

## SCRIPT OF FRID-EVIL

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ALL SHAKESPEAREAN TEXT IS IN REGULAR PRINT.**

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THREE POSSIBLE USES COULD BE READING THE ENTIRE SCRIPT FIRST, READING IT AFTER, OR  
THIRD...BROKEN UP INTO SECTIONS ACCORDING TO YOUR OWN LIKING.

*Jonathan:*

*"I don't want to do this...Let's talk about Ben Cross.*

*Now, if you're very good in your Shakespeare class we'll  
get to talk about him later.*

*Well good afternoon...and join me in my journey in the  
world peopled by none other than William Shakespeare. A  
world of fools, fiends, elves, fairies and sprites. A monster,  
a king, and a plain dealing villain or two. Of course, we'll  
meet all kinds of fools. Not just the wise fools dressed in  
motley...those tight fitting party striped doublet and hose  
outfits with conical cap and bells...lucky for you I'm not in  
costume.*

*In this garb they were referred to as fools or jesturs or  
clowns...what we might call today stand-up  
comics...although we still have our circus clowns...*

*No not just the wise fools...we'll also meet the stupid fools...drunkards, pedants, mal-contents...and a fool that bore the name of Richard. A dangerous fool he...a king. He had a plethora of nicknames...a bunchback toad for one...the ultimate machiavel among english kings. During his reign of terror an unmitigated fiend, but in the end alas a self-confessed fool.*

*But let us begin with our monster called Caliban, from Shakespeare's final masterpiece The Tempest.*

*He lives on an island in the midst of the sea, offspring of a witch and of the devil himself and slave to a banished duke.*

*Fiend, or fool?*

*Our first brief meeting with him comes late in the play as he tries to reassure his newfound companions...two drunken and terrified survivors of a shipwreck...about his native island's innocent charm.”*

### *CALIBAN*

Be not afeard; the isle is full of noises,  
Sounds and sweet airs, that give delight and hurt not.  
Sometimes a thousand twangling instruments  
Will hum about mine ears, and sometime voices  
That, if I then had waked after long sleep,  
Will make me sleep again: and then, in dreaming,  
The clouds methought would open and show riches

Ready to drop upon me that, when I waked,  
I cried to dream again.

*Jonathan:*

*“I cannot think of a better way to introduce the story of the Tempest and the various people that we meet there, than to go straight to Tales from Shakespeare, by Charles and Mary Lamb.*

*The style of the Lambs, though indigenous to the 19<sup>th</sup> century, blends beautifully I think with the Tempest’s fairytale like quality. Indeed you will find yourself wondering where the Lambs left off and Shakespeare began.*

*Here is a very brief excerpt.”*

There was a certain island in the sea, the only inhabitants of which were an old man, whose name was Prospero, and his daughter Miranda, a very beautiful young lady. She came to this island so young, that she had no memory of having seen any other face than her father's.

They lived in a cave or cell, made out of a rock.

Being thrown by a strange chance upon this island, which had been enchanted by a witch called Sycorax, who died there a short time before his arrival, Prospero, by virtue of his art, released many good spirits that Sycorax had imprisoned in the bodies of

large trees, because they had refused to execute her wicked commands. These gentle spirits were ever after obedient to the will of Prospero. Of these Ariel was the chief.

The lively little sprite Ariel had nothing mischievous in his nature, except that he took rather too much pleasure in tormenting an ugly monster called Caliban, for he owed him a grudge because he was the son of his old enemy Sycorax.

When Caliban was lazy and neglected his work, Ariel, who was invisible to all eyes but Prospero's, would come slyly and pinch him, and sometimes tumble him down in the mire; and then in the likeness of an ape, would make mouths at him.

With a variety of such-like vexatious tricks Ariel would often torment him.

Having these powerful spirits obedient to his will, Prospero could by their means command the winds, and the waves of the sea. By his orders they raised a violent storm, in the midst of which, and struggling with the wild sea-waves that every moment threatened to swallow it up, he showed his daughter a fine large ship, which he told her was full of living beings like themselves.

'O my dear father,' said she, 'if by your art you have

raised this dreadful storm, have pity on their sad distress. See! the vessel will be dashed to pieces.

'Be not so amazed, daughter Miranda, there is no harm done. I have so ordered it, that no person in the ship shall receive any hurt. What I have done has been in care of you, my dear child.

'Twelve years ago, Miranda, I was duke of Milan, and you were a princess, and my only heir. I had a younger brother, whose name was Antonio, to whom I entrusted everything: and as I was fond of retirement and deep study, I commonly left the management of my state affairs to your uncle, my false brother (for so indeed he proved). The opportunity I gave him awakened in his bad nature a proud ambition to deprive me of my dukedom: this he soon effected with the aid of the Alonso king of Naples, a powerful prince, who also was mine enemy.'

'Therefore,' said Miranda, 'did they not that hour destroy us?'

'My child,' answered her father, 'they durst not, so dear was the love that my people bore me. Antonio carried us on board a ship, and when we were some leagues out at sea, he forced us into a small boat there he left us, as he thought, to perish. But a kind lord of my court, one Gonzalo, who loved me, had privately placed in the boat, water, provisions,

apparel, and some books which I prize above my dukedom.'

'Know then,' said her father, 'that by means of this storm, my enemies, the king of Naples, and my cruel brother, are cast ashore upon this island.'

Having so said, Prospero gently touched his daughter with his magic wand, and she fell fast asleep; for the spirit Ariel would soon present himself before his master, to give an account of the tempest, and how he had disposed of the ship's company: 'Of the ship's crew', Ariel tells Prospero, 'not one is missing; though each one thinks himself the only one saved: and the ship, though invisible to them, is safe in the harbor.'

'Ariel,' said Prospero, 'thy charge is faithfully performed: but there is more work yet.'...

Go make thyself like a nymph o' the sea: be subject  
To no sight but thine and mine, invisible  
To every eyeball else.  
Go, take this shape and hither come in it.  
Go hence with diligence!

*Exit ARIEL*

Awake, dear heart, awake! thou hast slept well; Awake!

*MIRANDA*

The strangeness of your story put  
Heaviness in me.

***PROSPERO***

Shake it off. Come on;  
We'll visit Caliban my slave, who never  
Yields us kind answer.

***MIRANDA***

'Tis a villain, sir,  
I do not love to look on.

***PROSPERO***

But, as 'tis,  
We cannot miss him: he does make our fire,  
Fetch in our wood and serves in offices  
That profit us. What, ho! slave! Caliban!  
Thou earth, thou! speak.

***CALIBAN***

[Within] There's wood enough within.

***PROSPERO***

Come forth, I say! there's other business for thee:  
Come, thou tortoise! when?

***Re-enter ARIEL like a water-nymph***

Fine apparition! My quaint Ariel,  
Hark in thine ear.

***ARIEL***

My lord it shall be done.

*Exit*

***PROSPERO***

Thou poisonous slave, got by the devil himself  
Upon thy wicked dam, come forth!

*Enter CALIBAN*

***CALIBAN***

As wicked dew as e'er my mother brush'd  
With raven's feather from unwholesome fen  
Drop on you both! a south-west blow on ye  
And blister you all o'er!

***PROSPERO***

For this, be sure, to-night thou shalt have cramps,  
Side-stitches that shall pen thy breath up; urchins  
Shall, for that vast of night that they may work,  
All exercise on thee; thou shalt be pinch'd  
As thick as honeycomb, each pinch more stinging  
Than bees that made 'em.

***CALIBAN***

I must eat my dinner.  
This island's mine, by Sycorax my mother,  
Which thou takest from me. When thou camest first,  
Thou strokedst me and madest much of me, wouldst give

me

Water with berries in't, and teach me how  
To name the bigger light, and how the less,  
That burn by day and night: and then I loved thee  
And show'd thee all the qualities o' the isle,  
The fresh springs, brine-pits, barren place and fertile:  
Cursed be I that did so! All the charms  
Of Sycorax, toads, beetles, bats, light on you!  
For I am all the subjects that you have,  
Which first was mine own king: and here you sty me  
In this hard rock, whiles you do keep from me  
The rest o' the island.

***PROSPERO***

Thou most lying slave,  
Whom stripes may move, not kindness! I have used thee,  
Filth as thou art, with human care, and lodged thee  
In mine own cell, till thou didst seek to violate  
The honor of my child.

***CALIBAN***

O ho, O ho! would't had been done!  
Thou didst prevent me; I had peopled else  
This isle with Calibans.

***PROSPERO***

Abhorred slave,  
Which any print of goodness wilt not take,  
Being capable of all ill! I pitied thee,

Took pains to make thee speak, taught thee each hour

***CALIBAN***

You taught me language; and my profit on't  
Is, I know how to curse. The red plague rid you  
For learning me your language!

***PROSPERO***

Hag-seed, hence!  
Fetch us in fuel; and be quick, thou'rt best,  
To answer other business. Shrug'st thou, malice?  
If thou neglect'st or dost unwillingly  
What I command, I'll rack thee with old cramps,  
Fill all thy bones with aches, make thee roar  
That beasts shall tremble at thy din.

***CALIBAN***

No, pray thee.

***Aside***

I must obey: his art is of such power,  
It would control my dam's god, Setebos,  
and make a vassal of him.

***PROSPERO***

So, slave; hence!

***Jonathan:***

The raging storm continues unabating as it hounds the survivors of the shipwreck onto the shore. Meanwhile Caliban goes off to gather in wood. We find him later in a clearing...thunder is heard.

***CALIBAN***

All the infections that the sun sucks up  
From bogs, fens, flats, on Prosper fall and make him  
By inch-meal a disease! His spirits hear me  
And yet I needs must curse. But they'll nor pinch,  
Fright me with urchin--shows, pitch me i' the mire,  
Nor lead me, like a firebrand, in the dark  
Out of my way, unless he bid 'em; but  
For every trifle are they set upon me;  
Sometimes like apes that mow and chatter at me  
And after bite me, then like hedgehogs which  
Lie tumbling in my barefoot way and mount  
Their pricks at my footfall; sometime am I  
All wound with adders who with cloven tongues  
Do hiss me into madness.

*Enter TRINCULO...a member and providor of  
entertainment for the shipwreck company and dressed like  
a Jester, wanders aimlessly on the island seeking cover  
from the storm. Caliban sees him.*

Lo, now, lo!

*CALIBAN*

Here comes a spirit of his, and to torment me  
For bringing wood in slowly. I'll fall flat;  
Perchance he will not mind me.

*TRINCULO*

Here's neither bush nor shrub, to bear off  
any weather at all, and another storm brewing;  
I hear it sing i' the wind: yond same black  
cloud, yond huge one, looks like a foul  
bombard that would shed his liquor. If it  
should thunder as it did before, I know not  
where to hide my head: yond same cloud cannot  
choose but fall by pailfuls. What have we  
here? a man or a fish? dead or alive? A fish:  
he smells like a fish; a very ancient and fish-  
like smell; A strange fish! Were I in England now,  
as once I was, and had but this fish painted,  
not a holiday fool there but would give a piece  
of silver: there would this monster make a  
man; any strange beast there makes a man:  
when they will not give a doit to relieve a lame  
beggar, they will lazy out ten to see a dead  
Indian. Legged like a man and his fins like  
arms! Warm o' my troth! I do now let loose  
my opinion; hold it no longer: this is no fish,  
but an islander, that hath lately suffered by a  
thunderbolt.

## *Thunder*

Alas, the storm is come again! my best way is to creep under his gaberdine; there is no other shelter hereabouts: misery acquaints a man with strange bed-fellows. I will here shroud till the dregs of the storm be past.

*Enter STEPHANO, singing: a bottle in his hand*

## *STEPHANO*

I shall no more to sea, to sea,  
Here shall I die ashore--  
This is a very scurvy tune to sing at a man's funeral: well, here's my comfort.

## *Drinks*

## *Sings*

The master, the swabber, the boatswain and I,  
The gunner and his mate  
Loved Mall, Meg and Marian and Margery,  
But none of us cared for Kate;  
For she had a tongue with a tang,  
Would cry to a sailor, Go hang!  
She loved not the savour of tar nor of pitch,  
Yet a tailor might scratch her where'er she did itch:  
Then to sea, boys, and let her go hang!  
This is a scurvy tune too: but here's my comfort.

## *Drinks*

***CALIBAN***

Do not torment me: Oh!

***STEPHANO***

What's the matter? Have we devils here? Do you put tricks upon's with savages and men of Ind, ha? I have not scaped drowning to be afeard now of your four legs; for it hath been said, As proper a man as ever went on four legs cannot make him give ground; and it shall be said so again while Stephano breathes at's nostrils.

***CALIBAN***

Do not torment me; Oh!

***STEPHANO***

This is some monster of the isle with four legs, who hath got, as I take it, an ague. Where the devil should he learn our language? I will give him some relief, if it be but for that. if I can recover him and keep him tame and get to Naples with him, he's a present for any emperor that ever trod on neat's leather.

***CALIBAN***

Do not torment me, prithee; I'll bring my wood home faster.

***STEPHANO***

He's in his fit now and does not talk after the wisest. He shall taste of my bottle: if he have never drunk wine afore will go near to remove his

fit. If I can recover him and keep him tame, I will not take too much for him; he shall pay for him that hath him, and that soundly.

***CALIBAN***

Thou dost me yet but little hurt; thou wilt anon, I know it by thy trembling: now Prosper works upon thee.

***STEPHANO***

Come on your ways; open your mouth; here is that which will give language to you, cat: open your mouth; this will shake your shaking, I can tell you, and that soundly: you cannot tell who's your friend.

***TRINCULO***

I should know that voice: it should be--but he is drowned; and these are devils: O defend me!

***STEPHANO***

Four legs and two voices: a most delicate monster! His forward voice now is to speak well of his friend; his backward voice is to utter foul speeches and to detract. If all the wine in my bottle will recover him, I will help his ague. Come. Amen! I will pour some in thy other mouth.

***TRINCULO***

Stephano!

***STEPHANO***

Doth thy other mouth call me? Mercy, mercy! This is a devil, and no monster: I will leave him.

***TRINCULO***

Stephano! If thou beest Stephano, touch me and speak to me: for I am Trinculo--be not afeard--thy good friend Trinculo.

***STEPHANO***

If thou beest Trinculo, come forth: I'll pull thee by the lesser legs: if any be Trinculo's legs, these are they. Thou art very Trinculo indeed! How camest thou to be the siege of this moon-calf? can he vent Trinculos?

***TRINCULO***

I took him to be killed with a thunder-stroke. But art thou not drowned, Stephano? I hope now thou art not drowned. Is the storm overblown? I hid me under the dead moon-calf's gaberdine for fear of the storm. And art thou living, Stephano? O Stephano, two Neapolitans 'scaped!

***STEPHANO***

Prithee, do not turn me about; my stomach is not constant.

***CALIBAN***

[Aside] These be fine things, an if they be not sprites.

That's a brave god and bears celestial liquor.  
I will kneel to him.

***STEPHANO***

How didst thou 'scape? How camest thou hither?  
swear by this bottle how thou camest hither. I  
escaped upon a butt of sack which the sailors  
heaved o'erboard, by this bottle; which I made of  
the bark of a tree with mine own hands since I was  
cast ashore.

***CALIBAN***

I'll swear upon that bottle to be thy true subject;  
for the liquor is not earthly.

***STEPHANO***

Here; swear then how thou escapedst.

***TRINCULO***

Swum ashore. man, like a duck: I can swim like a  
duck, I'll be sworn.

***STEPHANO***

Here, kiss the book. Though thou canst swim like a  
duck, thou art made like a goose.

***TRINCULO***

O Stephano. hast any more of this?

***STEPHANO***

The whole butt, man: my cellar is in a rock by the sea-side where my wine is hid. How now, moon-calf! how does thine ague?

***CALIBAN***

Hast thou not dropp'd from heaven?

***STEPHANO***

Out o' the moon, I do assure thee: I was the man i' the moon when time was.

***CALIBAN***

I have seen thee in her and I do adore thee:  
My mistress show'd me thee and thy dog and thy bush.

***STEPHANO***

Come, swear to that; kiss the book: I will furnish it anon with new contents swear.

***TRINCULO***

By this good light, this is a very shallow monster!  
I afeard of him! A most poor credulous monster!

***CALIBAN***

I'll show thee every fertile inch o' th' island;  
And I will kiss thy foot: I prithee, be my god.

***STEPHANO***

Come on then; down, and swear.

***TRINCULO***

I shall laugh myself to death at this puppy-headed monster.

***STEPHANO***

Come, kiss.

***TRINCULO***

But that the poor monster's in drink: an abominable monster!

***CALIBAN***

I'll show thee the best springs; I'll pluck thee berries;  
I'll fish for thee and get thee wood enough.  
A plague upon the tyrant that I serve!  
I'll bear him no more sticks, but follow thee,  
Thou wondrous man.

***TRINCULO***

A most ridiculous monster, to make a wonder of a  
Poor drunkard!

***CALIBAN***

I prithee, let me bring thee where crabs grow;  
And I with my long nails will dig thee pignuts;  
Show thee a jay's nest and instruct thee how  
To snare the nimble marmoset; I'll bring thee  
To clustering filberts and sometimes I'll get thee  
Young scamels from the rock. Wilt thou go with me?

***STEPHANO***

I prithee now, lead the way without any more talking. Trinculo, the king and all our company else being drowned, we will inherit here: here; bear my bottle: fellow Trinculo, we'll fill him by and by again.

***CALIBAN***

[Sings drunkenly]

Farewell master; farewell, farewell!

***TRINCULO***

A howling monster: a drunken monster!

***CALIBAN***

No more dams I'll make for fish

Nor fetch in firing

At requiring;

Nor scrape trencher, nor wash dish

'Ban, 'Ban, Cacaliban

Has a new master: get a new man.

Freedom, hey-day! hey-day, freedom! freedom,

hey-day, freedom!

***STEPHANO***

O brave monster! Lead the way.

***Exeunt***

**Jonathan:**

*I know a few of you have to catch trains, planes, boats and cars and taxis...and so well...this is your chance. Otherwise we've got another half hour yet.*

**MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING...**

*a sparkling romantic comedy of matches, mismatches...near mismatches...and matchings up again. And of course a right proper villain to stir up some mischief. A brief villain in the person of Don John... bastard brother to Don Pedro...he's always a bastard of course. Don John is another one of those dure and melencholy fellows frustrated yet effective enough to wreck havoc for a while among the revellers...but foiled in the nick of time. Trapped alas in a comedy.*

*Let's listen in on Don John and his cohorts, Comrade of Borrachio and the outset as they rally for trouble.*

**SCENE III.**

***Enter DON JOHN and CONRADE***

***CONRADE***

What the good-year, my lord! why are you thus out of measure sad?

***DON JOHN***

There is no measure in the occasion that breeds; therefore my sadness is without limit.

***CONRADE***

You should hear reason.

***DON JOHN***

And when I have heard it, what blessing brings it?

***CONRADE***

If not a present remedy, at least a patient sufferance.

***DON JOHN***

I wonder that thou, being, as thou sayest thou art, born under Saturn, goest about to apply a moral medicine to a mortifying mischief. I cannot hide what I am: I must be sad when I have cause and smile at no man's jests, eat when I have stomach and wait for no man's leisure, sleep when I am drowsy and tend on no man's business, laugh when I am merry and claw no man in his humour.

***CONRADE***

Yea, but you must not make the full show of this till you may do it without controlment. You have of late stood out against your brother, and he hath ta'en you newly into his grace; where it is impossible you should take true root but by the fair weather that you make yourself: it is needful that you frame the season for your own harvest.

***DON JOHN***

I had rather be a canker in a hedge than a rose in his grace, and it better fits my blood to be disdained of all than to fashion a carriage to rob love from any: in this, though I cannot be said to be a flattering honest man, it must not be denied but I am a plain-dealing villain. I am trusted with a muzzle and enfranchised with a clog; therefore I have decreed not to sing in my cage. If I had my mouth, I would bite; if I had my liberty, I would do my liking: in the meantime let me be that I am and seek not to alter me.

***CONRADE***

Can you make no use of your discontent?

***DON JOHN***

I make all use of it, for I use it only.

***Jonathan:***

*“I’ll say...listen to this...”*

### *Plot*

*Claudio loves Hero, cousin of Beatrice.*

*Don Pedro, brother of Don John, wants Beatrice and Benedict to fall in love...at the same time obviously to help Claudio to woo Hero by pretending to be Claudio*

*A servant overhears and tells Hero’s uncle Antonio who tells Leonatto that Don Pedro loves Hero, while another servant tells Don Jon that Claudio is about to wed Hero, Don Jon has Borrachio, a maid servant, pose as Hero and the lover for Don Pedro to see, Don Pedro then tells Claudio that Hero is unfaithful, Borrachio tells Conrade of Don John’s plot, the night watchman overhears and takes Borrachio and Conrade to the Governor to tell him the truth.*

*Meanwhile Don Pedro and Claudio tell church congregation of Hero’s deceit and she collapses and plays dead.*

*Beatrice believes Hero, Benedict believes Beatrice, Beatrice tells Benedict to kill Claudio who is told by a constable of what Borrachio and Conrade have told him. Claudio feels guilty because he doubted his beloved Hero, Leonatto tells Claudio to marry his niece who resembles the dead Hero...but is the live Hero.*

*Don John is taken away thank god.*

*Beatrice and Benedict make up*

*Claudio and Hero re-fall in love and vow never again, etc. etc.*

**CURTAIN**

*Can you make no use of your discontent?  
I make all use of it, for I use it only."*

***Jonathan:***

*"This is the chronicle of a bottled spider, the ultimate Macheaval, Richard Crookback, Duke of Gloucester, later the dead King Richard III. His defeat and death at Bosworth Field in 1485 marks the conclusion of almost a century of England's bloodiest civil wars later dubbed by history as the Wars of the Roses. It was a watershed in history for it marks as well as any single event the end of the middle ages...and of what had remained of the age of Chivalry...1485...Seven short years before Columbus first sets foot in the new world. During a greater part of the century leading upto Richard's reign, Henry Bollingbrook...ultimately King Henry IV and his heires under the banner of the red rose of the house of Lancaster ruled England through the many wars that Richard II had so long ago ominously prophesized...until Bollingbrook's grandson, Henry VI, is finally defeated by the legions of the Royal Duke of York, leader of the white rose faction. The Duke who everyone assumed would become king with the victory on his side was killed near the end of the fighting and power instead fell on the Duke's eldest son Edward, who became King Edward IV. Richard of Gloucester...third son of the victorious Duke, is about to take center stage. Witness now some crucial episodes in this drama of Richards tenious seizure of the crown through murder and coersion...and of his ultimate downfall*

*and death on the battlefield by the sword of Henry Tudor as Richard alas cries out in abject despair, 'a horse...a horse... my kingdom for a horse.'*

*At the beginning of the play then, Richard's eldest brother reigns as Edward IV. Thus standing directly in the way of Richard's path to the throne are the king himself, along with his two sons, the two boy princes...about whos imprisonment in the Tower of London legends abound...and one of whom reigns for a matter of weeks as Edward V, by the grace of God, and his uncle Richard...until...*

*But more of that later.*

*Finally there is George, Duke of Clarence: The second of Richard's two older brothers. All of these persons stand in his way.*

*In the opening soliloquy the York family (Richard is telling us) is enjoying the fruits of it's great victory in haling their new kings succession with many festive celebrations. But this is not all of what Richard is telling us.*

*Listen..."*

## **Richard III**

ACT I.

SCENE I. London. A street

[Enter GLOUCESTER.]

***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 chang'd to merry meetings,  
Our dreadful marches to delightful measures.  
Grim-visag'd 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 shap'd 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,  
Deform'd, 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 see 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 determined 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,--  
About a prophecy which says that G  
Of Edward's heirs the murderer shall be.  
Dive, thoughts, down to my soul:--here Clarence comes.

*[Enter CLARENCE, guarded, and BRAKENBURY.]*

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 should 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,  
He hearkens after prophecies and dreams;  
And from the cross-row plucks the letter G,  
And says a wizard told him that by G  
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,  
Hath mov'd his highness to commit me now.

***GLOUCESTER.***

Why, this it is when men are rul'd 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,  
Antony Woodville, her brother there,  
That 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.

***BRAKENBURY.***

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 your brother.

***GLOUCESTER.***

Even so; an't please your worship, Brakenbury,  
You may partake of any thing we say:

Brother, farewell: I will unto the king;  
And whatsoe'er 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 or else lie for you:  
Meantime, have patience.

***CLARENCE.***

I must perforce: farewell.

*[Exeunt CLARENCE, BRAKENBURY, and guard.]*

***GLOUCESTER.***

Go tread the path that thou shalt ne'er return.  
Simple, plain Clarence!--I do love thee so  
That I will shortly send thy soul to heaven,  
If heaven will take the present at our hands.--  
But who comes here? The new-delivered Hastings?

*[Enter HASTINGS.]*

***HASTINGS.***

Good time of day unto my gracious lord!

***GLOUCESTER.***

As much unto my good Lord Chamberlain!  
Well are you welcome to the open air.  
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; and so shall Clarence too;  
For they that were your enemies are his,  
And have prevail'd as much on him as you.

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.***

Now, by Saint Paul, that news is bad indeed.  
O, he hath kept an evil diet long,  
And overmuch consum'd 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.]*

He cannot live, I hope; and must not die  
Till George be pack'd with posthorse up to heaven.  
I'll in, to urge his hatred more to Clarence  
With lies well steel'd with weighty arguments;  
And, if I fail 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 wench 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.]*

***Jonathan:***

*"Before Richard's own demise at the end of the play he will*

*have eliminated eleven kinsmen in his like which stood in his way to the crown.*

*In this scene Richard confronts Warwick's youngest daughter Anne. She is such a troubling adversary with her lamentations and curses. She accompanies the cortege of her father-in-law...King Henry VI, Richard's latest victim.*

*Still, Anne is best kept alive momentarily, simply because...well...if he can get her without too much coercion...she might just make a suitable wife, and future mother to his heirs.*

*The whole scene (a large part of it I will slide over here) is a remarkable encounter made plausible by Richard's extraordinary dissembling.*

*At first, Anne tries to rid herself of Richard with 'Avant thou dreadful minister of hell...'*

*By the end of the scene Richard has virtually won her with having placed a ring on her finger no less...saying"*

### **GLOUCESTER**

Look, how this ring encompasseth finger.  
Even so thy breast encloseth my poor heart;  
Wear both of them, for both of them are thine.  
And if thy poor devoted suppliant may  
But beg one favour at thy gracious hand,  
Thou dost confirm his happiness for ever.

### **LADY ANNE**

What is it?

***GLOUCESTER***

That it would please thee leave these sad designs  
To him that hath most cause to be a mourner,  
And presently repair to Crosby House;  
Where, after I have solemnly interr'd  
At Chertsey monastery this noble king,  
And wet his grave with my repentant tears,  
I will with all expedient duty see you:  
For divers unknown reasons. I beseech you,  
Grant me this boon.

***LADY ANNE***

With all my heart; and much it joys me too,  
To see you are become so penitent.

***GLOUCESTER***

Bid me farewell.

*Exeunt LADY ANNE*

***GLOUCESTER***

Sirs, take up the corse.

***GENTLEMEN***

Towards Chertsey, noble lord?

***GLOUCESTER***

No, to White-Friars; there attend my coming.

*Exeunt all but GLOUCESTER*

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 her 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!  
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,  
That cropp'd the golden prime of this sweet prince,  
And made her widow to a woful bed?  
On me, that halt and am unshapen thus?  
My dukedom to a beggarly denier,  
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:

Since I am crept in favour with myself,  
Will maintain it with some little cost.  
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*

**Jonathan:**

*“As we watch Richard’s royal progress as it were to the throne, I am reminded of a definition of Conciense by a writer of our own era, H.L. Menken...it fits Richard rather well, I think.*

*Conciense...the inner voice that tells us that someone may be looking.”*

*We now leap well forward into the action. Richard’s two brothers are dead, King Edward of natural causes and poor George...murdered, alas drowned in a but of malmsey wine.*

*It is Richard’s coronation...and indeed many in the court and elsewhere are looking on aghast...fearing for their lives. Among them his first lieutenant, the Duke of Buckingham. The ‘king-maker’ himself who until now has conspired to put Richard on the throne.*

*In the beginning it was all smooth as silk for Richard, but the gathering storm begins to make itself felt.*

*Henry Tudor, the Earl of Richmond...and the last claimant of the old House of Lancaster...has raised an army against him and one by one Richard’s followers go over to the*

*other side. Yet, throughout all of this, Richard is still obsessed with the one gnawing obstacle still remaining before his claim to the throne is absolutely secured...his nephews, the two boy princes...still alive under guard in the tower.*

*Listen to Richard at the culmination of the formal proceedings of his Coronation ceremony as he summons Buckingham to his side...*

## **SCENE II. London. The palace.**

*Sennet. Enter KING RICHARD III, in pomp, crowned; BUCKINGHAM, CATESBY, a page, and others*

***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***

O 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 loving lord.

***KING RICHARD III***

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

***BUCKINGHAM***

Why, so you are, my thrice renowned liege.

***KING RICHARD III***

Ha! am I king? 'tis so: but Edward lives.

***BUCKINGHAM***

True, noble prince.

***KING RICHARD III***

O bitter consequence,  
That Edward still should live! 'True, noble prince!'  
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 breath, some little pause, my lord  
Before I positively herein:  
I will resolve your grace immediately.

*Exit*

***KING RICHARD III***

I will converse with iron-witted fools  
And unrespective boys: none are for me  
That look into me with considerate eyes:  
High-reaching Buckingham grows circumspect.  
Boy!

*Page*

My lord?

***KING RICHARD III***

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

*Page*

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

***KING RICHARD III***

What is his name?

***Page***

His name, my lord, is Tyrrel.

***KING RICHARD III***

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

***Exit Page***

The deep-revolving witty Buckingham  
No more shall be the neighbour to my counsel:  
Hath he so long held out with me untired,  
And stops he now for breath?

***Enter STANLEY***

How now! what news with you?

***STANLEY***

My lord, I hear the Marquis Dorset's fled  
To Richmond, in those parts beyond the sea  
Where he abides.

***Stands apart***

***Re-enter Page, with TYRREL***

***KING RICHARD III***

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***

Darest thou resolve to kill a friend of mine?

***TYRREL***

Ay, my lord;  
But I had rather kill two enemies.

***KING RICHARD III***

Why, there thou hast it: two deep enemies,  
Are they that I would have thee deal upon:  
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. Hark, come hither, Tyrrel  
Go, by this token: rise, and lend thine ear:

*Whispers*

There is no more but so: say it is done,  
And I will love thee, and prefer thee too.

***TYRREL***

'Tis done, my gracious lord.

*Exit*

***Re-enter BUCKINGHAM***

***BUCKINGHAM***

My Lord, I have consider'd in my mind  
The late demand 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, he is your wife's son well, look to it.

***BUCKINGHAM***

My lord, I claim your gift, my due by promise,  
For which your honor and your faith is pawn'd;  
The earldom of Hereford and the moveables  
The 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! When last I was at Exeter,  
The mayor in courtesy show'd me the castle,  
And call'd it Rougemont: at which name I started,  
Because a bard of Ireland told me once  
I should not live long after I saw 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 promised 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 to-day.

***BUCKINGHAM***

Why, then resolve me whether you will or no.

***KING RICHARD III***

Tut, tut,  
Thou troublest me; am not in the vein.

***Exeunt all but BUCKINGHAM***

***BUCKINGHAM***

Is it even so? rewards he my true 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*

*KING RICHARD III starts out of his dream*

**KING RICHARD III**

Give me another horse: bind up my wounds.  
Have mercy, Jesu!--Soft! I did but dream.  
O coward conscience, how dost thou afflict me!  
The lights burn blue. It is now dead midnight.  
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:  
Lest I revenge. What, myself upon myself?  
Alack. I love myself. Wherefore? for any good  
That I myself have done unto myself?  
O, no! alas, I rather hate myself  
For hateful deeds committed by myself!  
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, stern murder, in the direst degree;  
All several sins, all used 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:  
Nay, wherefore should they, since that I myself  
Find in myself no pity to myself?  
Methought the souls of all that I had murder'd  
Came to my tent; and every one did threat  
To-morrow's vengeance on the head of Richard.

## **A Midsummer Night's Dream**

### **ACT V**

#### **SCENE I.**

##### **PUCK**

Now the hungry lion roars,  
And the wolf howls the moon;  
Whilst the heavy ploughman snores,  
All with weary task fordone.  
Now the wasted brands do glow,  
Whilst the screech-owl, screeching loud,  
Puts the wretch that lies in woe  
In remembrance of a shroud.  
Now it is the time of night  
That the graves all gaping wide,  
Every one lets forth his sprite,  
In the church-way paths to glide:  
And we fairies, that do run  
By the triple Hecate's team,  
From the presence of the sun,  
Following darkness like a dream,  
Now are frolic: not a mouse  
Shall disturb this hallow'd house:  
I am sent with broom before,  
To sweep the dust behind the door.

