace,  
But by his mother was perforce withheld.

BUCKINGHAM

Fie, what an indirect and peevish course  
Is this of hers! Lord Hastings, will your Grace  
Persuade the Queen to send the Duke of York  
Unto his princely brother presently?

HASTINGS

My Lord of Buckingham, God forbid  
We should infringe the holy privilege  
Of blessed sanctuary! Not for all this land  
Would I be guilty of so deep a sin.

BUCKINGHAM

You are too senseless--obstinate, my lord,  
You break not sanctuary in seizing him.  
The benefit thereof is always granted  
To those whose dealings have deserv'd the place,  
And those who have the wit to claim the place:  
This prince hath neither claim'd it nor deserved it;  
And therefore, in mine opinion, cannot have it:  
Then, taking him from thence that is not there,  
You break no privilege nor charter there.  
Oft have I heard of sanctuary men;  
But sanctuary children ne'er till now.

HASTINGS

My lord, you shall o'er-rule my mind for once.  
Come on, Lord Catesby, will you go with me?

PRINCE EDWARD

Good lords, make all the speedy haste you may.  
Say, uncle Gloucester, if our brother come,  
Where shall we sojourn till our coronation?

*Exeunt CATESBY and HASTINGS*

GLOUCESTER

If I may counsel you, some day or two  
Your highness shall repose you at the Tower:

PRINCE EDWARD

I do not like the Tower, of any place.  
Did Julius Caesar build that place, my lord?

BUCKINGHAM

He did, my gracious lord, begin that place;  
Which, since, succeeding ages have re-edified.

PRINCE EDWARD

That Julius Caesar was a famous man;  
Death makes no conquest of this conqueror;  
For now he lives in fame, though not in life.

GLOUCESTER

[Aside] So wise so young, they say, do never live long.

PRINCE EDWARD

I'll tell you what, my cousin Buckingham.

BUCKINGHAM

What, my gracious lord?

PRINCE EDWARD

And if I live until I be a man,  
I'll win our ancient right in France again,  
Or die a soldier, as I lived a king.

*Enter young Duke of YORK, HASTINGS, and CATESBY*

BUCKINGHAM

Now, in good time, here comes the Duke of York.

PRINCE EDWARD

Richard of York: how fares our loving brother?

YORK

Well, my dread lord-- so must I call you now.

PRINCE EDWARD

Ay, brother, to our grief, as it is yours;

GLOUCESTER

How fares our cousin, noble Lord of York?

YORK

I pray you, uncle, give me this dagger.

GLOUCESTER

My dagger, little cousin? With all my heart.  
What, would you have my weapon, little lord?

YORK

I would, that I might thank you as you call me.

GLOUCESTER

How?

YORK

Little.

PRINCE EDWARD

My Lord of York will still be cross in talk:  
Uncle, your grace knows how to bear with him.

YORK

You mean, to bear me, not to bear with me:  
Uncle, my brother mocks both you and me;  
Because that I am little, like an ape,  
He thinks that you should bear me on your shoulders.

GLOUCESTER

My lord, will't please you pass along?  
Myself and my good cousin Buckingham  
Will to your mother, to entreat of her  
To meet you at the Tower and welcome you.

YORK

What, will you go unto the Tower, my lord?

PRINCE EDWARD

My lord protector needs will have it so.

YORK

I shall not sleep in quiet at the Tower.

GLOUCESTER

Why, what should you fear?

YORK

Marry, my uncle Clarence' angry ghost:  
My grandam told me he was murdered there.

PRINCE EDWARD  
I fear no uncles dead.

GLOUCESTER  
Nor none that live, I hope.

PRINCE EDWARD  
And if they live, I hope I need not fear.  
But come, my lord, and with a heavy heart  
Thinking on them, go I unto the tower.

*Exeunt all but GLOUCESTER, BUCKINGHAM and*

CATESBY  
BUCKINGHAM  
Well, let them rest. Come hither, Catesby.  
What think'st thou? is it not an easy matter  
To make William Lord Hastings of our mind,  
For the instalment of this noble duke  
In the seat royal of this famous isle?

CATESBY  
He for his father's sake so loves the Prince,  
That he will not be won to aught against him.

BUCKINGHAM  
What think'st thou, then, of Stanley? What will he?

CATESBY  
He will do all in all as Hastings doth.

BUCKINGHAM  
Well, then, no more but this: go, gentle Catesby,  
And, as it were far off sound thou Lord Hastings,  
How doth he stand affected to our purpose;  
And summon him tomorrow to the Tower,  
To sit about the coronation.  
If he be leaden, icy, cold, unwilling,  
Be thou so too, and so break off your talk,  
And give us notice of his inclination:  
For we tomorrow hold divided Councils,  
Wherein thyself shalt highly be employ'd.

GLOUCESTER  
And tell him, Catesby, His ancient adversary, Lord Rivers  
Tomorrow is let blood at Pomfret castle;

CATESBY

My good lords both, with all the heed I can.

*Exit CATESBY*

BUCKINGHAM

Now, my lord, what shall we do, if we perceive  
Lord Hastings will not yield to our complots?

GLOUCESTER

Chop off his head man; somewhat we will do:  
And, look, when I am king, claim thou of me  
The earldom of Hereford, and the moveables  
Whereof the king my brother stood possess'd.

BUCKINGHAM

I'll claim that promise at your Grace's hands.

GLOUCESTER

And look to have it yielded with all willingness.  
Come, let us to dinner

*Exeunt*

---

**III.ii, Outside Lord Hastings' Home.**

*Enter a MESSENGER*

MESSENGER

My Lord! My lord!

HASTINGS

*[Within]* Who knocks?

MESSENGER

One from the Lord Stanley.

*Enter Lord HASTINGS*

HASTINGS

*[within]* What is't o'clock?

MESSENGER

Upon the stroke of four.

HASTINGS

Cannot Lord Stanley sleep these tedious nights?

MESSENGER

So it should seem; By that he sends you word,

He dreamt the boar had raz'd off his helm:  
And sends to know if presently you will  
With all speed post with him toward the north,  
To shun the danger that his soul divines.

HASTINGS

Go, fellow, go: return unto thy lord;  
Tell him his fears are shallow, wanting instance:  
And for his dreams, I wonder he's so simple.

MESSENGER

I'll go my lord, and tell him what you say.

*Exit*

*Enter CATESBY*

CATESBY

Many good morrows to my noble lord.

HASTINGS

Good morrow, Catesby; you are early stirring.  
What news, what news, in this our tott'ring state?

CATESBY

It is a reeling world, indeed, my lord;  
And I believe twill never stand upright  
Till Richard wear the garland of the realm.

HASTINGS

How, wear the garland? Dost thou mean the crown?

CATESBY

Ay, my good lord.

HASTINGS

I'll have this crown of mine cut from my shoulders  
Ere I will see the crown so foul misplac'd.  
But canst thou guess that he doth aim at it?

CATESBY

Ay, on my life; and hopes to find forward  
Upon his party for the gain thereof:  
And thereupon he sends you this good news,  
That this same very day your enemies,  
The kindred of the Queen, must die at Pomfret.

HASTINGS

Indeed, I am no mourner for that news,  
But, that I'll give my voice on Richard's side,  
To bar my master's heirs in true descent,

God knows I will not do it, to the death.

CATESBY

God keep your lordship in that gracious mind.  
'Tis a vile thing to die, my gracious lord,  
When men are unprepared and look not for it.

HASTINGS

O monstrous, monstrous! and so falls it out  
With Rivers and Lord Grey: and so 'twill do  
With some men else, who think themselves as safe  
As thou and I; who( as thou know'st) are dear  
To princely Richard and to Buckingham.

CATESBY

The Princes both make high account of you;  
For they account his head upon the bridge.

HASTINGS

I know they do; and I have well deserved it.

*Enter Stanley Earl of DERBY*

Come on, come on; where is your boar-spear, man?  
Fear you the boar, and go so unprovided?

DERBY

My lord, good morrow; good morrow, Catesby:  
You may jest on, but, I do trust my dreams.

HASTINGS

My lord, I hold my life as dear as you.  
Think you, but that I know our state secure,  
I would be so triumphant as I am?

DERBY

Lords Rivers and Grey, when they rode from London,  
Were jocund, and suppos'd their state was sure,  
But yet, you see how soon the day o'ercast.  
What, shall we toward the Tower? The night is spent.

HASTINGS

Come, come, have with you. Wot you what, my lord?  
Soon the lords you talk of are beheaded.

DERBY

Their, for their truth, might better wear their heads

Than some that have accused them wear their hats.  
But come, my lord, let us away.

*Exeunt*

---

**III.iii, *The Tower.***

*Enter BUCKINGHAM, Stanley Earl of DERBY, HASTINGS,  
and the LORD MAYOR.*

HASTINGS

Now, noble peers, the cause why we are met  
Is to determine of the coronation.  
In God's name speak: when is the royal day?

BUCKINGHAM

Are all things fitting for that royal time?

DERBY

They are, and wants but nomination.

LORD MAYOR

Tomorrow, then, I judge a happy day.

BUCKINGHAM

Who knows the Lord Protector's mind herein?  
Who is most inward with the royal Duke?

LORD MAYOR

Your grace, we think, should soonest know his mind.

BUCKINGHAM

We know each other's faces; for our hearts  
He knows no more of mine than I of yours,  
Or I of his, my lord, than you of mine.  
Lord Hastings, you and he are near in love.

HASTINGS

I thank his grace, I know he loves me well;  
But for his purpose in the coronation,  
I have not sounded him, nor he deliver'd  
His gracious pleasure any way therein:  
But you, my honourable lords, may name the time;

And in the Duke's behalf I'll give my voice,  
Which I presume he'll take in gentle part.

*Enter GLOUCESTER, CATESBY and RATCLIFFE*

LORD MAYOR

Now in good time, here comes the Duke himself.

GLOUCESTER

My noble lords and cousins all, good morrow:  
I have been long a sleeper.

BUCKINGHAM

Had not you come upon your cue, my lord  
William Lord Hastings had pronounc'd your part,--  
I mean your voice--for crowning of the King.

GLOUCESTER

Than my Lord Hastings no man might be bolder;  
His lordship knows me well, and loves me well.

GLOUCESTER

Cousin of Buckingham, a word with you.

*Drawing him aside*

Catesby hath sounded Hastings in our business,  
And finds the testy gentleman so hot,  
As he will lose his head ere give consent  
His master's son (as worshipfully he terms it)  
Shall lose the royalty of England's throne.

DERBY

We have not yet set down this day of triumph.  
Tomorrow, in my judgement, is too sudden,

GLOUCESTER

I pray you all, tell me what they deserve  
That do conspire my death with devilish plots  
Of damned witchcraft, and that have prevail'd  
Upon my body with their hellish charms?

HASTINGS

I say, my lord, they have deserved death.

GLOUCESTER

Then be your eyes the witness of this ill:  
See how I am bewitch'd! Behold myself

Is like a blasted sapling wither'd up!  
And this is Edward's wife, that monstrous witch,  
That by their witchcraft thus have marked me.

HASTINGS

If they have done this thing, my noble lord--

GLOUCESTER

If? Thou protector of this damned strumpet--  
Talk'st thou me of 'ifs'? Thou art a traitor:  
Off with his head! Now, by Saint Paul I swear,  
I will not dine until I see the same.  
Ratcliffe and Catesby, look that it be done:  
The rest, that love me, come and follow me.

*Exeunt all but Lord HASTINGS, and RATCLIFFE*

HASTINGS

Woe, woe for England; not a whit for me-  
For I, too fond, might have prevented this.  
Stanley did dream the boar did raze his helm,  
And I did scorn it and disdain to flee.  
O Margaret, Margaret, now thy heavy curse  
Is lighted on poor Hastings' wretched head!

RATCLIFFE

Come, come, dispatch: the duke would be at dinner;  
Make a short shrift: he longs to see your head.

HASTINGS .

Come, lead me to the block; bear him my head.  
They smile at me that shortly shall be dead.

*Exeunt*

---

**III.iv, Pomfret Castle.**

*Enter Sir Richard RATCLIFFE with HASTINGS, Halberds,  
carrying the nobles RIVERS and GREY, to death,*

RIVERS

Sir Richard Ratcliffe, let me tell thee this:  
Today shalt thou behold a subject die  
For truth, for duty, and for loyalty.

GREY

God keep the Prince from all the pack of you!

A knot you are of damned bloodsuckers!

RIVERS

You live, that shall cry woe for this hereafter.

GREY

We give thee our guiltless blood to drink.

RATCLIFFE

Dispatch: the limit of your lives is out.

HASTINGS

O momentary grace of mortal men,  
Which we more hunt for than the grace of God.  
Who builds his hopes in air of your good looks  
Lives like a drunken sailor on a mast,  
Ready with every nod to tumble down  
Into the fatal bowels of the deep.

GREY

Now Margaret's curse is fall'n upon our heads.

RATCLIFFE

Make haste; the hour of death is expiate.

RIVERS

Farewell, until we meet again in heaven.

*Exeunt*

---

**III.v., *The Tower-walls.***

*Enter GLOUCESTER and BUCKINGHAM,*

*GLOUCESTER*

Has Catesby done as he was ordered?

BUCKINGHAM

He has; and has sent for the mayor.

*Enter the Lord Mayor and CATESBY*

*with Hastings' head.*

Welcome my Lord mayor,--

CATESBY

Here is the head of that ignoble traitor,  
The dangerous and unsuspected Hastings.

GLOUCESTER

So dear I lov'd the man, that I must weep.  
I took him for the plainest harmless creature  
That breathed upon this earth a Christian;  
Look ye Lord Mayor--

*passes him the head*

BUCKINGHAM

Would you imagine, or almost believe,  
That this subtle traitor  
This day had plotted, in the council-house  
To murder me and my good Lord of Gloucester?

LORD MAYOR

I doubt you not; right noble princes both,  
But I'll acquaint our duteous citizens  
With all your just proceedings in this cause.

GLOUCESTER

And to that end we wish'd your lord-ship here,  
T'avoid the censures of the carping world.

BUCKINGHAM

And so, my good lord mayor, we bid farewell.

*Exit Lord Mayor*

GLOUCESTER

Go after, after, cousin Buckingham.  
The mayor towards Guildhall hies him in all post.  
There, at your meet'st advantage of the time,  
Infer the bastardy of Edward's children:  
Moreover, urge his hateful luxury  
And bestial appetite in change of lust;  
Tell them, when that my mother went with child  
Of that insatiate Edward, noble York  
My princely father then had wars in France  
And by just computation of the time,  
Found that the issue was not his-begot;  
Which well appeared in his lineaments,  
Being nothing like the noble Duke, my father:  
Yet touch this sparingly, as 'twere far off,  
Because, my lord, you know my mother lives.

BUCKINGHAM

Fear not, my lord: I'll play the orator  
As if the golden fee for which I plead  
Were for myself: and so, my lord, adieu.

GLOUCESTER

Go Catesby, meet me within this hour at Baynard's Castle.

*Exit BUCKINGHAM*

GLOUCESTER

-----Who is so gross

That cannot see this palpable device?

Yet who's so blind, but says he sees it not?

*Exit*

---

**III.vi, *The Palace***

*Enter LADY ANNE, appearing lost and unnerved, DUCHESS OF YORK enters discovering Anne, she offers her bracelet wine, Anne kneels and accepts, as Buckingham and Catesby loom in the shadows the ladies enter the Palace.*

---

**III.vii, *Baynard Castle.***

*Enter GLOUCESTER and BUCKINGHAM, at several doors*

GLOUCESTER

How now, my lord? What say the citizens?

BUCKINGHAM

The citizens are mum, say not a word.

GLOUCESTER

Touch'd you the bastardy of Edward's children?

BUCKINGHAM

I did; with

The insatiate greediness of his desires,

His tyranny for trifles; his own bastardy;

Withal, I did infer your lineaments--

Being the right idea of your father,

Your bounty, virtue, fair humility:

And when mine oratory drew to an end,

I bid them that did love their country's good

Cry 'God save Richard, England's royal king!'

GLOUCESTER  
And did they so?

BUCKINGHAM  
No, they spake not a word.

GLOUCESTER  
What tongueless blocks were they? Would not they speak?

BUCKINGHAM  
The mayor is here at hand: intend some fear;  
And look you get a prayer-book in your hand,  
For on that ground I'll build a holy descant.  
And be not easily won to our request:  
Play the maid's part, still answer nay, but take it.

GLOUCESTER  
But take it.

*Exit GLOUCESTER (and CATESBY)  
Enter the Lord Mayor and Citizens*

BUCKINGHAM  
Welcome, my lord; I dance attendance here.  
I think the Duke will not be spoke withal.

*Enter CATESBY [above]*

Here comes his servant: how now, Catesby,  
What says he?

CATESBY  
My Lord, he doth entreat your grace,  
To visit him tomorrow or next day:  
He is within, divinely bent to meditation.

BUCKINGHAM  
Return, good Catesby, to the gracious Duke;  
Tell him, myself, the mayor and citizens,  
Are come to have some conference with his Grace.

CATESBY  
I'll tell him what you say, my lord *Exit*

BUCKINGHAM  
Ah ha, my lord, this prince is not an Edward:  
He is not lolling on a lewd love-bed,  
But on his knees at meditation;

Not dallying with a brace of courtesans,  
But praying, to enrich his watchful soul:  
Happy were England, would this virtuous Prince  
Take on himself the sovereignty thereof.  
But sure I fear we shall not win him to it.

LORD MAYOR  
Marry, God forbid his grace should say us nay!

BUCKINGHAM  
I fear he will.

*Re-enter CATESBY*

How now, Catesby, what says his Grace?

CATESBY  
He wonders to what end you have assembled  
Such troops of citizens to speak with him,  
His Grace not being warn'd thereof before:  
My lord, he fears you mean no good to him.

*Enter GLOUCESTER aloft,*

LORD MAYOR  
See, where he stands!

BUCKINGHAM  
And see, a book of prayer in his hand--.  
Famous Plantagenet, most gracious Prince,  
Lend favourable ears to our requests,  
And pardon us the interruption  
Of thy devotion and right Christian zeal.

GLOUCESTER  
I do beseech your Grace to pardon me,  
Who --earnest in the service of my God--  
Neglect the visitation of my friends.  
But leaving this, what is your grace's pleasure?  
I do suspect I have done some offence  
That seems disgracious in the City's eyes.

BUCKINGHAM  
You have, my lord: would it might please your Grace,  
At our entreaties, to emend your fault.

GLOUCESTER  
Else wherefore breathe I in a Christian land?

BUCKINGHAM  
Know then, it is your fault that you resign

The supreme seat, the throne majestic,  
The lineal glory of your royal House,  
To the corruption of a blemished stock;  
Which to recure, we heartily solicit  
Your gracious self to take on you the charge  
And kingly government of this your land,  
Not as Protector, steward, substitute,  
Or lowly factor for another's gain;  
But as successively from blood to blood,  
Your right of birth, your empery, your own.  
In this just suit come I to move your grace.

GLOUCESTER

I know not whether to depart in silence,  
Or bitterly to speak in your reproof.  
Definitively thus I answer you.  
Your love deserves my thanks; but my desert  
Unmeritable shuns your high request.  
Yet so much is my poverty of spirit,  
So mighty and so many my defects,  
As I had rather hide me from my greatness.  
But, God be thank'd, there's no need of me,  
The royal tree hath left us royal fruit,  
Which, mellow'd by the stealing hours of time,  
Will well become the seat of majesty,  
And make, no doubt, us happy by his reign.

BUCKINGHAM

My lord, this argues conscience in your Grace;  
But the respects thereof are nice and trivial,  
You say that Edward is your brother's son:  
So say we too-- but not by Edward's wife;  
For first he was contract to Lady Lucy  
(Your mother lives a witness to that vow),  
More bitterly could I expostulate,  
I give a sparing limit to my tongue.  
Then, good my lord, take to your royal self  
This proffer'd benefit of dignity.

LORD MAYOR

Do, good my lord, your citizens entreat you.

BUCKINGHAM

Refuse not, mighty lord, this proffer'd love.

CATESBY

O make them joyful, grant their lawful suit.

GLOUCESTER

Alas, why would you heap these cares on me?  
I am unfit for state and majesty;  
I do beseech you, take it not amiss;  
I cannot nor I will not yield to you.

BUCKINGHAM

Yet know, whe'er you accept our suit or no,  
Your brother's son shall never reign our king;  
But we will plant some other in the throne,  
To the disgrace and downfall of your House:  
Come, citizens: 'zounds, I'll entreat no more.

GLOUCESTER

O, do not swear, my lord of Buckingham!

*Exit BUCKINGHAM with the Citizens*

CATESBY

Call them again, sweet Prince, and accept their suit.

LORD MAYOR

If you deny them all the land will rue it.

GLOUCESTER

Would you enforce me to a world of cares?  
Well, call them again.

*CATESBY exits*

I am not made of stone,  
But penetrable to your kind entreaties,  
Albeit against my conscience and my soul.

*Re-enter BUCKINGHAM and the rest*

Cousin of Buckingham, and sage citizens,  
Since you will buckle fortune on my back,  
To bear her burden, whether I will or no,  
I must have patience to endure the load.  
For God doth know, and you may partly see,  
How far I am from the desire of this.

LORD MAYOR

God bless your Grace: we see it, and will say it.

GLOUCESTER

In saying so, you shall but say the truth.

BUCKINGHAM

Then I salute you with this kingly title:

Long live Richard, England's royal King!

ALL

Long live Richard, England's royal King!

Long live Richard, England's royal King!

*Exeunt*

----- **INTERMISSION** -----

# PRODUCTION ACT 2

---

MARGARET

O God, that sees it, do not suffer it.  
As it is won with blood, lost be it so.  
Sin, death, and Hell have set their marks on him  
And all their ministers attend on him.

*Exit*

---

## IV.1, *Before the Tower*

*Enter QUEEN ELIZABETH, DUCHESS OF YORK,  
and Marquess of DORSET and ANNE, Duchess of Gloucester.*

DUCHESS OF YORK

My daughter Gloucester, well met.

ANNE

God give your graces both

A happy and a joyful time of day!

QUEEN ELIZABETH

As much to you, good sister. Whither away?

ANNE

No farther than the Tower; and as I guess,  
Upon the like devotion as yourselves:  
To gratulate the gentle princes there.

QUEEN ELIZABETH

Kind sister, thanks: we'll enter all together.

*Enter RATCLIFFE*

And in good time, here Ratcliffe their warder comes.  
How doth the Prince, and my young son of York?

RATCLIFFE

Right well, dear madam. By your patience,  
I may not suffer you to visit them;  
The King hath straightly charg'd the contrary.

QUEEN ELIZABETH

The King! Who's that?

RATCLIFFE

I mean the Lord Protector.

QUEEN ELIZABETH

The Lord protect him from that kingly title!  
Hath he set bounds betwixt their love and me?  
I am their mother; who should keep me from them?

DUCHESS OF YORK

I am their fathers mother: I will see them.

RATCLIFFE

No, madam, no; I may not leave it so.  
I am bound by oath; and therefore pardon me.

*Exit*

*Enter Lord Stanley, Earl of DERBY*

DERBY

*[to Anne]* Come, madam, you must straight to Westminster,  
There to be crowned Richard's royal queen.

QUEEN ELIZABETH

Ah, cut my lace in sunder,  
That my pent heart may have some scope to beat,  
Or else I swoon with this dead-killing news.

ANNE

Despiteful tidings! O unpleasing news!

DORSET

Be of good cheer: sister, how fares your Grace?

QUEEN ELIZABETH

O Dorset, speak not to me, get thee gone.  
Death and destruction dog thee at the heels;  
If thou wilt outstrip death, go, cross the seas,  
And live with Richmond, from the reach of hell  
Go: hie thee, hie thee from this slaughter-house.

DERBY

Full of wise care is this your counsel, madam.  
*[to Dorsett]* You shall have letters for my brother  
To meet you on the way, and welcome you.

DUCHESS OF YORK

O ill-dispersing wind of misery!  
O my accursed womb, the bed of death!

A cockatrice hast thou hatch'd to the world,  
Whose unavoyded eye is murderous.

DERBY

Come, madam, come: I in all haste was sent.

ANNE

And I with all unwillingness will go.  
I would to God that the inclusive verge  
Of golden metal that must round my brow  
Were red-hot steel, to sear me to the brains.

QUEEN ELIZABETH

Go, go, poor soul, I envy not thy glory,  
To feed my humour, wish thyself no harm.

ANNE

No? Why? When he that is my husband now,  
Came to me, as I follow'd Henry's corpse,  
This was my wish: 'Be thou,' quoth I, 'accurs'd,  
For making me, so young, so old a widow:  
And be thy wife (if any be so mad)  
As miserable by the life of thee  
As thou hast made me by my dear lord's death!  
Lo, ere I can repeat this curse again,  
Within so small a time, my woman's heart  
Grossly grew captive to his honey words  
And prov'd the subject of my own soul's curse,  
For never yet one hour in his bed  
Have I enjoyed the golden dew of sleep,  
But have been waked by his timorous dreams.  
Besides, he hates me,  
And will, no doubt, shortly be rid of me.

QUEEN ELIZABETH

Poor heart, adieu; I pity thy complaining.

ANNE

No more than from my soul I mourn for yours.

DUCHESS OF YORK

*[To Dorset]* Go thou to Richmond, and good fortune guide thee!

*[To Elizabeth]* Go thou to sanctuary, and good thoughts possess thee!

*[To Anne]* Go thou to Richard, and good angels guard thee!

I to my grave, where peace and rest lie with me.

QUEEN ELIZABETH

Stay yet, look back with me unto the Tower.  
Pity, you ancient stones, those tender babes  
Whom envy hath immur'd within your walls,  
Rough cradle for such little pretty ones!  
Rude ragged nurse, old sullen playfellow  
For tender princes, use my babies well.

DUCHESS OF YORK

So foolish sorrow bids your stones farewell.

*Exeunt*

---

**IV.ii, *The Palace Throne Room***

*The trumpets sound a sennet. Enter KING RICHARD III, in pomp, crowned;  
BUCKINGHAM, CATESBY, RATCLIFFE, ANNE, STANLEY*

*Coronation: Richard is crowned king, Anne, queen.  
King Richard falls on his ascent to the throne*

KING RICHARD III

Stand all apart Cousin of Buckingham!

BUCKINGHAM

My gracious sovereign!

KING RICHARD III

Give me thy hand.

*Here he ascendeth his throne.*

Thus high, by thy advice  
And thy assistance, is King Richard seated.  
But shall we wear these honours for a day,  
Or shall they last, and we rejoice in them?

BUCKINGHAM

Still live they and for ever may they last!

KING RICHARD III

Ah, Buckingham, now do I play the touch,  
To try if thou be current gold indeed.

Young Edward lives-- think now what I would say.

BUCKINGHAM

Say on, my gracious sovereign.

KING RICHARD III

Why, Buckingham, I say, I would be king,

BUCKINGHAM

Why, so you are, my thrice renowned lord.

KING RICHARD III

Ha, am I king? 'Tis so-- but Edward lives.

BUCKINGHAM

True, noble prince.

KING RICHARD III

Cousin, thou wert not wont to be so dull:  
Shall I be plain? I wish the bastards dead;  
And I would have it suddenly perform'd.  
What sayest thou? Speak suddenly; be brief.

BUCKINGHAM

Your Grace may do your pleasure.

KING RICHARD III

Tut, tut, thou art all ice, thy kindness freezeth:  
Say, have I thy consent that they shall die?

BUCKINGHAM

Give me some little breath, some pause, my lord  
Before I positively speak in this;  
I will resolve your grace immediately.

*Exit*

CATESBY

*[Aside to a stander by]* The King is angry: see, he gnaws his lip.

KING RICHARD III

*[aside]* I will converse with iron-witted fools  
High-reaching Buckingham grows circumspect.  
Ratcliffe!

RATCLIFFE

My lord?

KING RICHARD III

Know'st thou not any whom corrupting gold  
Would tempt unto a close exploit of death?

RATCLIFFE

I know a discontented gentleman,  
Whose humble means match not his haughty spirit:  
Gold were as good as twenty orators,  
And will, no doubt, tempt him to anything.

KING RICHARD III

What is his name?

RATCLIFFE

His name, my lord, is Tyrrel.

KING RICHARD III

I partly know the man: go, call him hither.

*Exit Ratcliffe*

*[aside]* The deep-revolving, witty Buckingham  
No more shall be the neighbour to my counsels.  
Hath he so long held out with me untir'd,  
And stops he now for breath? Well, be it so.

*Enter Stanley, Earl of DERBY*

How now, Lord Stanley, what's the news?

DERBY

My lord, I hear the Marquis Dorset, is fled  
To Richmond.

*[exit, or stand aside]*

KING RICHARD III

Catesby.

CATESBY

My Lord

KING RICHARD III

Rumour it abroad  
That Anne, my wife, is very grievous sick;  
I will take order for her keeping close.  
Look, how thou dream'st! I say again, give out  
That Anne, my Queen is sick and like to die:

*Exit CATESBY grabs ANNE and takes her off*  
*Enter RATCLIFFE and TYRREL*

Is thy name Tyrrel?

TYRREL

James Tyrrel, and your most obedient subject.

KING RICHARD III

Art thou, indeed?

TYRREL

Prove me, my gracious sovereign.

KING RICHARD III

Dar'st thou resolve to kill a friend of mine?

TYRREL

Please you; but I had rather kill two enemies.

KING RICHARD III

Why, there thou hast it: two deep enemies,  
Foes to my rest, and my sweet sleep's disturbers:  
Tyrrel, I mean those bastards in the Tower.

TYRREL

Let me have open means to come to them,  
And soon I'll rid you from the fear of them.

KING RICHARD III

Thou sing'st sweet music. Tyrrel

*He whispers in his ear.*

Say it is done,  
And I will love thee, and prefer thee for it.

TYRREL

I will dispatch it straight.

*exit*

*Re-enter BUCKINGHAM*

BUCKINGHAM

My Lord, I have consider'd in my mind  
The late request that you did sound me in.

KING RICHARD III

Well, let that pass. Dorset is fled to Richmond.

BUCKINGHAM

I hear that news, my lord.

KING RICHARD III

Stanley, is not Richmond your wife's brother?

BUCKINGHAM

My lord, I claim your gift, my due by promise,  
Th'earldom of Hereford, and the moveables  
Which you promised I should possess.

KING RICHARD III

Stanley, look to your wife; if she convey  
Letters to Richmond, you shall answer it.

BUCKINGHAM

What says your highness to my just demand?

KING RICHARD III

As I remember, Henry the Sixth  
Did prophesy that Richmond should be King,  
When Richmond was a little peevish boy.  
A King. . . . perhaps. . . . perhaps,--

BUCKINGHAM

My lord!

KING RICHARD III

How chance the prophet could not, at that time  
Have told me-- I being by-- that I should kill him?

BUCKINGHAM

My lord, your promise for the earldom,--

KING RICHARD III

Richmond!

BUCKINGHAM

My Lord--

KING RICHARD III

Ay-- what's o'clock?

BUCKINGHAM

I am thus bold to put your Grace in mind  
Of what you promis'd me.

KING RICHARD III

Well, but what's o'clock?

BUCKINGHAM  
Upon the stroke of ten.

KING RICHARD III  
Well, let it strike.

BUCKINGHAM  
Why let it strike?

KING RICHARD III  
Because that, like a Jack, thou keep'st the stroke  
Betwixt thy begging and my meditation.  
I am not in the giving vein today.

BUCKINGHAM  
May it please you to resolve me in my suit?

KING RICHARD III  
Thou troublest me; I am not in the vein.

*Exeunt all but BUCKINGHAM*

BUCKINGHAM  
And is it thus? Repays he my deep service  
With such deep contempt? Made I him King for this?  
O let me think on Hastings, and be gone  
To Brecknock, while my fearful head is on.

*Exit*

---

**IV.iii, The same.**

*Tower Tableau: The Princes are seen sleeping in the tower*

*Enter TYRREL*

TYRREL  
The tyrannous and bloody deed is done;  
The most arch of piteous massacre  
That ever yet this land was guilty of.  
Asleep those gentle babes held one another  
Within their innocent alabaster arms:  
A book of prayers on their pillow lay;

Which once did almost change my mind;  
But O! the devil'-- I smothered  
The most replenished sweet work of Nature,  
That from the prime creation e'er she framed.'  
They could not speak, and so I left them both,  
To bring this tidings to the bloody King.

*Enter KING RICHARD III*

All hail, my sovereign liege!

KING RICHARD III  
Kind Tyrrel, am I happy in thy news?

TYRREL  
If to have done the thing you gave in charge  
Beget your happiness, be happy then,  
For it is done.

KING RICHARD III  
Come to me, Tyrrel, soon, at after supper,  
When thou shalt tell the process of their death.  
Meantime, but think how I may do thee good,  
And be inheritor of thy desire.  
Farewell till then.

*Exit TYRREL*

KING RICHARD III  
The sons of Edward sleep in Abraham's bosom,  
And Anne my wife hath bid the world good night.  
Now, for I know the Breton Richmond aims  
At young Elizabeth, my brother's daughter,  
And, by that knot, looks proudly o'er the crown--  
To her I go, a jolly thriving wooer.

*Enter CATESBY*

CATESBY  
My lord!

KING RICHARD III  
Good news or bad, that thou comest in so bluntly?

CATESBY  
Bad news, my lord: Ely is fled to Richmond;  
And Buckingham, back'd with the hardy Welshmen,  
Is in the field, and still his power increaseth.

KING RICHARD III  
Ely with Richmond troubles me more near  
Than Buckingham and his rash-levied army.

Go muster men. My counsel is my shield;  
We must be brief, when traitors brave the field

*Exeunt*

---

**IV.iv, *The palace.***

*Enter QUEEN MARGARET*

QUEEN MARGARET

So now prosperity begins to mellow  
And drop into the rotten mouth of death.  
Here in these confines slyly have I lurk'd,  
To watch the waning of mine enemies.  
Withdraw thee, wretched Margaret: who comes here?

*Enter QUEEN ELIZABETH and the*

*DUCHESS OF YORK*

QUEEN ELIZABETH

Ah, my young Princes! Ah, my tender babes,  
My unblown flowers, new-appearing sweets!  
If yet your gentle souls fly in the air,  
Hover about me with your airy wings  
And hear your mother's lamentation.

DUCHESS OF YORK

So many miseries have craz'd my voice,  
That my woe-wearied tongue is still and mute.

QUEEN ELIZABETH

Wilt thou, O God, fly from such gentle lambs,  
And throw them in the entrails of the wolf?  
When didst thou sleep when such a deed was done?

DUCHESS OF YORK

Dead life, Blind sight, poor mortal living ghost;  
Woe's scene, world's shame, grave's due by life usurp'd;  
Brief abstract and record of tedious days,  
Rest thy unrest on England's lawful earth,  
Unlawfully made drunk with innocent blood.

*Sitting down*

QUEEN ELIZABETH

Ah, that thou wouldst as well afford a grave  
As thou canst yield a melancholy seat,  
Then would I hide my bones, not rest them here.  
O, who hath any cause to mourn but we?

*Sitting down by her*

QUEEN MARGARET

*Comes forward*

If ancient sorrow be most reverend,  
Give mine the benefit of seigniorie,  
Tell o'er your woes again by viewing mine:  
I had an Edward, till a Richard kill'd him;  
I had a Husband, till a Richard kill'd him:  
Thou hadst an Edward, till a Richard kill'd him;  
Thou hadst a Richard, till a Richard killed him;

DUCHESS OF YORK

I had a Richard too, and thou didst kill him;  
I had a Rutland too, thou holp'st to kill him.

QUEEN MARGARET

Thou hadst a Clarence too, and Richard kill'd him.  
From forth the kennel of thy womb hath crept  
A hell-hound that doth hunt us all to death:  
O upright, just, and true-disposing God!  
How do I thank thee, that this carnal cur  
Preys on the issue of his mother's body,  
And makes her pew-fellow with others' moan!

DUCHESS OF YORK

O Harry's wife, triumph not in my woes.  
God witness with me, I have wept for thine.

QUEEN MARGARET

Bear with me; I am hungry for revenge,  
And now I cloy me with beholding it.  
Thy Edward he is dead, that kill'd my Edward:  
Thy other Edward dead, to quit my Edward;  
Thy Clarence he is dead that stabb'd my Edward;  
And the beholders of this frantic play,  
Th'adulterate Hastings, Rivers, and Grey,  
Untimely smother'd in their dusky graves.  
Richard yet lives, hell's black intelligencer,  
And send them thither. But at hand, at hand,  
Ensues his piteous and unpitied end:  
Earth gapes, hell burns, fiends roar, saints pray.  
To have him suddenly convey'd from hence.  
Cancel his bond of life, dear God I pray,  
That I may live to say, 'The dog is dead.'

QUEEN ELIZABETH

O, thou didst prophesy the time would come  
That I should wish for thee to help me curse

That bottled spider, that foul bunch-back'd toad!

QUEEN MARGARET

I call'd thee then vain flourish of my fortune;  
A sign of dignity; a breath, a bubble;  
A queen in jest, only to fill the scene.  
Where is thy husband now? Where be thy brothers?  
Where are thy two sons? Wherein dost thou, joy?  
Who sues, and kneels, and cries 'God save the queen'?  
Where be the bending peers that flatter'd thee?  
Where be the thronging troops that follow'd thee?  
Thus hath the course of justice whirl'd about,  
And left thee but a very prey to time,  
Having no more but thought of what thou wast,  
To torture thee the more, being what thou art.  
Thou didst usurp my place, and dost thou not  
Usurp the just proportion of my sorrow?  
Farewell, York's wife, and queen of sad mischance:  
These English woes will make me smile in France.

QUEEN ELIZABETH

O thou well skill'd in curses, stay awhile,  
And teach me how to curse mine enemies.

QUEEN MARGARET

Forbear to sleep the nights, and fast the days;  
Compare dead happiness with living woe;  
Think that thy babes were fairer than they were,  
And he that slew them fouler than he is.

QUEEN ELIZABETH

My words are dull: O quicken them with thine.

QUEEN MARGARET

Thy woes will make them sharp, and pierce like mine.

*Exit*

DUCHESS OF YORK

Why should calamity be full of words?

QUEEN ELIZABETH

Let them have scope: though what they do impart  
Help nothing else, yet do they ease the heart.

DUCHESS OF YORK

If so, then be not tongue-tied; go with me  
And in the breath of bitter words let's smother

My damned son, which thy two sweet sons smother'd.  
Here he now comes: be copious in exclams.

*Enter KING RICHARD III, CATESBY and train,  
marching, with drums and trumpets*

KING RICHARD III  
Who intercepts my expedition?

DUCHESS OF YORK  
O, she that might have intercepted thee--  
By strangling thee in her accursed womb--  
From all the slaughters, wretch, that thou hast done.

QUEEN ELIZABETH  
Tell me, thou villain-slave, where are my children?

DUCHESS OF YORK  
Where is kind Hastings?

QUEEN ELIZABETH  
Where is gentle Rivers, and Lord Grey?

DUCHESS OF YORK  
Thou toad, thou toad, where is thy brother Clarence?

KING RICHARD III  
Let not the heavens hear these tell-tale women  
Rail on the Lord's enointed: strike, I say!

DUCHESS OF YORK  
Art thou my son?

KING RICHARD III  
Ay, I thank God, my father, and yourself.

DUCHESS OF YORK  
Then patiently hear my impatience.

KING RICHARD III  
Madam, I have a touch of your condition,  
Which cannot brook the accent of reproof.

DUCHESS OF YORK  
O, let me speak!

KING RICHARD III

Do then, but I'll not hear.

DUCHESS OF YORK

I will be mild and gentle in my words.

KING RICHARD III

And brief, good mother; for I am in haste.

DUCHESS OF YORK

Art thou so hasty? I have stay'd for thee,  
God knows, in torment, pain and agony.

KING RICHARD III

And came I not at last to comfort you?

DUCHESS OF YORK

Thou cam'st on earth to make the earth my hell.  
A grievous burden was thy birth to me;  
Tetchy and wayward was thy infancy;  
Thy school-days frightful, desp'rate, wild, and furious,  
Thy prime of manhood daring, bold, and venturous,  
Thy age confirm'd, proud, subtle, sly, and bloody:  
More mild, but yet more harmful, kind in hatred:  
What comfortable hour canst thou name,  
That ever graced me in thy company?

KING RICHARD III

If I be so disgracious in your eye,  
Let me march on and not offend you, madam.  
Strike the drum.

DUCHESS OF YORK

Hear me a word;  
For I shall never speak to thee again.

KING RICHARD III

So!

DUCHESS OF YORK

Either thou wilt die, by God's just ordinance,  
Ere from this war thou turn a conqueror,  
Or I with grief and extreme age shall perish  
And never look upon thy face again.  
Therefore, take with thee my most grievous curse,

Which in the day of battle tire thee more  
Than all the complete armour that thou wear'st!  
My prayers on the adverse party fight;  
And there the little souls of Edward's children  
Whisper the spirits of thine enemies  
And promise them success and victory.  
Bloody thou art, bloody will be thy end;  
Shame serves thy life and doth thy death attend.

*Exit*

QUEEN ELIZABETH  
Though far more cause, yet much less spirit to curse  
Abides in me, I say Amen to her.

KING RICHARD III  
Stay, madam: I must speak a word with you.

QUEEN ELIZABETH  
I have no more sons of the royal blood  
For thee to slaughter.

KING RICHARD III  
You have a daughter call'd Elizabeth,  
Virtuous and fair, royal and gracious.

QUEEN ELIZABETH  
And must she die for this? O let her live.

KING RICHARD III  
I love thy daughter,  
And do intend to make her Queen of England.

QUEEN ELIZABETH  
Well then, who dost thou mean shall be her king?

KING RICHARD III  
Even he that makes her Queen. Who else should be?

QUEEN ELIZABETH  
What, thou?

KING RICHARD III  
Even so: How think you of it?

QUEEN ELIZABETH

How canst thou woo her?

KING RICHARD III

That would I learn of you,

QUEEN ELIZABETH

And wilt thou learn of me?

KING RICHARD III

Madam, with all my heart.

QUEEN ELIZABETH

Send to her, by the man that slew her brothers,  
A pair of bleeding-hearts; thereon engrave  
'Edward' and 'York'. Then haply she will weep.  
Send her a letter of thy noble deeds:  
Tell her thou mad'st away her uncle Clarence,  
Her uncle Rivers-- ay, and for her sake,  
Mad'st quick conveyance with her good aunt Anne.

KING RICHARD III

You mock me, madam; this is not the way  
To win your daughter!

QUEEN ELIZABETH

There is no other way--  
Unless thou couldst put on some other shape,  
And not be Richard that hath done all this.

KING RICHARD III

Look, what is done cannot be now amended:  
Men shall deal unadvisedly sometimes,  
Which after hours give leisure to repent.  
If I did take the kingdom from your sons,  
To make amends I'll give it to your daughter;  
If I have kill'd the issue of your womb,  
To quicken your increase, I will beget  
Mine issue of your blood upon your daughter.  
What! We have many goodly days to see.  
Go, then my mother, to thy daughter go  
Put in her tender heart th'aspiring flame  
Of golden sovereignty; acquaint the Princess  
With the sweet, silent hours of marriage joys.

QUEEN ELIZABETH

What were I best to say? Her father's brother  
Would be her lord? Or shall I say, her uncle?  
Or, he that slew her brothers and her uncles?

KING RICHARD III

Say she shall be a high and mighty queen.

QUEEN ELIZABETH

To veil the title, as her mother doth.

KING RICHARD III

Say I will love her everlastingly.

QUEEN ELIZABETH

But how long shall that title 'ever' last?

KING RICHARD III

Sweetly in force, unto her fair life's end.

QUEEN ELIZABETH

But how long fairly shall her sweet life last?

KING RICHARD III

So long as heaven and nature lengthens it.

QUEEN ELIZABETH

So long as hell and Richard likes of it.

KING RICHARD III

Your reasons are too shallow and too quick.  
I swear--

QUEEN ELIZABETH

Swear by something that thou hast not wrong'd.

KING RICHARD III

Now, by the world--

QUEEN ELIZABETH

'Tis full of thy foul wrongs.

KING RICHARD III

Then, by myself--

QUEEN ELIZABETH

Thyself is self-misus'd.

KING RICHARD III

Why then, by God--

QUEEN ELIZABETH

God's wrong is most of all:

Thy broken faith hath made the prey for worms.

What canst thou swear by now?

KING RICHARD III

The time to come!

QUEEN ELIZABETH

Swear not by time to come; for that thou hast

Misus'd ere us'd, by time misus'd o'erpast.

KING RICHARD III

As I intend to prosper and repent,

Be opposite all planets of good luck

To my proceedings, if with dear heart's love,

Immaculate devotion, holy thoughts,

I tender not thy beauteous princely daughter.

In her consists my happiness and thine;

Without her follows to myself, and thee,

Herself, the land, and many a Christian soul,

Death, desolation, ruin and decay:

It cannot be avoided but by this;

It will not be avoided but by this.

QUEEN ELIZABETH

But thou didst kill my children.

KING RICHARD III

But in your daughter's womb I bury them,

Where, in that nest of spicery they will breed

Selves of themselves, to your recomforture.

QUEEN ELIZABETH

I go. Write to me very shortly.

And you shall understand from me her mind.

KING RICHARD III

Bear her my true love's kiss; [*kisses her*] and so, farewell.

*Exit QUEEN ELIZABETH*

Relenting fool, and shallow, changing woman!

*Enter RATCLIFFE; CATESBY following*

How now! what news?

RATCLIFFE

Most mighty sovereign, on the western coast  
Rideth a puissant navy; to the shore  
'Tis thought that Richmond is their admiral;  
And there they hull, expecting but the aid  
Of Buckingham to welcome them ashore.

KING RICHARD III

Some light-foot friend post to the Duke of Norfolk:  
Ratcliffe, thyself-- or Catesby-- where is he?

CATESBY

Here, my good lord.

KING RICHARD III

Catesby, fly to the Duke.

CATESBY

I will, my lord, with all convenient haste.

KING RICHARD III

Ratcliffe, come hither. Post thou to Salisbury  
When thou comest thither—  
[*To CATESBY*] Dull, unmindful villain,  
Why stand'st thou here, and go'st not to the Duke?

CATESBY

First, mighty sovereign, let me know your mind tell,  
What from your Grace I shall deliver to him.

KING RICHARD III

O, true, good Catesby! Bid him levy straight  
The greatest strength and power he can make,  
And meet me presently at Salisbury.

CATESBY

I go.

*Exit*

RATCLIFFE

What shall I do at Salisbury?

KING RICHARD III

Why, what wouldst thou do there before I go?

RATCLIFFE

Your highness told me I should post before.

KING RICHARD III

My mind is chang'd.

*Enter Stanley Earl of DERBY*

Stanley, what news with you?

DERBY

None good, my lord, to please you with the hearing;  
Nor none so bad but it well may be reported.

KING RICHARD III

Hoyday, a riddle! neither good nor bad--  
Once more, what news?

DERBY

Richmond is on the seas.

KING RICHARD III

There let him sink, and be the seas on him--  
White-liver'd runagate! What doth he there?

DERBY

I know not, mighty sovereign, but by guess.

KING RICHARD III

Well, as you guess?

DERBY

Stirr'd up by Dorset, Buckingham, and Ely,  
He makes for England, there to claim the crown.

KING RICHARD III

Is the chair empty? Is the sword unsway'd?

Is the King dead? The empire unpossess'd?  
Then tell me, what makes he upon the sea?

DERBY

Unless for that, my liege, I cannot guess.

KING RICHARD III

Unless for that he comes to be your liege,  
Thou wilt revolt, and fly to him, I fear.

DERBY

No, mighty liege; therefore mistrust me not.  
I'll muster up my friends, and meet your Grace  
Where and what time your Majesty shall please.

KING RICHARD III

Ay, ay, thou wouldst be gone to join with Richmond:  
But I'll not trust thee.

DERBY

Most mighty sovereign,  
You have no cause to hold my friendship doubtful:  
I never was, nor never will be, false.

KING RICHARD III

Go then, and muster men-- but leave behind  
Your son George Stanley. Look your faith be firm,  
Or else his head's assurance is but frail.

DERBY

So deal with him as I prove true to you.

*Exit*

*Enter a Messenger*

TYRELL

My gracious sovereign, now in Devonshire--  
With many more confederates, are in arms.

*Enter Second Messenger*

SECOND MESSENGER

My liege, in Kent the Gentry are in arms,  
And every hour more competitors  
Flock to the rebels, and their power grows strong.

*Enter Third Messenger*

THIRD MESSENGER

My lord, the army of the Duke of Buckingham--

KING RICHARD III

Out on you, owls! nothing but songs of death?

*He striketh him.*

There, take that, until thou bring better news.

THIRD MESSENGER

The news I have to tell your Majesty  
Is, that by sudden floods and fall of waters,  
Buckingham's army is dispers'd and scatter'd;  
And he himself wander'd away alone,  
No man knows whither.

KING RICHARD III

I cry thee mercy:

I did mistake, Ratcliffe  
Reward him for the blow I gave him.  
Hath any well-advised friend proclaim'd  
Reward to him that brings the traitor in?

THIRD MESSENGER

Such proclamation hath been made, my lord.

*enter CATESBY*

CATESBY

My lord, the Duke of Buckingham is taken;  
That is the best news: that the Earl of Richmond  
Is with a mighty power landed at Milford,  
Is colder tidings, yet they must be told.

KING RICHARD III

Away towards Salisbury! While we reason here,  
A royal battle might be won and lost  
Someone take order Buckingham be brought  
To Salisbury; the rest march on with me.

*Flourish.*

*Exeunt*

---

V.i,

*Enter BUCKINGHAM, with RATCLIFFE, led to execution*

BUCKINGHAM

Will not King Richard let me speak with him?

RATCLIFFE

No, my good lord; therefore be patient.

BUCKINGHAM

This is All-Souls' day, Ratcliffe, is it not?

RATCLIFFE

It is.

BUCKINGHAM

Why, then All-Souls' day is my body's doomsday.

This is the day wherein I wish'd to fall

By the false faith of him whom I most trusted.

This, this All-Souls' day to my fearful soul

Is the determin'd respite of my wrongs:

That high All-seer that I dallied with

Hath turn'd my feigned prayer on my head,

And given in earnest what I begg'd in jest.

Thus doth He force the swords of wicked men

To turn their own points on their masters' bosoms:

Now Margaret's curse falls upon my neck:

'When he,' quoth she, 'shall split thy heart with sorrow,

Remember Margaret was a prophetess.'

Come, lead me, Ratcliffe, to the block of shame;

Wrong hath but wrong, and blame the due of blame.

*Exeunt*

---

V.ii, *The camp near Tamworth.*

*Enter RICHMOND, DORSET, BRANDON, and others, with drum*

RICHMOND

Fellows in arms, and my most loving friends,

Thus far into the bowels of the land

Have we march'd on without impediment;

The wretched, bloody, and usurping boar,

Lies now even in the centre of this isle,

In God's name, cheerly on, courageous friends,  
To reap the harvest of perpetual peace  
By this one bloody trial of sharp war.

DORSET

My Lord Richmond, every man's conscience is a thousand swords,  
To fight against that bloody homicide.

BRANDON

I doubt not but his friends will fly to us.

DORSET

He hath no friends but who are friends for fear,  
Which in his greatest need will shrink from him.

RICHMOND

All for our vantage. Then in God's name march:  
True hope is swift, and flies with swallow's wings:  
Kings it makes gods, and meaner creatures kings.

*Exeunt*

---

**V.iii, *Bosworth Field.***

*Enter KING RICHARD III in arms, with NORFOLK, CATESBY and others*

*KING RICHARD III*

Here pitch our tents, even here in Bosworth field.  
Why how now Catesby, why look you so sad?

CATESBY

My heart is ten times lighter than my looks.

KING RICHARD III

My Lord of Norfolk,--

NORFOLK

Here, most gracious liege.

KING RICHARD III

Norfolk, we must have knocks -- ha! Must we not?  
Here will I lie tonight --

Come, noble gentlemen,  
Let us survey the vantage of the field

Let's lack no discipline, make no delay:  
For, lords, tomorrow is a busy day.

*Exeunt*

*Enter, on the other side of the field,  
RICHMOND, DORSET, BRANDON and others.*

RICHMOND

The weary sun hath made a golden set,  
And by the bright track of his fiery car,  
Gives signal, of a goodly day tomorrow.  
Good Lord Brandon,  
Where is Lord Stanley quarter'd, dost thou know?

BRANDON

His regiment lies half a mile at least  
South from the mighty power of the King.

RICHMOND

If without peril it be possible,  
Lord Brandon, give him from me this most needful note.

BRANDON

Upon my life, my lord, I'll under-take it;

RICHMOND

Good night, good Lord Brandon.  
Come, gentlemen:  
Let us consult upon to-morrow's business

*Exit BRANDON*

*They withdraw*

*Enter, KING RICHARD III, NORFOLK,  
RATCLIFFE, CATESBY, and others*

KING RICHARD III

What is't o'clock?

CATESBY

It's supper-time, my lord; It's nine o'clock.

KING RICHARD III

I will not sup to-night.  
Good Norfolk, hie thee to thy charge;  
Use careful watch, choose trusty sentinels.

NORFOLK

I go, my lord.

*Exit*

KING RICHARD III  
Catesby!

CATESBY  
My lord?

KING RICHARD III  
Send out a pursuivant-at-arms  
To Stanley's regiment. Bid him bring his power  
Before sun-rising, lest his son George fall  
Into the blind cave of eternal night.  
Ratcliffe!

*Exit CATESBY*

RATCLIFFE  
My lord?

KING RICHARD III  
Give me a cup of wine:  
I have not that alacrity of spirit  
Nor cheer of mind, that I was wont to have.

*Ratcliffe brings wine*

KING RICHARD III  
Bid my guard watch; leave me.  
Ratcliffe, about the mid of night come to my tent  
And help to arm me. Leave me I say.

*Exeunt RATCLIFFE and soldiers*

*[RICHARD sleeps]*

*Enter Stanley Earl of DERBY, DORSET and RICHMOND*

DERBY  
Fortune and Victory sit on thy helm!

RICHMOND  
All comfort that the dark night can afford  
Be to thy person, noble Brother-in-law!

DERBY  
Prepare thy battle early in the morning,  
I'll aid thee in this doubtful shock of arms:  
But on thy side I may not be too forward,  
Lest, being seen, thy brother, tender George,  
Be executed in his father's sight.

Farewell; be valiant, and speed well.

RICHMOND

Good Dorset, conduct him to his regiment:  
I'll strive, with troubled thoughts, to take a nap,  
Lest leaden slumber weigh me down tomorrow  
When I should mount with wings of victory.  
Once more, I say good night, my loyal friends.

*Exeunt all but RICHMOND*

*[kneels]* O Thou, whose captain I account myself,  
Look on my forces with a gracious eye;  
Put in their hands Thy bruising irons of wrath,  
Make us thy ministers of chastisement,  
That we may praise Thee in the victory.  
To Thee I do commend my watchful soul,  
Sleeping and waking, O, defend me still!

*[rises, Withdraws, Sleeps]*

*Enter the Ghost of CLARENCE*

Ghost of CLARENCE

Let me sit heavy on thy soul tomorrow,  
Poor Clarence, by thy guile betray'd to death.  
Tomorrow in the battle think on me,  
And fall thy edgeless sword: despair, and die!

*Enter the Ghosts of RIVERS, and GREY,*

Ghost of RIVERS

Let me sit heavy on thy soul tomorrow,  
Rivers that died at Pomfret: despair, and die.

Ghost of GREY

Think upon Grey, and let thy soul despair,  
And with guilty fear let fall thy lance.  
Despair and die.

*Enter the Ghost of HASTINGS*

Ghost of HASTINGS

Bloody and guilty, guiltily awake,  
And in a bloody battle end thy days.  
Think on Lord Hastings: despair, and die.

*Enter the Ghosts of PRINCE EDWARD  
and the duke of YORK*

Ghost of *PRINCE EDWARD*

Dream on thy cousins smother'd in the Tower:

Ghost of YORK

Let us be led within thy bosom, Richard,

Ghost of *PRINCE EDWARD*

And weigh thee down to ruin, shame, and death;

Ghost of YORK

Thy nephews' souls bid thee despair and die.

*Enter the Ghost of LADY ANNE*

Ghost of LADY ANNE

Richard, thy wife, that wretched Anne thy wife,  
That never slept a quiet hour with thee,  
Tomorrow in the battle think on me,  
And fall thy edgeless sword: despair, and die.

*Enter the Ghost of BUCKINGHAM*

Ghost of BUCKINGHAM

O, in the battle think on Buckingham,  
And die in terror of thy guiltiness.  
Dream on, dream on, of bloody deeds and death:  
Fainting, despair; despairing, yield thy breath!

*The Ghosts vanish*

*KING RICHARD III starts out of his dream*

KING RICHARD III

Have mercy, Jesu!—Soft, I did but dream.  
O coward conscience, how dost thou afflict me?  
Cold fearful drops stand on my trembling flesh.  
What do I fear? Myself? There's none else by:  
Richard loves Richard, that is, I am I.  
Is there a murderer here? No. Yes, I am!  
Then fly; What from myself? Great reason: why?  
Left I revenge. What? My Self upon my Self?  
Alack, I love my Self. Wherefore? For any good  
That I my Self, have done unto my Self?  
I am a villain: yet I lie. I am not!  
Fool, of thyself speak well! Fool, do not flatter.  
My conscience hath a thousand several tongues,  
And every tongue brings in a several tale,  
And every tale condemns me for a villain;  
Perjury, perjury, in the high'st degree;  
Murder, stem murder, in the direst degree;  
All several sins, all us'd in each degree,  
Throng to the bar, crying all, 'Guilty, guilty!'  
I shall despair. There is no creature loves me,  
And if I die, no soul shall pity me.

And wherefore should they? Since that I my Self,  
Find in my Self no pity to myself?

*Enter RATCLIFFE*

RATCLIFFE  
My lord!

KING RICHARD III  
'Zounds! Who is there?

RATCLIFFE  
Ratcliffe, my lord; 'tis I.

KING RICHARD III  
O Ratcliffe, I have dream'd a fearful dream!  
What thinkest thou -- will our friends prove all true?

RATCLIFFE  
No doubt, my lord.

KING RICHARD III  
O Ratcliffe, I fear, I fear,--  
'Tis not yet near day; come, go with me;  
Under our tents I'll play the eavesdropper,  
To see if any mean to shrink from me.

*Exeunt*

*Enter BRANDON, DORSET, and RICHMOND*

DORSET  
Good morrow, Richmond.

RICHMOND  
Cry mercy, lords and watchful gentlemen,  
That you have ta'en a tardy sluggard here.

BRANDON  
How have you slept, my lord?

RICHMOND  
The sweetest sleep, and fairest-boding dreams  
That ever enter'd in a drowsy head  
Have I, since your departure, had, my lords.  
How far into the morning is it, lords?

DORSET  
Upon the stroke of four.

RICHMOND

Why, then 'tis time to arm and give direction.

*His oration to his soldiers*

More than I have said, loving countrymen,  
The leisure and enforcement of the time  
Forbids to dwell upon. Yet remember this,  
God and our good cause, fight upon our side.  
Richard except, those whom we fight against  
Had rather have us win than him they follow.  
For what is he they follow? Truly, gentlemen,  
A bloody tyrant and a homicide;  
One raised in blood, and one in blood establish'd;  
One that made means to come by what he hath,  
And slaughter'd those that were the means to help him;  
A base, foul stone, made precious by the foil  
Of England's chair, where he is falsely set;  
One that hath ever been God's enemy:  
Then, if you fight against God's enemy,  
God will, in justice, ward you as his soldiers;  
If you do sweat to put a tyrant down,  
You sleep in peace, the tyrant being slain;  
If you do free your children from the sword,  
Your children's children quit it in your age.  
Then, in the name of God and all these rights,  
Advance your standards, draw your willing swords!

God, and Saint George! Richmond and victory!

*Exeunt Richmond and followers*

*Re-enter KING RICHARD, RATCLIFFE, CATESBY*

KING RICHARD III

Who saw the sun to-day?

RATCLIFFE

Not I, my lord.

KING RICHARD III

Then he disdains to shine, for by the book  
He should have braved the east an hour ago  
A black day will it be to somebody.

*Enter NORFOLK and soldiers*

SOLDIER

Arm, arm, my lord; the foe vaunts in the field!

KING RICHARD III

Call up Lord Stanley, bid him bring his power.  
I will lead forth my soldiers to the plain,  
What think'st thou, Norfolk?

*Soldier*

NORFOLK

A good direction, warlike sovereign.

KING RICHARD III

Go, gentleman, every man unto his charge!  
Let not our babbling dreams affright our souls:  
Conscience is but a word that cowards use,  
Devis'd at first to keep the strong in awe.  
Our strong arms be our conscience, swords our law.  
March on! Join bravely. Let us to it pell-mell--  
If not to heaven, then hand in hand to hell.

*His oration to his Army*

What shall I say more than I have inferr'd?  
Remember whom you are to cope withal;  
A sort of vagabonds, rascals, and runaways,  
A scum of Bretons, and base lackey peasants,  
Whom their o'er-cloyed country vomits forth  
To desperate adventures and assur'd destruction.  
And who doth lead them but a paltry fellow,  
A milksop! One that never in his life  
Felt so much cold as over-shoes in snow.  
If we be conquer'd, let men conquer us!  
And not these bastard Bretons; whom our fathers  
Have in their own land beaten, bobb'd, and thump'd,  
And in record, left them the heirs of shame.  
Shall these enjoy our lands? Lie with our wives?  
Ravish our daughters?

*Drum afar off*

Hark! I hear their drum.  
Fight, gentlemen of England! Fight, bold yoemen!  
Spur your proud hearts now, and ride in blood;

*Enter a Messenger*

What says Lord Stanley? Will he bring his power?

MESSENGER

My lord, he doth deny to come.

KING RICHARD III

Off with his son George's head!

RATCLIFFE

My lord, the enemy is past the marsh!

After the battle let George Stanley die.

KING RICHARD III

A thousand hearts are great within my bosom:  
Advance our standards! Set upon our foes!  
Upon them! Victory sits on our helms!

*Exeunt*

---

**V.iv, Another part of the field.**

*Alarum: Excursions.*

*Battle - Richard fights and kills enemy soldiers.*

*He is then surrounded by more soldiers.*

*Enter [NORFOLK and forces fighting]; to him CATESBY*

CATESBY

Rescue, my Lord of Norfolk, rescue, rescue!

*[Exeunt Norfolk and soldiers]*

*Alarums.*

*Re-enter KING RICHARD III*

KING RICHARD III

A horse! A horse! My kingdom for a horse!

*[Exeunt]*

*NORFOLK is slain, BRANDON is slain*

---

**SCENE V.v, Another part of the field.**

*Alarum. Enter KING RICHARD III and RICHMOND; they fight.*

*KING RICHARD III is slain.*

*Flourish. Enter Stanley Earl of DERBY, with other Lords*

RICHMOND

God and your arms be prais'd, victorious friends:  
The day is ours; the bloody dog is dead.

DERBY

Courageous Richmond, well hast thou acquit thee!

*[Presenting the crown]*

Lo, here, this long-usurped royalty  
From the dead temples of this bloody wretch!

Wear it, enjoy it, and make much of it.

RICHMOND

Great God of Heaven, say Amen to all!  
But tell me, is young George Stanley living?

DERBY

He is, my lord.

RICHMOND

Proclaim a pardon to the soldiers fled  
That in submission will return to us:  
We will unite the white rose and the red:  
Smile, heaven, upon this fair conjunction,  
That long have frown'd upon their emnity  
O now let Richmond and Elizabeth,  
The true succeeders of each royal 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.  
Now civil wounds are stopp'd, peace lives again:  
That she may long live here, God say amen!

*Finis*

## **APPENDIX C: LEXICON**

This lexicon was made using Alexander Schmidt's Lexicon and Quotation Dictionary as the primary source. The lexicon was made available to the cast to aid in their investigation of the text.

Line #	Word	Definition
<b>Act I</b>		
<b>Scene I</b>		
<b>I</b>		
1	Winter	Emblem of old age
1	Discontent	Sorrow, grief
2	Glorious	Of supreme excellence and splendor, illustrious
2	Sun	The blessed
3	Lour'd	Lowered
6	Arms	Armor
6	Monuments	Memorials, trophies
7	Alarums	Calls to arms
8	Measures	Dances
9	Wrinkled front	Frowning brow
10	Barbed	Armed and harnessed
12	Capers	Leaps or jumps
16	Want	Not to be in sufficient quantity
18	Fair	Good, accomplished, such as would be desired or loved
18	Proportion	Shape
19	Cheated	Deceived, swindled
19	Feature	General appearance
19	Dissembling	Deceiving
22	Lamely	In a halting manner, imperfectly
23	Halt	To walk with a limp
24	Weak	Wanting spirit and moral power
25	Delight	Highly pleasing distraction
27	Descant	To comment (des- <b>kant</b> )
29	Entertain	To receive in general
31	Hate	To dislike greatly, to regard with the passion contrary to love
32	Inductions	Preparations
33	Drunken	Done in a state of intoxication
36	True and Just	Naively unsuspecting
38	Mew'd	Shut up, confined, caged
43	Conduct	Guide or escort
45	Protest	To declare with solemnity
47	Hearkened After	To inquire, to ask about
48	Wizard	A conjurer, a soothsayer, a prophet
49	Issue	Progeny, offspring, child or children
50	Toys	Trifles
55	Temper	To fashion, to mould, to dispose
57	Whence	From where, from which place
57	Deliver'd	To set free, to release
60	Straightly	Strictly
60	Given In Charge	To enjoin, to order

65	Well struck in years	Advanced in years
67	Passing	Extraordinarily, extremely
70	Withal	Together with this, at the same time
71	Forbear	To abstain from
72	Charge	Accusation
74	Disgrace	Anything misbecoming in behavior or appearance
76	Lie for you	Take your place in prison
77	Perforce	Yield to necessity
78	Simple	Silly, witless, weak in intellect
78	Plain	Artless, without disguise, frank, honest
83	Brook'd	To endure, to bear
90	Fear him	Fear for him
91	Diet	Course of life, lifestyle
92	Over-much	Too much
92	Consumed	Devour, destroy, waste
96	Urge	To stimulate, to incite, to irritate
97	Steel'd	Hardened, strengthened

## Act I

### Scene

#### II

1	Honourable	Deserving respect, full of, or dictated by noble sentiments
2	Honour	High rank, dignity, distinction
3	Obsequiously	Mournfully, as at a funeral ( <i>uh b-see-kwee-uh s-ly</i> )
5	Key-cold	As cold as death
13	Abortive	Unnatural
23	Corse	Dead body
25	Stand	Halt, stop
26	Advance thy halbert higher than my breast	Keep your weapon upright ( <b>hol</b> -berd)
28	Spurn	Trample on
36	Deluge	Flood ( <b>del</b> -yoozh)
46	Wonderful	Surprising
58	Falchion	Sword ( <b>fawl</b> -chuh n)
73	Betide	Befall, come to
85	Rend	To tear asunder; to split
86	Wreck	Destruction
94	Bereft	To deprive; to strip one of
106	Store	Abundance at the ready
113	Exhale	To draw out
115	Sued	To beg, to entreat, to petition
116	Smoothing	Flattering
117	Propos'd my fee	Held forth as my reward
118	Sues	To beg, to entreat, to petition

122	Lo	Look, behold
123	Hide	To put inside, to stab
127	Nay	No
129	Dispatch	To put to death
132	Dissembler	One who is false in every way
139	Accessary	Guilty
141	Figured	Expressed
143	Man was	Was man
146	Hereafter	In time to come; in the future
149	Vouchsafe	Consent
154	Suppliant	Servant, lover
164	Expedient	Speedy
165	Boon	A favor begged or granted
169	Flatter	To treat with praise or blandishment
173	Attend	To be ready for service, to be in waiting
178	Take	Charm, captivate
189	Debase	To degrade
190	All	The whole, everything
190	Moiety	Half of Edward
191	Halts	Limps
195	At-charges for	In search of

**Act I**

**Scene**

**III**

3	Brook	To bear, to present
6	Betide on	Happen to
12	Concluded	Officially decreed
13	Determin'd	Settled, decided
14	Miscarry	To fail, not to succeed, to be lost, to perish, to die
19	Notwithstanding	In spite of the fact
25	Proceeds from	Comes from
29	Atonement	Reconciliation
33	Height	The height of Fortune's whirling wheel
36	Forsooth	In truth, certainly (Implying some contempt when used by well-bred persons)
38	Cog	To cheat, to deceive
39	Duck	Bow
39	Apish	Like an ape; proud, fantastical, shallow
40	Rancorous	Malicious
46	Be quiet...breathing- while	Have peace for just a moment
50	Aiming	Guessing
50	Belike	As it seems, it should seem, I suppose
50	Interior	Internal
52	Send	To cause to go on an errand or message or any purpose

52	Ground	Cause, motive, reason, source
56	Jack	Worthless person
60	Have need of	Be under obligation to
63	Careful	Anxiety-provoking, dangerous, precarious
64	Incense	To enkindle, to irritate
73	Preferments	Advancements, promotions
75	Desert	Merit, claim to honor and reward (deh-zurt) <b>as in deserving</b>
88	Avouch't	Deny
89	Adventure	Risk
95	Pack-horse	Workhorse
100	Withal	Together with this, at the same time
105	Cacodemon	Evil spirit
112	Fall Out	Quarrel
113	Pill'd	To pillage, to rob, to plunder
116	Depos'd	To divest of office, to dethrone
118	What makest thou	What are you doing
129	Clout	Piece of cloth or linen
144	Quick	Animated
145	Surfeit	Gluttony, greediness
148	For	In place of, in exchange for
149	By like	By equally
150	For	In place of, in exchange for
157	Unlook'd	Unexpected
158	Charm	Curse, incantation
165	Begnaw	Continually gnaw
166	Elvish-mark'd	Deformed
167	Seal'd	Stamped, confirmed
168	Slave of Nature	(Because he was congenitally deformed)
169	Heavy	Sorrowful
171	Rag	Shabby, beggarly person
173	I cry thee mercy	I beg your pardon
176	Period	Conclusion
179	Painted	Artificial, counterfeit, unreal
179	Vain...fortune	Empty ornament of the position that belongs to me
180	Bottled	Swollen, Big-bellied
182	Whet'st	To rub for the purpose of sharpening
191	Fair befall	Good luck to
195	Look	Be careful
195	Fawns	Wags his tail
196	Venom	Venomous
196	Rankle	Cause a festering wound
207	Muse	Wonder
207	At liberty	Free, not in custody
215	Attend	Go with
217	Set abroad	Started, set in motion
225	Sudden	Quick

227	Mark	Listen to
228	Prate	To talk idly
<b>Act I</b>		
<b>Scene</b>		
<b>IV</b>		
1	Heavily	Sorrowfully, mournfully
9	Burgundy	Country between France and Germany where upon his father's death, Clarence & his brother Richard had been sent for safety.
12	Hatches	Movable planks forming the deck of a ship
15	Stay	Steady
16	Main	The ocean, the great sea
17	Methought	I thought
23	Inestimable	Invaluable, Numberless
27	In scorn of	In place of, mocking
33	Yield the ghost	Surrender to death, give up the ghost, die
34	Stopp'd in	Held in, prevented from escape
36	Bulk	Body
41	Melancholy Flood	The river Styx, across which Charon rowed the spirits of the dead to the underworld
46	Scourge	A whip, a lash; used as the symbol of punishment and vindictive affliction
47	Afford	To offer, to give
53	Torments	Punishments
55	Environ'd	To surround, to envelop
57	Season	Time, generally
60	No marvel though	No wonder
63	Fain	Gladly, willingly
71	Reason	To argue, to debate
72	Will be guiltless	Want to be ignorant of and thus innocent of
72	Meaning	Intention, purpose
73	Point of wisdom	Show of wisdom, wise decision
78	Urging	To speak of, to mention
84	'Zounds	By God's (Christ's) wounds
88	Costard	Ludicrous expression for the head
88	Malmsey-butt	A large cask of sweet wine
89	Sop	Drunkard
90	Reason	Talk
96	Wherefore	For what reason
100	Wherein	In what way
109	Erroneous Vassals	Criminal wretches
115	Meed	Reward, recompense, hire
125	Labour	To work in support of
125	Delivery	Release

<b>135</b>	Be not a flatterer	If you're not giving me false hope
<b>140</b>	Desperately	Recklessly
<b>141</b>	Fain	Gladly, willingly

**Act II  
Scene**

**I**

<b>2</b>	League	Peace, amity, friendship
<b>8</b>	Dissemble	To hide, to gloss over, to disguise
<b>11</b>	Thrive	Prosper
<b>25</b>	Cordial	Restorative, tonic
<b>31</b>	Enmity	Hateful opposition
<b>32</b>	Swelling	To grow in the mind and fill the soul
<b>47</b>	Grace	Mercy
<b>49</b>	Bouted	Attacked
<b>57</b>	Countermand	Repeal of a former order
<b>58</b>	Lag	Late
<b>62</b>	Sued	Spoke on his behalf
<b>66</b>	Lap	Wrap
<b>75</b>	Closet	Private quarters

**Act II  
Scene**

**II**

<b>16</b>	Hinder	Stop
<b>17</b>	Chide	Scold
<b>20</b>	Impatience	Lack of composure in pain or suffering
<b>21</b>	Make	Expose
<b>34</b>	Moiety	A half, a portion
<b>35</b>	Over-go	Exceed
<b>36</b>	Reduce	To bring, to convey
<b>37</b>	Govern'd	Swayed, controlled
<b>37</b>	Watery	Full of tears
<b>43</b>	Parcell'd	Specific
<b>51</b>	Careful	Full of care, watchful
<b>60</b>	Meekness	Gentleness, indulgent kindness
<b>68</b>	Me seemeth good	It seems to me
<b>68</b>	Train	A retinue, a number of attendants
<b>69</b>	Forthwith	Immediately, without delay
<b>72</b>	Post	To go with speed, to hasten
<b>74</b>	Censures	Judgment, opinion
<b>78</b>	By the way	Along the way, on the way
<b>78</b>	Sort occasion	To find an opportunity
<b>79</b>	Index	An explaining preface or prologue to a book or play
<b>80</b>	Part	Separate
<b>81</b>	Consistory	Any council or solemn assembly

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**Act II****Scene****III**

<b>1</b>	Whither away	Where are you going
<b>3</b>	The better	More important
<b>17</b>	Dearth	Famine
<b>18</b>	Sort	To ordain, to dispose

**Act II****Scene****IV**

<b>14</b>	Gracious	In a state of heavenly grace, pious, virtuous, holy
<b>18</b>	Biting	Sharp
<b>19</b>	Parlous	Clever, precocious
<b>19</b>	Shrewd	Malicious
<b>26</b>	Pomfret	Castle in Yorkshire where Richard II met his death in 1400
<b>30</b>	Hind	Deer
<b>31</b>	Jut	To thrust upon, to force upon
<b>46</b>	Spleen	Hate, malice

**Act****III****Scene****I**

<b>2</b>	My thoughts'	I think, I believe
<b>4</b>	Crosses	Unfortunate events (i.e. arrests)
<b>9</b>	Attended	Listened to
<b>25</b>	Fain	Gladly
<b>73</b>	Cross in talk	Twist words
<b>74</b>	Bear with	Be indulgent towards
<b>75</b>	Bear	Carry
<b>79</b>	Pass along	To proceed
<b>87</b>	Marry	I'll tell you
<b>101</b>	Far off	From the purpose
<b>101</b>	Sound	Examine
<b>102</b>	Stand affected	Disposed
<b>104</b>	Sit about	Discuss
<b>108</b>	Divided	Separate
<b>111</b>	Is let blood	Will be executed
<b>114</b>	Complots	Conspiracies
<b>115</b>	Somewhat	Something
<b>117</b>	Moveables	Personal property

**Act****III**

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**Scene****II**

<b>7</b>	Raz'd off his helm	Torn off his helmet
<b>12</b>	Instance	Grounds
<b>23</b>	Crown	Head
<b>26</b>	Forward upon his party	Eager to his cause
<b>35</b>	Gracious	Righteous
<b>53</b>	Jocund	Lively, brisk
<b>56</b>	Have with you	I'll go with you
<b>56</b>	Wot you what	What do you say, what do you think
<b>58</b>	Better	More deservedly

**Act****III****Scene****III**

<b>2</b>	Determine	Decide about
<b>5</b>	Nomination	Setting the date
<b>6</b>	Happy	Favourable, fit
<b>7</b>	Herein	In this
<b>8</b>	Inward	Intimate
<b>10</b>	For	As for
<b>25</b>	Part	Participation, action
<b>26</b>	Voice	Vote
<b>30</b>	Sounded	Tried to examine
<b>31</b>	Hot	Violent, passionate
<b>33</b>	Terms	Names
<b>39</b>	Prevail'd	Influenced, overcome
<b>54</b>	Not a whit	Not in the least bit
<b>55</b>	Fond	Foolish, silly
<b>57</b>	Disdain	To scorn, to treat with contempt
<b>60</b>	Dispatch	Make haste
<b>61</b>	Short shrift	Brief, not over-ceremonious, or quick confession

**Act****III****Scene****IV**

<b>5</b>	Knot	Group
<b>8</b>	Dispatch	Stop, be quiet
<b>9</b>	Momentary	Brief, lasting but a moment
<b>9</b>	Grace	Happiness
<b>11</b>	In air of your good looks	Because you seem on the outside to be a godly person
<b>16</b>	Expiate	Ending, coming to a close

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<b>Act III Scene V</b>		
<b>4</b>	Ignoble	Base, despicable
<b>7</b>	Plainest	Most
<b>16</b>	Censures	Blame
<b>16</b>	Carping	Finding fault, mocking
<b>19</b>	Hies	To make haste, to hurry
<b>19</b>	In all post	In haste
<b>20</b>	Meets't advantage of the time	First favorable opportunity
<b>21</b>	Infer	Assert
<b>24</b>	Went with child of	Was pregnant with
<b>27</b>	Just	Exact, precise
<b>29</b>	Lineaments	Features
<b>31</b>	Touch this sparingly, as 'twere far off	Don't say this to anyone who was there and is able to argue the point or would tell my mother
<b>34</b>	Golden fee	Crown
<b>38</b>	Palpable	Obvious
<b>Act III Scene VII</b>		
<b>3</b>	Touch'd	Mentioned
<b>6</b>	Tyranny for trifles	Harsh punishment for slight infringements
<b>9</b>	Right	Precise
<b>9</b>	Idea	Image
<b>16</b>	Intend	Pretend
<b>18</b>	For on that ground...descant	On the grounds that you're a godly man I'll proclaim what a great man you are ( <b>Des</b> -kant)
<b>22</b>	Dance	(from attendance) To wait on a person without being admitted
<b>23</b>	Spoke withal	Spoken with
<b>35</b>	Brace	Couple
<b>60</b>	Emend	To free from fault or error
<b>66</b>	Recure	Remedy
<b>70</b>	Factor	Agent
<b>88</b>	Respects	Reasons, motives
<b>88</b>	Nice	Petty, insignificant, trivial
<b>94</b>	Proffer'd	Offered, proposed for acceptance
<b>105</b>	Kind, effeminate remorse	Natural, tender pity

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**Act IV****Scene****I**

<b>1</b>	Well met	Welcome
<b>3</b>	Whither away?	Where are you going?
<b>6</b>	Gratulate	Greet
<b>22</b>	Cut my lace asunder	Loosen my bodice
<b>24</b>	Swoon	To sink into a fainting fit
<b>25</b>	Despiteful	Cruel
<b>29</b>	Outstrip	To leave behind
<b>35</b>	Ill-dispersing	Misfortune-scattering
<b>38</b>	Unavoided	Not avoided or shunned
<b>41</b>	Inclusive	Enclosing, encircling
<b>41</b>	Verge	Edge, border
<b>45</b>	Humor	Cast of mind, temper, sentiments, spirit
<b>53</b>	Lo	Look, behold; a word used to incite attention
<b>55</b>	Grossly	Stupidly
<b>59</b>	Timorous	Fearful, terrifying
<b>62</b>	Complaining	Lament
<b>70</b>	Immur'd	To enclose within walls, to confine

**Act IV****Scene****II**

<b>8</b>	Play the touch	Assume the function of a touchstone, which was used for testing the quality of gold
<b>9</b>	Try if thou be current gold	To test you to see if you are pure, honest and loyal
<b>16</b>	Wert not wont to be	Are not usually known to be
<b>16</b>	Dull	Stupid, tedious
<b>21</b>	Tut	Interjection expressing contempt at what has been said by another
<b>21</b>	Ice	Symbol of coldness
<b>25</b>	Resolve	Inform
<b>32</b>	Close exploit	Secret undertaking
<b>39</b>	Deep-revolving	Profoundly considering
<b>39</b>	Witty	Cunning
<b>48</b>	Take	Give
<b>48</b>	Close	In strict confinement, imprisonment
<b>53</b>	Prove	Test
<b>59</b>	Open	Unimpeded
<b>63</b>	Prefer	Advance, promote
<b>66</b>	Sound me in	Ask me about
<b>91</b>	Jack	Foolish person

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<b>91</b>	Keeps't	To detain, to delay
<b>93</b>	Vein	Mood, temper
<b>94</b>	Resolve	Satisfy

**Act IV  
Scene  
III**

<b>2</b>	Arch	Wicked, heinous
<b>9</b>	Replenished	Perfect, complete
<b>10</b>	Prime	First in time or excellence
<b>18</b>	After-supper	Dessert
<b>19</b>	Process	Story
<b>21</b>	Inheritor	Possessor, recipient
<b>23</b>	Abraham's bosom	Heaven
<b>27</b>	Knot	Alliance
<b>30</b>	Bluntly	Unceremoniously, impolitely
<b>33</b>	Field	The ground where war is waged
<b>34</b>	More near	More greatly, more near to my heart
<b>35</b>	Rash-levied	Hastily collected
<b>36</b>	Counsel	Careful consideration
<b>37</b>	Brave	Dare to approach, dare to go, challenge

**Act IV  
Scene  
IV**

<b>7</b>	Unblown	Not having the bud expanded, not grown
<b>7</b>	Sweets	Flowers
<b>11</b>	Craz'd	Cracked
<b>17</b>	Usurp'd	Seized, taken, claimed falsely
<b>18</b>	Abstract	Summary
<b>26</b>	Seigniory	Seniority
<b>37</b>	True-disposing	Just, justly ordained
<b>38</b>	Carnal	Carnivorous
<b>40</b>	Pew-fellow	Companion
<b>44</b>	Cloy	To become weary due to excess, to become distasteful through overabundance
<b>46</b>	Quit	To pay for, as a penalty
<b>49</b>	Adulterate	Adulterous
<b>51</b>	Intelligencer	Spy
<b>52</b>	At hand	Very near in time
<b>53</b>	Ensues	To be about to happen
<b>60</b>	Bottled	Swollen, big-bellied
<b>61</b>	Vain flourish	Varnish, gloss, ostentatious embellishment
<b>62</b>	Sign	Token
<b>65</b>	Wherein dost thou	Where are you?
<b>83</b>	Quicken	Put life into

85	Calamity	Great misfortune
86	Scope	Room to move in, free play, vent
91	Copious	Abounding in words
105	Condition	Disposition
106	Brook	To bear, to endure
106	Accent	Sound of the voice
115	Tetchy	Touchy, fretful, peevish, annoying, irritating
115	Wayward	Capricious, obstinate, stubborn
118	Age	Advanced period of life, adulthood
139	Serves	Attends
161	Conveyance with	Riddance of
172	Quicken your increase	Give new life to your progeny
183	Vail	To submit to
204	Tender	To cherish; to hold dear
214	Recomforture	Consolation
221	Puissant	Mighty, powerful
223	Hull	To float, to drift
228	Convenient	Possible
229	Post	To go with speed, to hasten
230	Thither	To that place
234	Levy	To collect, to raise (as applied to soldiers)
234	Straight	Immediately, without delay
235	Make	To produce
244	Hoyday	An exclamation of contemptuous surprise
247	White-liver'd Runagate	Cowardly fugitive
254	What makes he	What is he doing
267	Assurance	Safety
275	Out on you	Away with you
27	Owls	Harbinger of night, death

#### Act IV

##### Scene

##### V

3	Frank'd up in hold	Penned in custody (as a hostage)
7	Withal	With this, at the same time

#### Act V

##### Scene

##### I

6	Wherein	In which
6	Wished	Dreamed, foresaw
9	Respite	<b>The dated fixed to answer for a wrong doing (res-pit)</b>
11	Feigned	False, pretend

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**Act V**  
**Scene**  
**II**

<b>8</b>	Sharp	Harsh, severe, afflicting, painful
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**Act V**  
**Scene**  
**III**

<b>1</b>	Even	Precisely, exactly
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<b>5</b>	Knocks	Blows, cuffs
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<b>7</b>	Vantage	The best places to fight
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<b>11</b>	Track	Course, way
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<b>11</b>	Car	The chariot of Phoebus
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<b>31</b>	Pursuivant-at-arms	An office at arms, of lower rank than a herald
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<b>43</b>	Doubtful shock of arms	Uncertain conflict
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<b>47</b>	Speed well	Good luck
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<b>51</b>	Warlike	Having the qualities of a good soldier or warrior
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<b>53</b>	Captain	The instrument and substitute of a higher power
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<b>90</b>	Several	Separate, different, distinct
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<b>110</b>	Cry mercy	I beg your pardon
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<b>111</b>	Ta'en	To come upon unexpectedly, to catch by surprise
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<b>111</b>	Sluggard	Lazy fellow
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<b>113</b>	Fairest boding	Most happily prophetic
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<b>123</b>	Except	Not included
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<b>130</b>	Stone	Symbol of hardness and insensibility
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<b>130</b>	Made precious by the foil	Made valuable by the crown and title
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<b>138</b>	Quit	Repaid
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<b>147</b>	Vaunt	Glories, exhaults, boasts
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<b>157</b>	Pell-mell	Disorderly, recklessly
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<b>159</b>	Inferr'd	Stated
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<b>163</b>	O'er-cloyed	Over-glutted, over-satiated
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<b>165</b>	Paltry	Vile, contemptible
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<b>170</b>	Bobb'd	Thrashed
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**Act V**  
**Scene**  
**V**

<b>3</b>	Well hast thou acquit thee	You have done good work
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<b>14</b>	Conjunction	Union, connection
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<b>15</b>	Enmity	Hatred, Ill will
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<b>22</b>	Civil wounds	Our community's wounds, our people's wounds
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## **APPENDIX D: PRODUCTION PHOTOS**

This is collection of photographs documenting the production. Photos are property of the Temple Theaters and are used with permission from photographers Ian Guzzone and Michael Persico.



**"Now is the winter of our discontent...." (I, i.)**

**Figure: 12**



**"O, I have pass'd a miserable night...." (I, iv.)**

**Figure: 13**



**"And leave out thee? Stay, dog, for thou shalt hear me." (I, iii.)**

**Figure: 14**



**"I thank my God for my humility." (II, i.)**

**Figure: 15**



"Welcome, sweet prince..." (III, i.)

Figure: 16



"Go thou to Richard, and good angels tend thee." (IV, i.)

Figure : 17



**"Dispatch; the limit of your lives is out." (III, iii.)**

**Figure:18**



**"Sin, death, and Hell have set their marks on him  
And all their ministers attend on him." (IV, i.)**

**Figure: 19**



**"I had an Edward, till a Richard kill'd him..." (IV, iv.)**

**Figure: 20**



**"The tyrannous and bloody act is done..." (IV, iii.)**

**Figure: 21**



**"But in your daughter's womb I bury them: Where, in that nest of spicery, they shall breed Selves of themselves, to your recomferture." (IV, iv.)**

**Figure: 22**



**"True hope is swift, and flies with swallow's wings;  
Kings it makes gods, and meaner creatures kings." (V, ii.)**

**Figure: 23**



**"Bloody and guilty, guiltily awake, And in a bloody battle end thy days!" (V, iii.)**

**Figure: 24**



**"Dream on, dream on of bloody deeds and death:  
Fainting, despair; despairing, yield thy breath!" (V, iii.)**

**Figure: 25**



**And if I die no soul will pity me:And wherefore should they,--since that I myself  
Find in myself no pity to myself? (V, iii.)**

**Figure: 26**



**"The sun will not be seen today...." (V, iii.)**

**Figure: 27**



**"Fight, gentlemen of England! Fight, bold yeomen!" (V, iii.)**

**Figure: 28**



"Rescue, my Lord of Norfolk, rescue, rescue!" (V, iv.)

Figure: 29



**Richard fights Richmond in battle (V, iv.)**

**Figure: 30**



**"A horse! A horse! My kingdom for a horse!" (V, iv.)**

**Figure: 31**



**"Now civil wounds are stopp'd, peace lives again:  
That she may long live here, God say Amen!" (V, v.)**

**Figure: 32**