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“This Wide Gap of Time”: Adapting *The Winter’s Tale* Post-COVID

ARUSHI GROVER
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Reviewed and approved* by the following:

Garrett Sullivan
Professor of English
Thesis Supervisor

Claire Colebrook
Professor of English
Honors Adviser

Elizabeth Bonjean
Assistant Professor of Theatre
Honors Adviser

* Electronic approvals are on file.

ABSTRACT

Shakespeare's *The Winter's Tale* tells the story of Leontes's loss of his family and, after the passage of sixteen years, their reunion. Following the gap of time that the COVID-19 pandemic created for our society and communities, this project aimed to revive *The Winter's Tale* for post-pandemic audiences through an exploration of the "wide gap of time" and a thematic focus on grief. This thesis presents two adaptational efforts. The first, *Leontes: A Winter's Tale*, reframes Shakespeare's play as a story played within the mind of Leontes, the loss of his family as memories and the reunion of his family as daydreams or fantasies. The second, *Leontes and Paulina Are Very Much Not Dead*, imagines the titular characters sitting the by the graves of their loved ones, in a daily mourning ritual of bickering, reminiscing, and acceptance. This project explores adaptation as an art and study that blurs the line between production dramaturgy and new work development.

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Chapter 1

Reviving *The Winter's Tale* Post-COVID

A Fracture in Time: COVID-19, 2020, Grief, & Memory

By March 2020, the outbreak of the coronavirus disease in Wuhan China had spread worldwide, and the World Health Organization (WHO) declared the outbreak a global pandemic. By mid-March, American society was significantly impacted, with many institutions asking people (i.e. students, employees, etc.) to stay home, while frontline and essential workers (i.e. healthcare workers, and employees worked in the critical retail sector, childcare, energy, food production, critical trades, and transportation) continued to work, risking exposure through working alongside others or with the public. For many, the home became the only setting of life, where one might be isolated from society. Those who went out were advised to wear face-coverings that covered the nose and mouth and to social distance by keeping a distance of six feet. Social interaction was conducted in-person through the eyes, through the gaze, or virtually through the screen. While other countries had official lockdowns, the United States did not. Political polarization within the country politicized the pandemic; taking precautionary measures, like social distancing and masking, became a political action.

I defined this moment in time as one in which loss hung in the era. There was the loss of time. In the early pandemic, time both stood still and kept going. Original plans stood still from mid-March, when society unofficially closed. And yet, time persisted, and with each metronomic tick of the clock, an ever-widening cavern opened up between the start of the pandemic and the

present. There was a loss of experience. Plans for coming days, weeks, and eventually months were canceled, including weddings, graduations, birthdays, sporting events, live performances, non-essential medical procedures and appointments, and vacations. There was a loss of expectation. The future was uncertain, ever-delayed, and an enduring question-mark. Would we return to “normal” soon? When will the pandemic end? How long would this “quarantine” and distance last? Eventually, one asked: would it ever end? Finally, there was a mass loss of life. In the early stages, there was uncertainty about how harmful and deadly the virus was. Older and more vulnerable populations were dying at higher rates than younger people. Questions about the value of different lives were voiced. Questions persisted about whether this was a virus from which one could recover or one to which one would succumb. At the pandemic’s height, thousands of Americans were dying daily.

With the aforementioned loss of time, experience, expectation, and life, the pandemic caused a period of what I assert was unending grief: a fracture of time with what was before, the unending present, and the uncertain future.

Reading *The Winter’s Tale* Post-COVID

I first read Shakespeare’s *The Winter’s Tale* in December 2020, and with a keen eye for grief stories during the early pandemic, I identified Shakespeare’s play as relevant for the current moment in society.

In the play, king of Sicilia, Leontes suspects that his wife, the pregnant queen, Hermione, is guilty of infidelity with his childhood friend and king of the neighboring country of Bohemia, Polixenes. Leontes’s imprisonment of Hermione causes distress to their young son, Mamilius,

and he banishes his newborn daughter, Perdita, to Bohemia. Word comes from the Oracle of Delphi to prove that Hermione is chaste, Polixenes blameless, Leontes a jealous tyrant, and the newborn babe lost until that which is lost be found. Leontes rejects this truth, and karmically learns that Mamillius has died of distress and Hermione out of grief for their son. Leontes tries to repent, but it is too late; his daughter is lost, his wife, and son are lost, and he can only mourn. Sixteen years later, Perdita is found to have been raised by shepherds in Bohemia, and circumstances reunite the princess with her father. The oracle's word realized, Paulina reveals a statue of an aged Hermione which appears to come to life; Leontes is reunited with his wife, and Perdita with her mother.

A tragedy-turned-comedy, *The Winter's Tale* is a story in which the older generation can find redemption, repentance, and rebirth with the passage of time and the younger generation. And yet, the tale reminds, something is lost with time. The young son's persistent death and the sixteen years of age on Hermione's face remind us that life, time, and experience cannot be recovered. Time marches on. As such, I began my research and artistic endeavor with an intent to revive *The Winter's Tale* for the post-COVID moment, with a focus on the topics of time, loss, grief, and memory. The effort began as a dramaturg's directorial effort to produce a staging of Shakespeare's play and ended up being a process of adaptation, new work development, and exploration of the source material in the current moment.

“Why This Play Now?”

The will to revive the story of *The Winter's Tale* comes from my experience as a production dramaturg—a dramaturg for revivals of older, established texts. As articulated by

Michael Chemers in his 2010 *Ghost Light: An Introductory Handbook for Dramaturgy*, the eternal question for the production dramaturg is: “Why this play now?”¹ Theresa Lang expands on Chemers’ question by posing in the 2017 *Essential Dramaturgy: The Mindset and the Skillset*, “Why this, here, now?”; Lang identifies the interrogation of chosen title, the location, and the temporality of production as the three interdependent valances that build a dramaturgical mindset.² Jane Barnette, in the 2018 *Adapturgy: The Dramaturg’s Art and Theatrical Adaptation*, expanded on these questions to consider the purpose of literary-to-theatrical adaptation, asking “Why this source as theatre now?”³

I will now proceed to answer these interlocking questions for this project. First: why produce theatre now? Since the beginning of the COVID-19 lockdown, theatre artists have persisted in adapting their live performances to new, safe forms of performance and dissemination. In *Viral Shakespeare: Performance in the Time of Pandemic*, Pascale Aebischer follows early-pandemic efforts by institutions to stream archival performance footage online and by artists to adapt their practices to the digital platforms of Zoom, YouTube, and social media.⁴ In *Lockdown Shakespeare: New Evolutions in Performance and Adaptation*, Gemma Kate Allred argues that, in the age of distanced performances of Shakespeare, it was not physical proximity, but temporal proximity between actors and audience that defined liveness.⁵ Thus, when the world “opened up”, as artists returned to the rehearsal room and audiences to performance

¹ Michael M. Chemers, *Ghost Light: An Introductory Handbook for Dramaturgy* (Carbondale, IL: Southern Illinois UP, 2010), 108.

² Theresa Lang, *Essential Dramaturgy: The Mindset and Skillset* (New York: Focal Press, 2017), 79

³ Jane Barnette, *Adapturgy: The Dramaturg’s Art and Theatrical Adaptation* (Carbondale, IL: Southern Illinois UP, 2018), 36.

⁴ Pascale Aebischer, *Viral Shakespeare: Performance in the Time of Pandemic* (Cambridge, UK: Cambridge University Press, 2021), 9.

⁵ Gemma Kate Allred, Benjamin Broadribb, and Erin Sullivan, eds., *Lockdown Shakespeare: New Evolutions in Performance and Adaptation* (London: Arden Shakespeare, 2022), 86.

venues, theatre has taken on a celebratory quality. Whereas the isolation of the early pandemic forced an isolation of mind, moments of reflection and interiority, and expression and communication only through eyes (because of masking), the return to live, in-person theatre became a treasured experience of experiencing life collectively. For a society reeling from the pain of time apart, the coming together that theatre instigates is restorative.

Thus, this project aimed to bring *The Winter's Tale* to audiences near Penn State as a way of sharing time and space with others through theatrical performance. The very demand of presence was a way of celebrating the loss of connection experienced through the pandemic. Inspecting *The Winter's Tale* through the topics of time and grief not only gave a thematic focus for the project, but also articulated the resonances between the chosen title and this post-pandemic moment as one defined by a rift in temporality and by loss.

Chapter 2

Theoretical, Critical, and Artistic Influences

A major source of inspiration for creating (post-)pandemic art was American singer-songwriter Taylor Swift's 2020 sister albums, *folklore* and *evermore*. Reportedly Swift escaped into her imagination during the pandemic, abandoning her usually autobiographical songwriting, to create collections of songs and stories, character sketches of imagined lives. Aesthetically drawing from the online cottagecore movement, and drawing literary influence from Romantic poetry and art, Swift's two quintessentially quarantine albums demonstrated the artist's introspection and reflection in isolation during the pandemic; Swift pictured herself as wandering the titular "folklorian woods." Comparing Leontes's "gap of time" with the pandemic, I imagined that Leontes became the "wanderer" in the fog, retreating into his mind—into escapism, imagination, and fantasy. Swift's model of artistry served as a ghost light for this project. This rest of this chapter discusses the various theoretical, critical, and artistic influences that shaped my approach to interpreting and adapting *The Winter's Tale*.

Genre

Genre operates by setting up expectations that are either fulfilled or unfulfilled by a work; audiences' knowledge of generic conventions works to create their sense of how a narrative will end. Implicit in the workings of genre is the reader or audience member's satisfaction or dissatisfaction with the end of the narrative, depending on how their expectations are fulfilled or unfulfilled. If genre can be understood as setting up expectations for the audience, genre post-

COVID can be used to speak to a post-2020 audience's expectations, or lack thereof, for the future.

Initially classified as a comedy in its publication in the 1623 folio, *The Winter's Tale* has been understood in the time since as the result of a combination of generic influences, alternatively as a "tragicomedy", "late romance", "romance", or "pastoral tragicomedy". Critical attempts to categorize *The Winter's Tale* have varied from developing biographical readings of Shakespeare's late career to considering the environment of the early modern theatre in which Shakespeare was writing.

Regarding the former, earlier critics, led by Edward Dowden, have evaluated Shakespeare's last plays as "characterised by the sensibility of an old man reaching the end of an extraordinary career and ready to drown his art."⁶ After a mid-period of grim tragedies, such as *King Lear* and *Macbeth*, Shakespeare is said to have reached a state of "serenity", as Dowden articulates, with a spirit which "results from fortitude, and the recognition of human frailty; all of them express a deep sense of the need of repentance and the duty of forgiveness."⁷ The plays that Dowden refers to are *The Winter's Tale*, *Cymbeline*, and *The Tempest*, plays written roughly around the same time that share hard-to-pin-down yet strong generic similarities. Gordon McMullan explains that these plays are romances in which:

time goes by, voyages are undertaken, storms and human sinfulness separate friends, lovers and families, yet eventually, at the last, usually over a period of a decade-and-a-

⁶ Gordon McMullan, "What is a 'late play'?", in *The Cambridge Companion to Shakespeare's Last Plays*, ed. Catherine M. S. Alexander (Cambridge University Press, 2010), 6.

⁷ Ibid.

half (time, that is, for daughters to grow to marriageable age), reconciliations are effected, families reconstructed and the generational future assured.⁸

My interest in *The Winter's Tale* is in its two-part, diptych structure which suggests tragicomedy, and in its generic categorization as a romance. Regarding tragicomedy, the first three acts—from Act 1, scene 1 to Antigonus's death in Act 1, scene 3—form a mini-Shakespearean tragedy; due to a great man's (king of Sicilia, Leontes's) tragic flaw (jealousy), misfortune is brought upon on the individual and the country (the death of Hermione and Mamillius and the banishment of Perdita leading to the end of a dynasty with no possible heir). Meanwhile, the last two acts form a Shakespearean comedy; from the Shepherd's discovery of the babe onward, the play depicts the courting of the young Perdita and Florizel and ends with their impending marriage. *The Winter's Tale*, as a tragicomedy, approaches tragedy, but, in the reunion of the lost daughter and the resurrection of the late queen, the play skirts tragedy, ending comically—though, importantly, bittersweetly, with the deaths of Mamillius and Antigonus and the loss of sixteen years with Hermione and Perdita.

Regarding romance, McMullan's aforementioned generic similarities of the Shakespearean romances manifest in *The Winter's Tale* as: a gap of time, the passage of sixteen years; Antigonus's voyage from the domestic, interior setting of Sicilia to the foreign, pastoral setting of Bohemia; a fateful storm that crashes Antigonus on the coast of Bohemia, separating him from his homeland and Leontes's grave error of jealousy which separates him from his friend, Polixenes; the growth of Perdita from a babe to adolescence; the reunion of husband and wife (Leontes and Hermione), the question of forgiveness and repentance for Leontes, and the

⁸ Ibid, 7.

return of the lost princess (Perdita); and the union of two families and states, through the impending marriage of Perdita and Florizel.

Alternatively, John Pitcher defines “romance” in relation to this grouping of plays as possessing “[an] emphasis on impossible reversals, capriciousness, and the restorative function of fantasy and ceremony [that threatens] to make the gods of tragedy just one among many forces.”⁹ As such, in *The Winter’s Tale*, one may highlight the seemingly impossible rebirth of Hermione, who appears to have arisen from death; the seemingly impossible chance love of Perdita with the son of Polixenes; the seemingly impossible return home of the lost princess, raised by shepherds but destined by nature to be noble and returned to her noble family, in the style of a fairy- or folktale; and the seemingly impossible redemption and forgiveness allowed of Leontes once the tragedy of the past is seemingly overturned, the restorative Time ascending over tragedy’s death.

Throughout these definitions of genre and their applications to *The Winter’s Tale*, the prefix, *re-*, meaning “again” appears multiple times, such as in “renewal” (Sicilia’s winter thawing in Bohemia’s spring), as in “rebirth” (Hermione’s rising from the dead), as in “redemption” (as in Leontes’s second chance to love Hermione wholly), and “restoration” (as in the princess’s return to her noble family.) The temporal aspect of these concepts shows in the double occurrence of events; for something to *recur* for something to happen *again*, it must have happened once already in the past. The positive function of this cluster of concepts (“renewal”, “rebirth”, etc.) implies that this passage of time has the ability to ameliorate the present situation or to heal the past.

⁹ John Pitcher, introduction to *The Winter’s Tale*, by William Shakespeare, The Arden Shakespeare Third Series (New York, NY: Bloomsbury Publishing Plc, 2010), 12-13.

Queering Narrative Desire

Peter Brooks's concept of *narrative desire* explains readers' experience of the propelling force of narrative, the "motor" that keeps on turning pages. Brooks summarizes, "We can conceive of the reading of plot as a form of desire that carries us forward, onward through the text", and he concludes that reading is a process of meaning-making. Brooks invokes Freud's notion of Eros as sexual desire (in *Beyond the Pleasure Principle*), but suggests something grander, a "motor" or force that is more "totalizing, building ever-larger units of meaning" in narrative; "narrative desire is ultimately, inexorably, desire for the end."¹⁰ Brooks relates Freud's theory of the pleasure/reality principle to desire, in that a reader desires for their will to be satisfied with meaning made with the end of a narrative; but, Dino Felluga summarizes, in order to do so, one must follow the "detours or dilations" of the middle—essentially, the ending will not be satisfying without the journey of the middle, otherwise known as the plot.¹¹ Brooks involves Freud's death drive and the paradox of the matter: "the paradox of the self becomes explicitly the paradox of narrative plot as the reader consumes it: diminishing as it realizes itself, leading to an end that is the consummation (as well as the consumption) of its sense-making."¹² The reader's will to achieve the goal of their narrative desire, to finish reading a narrative, is a self-destructive behavior, as the achievement of this goal will result in the extinguishment of the desire and the being of the reader. Brooks reads narrative through Freud for a model of "textual

¹⁰ Peter Brooks, "Narrative Desire," in *Narrative Dynamics: Essays on Time, Plot, Closure, and Frames*, ed. Brian Richardson (Columbus, OH: Ohio State University, 2002), 9.

¹¹ Felluga, Dino. "Modules on Brooks: On Narrative Desire." In *Introductory Guide to Critical Theory*. July 17, 2002. Purdue University. Accessed December 2, 2023.

¹² Peter Brooks, *Reading for the Plot: Design and Intention in Narrative* (Cambridge, UP: Harvard University Press, 1992), 52.

erotics”, the combination of the sexual instinct for survival, creation, sex, and life and the death drive for death and destruction, including self-destructiveness.

Karen Quimby queers Brooks’ notion of the reader’s desire for the end in her reading of queer narrative desire in Louisa May Alcott’s *Little Women*. Quimby highlights readers’ response to the ending of *Little Women*. After the childhood chapters, which open the possibility of Jo March’s queerness in her figure as a literary “tomboy”, readers’ response to the character’s ending, Quimby, argues, reflects society’s anxieties about the possibility of queerness; young girls read the book wondering if Jo would marry Laurie, a dual-object of desire and identification for Jo, and the publisher insisted on a marriage plot that married Jo off in the end. The childhood chapters demonstrate a possibility for queerness in Jo, that is extinguished with the heteronormative ending. Therefore, Quimby argues, for queer readers, it is not the ending of a story that they desire, but the middle. While narrative theorists see “the narrative middle as [nothing] more than a space that delays, through sometimes perverse subplots, the ultimate climax”, Quimby argues, “We might consider the middle space a space of ‘narrative arrest’ (like the space of perversity in Freudian theory) that paradoxically serves as a counter-traditional model of narrative desire.”¹³ Quimby champions the queer narrative middle, a space where desire, identity, exploration, and possibility abound.

¹³ Karin Quimby, "The Story of Jo: Literary Tomboys, *Little Women*, and the Sexual-Textual Politics of Narrative Desire," *GLQ: A Journal of Lesbian and Gay Studies* 10, no. 1 (2003): 4-5.

Narrative Time in Grief Stories

The Russian Formalists' distinction between *fabula*, "the order of events referred to by the narrative" and *syuzhet*, "the order of events presented in the narrative discourse", gives a theoretical model for understanding how narrative time exists differently than a reader or audience members' experience of time; nonlinear chronology in storytelling creates a "narrative discourse" that makes sense of the nonlinearity.¹⁴ Several examples of grief stories that utilize nonlinear storytelling to convey the reminiscence of a grieving mind inspired this project.

First, Jennifer Delac's direction of two revivals during the early pandemic at Penn State gave models for how to use memory and fantasy as a form of healing for post-COVID audiences. Speaking to my corner of the world, the community in and around Penn State continued to engage with theatre and Shakespeare during the early pandemic. Early efforts involved streamed readings and filmed projects. Later, as artists within Penn State's School of Theatre returned to the rehearsal room and to the theater, chosen titles for revival held new meanings in light of the pandemic.

Delac set her spring 2021 production of Jason Robert Brown's *The Last Five Years* in Cathy and Jamie's New York apartment in 2021. The two revisit the apartment they shared to pack up objects from their living together before moving out. Delac portrayed the musical's nonlinear song-scenes as memory sequences; each moment had an object about to be packed away that sparked the reminiscence, and each moment was illustrated with an impressionistic scenic drawing in projection to set the scene. With Cathy's reverse-chronological sequence of the

¹⁴ Brooks, "Narrative Desire," 130.

memory of their relationship, and with Jamie's chronological memory, the two characters' timelines intersect twice during the narrative: once, to share the memory of their marriage in the middle of the story ("The Next Ten Minutes"), and once, at the end, as they turn to each other after having relived the past five years in memory, their boxes now packed, and the two ready to part and move on. Delac depicted the two characters' reliving of their memories as a way of processing the death of their relationship, and her *The Last Five Years* offered a chance for the 2021 audience to dwell with the presence of the passage of time. The ending offered a future of repentance, renewal, and rebirth.

Later, Delac's spring 2022 production of Lerner and Loewe's 1946 musical, *Brigadoon*, aimed to connect a grieving community with the hope of fantasy. *Brigadoon* depicts two Americans from then-present day 1946 who, while trekking in the Scottish Highlands, stumble upon Brigadoon, a mysterious town from 1746 that appears for one day every hundred years. Tommy, one of the tourists, falls in love with Fiona, a young woman from Brigadoon. Tommy returns to his own time period, but is able to return back to Brigadoon and 1746 through the power of love. Delac's 2022 production used Brian Hill's revised libretto, grounding the story in the historical reality of what Scottish Highlanders were facing in Spring 1746. Coming up against English government troops in the Battle of Culloden on April 16, Scottish Highlanders experienced massive bloodshed, in a battle that effectively ended the clans' way of life. Hill draws a parallel between Culloden and the original context of the musical for American audiences, World War II, comparing the stress and trauma faced by Highland clans to that felt by returning American soldiers. Both were societies reeling from war, loss, and grief, and *Brigadoon* offered the comfort of a reverie realized. Delac's production parted the mist of the COVID-19 pandemic to offer escapism and community in 2022. Tommy's 1946 New York, in

its soulless urbanity, was analogous to our society's late stage capitalism and taxing productivity culture, while the Highland's pastoral idyll paralleled the landscape of our community's Happy Valley, a town nestled in verdant hills.

Through my work as dramaturg on these two projects, I saw Delac's direction as a model for creating (post-)pandemic theatre. As I began my attempts to revive *The Winter's Tale*, I took with me how Delac's production offered healing for communities, audiences, and characters processing grief: through memory in *The Last Five Years* and through fantasy in *Brigadoon*. Further, I took inspiration from the nonlinear structure of *The Last Five Years* and the diptychal structure between reality and utopia/paradise in *Brigadoon*.

Three cinematic depictions of grief offered models for thinking of grief as a cutting between moments of the past in memory, the present in reality, and the future in daydream. Michael Almereyda's 2000 filmic adaptation, *Hamlet*, shows a model of memory and time as obsessive, recursive, and ruminative. In the film, Hamlet (Ethan Hawke) is seen obsessively playing and replaying tapes of his late father. Voiceover of Hamlet's misgiving over his mother's "incestuous sheets" is cut next to a clip of Ophelia in bed, showing an associative quality of memory.

Meanwhile, director-screenwriter Greta Gerwig's 2019 film *Little Women* adapts Louisa May Alcott's novel to depict the childhood chapters of the lives of the March sisters as the memories that of an adult Jo March (Saoirse Ronan) is remembering. The childhood chapters are interspersed in Jo's present experience of her adulthood. Jo's grief for her idyllic childhood and for her sister, Beth, evolves into the character's writing of her own story, the very story of the film, blending character and author with Alcott's autobiographical writing of the novel.

Finally, Taylor Swift's 2012 song "All Too Well" can arguably be understood as a cinematic depiction of memory through songwriting, in the speaker's experience of cutting between past memory and present grief, as if they were scenes, clips, or frames spliced together in editing. In the song, the speaker recalls memories of an idealized past relationship in the context of their present state of heartbreak, loss, and grief after the breakup. Swift's repetition of "And there we are again", as a way of cueing the playing of a memory in the speaker's mind, serves as a model of language that can be used to portray the experience of memory.

Cemetery as Setting

When I mentioned I was aiming to research in London while on a study abroad in summer of 2022, my directing mentor for *Leontes: A Winter's Tale* recommended that I check out West Highgate Cemetery; when he worked there, he said, he imagined setting a production of Shakespeare's play there. Visiting the cemetery, I was struck by the idea of a cemetery being the site of time passing, by the juxtaposition of the eternality of stone with the ephemerality of nature, by the stories of garden outings to pay respects to the dead. There are cycles of life death in *The Winter's Tale*—Mamilius and Antigonus's death, Perdita's birth, and Hermione's rebirth—and Leontes mentions that his wife and son will be buried in one grave. With Swift's lyrics in my head ("I'll meet you where the spirit meets the bones / In a faith-forgotten land"), my conception of setting the story in Leontes's grieving mind evolved into setting the story in the physical reminder of his grief, the cemetery where his family is buried.

My Approach to *The Winter's Tale*

These notions—the reader’s temporal experience of narrative differing from a story’s chronology, Quimby’s notion of the middle as a space where desire for the impossible abounds, and cinematic depictions of experiencing memory while in grief—shaped my approach to presenting the story of *The Winter's Tale* to contemporary audiences in my community. I was interested in the “wide gap of time”, the sixteen years between Acts 3 and 4 of the play. My initial reading of the play was of it as a mature tragicomedy, effectively a tragedy that—through the passage of time and with forgiveness, repentance, and intergenerational understanding—ends in comedy; however, the pervading sense of loss—of the victims that time couldn’t bringing back, and of the time itself spent apart, the experiences that could’ve been—makes the story feel earned. I saw *The Winter's Tale* as a fever dream for a mind in mourning. As such, I wanted to delve into the mindset of Leontes during his sixteen years of mourning. To those who know the story, one may be comforted knowing that this period of mourning will end, but for the character in the moment, I imagined he is experiencing only an ever-present, yearning for what was, but, as is the nature of time, with every moment of desire putting forth even more (temporal) distance between the present and the object of desire—the ever-compounding tragedy of loss.

The resulting adaptations were a blending of genres: the gothic, in the ghosts of Leontes’s past showing up to reenact and haunt him for years; the Romantic, with the wanderer’s pensive melancholia and idealization of childhood; folktales (in the sense of Swift’s *folklore*), as a version of *The Winter's Tale*, a story passed down through time and generations in various retelling, albeit not orally but in my Shakespearean theatre and literary education; and fairy tales, in imagining the Bohemia chapters of the play as a fantasy and escapism, where the princess

comes home. I was drawn to the aesthetic of setting an Arcadian Bohemia in a cemetery garden,
in its juxtaposition of idyll and death.

Chapter 3

Reframing *The Winter's Tale* as a Musical Play

My first attempt at reviving Shakespeare's tale was the musical play, *Leontes: A Winter's Tale*. The work retells Shakespeare's play as a framed narrative largely from the perspective of Leontes during his period of mourning. We meet Leontes in his daily ritual of wandering a cemetery, where figures from his memory (or perhaps ghosts) appear before him. He experiences and watches the first three acts of *The Winter's Tale*, the tragedy of the loss of his family, as memories that he remembers, and he experiences the last two acts of the play, the comedy and the reunion, as fantasies or daydreams—that, perhaps, do not actually happen. The conviction of this interpretation of Shakespeare's play is that the miraculous restoration of the last two acts of *The Winter's Tale* are indeed a miracle, as in unrealistic; this interpretation imagines the last two acts as the fever dream of a mind in mourning. With Quimby's conception of queer narrative desire, *Leontes: A Winter's Tale* operates with the assumption that the reader desires the middle of the story of *The Winter's Tale*, where possibility abounds.

Cutting and Adapting the Text

The preparation of the text of *Leontes: A Winter's Tale* cuts between Shakespeare's scenes and original interludes that piece together a story of memory and daydream. Thinking of Almercyda's *Hamlet*, this depiction of Leontes's grief imagines that Leontes sees the pageant of the first three acts of *The Winter's Tale*—including the loss of his family and his worst mistakes—as a film that he can watch, rewind, and watch again, obsessively, day-after-day. Like

Prospero in *Prospero's Books* or Jo in Gerwig's *Little Women*, this retelling sees the main character, Leontes, taking on an authorial function, being the director and writer of his own story; Leontes authors the events of the last two acts of *The Winter's Tale* as his own fantasies, through the frame of his mature years. The tragedy of *Leontes: A Winter's Tale* is Leontes's longing for an irrecoverable past, a moment of paradise, in which he has his family, that only gains temporal distance with each passing moment, and for an impossible future, an imagined moment where he achieves reunion that falls apart when he is confronted with reality. Time is portrayed as both a narrator of this cautionary tale of Leontes' daily torment and as a shadowing, observing figure throughout the musical play.

Composing the Musical Score

Quoting Tom Wingfield in the prologue of Tennessee Williams's memory play, *The Glass Menagerie*: "The play is memory. Being a memory play, it is dimly lighted, it is sentimental, it is not realistic. In memory everything seems to happen to music. That explains the fiddle in the wings. I am the narrator of the play, and also a character in it."¹⁵ With Williams's sense of sentimentality in mind, I composed a musical score that would patch up the tapestry of moments of the past and future. I was inspired by what I will call a pop-culture legend. It is said that Taylor Swift came up with lines for her the cult-classic, "All Too Well", while on tour for her album *Speak Now*. She was with her band before a performance, and she was playing four chords on repeat; the band joined her, and she just started singing along. With the four chords on

¹⁵ Tennessee Williams, *The Glass Menagerie*, 2nd ed. (New York: New Directions, 1999), 5.

repeat, she improvised lines of reflection on heartbreak, and eventually, out poured the lines: “You call me up again just to break me like a promise / So casually cruel in the name of being honest.” These words became the climatic lines of the bridge of “All Too Well”, in which the speaker struggles to find a way to express her grief. I wrote the music for *Leontes: A Winter’s Tale* in the style of Taylor Swift’s popular music—four chords on repeat to score Leontes’s experience of recursive, obsessive thoughts as he traces his steps to find where it all went wrong. Choosing the I-iv-V-vi chords of C and D major, I took the chords and, like a mind embellishing a memory with details of the pain or embellishing daydream with details of a thrill, I presented them in different variations and arrangements throughout the musical interludes. The composition imagines that as Leontes replays his memories, he thinks, “but what if I added this detail to my replay of the moment?”, and as he comes up with daydreams, he thinks, “but what if I added this detail to fantasy?” The compositions’ elaborations on fundamental chord progressions—in the form of arpeggios, block chords, and different orders of the four chords—express the increasingly vivid detail that Leontes gives to his thoughts, evoking the intensity of his ruminations. With each detail in memory, Leontes finds another hurt to feel guilty about, and with each detail in daydream, Leontes increases the thrill of his wishful thinking.

Rehearsing & Performing *The Winter’s Tale: Lab*

My initial goal was to direct a production of *Leontes: A Winter’s Tale* as a student project with the School of Theatre in fall of 2022. The project evolved into a reading of multiple works that adapted Shakespeare’s play, an event titled: *The Winter’s Tale: Lab*.

The Winter's Tale: Lab was a two-hour developmental reading, which was performed on Saturday, December 3, 2022 at 2pm in the Downtown Theatre on Penn State's campus. The goal of the project evolved to be new work development and exploration; it was an experiment. The *Lab* was composed of five works. First, we did a concert reading of the hour-long *Leontes: A Winter's Tale*, accompanied on piano. Second, we did a reading of a ten-minute script, *Leontes: A Winter's Tale (Russian Formalists' Version)*, an even more non-linear retelling of *Leontes: A Winter's Tale*. Third, we did a reading of a ten-minute short play, *The Winter's Tale (in eleven monologues)*, a character study for eleven characters from Shakespeare's play. Last, we did a reading of a ten-minute short play, *Leontes and Paulina Are Very Much Not Dead*, an absurdist comedy imagining Leontes and Paulina in the "gap of time" and their hesitant friendship. The coda to the evening was a song, "Hermione", that was intended to be the curtain call for *Leontes: A Winter's Tale*, accompanied on guitar.

My dramaturg for the project, Mary Rose Valentine, and I had been struggling to define what *Leontes: A Winter's Tale* was. We thought it would be disingenuous to call the project a production of *The Winter's Tale*, but it did not have enough original material to be called an adaptation. Sophie Nicholson, who played Paulina in the *Lab*, suggested a word with a musical connotation, "remix", for these efforts, which we were content with.

The following chapter presents the text of *Leontes: A Winter's Tale*.

Chapter 4

Leontes: A Winter's Tale

PROLOGUE

#1 – “PROLOGUE”

The sun rises in a foggy cemetery. There are two graves, a regal one for HERMIONE and MAMILLIUS, and one more ordinary but still dignified off to the side for ANTIGONUS. The ENSEMBLE enters. LEONTES enters slowly, a living ghost walking among memories.

ENSEMBLE

THERE WAS A MAN WANDERED A CHURCHYARD
AND DREAMT THAT SPRING DEW WOULD RISE AGAIN.
TURN BACK THE CLOCK, HEAL ALL THE HURT SCARS.
BUT WAS HE CONDEMNED TO EVER DWELL?

Angelic TIME enters, carrying a scythe.

TIME [*Grave, rhythmic*]

THERE WAS A MAN WHO DRIVEN MAD BY JEALOUSY
DESTROYED HIS FAMILY WITH A SINGLE DOUBT.
AND DAY-BY-DAY, HE WAS DRIVEN FURTHER
FROM THE MEMORY OF HIS BELOV'D.
ANGELIC, WINGÈD TIME PRESIDES IN THIS MATTER,
I WATCH LEONTES AS HE TRAVELS ALONE.
THE FOE TO EVERY MORTAL BEINGS' DESIRE,
I CARRY WITH MY SCYTHE THE PAIN OF HOPE.

LEONTES

EACH MORNING, I WAKE AND I ACHE
AND I REMEMBER IT ALL,
THE LOVE, THE PAIN, AND MY FAULT.
AND TO BE HAUNTED BY THE PAST IS
MY MISTAKES COMING BACK IN FLASHES
SPECTERS DANCING, HOLD MY HAND,
THEN LEAVING WHEN THE DAYLIGHT ENDS.

TIME

AND HE SEES IT ALL INSIDE HIS HEAD.

The ENSEMBLE exits, save for LEONTES, HERMIONE, MAMILLUS and POLIXENES.

ACT I, SCENE 2**POLIXENES**

Nine changes of the watery star hath been
The shepherds' note since we have left our throne.

LEONTES

Stay one seven night longer.

POLIXENES

Tomorrow.

LEONTES

We'll part the time between's then, and in that
I'll no gainsaying.

POLIXENES

There is no tongue
So soon as yours could win me. My affairs
Do even drag me homeward.
Farewell, our brother.

LEONTES

Tongue-tied, our Queen? Speak you.

HERMIONE

I had thought, sir, to have held my peace until
You had drawn oaths from him not to stay. You, sir,
Charge him too coldly. Tell him you are sure
All in Bohemia's well.

LEONTES

Well said, Hermione.

HERMIONE

You'll stay?

POLIXENES

No, madam.

HERMIONE

Nay, but you will?

POLIXENES

I may not, verily.

HERMIONE

Verily? You put me off with limber vows. But I
Should yet say "Sir, no going." Verily
You shall not go; a lady's "verily" is
As potent as a lord's. Will you go yet?
How say you? My prisoner? Or my guest?
By your dread "Verily", one of them you shall be.

POLIXENES

Your guest then, madam.

HERMIONE

Not your jailer then,
But your kind hostess. Come, I'll question you
Of my lord's tricks and yours when you were boys.
You were pretty lordings then?

POLIXENES

We were, fair Queen.
Two lads that thought there was no more behind
But such a day tomorrow as today,
And to be boy eternal.

HERMIONE

Was not my Lord
The verier wag o'th' two?

POLIXENES

We were as twinned lambs that did frisk i'th' sun
And bleat the one at th' other. What we changed
Was innocence for innocence. We knew not
The doctrine of ill-doing nor dreamed

That any did. Had we pursued that life
We should have answered heaven boldly, "Not guilty".

HERMIONE

By this we gather you have tripped since.

POLIXENES

Temptations have since then been born to's, for
In those unfledged days was my wife a girl.
Your precious self had then not crossed the eyes
Of my young playfellow.

HERMIONE

Grace to boot! Lest you say
Your queen and I are devils.

LEONTES

Is he won yet?

HERMIONE

He'll stay, my Lord.

LEONTES

[*Aside*] At my request, he would not.
Hermione, my dearest, thou never spok'st
To better purpose.

HERMIONE

Never?

LEONTES

Never, but once.

HERMIONE

What? Have I twice said well? When was't before?

LEONTES

Why, that was when thou didst utter,
"I am yours for ever."

HERMIONE

Why, lo you now, I have spoke to th' purpose twice:
 The one forever earned a royal husband,
 Th' other for some while a friend.

HERMIONE takes POLIXENES by the hand.

LEONTES

[*Aside*] Too hot, too hot!
 To mingle friendship far is mingling bloods.
 [*To Mamillius*] Mamillius, art thou my boy?

MAMILLIUS

Ay, my good Lord.

POLIXENES

How, my Lord?

HERMIONE

Are you moved, my Lord?

LEONTES

No, in good earnest.
 How like, methought, I then was to this squash.
 [*To Mamillius*] Mine honest friend,
 Will you take eggs for money?

MAMILLIUS

No, my Lord, I'll fight.

LEONTES

You will? [*To Polixenes*] My brother,
 Are you so fond of your young prince as we
 Do seem to be of ours?

POLIXENES

If at home, sir,
 He's all my exercise, my mirth, my matter.

LEONTES

Hermione,
How thou lov'st us show in our brother's welcome.

HERMIONE

If you would seek us, we are yours i'th' garden.

LEONTES

To your own bents dispose you.
[*Aside*] How she arms her with the boldness of a wife
To her allowing husband.
[*Exeunt HERMIONE and POLIXENES.*]
Inch-thick, knee-deep, o'er head and ears a forked one.
[*To Mamillius*] Go play, boy, play. Thy mother plays.
Go play, boy, play. [*Aside*] There have been,
Or I am much deceived, cuckolds ere now,
And many a man there is, even at this present,
Now, while I speak this, holds his wife by th' arm,
That little thinks she has been sluiced in's absence,
And his pond fished by his next neighbor.
[*To Mamillius*] How now, boy?

MAMILLIUS

I am like you, they say.

Enter CAMILLO.

LEONTES

Why, that's some comfort.
What? Camillo, there?

CAMILLO

Ay, my good Lord.

LEONTES

Go play, Mamillius, thou'rt an honest man.
[*Exit MAMILLIUS.*]
Camillo, this great sir will yet stay longer.

CAMILLO

You had much ado to make his anchor hold.

LEONTES

How cam't, Camillo, that he did stay?

CAMILLO

At the good queen's entreaty.

LEONTES

Let that suffice. I have trusted thee, Camillo,
 With all the nearest things to my heart,
 But we have been deceived in thy integrity.
 Have not you seen, Camillo—
 My wife is slippery?
 My wife's a hobby-horse.

CAMILLO

I would not be a stander-by to hear
 My sovereign mistress clouded so without
 My present vengeance taken.

LEONTES

Is whispering nothing?
 Is leaning cheek to cheek? Is meeting noses?
 Kissing with inside lip? Stopping the career
 Of laughter with a sigh?
 Skulking in corners? Wishing clocks more swift?
 Hours, minutes? Noon, midnight? Is this nothing?
 Why, then the world and all that's in't is nothing,
 The covering sky is nothing, Bohemia nothing,
 My wife is nothing, nor nothing have these nothings,
 If this be nothing.

CAMILLO

Good my Lord, be cured
 Of this diseased opinion.

LEONTES

Say it be, 'tis true.

CAMILLO

No, no, my Lord.

LEONTES

It is! You lie, you lie!

Were my wife's liver

Infected as her life, she would not live

The running of one hourglass.

CAMILLO

Who does infect her?

LEONTES

Why he that wears her like her medal, hanging

About his neck—Bohemia who, if I

Had servants true about me,

They would bespice a cup

To give mine enemy a lasting wink.

CAMILLO

I could do this,

But with a lingering dram that should not work

Maliciously like poison, but I cannot

Believe this crack to be in my dread mistress.

LEONTES

Dost think I am so muddy, so unsettled,

To appoint myself in this vexation?

CAMILLO

I must believe you, sir,

I do and will fetch off Bohemia for't,

Provided that when he's removed your Highness

Will take again your Queen as yours at first,

Even for your son's sake.

LEONTES

I'll give no blemish to her honor, none.
 Do't, and thou hast the one half of my heart;
 Do't not, thou splitt'st thine own.

LEONTES takes a step out of the scene, watching from the margins.

CAMILLO

O miserable lady! Here comes Bohemia.

Enter POLIXENES.

POLIXENES

[*Aside*] This is strange. Methinks
 My favor here begins to warp.
 [*To Camillo*] Good day, Camillo.

CAMILLO

Hail, most royal sir.

POLIXENES

The King hath on him such a countenance,
 As he speeds from me.

CAMILLO

There is a sickness
 But I cannot name the disease, and it is caught
 Of you that yet are well.

POLIXENES

How caught of me?
 Camillo—
 As you are certainly a gentleman,
 If you know ought which does behoove my knowledge—

CAMILLO

I may not answer.

POLIXENES

What incidency thou dost guess of harm
Is creeping toward me; how far off, how near—

CAMILLO

I am appointed him to murder you.

POLIXENES

By whom, Camillo?

CAMILLO

By the King!

POLIXENES

For what?

CAMILLO

He thinks, nay with all confidence he swears,
That you have touched his Queen
Forbiddenly. Swear his thought over
By each particular star in heaven.

POLIXENES

How should this grow?

CAMILLO

I know not, but I am sure 'tis safer to
Avoid what's grown than question how 'tis born.
If therefore you dare trust my honesty,
Away tonight! I'll put
My fortunes to your service, which are here
By this discovery lost.

POLIXENES

I do believe thee;
I saw his heart in's face.

CAMILLO

Come, sir, away.

Exit CAMILLO and POLIXENES.

INTERLUDE 1

#2 – “MAMILLIUS’S LULLABY”

TIME stalks the scene. An adult man, MAMILLIUS enters, holding a stuffed sheep toy. He idles in, shuffling with the immaturity and innocence of a child. He rubs his eyes awake and yawns. He embraces his sheep and dances around with it, collapsing on the floor and pretending to make the sheep walk on the ground, bouncing it up and down on the grassy underfooting. LEONTES watches. The LADIES enter. FIRST LADY gives MAMILLIUS a kiss on the head, distracting him, while the SECOND LADY snatches up the sheep.

MAMILLIUS

Hey!

The LADIES laugh. MAMILLIUS reaches for the sheep, but the SECOND LADY tosses it past him to the FIRST LADY. He gets up running after the sheep. The FIRST LADY tosses it to the SECOND LADY. MAMILLIUS huffs and crosses his arms. The SECOND LADY offers the sheep back to the MAMILLIUS, who eagerly takes it back and plops back on the ground. The LADIES sit by him. Enter HERMIONE, who watches the LADIES with MAMILLIUS for a moment. TIME exits.

ACT II, SCENE 1

HERMIONE

[Laughs] What wisdom stirs amongst you? Come, sir, now
I am for you again. Pray you sit by us,
And tell's a tale.

MAMILLIUS

Merry or sad shall't be?

HERMIONE

As merry as you will.

MAMILLIUS

A sad tale's best for winter.
I have one of sprites and goblins.

HERMIONE

Let's have that, good sir.
Come on, sit down, come on, and do your best,
To fright me with your sprites.

MAMILLIUS

There was a man—

HERMIONE

Nay, come sit down.
[Gestures Mamillius to sit] Then on.

MAMILLIUS

—Dwelt by a churchyard. I will tell it softly.
Yond crickets shall not hear it.

HERMIONE

Come on then, and giv't me in mine ear.

LEONTES, ANTIGONUS, and JAILER enter.

LEONTES

[*To Hermione*] Give me the boy.

HERMIONE

What is this? Sport?

LEONTES

[*To the Ladies*] Away with him, [*To Hermione*] and let her sport herself
With that she's big with, for 'tis Polixenes
Has made thee swell thus.

FIRST LADY exits with MAMILLIUS. She quickly re-enters.

HERMIONE

But I'd say he had not.

LEONTES

She's an adulteress!

HERMIONE

Should a villain say so.

LEONTES

You have mistook, my lady,
Polixenes for Leontes. I have said
She's an adulteress; I have said with whom.
[*To the Lords*] Away with her to prison!

HERMIONE

There's some ill planet reigns.
I must be patient till the heavens look
With an aspect more favorable. Good, my lords,
I am not prone to weeping, but I have
That honorable grief lodged here which burns
Worse than tears drown. Beseech you all, my lords,
The King's will be performed.

The JAILER delays removing HERMIONE.

LEONTES

Shall I be heard?

HERMIONE

Beseech your Highness, my women may be with me.

[*To the women*] Do not weep, good fools,

There is no cause. [*To Leontes*] Adieu, my Lord,

I never wished to see you sorry; now

I trust I shall. My women, come, you have leave.

Exit HERMIONE under guard of the JAILER, with her women.

LEONTES

Go, do our bidding. Hence!

ANTIGONUS

Beseech your Highness, call the Queen again.

Be certain what you do, sir, lest your justice

Prove violence, in the which three great ones suffer:

Yourself, your Queen, your son.

For her, my Lord, I dare my life lay down.

Please you t' accept it, that the Queen is spotless

LEONTES

Cease, no more!

You smell this business with a sense as cold

As is a dead man's nose; but I do see't and feel't,

Come, follow us.

We are to speak in public; for this business

Will raise us all.

ANTIGONUS

[*Aside*] To laughter, as I take it,

If the good truth were known.

INTERLUDE 2

#3 – “PAULINA’S ENTRANCE”

LEONTES gestures, as if to lead the way, and ANTIGONUS and LORD exit as if following him, exchanging a worrying glance. LEONTES watches them leave. PAULINA enters the graveyard, donning a black velvet cloak, in mourning, with the hood up, holding a smooth, gray rock. LEONTES turns to see her. PAULINA pauses at the edge of the cemetery, taking off her hood, before walking past LEONTES. She tosses the rock up and catches it. She approaches ANTIGONUS’s grave and bends down, placing the rock on the headstone, adding it to a pile. LEONTES looks away from her ritual. She straightens and turns to LEONTES.

PAULINA

The statue should be delivered sometime today.

LEONTES nods. PAULINA walks past him to exit, placing a hand on his shoulder as she passes. LEONTES turns away, catching himself. He exits. PAULINA takes off her cloak and lays it to rest on another gravestone. Enter the JAILER, who guards the thicket of trees. PAULINA crosses, rushing to the jail.

ACT II, SCENE 2**PAULINA**

The keeper of the prison,
Conduct me to the queen.

JAILER

To the contrary I have express commandment.

PAULINA

Is't lawful pray you
To see her women?

JAILER

I shall bring Emilia forth.

Exit JAILER. Enter JAILER and EMILIA.

PAULINA

How fares our gracious lady?

EMILIA

She is something before her time delivered.

PAULINA

A boy?

EMILIA

A daughter, and a goodly babe,
Lusty and like to live; the Queen receives
Much comfort in't, says, "my poor prisoner,
I am innocent as you."

PAULINA

Commend my best obedience to the Queen;
If she dares trust me with her little babe,
I'll show't the King and undertake to be
Her advocate to th' loudest. We do not know
How he may soften at the sight o'th' child.

The silence often of pure innocence
Persuades when speaking fails.

INTERLUDE 3

#4 – “FLOWERS”

TIME re-enters and lingers. EMILIA exits and quickly reappears, carrying a bundle. She carefully passes the babe to PAULINA, who tenderly rocks her. PAULINA exits to the left, and JAILER and EMILIA to the right, as LEONTES reappears, clutching a bouquet of flowers. He approaches the grave of HERMIONE and MAMILLIUS, and bends on his knees to lay it down. The SERVANT enters and stands at attention behind LEONTES.

ACT II, SCENE 3

TIME continues to linger.

LEONTES

Nor night nor day no rest. 'Tis hoped
The boy's sickness is discharged.

Enter PAULINA, with baby, and ANTIGONUS.

ANTIGONUS

You must not enter.

PAULINA

Fear you his tyrannous passion more, alas,
Than the Queen's life? A gracious innocent soul,
More free than he is jealous.

ANTIGONUS

Madam, he hath not slept tonight, commanded
None should come at him.

LEONTES

Away with that audacious lady! Antigonus,
I charged thee that she should not come about me.

ANTIGONUS

I told her so, my lord.

LEONTES

What? Canst not rule her?

PAULINA

From all dishonesty he can; in this—
Unless he take the course that you have done,
He shall not rule me. I say, I come
From your good queen.

LEONTES

“Good” queen?

PAULINA

I say “good queen”.

LEONTES

Force her hence.

PAULINA

The good queen—

For she is good—hath brought you forth a daughter.

Commends it to your blessing.

PAULINA lays down the baby.

LEONTES

Hence with her!

[*To Antigonus*] Give her the bastard.

PAULINA

[*To Antigonus*] Forever

Unvenerable be thy hands, if thou

Tak’st up the princess.

LEONTES

It is the issue of Polixenes.

Hence with it, and

Commit them to the fire!

PAULINA

Although the print be little, the whole matter

And copy of the father—eye, nose, lip,

The pretty dimples of his chin, and cheek, his smiles.

LEONTES

A gross hag!

[*To Antigonus*] And, lozel, thou art worthy to be hanged

That wilt not stay her tongue.

ANTIGONUS

Hang all the husbands
That cannot do that feat, you'll leave yourself
Hardly one subject.

LEONTES

[*To Paulina*] I'll ha' thee burnt.

PAULINA

I care not.
It is an heretic that makes the fire,
Not she which burns in't. I'll not call you tyrant.
Something savors
Of tyranny and will ignoble make you.

LEONTES

Were I a tyrant, where were her life? Away with her!

PAULINA

[*To Antigonus*] I pray you do not push me; I'll be gone.
Look to your babe, my Lord, 'tis yours.

Exit PAULINA.

LEONTES

Thou, traitor, hast set on thy wife to this.
My child? Away with't! Even thou that hast
A heart so tender o'er it, take it hence,
And see it instantly consumed with fire.
But be it; let it live.
You that have been so tenderly officious
To save this bastard's life, What will you adventure
To save this brat's life?

ANTIGONUS

I'll pawn the little blood which I have left
To save the innocent. Anything possible.

LEONTES

The fail of any point in't shall not only be
Death to thyself, but to thy lewd-tongued wife,
Carry this female bastard hence, and bear it
To some remote and desert place.

ANTIGONUS

I swear to do this. Come on, poor babe,
[Takes up baby] Some powerful spirit instruct the kites and ravens
To be thy nurses. Blessing
Against this cruelty fight on thy side,
Poor thing, condemned to loss.

Exit ANTIGONUS with the child. Enter SERVANT.

SERVANT

Please your Highness, posts
From those you sent to th'oracle are come
An hour since.

LEONTES

The great Apollo suddenly will have
The truth of this appear. For as our most disloyal lady hath
Been publicly accused, so shall she have
A just and open trial.

Exeunt, including LEONTES.

INTERLUDE 4

#5 – “PAULINA’S LAMENT”

TIME watches. *PAULINA* re-enters and dons her cloak. She wistfully watches *ANTIGONUS* leave for Bohemia with the babe. She takes a step towards his retreating figure, before catching herself and exiting in the opposite direction.

ACT III, SCENE 2

Enter LEONTES and OFFICER.

LEONTES

Produce the prisoner.

Enter HERMIONE for trial, with PAULINA and EMILIA.

OFFICER

[*Reads*] Hermione, queen to the worthy Leontes, King of Sicilia, thou art here accused and arraigned of high treason, in committing adultery with Polixenes, King of Bohemia.

HERMIONE

You, my lord, best know
Whom least will seem to do so my past life
Hath been as continent, as chaste, as true,
As I am now unhappy. For Polixenes,
With whom I am accused, I do confess
I loved him as in honor he required.
Sir, you speak a language that I understand not.
My life stands in the level of your dreams,
Which I'll lay down.

LEONTES

Your actions are my dreams.
You had a bastard by Polixenes,
And I but dreamed it.

HERMIONE

What your jealousies awake, I tell you
'Tis rigor and not law. Your honors all,
I do refer me to the oracle:
Apollo be my judge.

LEONTES

Bring forth, in Apollo's name, his oracle.

Exit OFFICER.

HERMIONE

Were my father alive, that he did but see
The flatness of my misery; yet with eyes
Of pity, not revenge.

Enter CLEOMENES and DION with OFFICER.

LEONTES

Break up the seals and read.

OFFICER

[*Reads*] Hermione is chaste, Polixenes blameless, Camillo a true subject, Leontes a jealous tyrant, his innocent babe truly begotten, and the king shall live without an heir if that which is lost be not found.

FIRST LADY

Now blessed be the great Apollo.

LEONTES

There is no truth at all i'th'oracle!

Enter SERVANT.

SERVANT

My lord, the King, the King!

LEONTES

What is the business?

SERVANT

The prince your son, with fear
Of the queen's speed, is gone.

LEONTES

How "gone"?

SERVANT

Is dead!

LEONTES

Apollo's angry, and the heavens themselves
Do strike at my injustice!

[*HERMIONE falls.*]

How now there?

PAULINA

This news is mortal to the Queen! Look down
And see what death is doing.

LEONTES

I have too much believed mine own suspicion.

[*PAULINA and EMILIA exit with HERMIONE.*]

Apollo, pardon.

I'll reconcile me to Polixenes,

New woo my queen, recall the good Camillo!

Enter PAULINA.

PAULINA

Oh cut my lace, lest my heart, cracking it,
Break too.

OFFICER

What fit is this? Good lady?

PAULINA

What studied torments, tyrant, hast for me?
What wheels, racks, fires? What flaying? Boiling
In leads or oils? What old or newer torture
Must I receive, whose every word deserves
To taste of thy most worst? Thy tyranny
Together working with thy jealousies—
Fancies too weak for boys, too green and idle
For girls of nine—oh think what they have done,
And then run mad indeed, stark-mad, for all
Thy bygone fooleries were but spices of it.
That thou betrayedst Polixenes, 'twas nothing.

That did but show thee of a fool, inconstant,
 And damnable ingrateful. Nor was't much,
 Thou wouldst have poisoned good Camillo's honor
 To have him kill a king: poor trespasses,
 More monstrous standing by; whereof I reckon
 The casting forth to crows thy baby daughter
 To be or none, or little, though a devil
 Would have shed water out of fire ere done't.
 Nor is't directly laid to thee the death
 Of the young prince, whose honorable thoughts,
 Thoughts high for one so tender, cleft the heart
 That could conceive a gross and foolish sire
 Blemished his gracious dam. This is not, no,
 Laid to thy answer. But the last—O lords,
 When I have said, “Cry woe!”—the Queen, the Queen,
 The sweetest, dearest creature's dead, and vengeance for't
 Not dropped down yet.

OFFICER

The higher powers forbid!

PAULINA

I say she's dead! I'll swear't! If word nor oath
 Prevail not, go and see. If you can bring
 Tincture or luster in her lip, her eye,
 Heat outwardly, or breath within, I'll serve you
 As I would do the gods. But, o thou tyrant,
 Do not repent these things, for they are heavier
 Than all thy woes can stir; therefore, betake thee
 To nothing but despair. A thousand knees
 Ten thousand years together, naked, fasting
 Upon a barren mountain and still winter
 In storm perpetual, could not move the gods
 To look that way thou wert.

LEONTES

Go on, go on!
 Thou canst not speak too much. I have deserved
 All tongues to talk their bitt' rest.

Prithee bring me
To the dead bodies of my queen and son;
One grave shall be for both. Upon them shall
The causes of their death appear, unto
Our shame perpetual. Once a day I'll visit
The chapel where they lie, and tears shed there
Shall be my recreation. So long as nature
Will bear up with this exercise, so long
I daily vow to use it. Come and lead me
To these sorrows.

INTERLUDE 5

#6 – “PERDITA’S LULLABY”

PAULINA, SERVANT, CLEOMINES, and OFFICER exit, and LEONTES takes a step in their direction. Then, HERMIONE enters, veiled, as a ghost, haunting the scene. TIME wanders, brandishing the scythe.

HERMIONE [*Sung*]

AH, IF THAT WHICH LOST BE NOT FOUND,
IF THE SORROW IN MEMORY DROWNS,
I WILL PART AND BID YOU ADIEU;
I’LL HOLD YOU TO THE TRUTH.

LEONTES watches, wonderstruck, as HERMIONE passes from the world.

ACT III, SCENE 3 (PART 1)

LEONTES watches on. Enter ANTIGONUS, carrying the baby, followed by a MARINER.

ANTIGONUS

Our ship hath touched upon
The deserts of Bohemia?

MARINER

Ay, my lord, and fear
We have landed in ill time: the skies look grimly.
Besides, this place is famous for the creatures
Of prey that keep upon't.

ANTIGONUS

Go thou away,
I'll follow instantly.

Exit MARINER.

ANTIGONUS

Come, poor babe.
I have heard—but not believed—the spirits o'th'dead
May walk again. If such thing be, thy mother
Appeared to me last night, for never was dream
So like a waking. Break from her: "the babe
Is counted lost forever, Perdita
I prithee call't." And so, with shrieks
She melted into air. Affrighted much,
I did in time collect myself and thought
This was so and no slumber. Dreams are toys.

[Places the baby and a scroll upon the ground.]

There lie, and there thy character; there these,

[He lays down a bundle. Thunder.]

Farewell.

The day frowns more and more. Thou'rt like to have
A lullaby too rough. I never saw
The heavens so dim by day.

[The sound of a storm, with horns and dogs barking.]

A savage clamor!
Well may I get aboard! This is the chase.
I am gone forever!

Exit pursued by a bear.

INTERLUDE 6

#7 – “MEMORIES AND DREAMS”

TIME and the ENSEMBLE enters. LEONTES collapses.

ENSEMBLE [*Sung*]

OOH.

TIME

WRACKED WITH GUILT AND GRIEF,
LEONTES BEGGED. HE'D PLEAD
IF ONLY HE COULD TURN BACK THE CLOCK,
BRING BACK WHAT WAS LOST.

LEONTES

IF I HAD CHOSEN DIFFERENT WORDS
IF ONLY ACTIONS COULDN'T HURT
IF ONLY I COULD CHANGE THE PAST
IF ONLY I COULD BRING IT BACK
'CAUSE I CAN SEE IT IN MY HEAD,
THE PRESENT DANCING WITH THE DEAD,
THE PHANTOM PAIN INSIDE MY CHEST,
CAN NOTHING HEAL THE WANTING ACHE?

TIME

AND TIME DENIED HIM, BUT WAS SURPRISED WHEN
ALL HIS SORROWS TURNED TO DREAMS,
FADING GHOSTS IN THE AFTERNOON MIST
SITTING THERE UPON THE GREEN.

LEONTES [*Sung*]

BUT WHAT IF I...

ENSEMBLE

BUT WHAT IF I...

TIME

DOTING ON HIS FANTASIES.

LEONTES

IF I COULD, I COULD, I COULD...

WITH MY BROKEN HEART A-MENDING,

I'D GO BACK AND CHANGE THE ENDING...

ACT III, SCENE 3 (PART 2)

The ENSEMBLE, including TIME, exits. LEONTES watches on, as OLD SHEPHERD enters.

SHEPHERD

I would there were no age between ten and three and twenty, or that youth would sleep out the rest, for there is nothing in the between but getting wenches with child, wronging the ancientry, stealing, fighting -- hark you now! Would any but these boiled-brains of nineteen and two-and-twenty hunt this weather? They have scared away two of my best sheep, which I fear the wolf will sooner find than the master. If anywhere I have them, 'tis by the seaside, browsing of ivy. Good luck, an't be thy will! What have we here? [*Seeing the baby*] Mercy on's, a bairn? A very pretty bairn! A boy or a child I wonder? A pretty one, a very pretty one, sure some scape. I'll take it up for pity, yet I'll tarry till my son come.

Enter CLOWN.

CLOWN

Hilloa, loa!

SHEPHERD

Look thee here, boy. Here's a sight for thee! Look thee, a bearing-cloth for a squire's child. Look thee here. Take up, take up, boy. Open't! So, let's see, it was told me I should be rich by the fairies. This is some changeling. Open't! What's within, boy?

CLOWN

[*Opens box*] You're a made old man. If the sins of your youth are forgiven you, you're well to live. Gold, all gold.

SHEPHERD

This is fairy gold boy, and 'twill prove so. Up with't, keep it close. Home, home, the next way. We are lucky, boy, and to be so still requires nothing but secrecy. Let my sheep go. Come, good boy, the next way home.

Exit SHEPHERD and CLOWN.

INTERLUDE 7

#8 – “BOHEMIA”

*The cold tragedy of Sicilia gives way to the warm pastoral of Bohemia. Spring blooms.
LEONTES relishes the warmth.*

ACT IV, SCENE 1

LEONTES watches as TIME, the Chorus, enters.

TIME

Now take upon me, in the name of Time,
To use my wings. Impute it not a crime
To me or my swift passage that I slide
O'er sixteen years and leave the growth untried
Of that wide gap. Imagine me,
Gentle spectators, that I now may be
In fair Bohemia.

[PERDITA and FLORIZEL enter.]

And remember well,
I mentioned a son o'th'king's, which Florizel
I now name to you, and with speed so pace
To speak of Perdita, now grown in grace.

INTERLUDE 8

#9 – “TIME, A FRIEND”

PERDITA and FLORIZEL exit. LEONTES prepares to get up from a seated position, in order to follow them out. TIME intercepts him, staring him down coldly. LEONTES recoils, before TIME offers a hand, helping him up. TIME embraces him as a friend, before frolicking away amid the spring blooms. LEONTES excitedly watches CAMILLO and POLIXENES enter.

ACT IV, SCENE 2**CAMILLO**

It is fifteen years since I saw my country. I desire to lay my bones there. Besides, the penitent king, my master, hath sent for me.

POLIXENES

As thou lov'st me, Camillo, wipe not out the rest of thy services by leaving me now. Say to me when saw'st thou the prince Florizel, my son?

CAMILLO

Sir, it is three days since I saw the Prince.

POLIXENES

I have this intelligence: that he is seldom from the house of a most homely shepherd, a man, they say, that from very nothing and beyond the imagination of his neighbors is grown into an unspeakable estate.

CAMILLO

I have heard, sir, of such a man, who hath a daughter of most rare note.

POLIXENES

Thou shalt accompany us to the place where we will, not appearing what we are, have some question with the shepherd.

CAMILLO

I willingly obey your command.

POLIXENES

My best Camillo, we must disguise ourselves.

LEONTES produces disguises and hands them to CAMILLO and POLIXENES, who don them. Exit CAMILLO and POLIXENES.

INTERLUDE 9

#10 – “FROLIC AND FLOWERS”

One-by-one, members of the ENSEMBLE enter, dancing, from right, decorating the graveyard with spring flowers. LEONTES walks from left to right slowly, reveling in the flowers and frolic. He watches FLORIZEL and PERDITA enter from opposite sides, run to each other, and embrace.

ACT IV, SCENE 4

FLORIZEL

This your sheep-shearing
Is as a meeting of the petty gods,
And you the queen on't.

PERDITA

Sir, my gracious lord,
To chide at your extremes it not becomes me.
Oh pardon that I name them! Your high self,
The gracious mark o'th'land, you have obscured
With a swain's wearing, and me, poor lowly maid,
Most goddess-like pranked up! I should blush
To see you so attired.

FLORIZEL

I bless the time
When my good falcon made her flight across
Thy father's ground.

PERDITA

Even now I tremble
To think your father by some accident
Should pass this way, as you did. Oh, the Fates!
How would he look to see his work, so noble,
Vilely bound up? What would he say?
Your resolution cannot hold when 'tis
Opposed, as it must be, by th' power of the king.

FLORIZEL

Thou dearest Perdita,
With these forced thoughts I prithee darken not
The mirth o'th'feast, or I'll be thine, my fair,
Or not my father's. For I cannot be
Mine own nor anything to any if
I be not thine. To this I am most constant.
Your guests are coming.
Lift up your countenance as it were the day

Of celebration of that nuptial which
We two have sworn shall come.

PERDITA

O Lady Fortune,
Stand you auspicious!

*Enter the OLD SHEPHERD, CLOWN, SERVANTS, SHEPHERDS and
SHEPHERDESSES, POLIXENES and CAMILLO both disguised.*

SHEPHERD

Come, quench your blushes and present yourself
That which you are, mistress o'th'feast. Come on,
And bid us welcome to your sheep-shearing,
As your good flock shall prosper.

PERDITA

[*To Polixenes*] Sir, welcome.
It is my father's will I should take on me
The hostess-ship o'th'day;
[*To Camillo*] You're welcome, sir.

POLIXENES

Shepherdess,
A fair one are you. Well you fit our ages
With flowers of winter.

PERDITA

These are flowers
Of middle summer, and I think they are given
To men of middle age.

CAMILLO

I should leave grazing were I of your flock,
And only live by gazing.

PERDITA

Out, alas!
[*To Florizel*] Now, my fair'st friend,

I would I had some flowers o'th'spring that might
 Become your time of day;
 To make you garlands of, and my sweet friend,
 To strew him o'er and o'er.

FLORIZEL

What? like a corpse?

PERDITA

No, like a bank for love to lie and play on,
 Not like a corpse; or if, not to be buried,
 But quick, and in mine arms. Come, take your flowers.
 Methinks I play as I have seen them do
 In Whitson pastorals. Sure this robe of mine
 Does change my disposition.

FLORIZEL

What you do
 Still betters what is done. When you speak, sweet,
 I'd have you do it ever; when you sing,
 When you do dance, I wish you
 A wave o'th sea that you might ever do
 Nothing but that; move still, still so.

PERDITA

O Doricles,
 Your praises are too large, but that your youth
 Do plainly give you out an unstained shepherd,
 With wisdom I might fear, my Doricles,
 You wooed me the false way.

FLORIZEL

I think you have
 As little skill to fear as I have purpose
 To put you to't. But come, our dance I pray.
 Your hand, my Perdita—so turtles pair
 That never mean to part.

PERDITA

I'll swear for 'em.

#11 – “SHEEP-SHEARING FESTIVAL”

PERDITA and FLORIZEL dance.

POLIXENES

[*To Camillo*] This is the prettiest low-born lass that ever
Ran on the greensward. Nothing she does or seems
Too noble for this place.

*Here, a dance of SHEPHERDS and SHEPHERDESSES. LEONTES sees a shepherdess
that looks like the ghost of HERMIONE.*

Pray, good shepherd, what fair swain is this
Which dances with your daughter?

SHEPHERD

They call him Doricles and boasts himself
To have a worthy feeding. But I have it
Upon his own report, and I believe it;
I think there is not half a kiss to choose
Who loves another best.

POLIXENES

How now, fair shepherd?
[*To Florizel*] Let me hear
What you profess.

FLORIZEL

Do, and be witness to't.

POLIXENES

And this my neighbor too?

FLORIZEL

And he, and more
Than he and men—the earth, the heavens, and all—
That were I crowned the most imperial monarch,

Were I the fairest youth, I would not prize them
Without her love.

SHEPHERD

But, my daughter,
Say you the like to him?

PERDITA

By th'pattern of mine own thoughts I cut out
The purity of his.

SHEPHERD

Friends unknown, you shall bear witness to't;
I give my daughter to him. Come, your hand—
And daughter, yours.

POLIXENES

Soft, swain, awhile, beseech you.
Have you a father?

FLORIZEL

I have, but what of him?

POLIXENES

Knows he of this?

FLORIZEL

He neither does nor shall.

POLIXENES

Methinks a father
Is at the nuptial of his son a guest
That best becomes the table.
Let him know't.

FLORIZEL

He shall not.

POLIXENES

Prithee let him.

FLORIZEL

No, he must not.

SHEPHERD

Let him, my son; he shall not need to grieve
At knowing of thy choice.

FLORIZEL

Come, come, he must not.
Mark our contract.

POLIXENES

[*Removing disguise*] Mark your divorce, young sir,
Whom son I dare not call.

SHEPHERD

Oh, my heart!

POLIXENES

I'll have thy beauty scratched with briars and made
More homely than thy state. [*To Florizel*] For thee, fond boy,
If thou no more shalt never see this knack,
We'll bar thee from succession,
Not hold thee of our blood, no, not our kin.

Exit POLIXENES.

PERDITA

Even here undone!
I was not much afeared, for once or twice
I was about to speak and tell him plainly,
The selfsame sun that shines upon his court
Hides not his visage from our cottage, but
Looks on alike. [*To Florizel*] Wilt please you, sir, be gone?
I told you what would come of this. Beseech you,
Of your own state take care. This dream of mine,
Being now awake, I'll queen it no inch farther,

But milk my ewes and weep.

SHEPHERD

I cannot speak, nor think,
Nor dare to know that which I know.

Exit SHEPHERD.

FLORIZEL

[*To Camillo*] Why look you so upon me?

CAMILLO

You know your father's temper.

FLORIZEL

Camillo?

CAMILLO

[*Removing disguise*] Even he, my lord.

PERDITA

How often have I told you 'twould be thus?

FLORIZEL

Lift up thy looks.
From my succession wipe me, father! I
Am heir to my affection. Camillo,
As you have ever been my father's honored friend,
This you may know
And so deliver: I am put to sea
With her I cannot hold on shore.

CAMILLO

If you may please to think I love the king
Embrace but my direction. Make for Sicilia
And there present yourself and your fair princess,
For so I see she must be 'fore Leontes
She shall be habited as it becomes
The partner of your bed. Methinks I see

Leontes opening his free arms and weeping
His welcomes forth; asks thee there, “Son, forgiveness”

[FLORIZEL and PERDITA talk together.]

What I do next shall be to tell the king
Of this escape and whither they are bound;
Wherein my hope is I shall so prevail
To force him after, in whose company
I shall review Sicilia.

Exit FLORIZEL, PERDITA, and CAMILLO. Enter CLOWN and OLD SHEPHERD, carrying a bundle and a box.

CLOWN

There is no other way but to tell the king she’s a changeling, and none of your flesh and blood.

SHEPHERD

Nay, but hear me—

CLOWN

Nay, but hear me!

SHEPHERD

Go to, then.

CLOWN

Show those things you found about her, those secret things, all but what she has with her.

SHEPHERD

I will tell the king all, every word. Let us to the king. There is that in this fardel will make him scratch his beard. To th’palace?

SHEPHERD and CLOWN start to exit in one direction.

LEONTES as ANOTHER SHEPHERD

[In disguise] Uh... the king is not at the palace; he is gone aboard a new ship to purge melancholy and air himself.

CLOWN and SHEPHERD look at each other, and then exit in the opposite direction.

INTERLUDE 10

#12 – “FLOWERS (REPRISE)”

LEONTES exits right after the exiting party. TIME enters at right with a basket and slowly picks up the strewn flowers, bunch-by-bunch. This can take time. LEONTES enters from the left, and TIME maneuvers LEONTES into his starting position for the next scene. CLEOMINES and PAULINA take their places next to LEONTES, and TIME snaps their fingers to start the scene.

ACT V, SCENE 1**CLEOMINES**

Sir, you have done enough and have performed
A saint-like sorrow. Forget your evil;
With them, forgive yourself.

LEONTES

Whilst I remember
Her and her virtues, I cannot forget.

Enter PAULINA.

PAULINA

One that gives out himself Prince Florizel,
Son of Polixenes, with his princess desires access
To your high presence.

LEONTES

Go, Cleomines,
Yourself, assisted with your honored friends,
Bring them to our embracement. Still 'tis strange
He thus should steal upon us.

Exit CLEOMINES.

PAULINA

Had our prince,
Jewel of children, seen this hour, he had paired
Well with this lord.

LEONTES

Prithee no more; cease! Thou know'st
He dies to me again when talked of. They are come.

[Enter FLORIZEL and PERDITA. Exit PAULINA.]

Were I but twenty-one,
Your father's image is so hit in you,
His very air, that I should call you brother,
As I did him, and speak of something wildly

By us performed before. Most dearly welcome,
 And your fair princess—goddess! Oh, alas!
 I lost a couple that ‘twixt heaven and earth
 Might thus have stood, begetting wonder, as
 You, gracious couple, do; and then I lost—
 All mine own folly—the society,
 Amity too of your brave father, whom,
 Though bearing misery, I desire my life
 Once more to look on him.

FLORIZEL

Most royal sir, we have crossed
 To execute the charge my father gave me.

Enter PAULINA.

PAULINA

Most noble sir,
 Bohemia greets you,
 Desires you to attach his son, who has
 Fled from his father, from his hopes, and with
 A shepherd’s daughter.

LEONTES

Where’s Bohemia?

PAULINA

Here, in your city I now came from him.
 Whiles he was hastening – in the chase, it seems,
 Of this fair couple – meets he on the way
 The father of this seeming lady and
 Her brother, having both their country quitted
 With this young prince.

FLORIZEL

Camillo has betrayed me.

PAULINA

He’s with the king your father.

LEONTES

Who? Camillo?

PERDITA

O my poor father!

The heaven sets spies upon us, will not have

Our contract celebrated.

LEONTES

You are married?

FLORIZEL

We are not, sir, nor are we like to be.

The stars will kiss the valleys first;

Come, good my lord.

INTERLUDE 11 / ACT 5, SCENE 2

#13 – “REUNION”

Wordlessly, LEONTES, FLORIZEL, PERDITA, and PAULINA move to leave, but the SHEPHERD, CLOWN, POLIXENES, and CAMILLO enter. The SHEPHERD carries the basket and fardel, and CLOWN carries the remaining bar of gold, ANTIGONUS's letter, and HERMIONE's necklace. LEONTES and POLIXENES catch each other's gaze; POLIXENES nods at LEONTES, and LEONTES nods at CAMILLO. PERDITA runs to hug her brother, the CLOWN, and her father, the SHEPHERD, who pulls away and caresses her face. SHEPHERD nods at CLOWN who hands ANTIGONUS's letter to PAULINA; she reads it and glances up at the CLOWN holding HERMIONE's necklace. She hands the letter to LEONTES, who reads it. SHEPHERD gestures to the fardel and basket, as if to say, "We found her with these." LEONTES stares at PERDITA, who offers her hands. They embrace. LEONTES hugs SHEPHERD and CLOWN, while POLIXENES tousles FLORIZEL's hair, before their own reconciliation. PAULINA takes PERDITA in her arms; she regards her, holding her heart, praising Apollo. LEONTES embraces POLIXENES and his to-be-son-in-law, FLORIZEL. LEONTES shakes CAMILLO's hand and embraces him. LEONTES and PERDITA return to each other, and PERDITA takes LEONTES in one hand and the SHEPHERD in the other. PAULINA puts up a finger, as if to say, "I have something", and she gestures offstage. The company follows her, exiting to the right.

INTERLUDE 12

#14 – “TIME’S LAMENT”

TIME enters, starting a slow, mournful dance. TIME lingers on the scene. HERMIONE enters, covered in a veil, and regards TIME. They dance together. TIME leads her to her pedestal by her grave. With a breath and a flourish, TIME leaves the scene.

ACT V, SCENE 3

Enter LEONTES, POLIXENES, FLORIZEL, PERDITA, CAMILLO, and PAULINA.

LEONTES

O Paulina,
We honor you with trouble, but we came
To see the statue of our queen.

PAULINA

Here it is; prepare
To see the life as lively mocked as ever
Still sleep mocked death.

[Drawing aside curtain to reveal Hermione as a statue]

I like your silence.

LEONTES

Her natural posture.
But yet, Paulina,
Hermione was not so much wrinkled, nothing
So aged as this seems.

PAULINA

So much the more our carver's excellence,
Which lets go by some sixteen years and makes her
As she lived now.

LEONTES

As now she might have done,
I am ashamed; does not the stone rebuke me
For being more stone than it? O royal piece!
There's magic in thy majesty, which has
From thy admiring daughter took the spirits,
Standing like stone with thee.

PERDITA

And give me leave,
And do not say 'tis superstition that
I kneel and then implore her blessing. Lady,

Dear Queen, that ended when I but began,
Give me that hand of yours to kiss.

PAULINA

O, patience!
The statue is but newly fixed; the color's
Not dry.

CAMILLO

My Lord, your sorrow was too sore laid on,
Which sixteen winters cannot blow away.

PAULINA

Indeed, my lord,
If I had thought the sight of my poor image
Would thus have wrought you,
I'd not have showed it.

PAULINA moves to draw curtain.

LEONTES

Do not draw the curtain.

PAULINA

No longer shall you gaze on't, lest your fancy
May think anon it moves.

LEONTES

Let be, let be! See, my lord,
Would you not deem it breathed? And that those veins
Did verily bear blood?
The fixture of her eye has motion in't,
As we are mocked with art.

PAULINA

I'll draw the curtain.

LEONTES

O sweet Paulina,

No settled senses of the world can match
The pleasure of that madness. Let't alone.

PAULINA

I am sorry, sir, I have thus far stirred you, but
I could afflict you farther.

LEONTES

This affliction has a taste as sweet
As any cordial comfort. Still methinks
There is an air comes from her. What fine chisel
Could ever yet cut breath? Let no man mock me,
For I will kiss her.

PAULINA

Good, my lord, forbear.
The ruddiness upon her lip is wet;
You'll mar it if you kiss it, stain your own
With oily painting. Shall I draw the curtain?

LEONTES

No, not these twenty years.

PAULINA

Resolve you
For more amazement; if you can behold it,
I'll make the statue move indeed, descend
And take you by the hand; but then you'll think—
Which I protest against—I am assisted
By wicked powers.

LEONTES

What you can make her do,
I am content to look on.

PAULINA

It is required
You do awake your faith.

LEONTES

Proceed. No foot shall stir.

PAULINA

Music! Awake her! Strike!

#15 – STATUE AWAKENS

[*To Hermione*] 'Tis time! Descend! Be stone no more! Approach!

Strike all that look upon with marvel. Come!

Nay, present your hand.

When she was young, you wooed her; now, in age,

Is she become the suitor?

LEONTES

O, she's warm!

POLIXENES

She embraces him.

CAMILLO

She hangs about his neck—

If she pertain to life, let her speak too.

EPILOGUE

#16 – “EPILOGUE”

HERMIONE opens her mouth to speak, but a wordless song comes out.

HERMIONE [*Sung*]

AH.

ENSEMBLE [*Sung*]

OOH.

TIME

BUT EVERY NIGHT, THE DAYDREAM BROKE;
HERMIONE ALWAYS TURNED TO STONE.
WITH PHANTOMS, SHADOWS OF THE NIGHT,
IN THE PALE AND DYING LIGHT.

HERMIONE backwards from LEONTES and regains her statuesque pose. TIME takes the veil from PAULINA’s hand and drapes it back on HERMIONE. LEONTES outstretched hand does not reach her. He collapses in sobs.

FOR HE COULD REPENT, AND HE COULD DREAM,
BUT THINGS WOULD NEVER BE AS SEEM’D,
COME THE RAIN, AND COME THE DAY,
BUT REDEMPTION NEVER CAME.

LEONTES gets up and takes the fardel from the SHEPHERD’s basket. He holds it close, in tears, but grabbing a corner, finds the bundle unraveling to a sheet, the child gone. The SHEPHERD takes the sheet from LEONTES.

Night passes. The ENSEMBLE moves around LEONTES, a still figure amid the movement of time. Sixteen years pass him.

ENSEMBLE [*Sung*]

OOH.

The ENSEMBLE pause in the positions that were assumed in the prologue. LEONTES exits at right.

TIME

IT REACHED NEW DEPTHS, COULD NEVER ELIDE,
THE CAVERN OF THAT WIDE GAP OF TIME.

The sun rises. LEONTES enters from the left with a bundle of flowers.

ENSEMBLE [*Sung*]

THERE WAS A MAN WANDERED A CHURCHYARD
AND DREAMT THAT SPRING DEW WOULD RISE AGAIN.
TURN BACK THE CLOCK, HEAL ALL THE HURT SCARS.
BUT HE WAS CONDEMNED FORE'ER TO DWELL.

Lights fade to blackout.

END OF PLAY

Chapter 5

Adapting *The Winter's Tale* into a New Play

After *The Winter's Tale: Lab*, I was excited to explore Shakespeare's play further, but as opposed to bringing the story to contemporary audiences in the community as a production, I decided to lean into my adaptation efforts by expanding the short play, *Leontes and Paulina Are Very Much Not Dead*, from the *Lab* into a longer one-act play. The final draft of *Leontes and Paulina* imagines Leontes and Paulina sitting at the graves of their loved ones for an hour in the morning. Over the course of the play, the two bicker, blame, reminisce, and find acceptance, working through Leontes' self-hatred and Paulina's justified anger to form a hesitant friendship. The play depicts this experience, the meeting at the cemetery at dawn, as a ritual that they perform daily in their unending grief.

The premise for the play developed from dramaturgical exploration during the *Lab*. At the beginning of the process of rehearsals for *Leontes: A Winter's Tale*, I asked my dramaturg, Mary Rose, to do an improv exercise with me. She played Leontes, I played Paulina, and we imagined that, after Leontes's long day of mourning, Paulina finds him at a pub. "What would their conversation be like?", I wondered. The recording of our thirty-minute experiment, punctuated with moments where we'd "tap out" to pursue a momentary dramaturgical discussion, was the point-of-departure for the first script of *Leontes and Paulina*.

Leontes and Paulina takes inspiration from Theatre of the Absurd. If post-WWII musicals like *Brigadoon* responded to the immense loss of life with fantasy as a coping mechanism for battle fatigue, some post-WWII plays responded with existentialism. *Leontes and Paulina* borrows from Samuel Beckett's *Waiting for Godot*; instead of waiting for Godot (or God),

Leontes and Paulina wait for the return of their loved ones who never will come back. Leontes and Paulina borrow from Harold Pinter's characteristic pauses and silences, all that is left when there is no need for any more communication and no use for any more words of repentance. Leontes and Paulina borrows from Jean-Paul Sartre's *No Exit*, in situating the two in their own kind of hell, where they can only understand themselves in the gaze of the other. Leontes and Paulina borrows from Eugène Ionesco's *The Bald Soprano* in implying a cyclical nature to existence. And, of course, the title of *Leontes and Paulina* is inspired by Tom Stoppard's *Rosencrantz and Guildenstern Are Dead*. Like Tom Stoppard's play, *Leontes and Paulina* imagines two of Shakespeare's characters in the in-between moments of the play; but whereas one familiar with *Hamlet* knows that Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are destined to die, one familiar with *The Winter's Tale* knows that Leontes and Paulina must endure the passage of sixteen years.

As an adaptation of *The Winter's Tale*, *Leontes and Paulina* imagines the title characters in the gap between Act 3, scene 2 to Act 5, scene 1. In Act 3, scene 2, Paulina boils over in righteous anger towards Leontes, from "What studied torments, tyrant, hast for me?" through "A thousand knees...could not move the gods / To look the way thou wert."¹⁶ Leontes is moved to admit "shame", vowing to "[o]nce a day...visit / The chapel where they lie."¹⁷ He instructs Paulina, "Come, and lead me / To these sorrows."¹⁸ The next time we see the two characters is the first scene of the fifth act. Cleomenes informs us that in this intervening sixteen years, Leontes has "performed / A saint-like sorrow."¹⁹ Leontes states that whilst he remembers

¹⁶ *The Winter's Tale*, 3.2.173-211.

¹⁷ *Ibid*, 3.2.235-236.

¹⁸ *Ibid*, 3.2. 239-240.

¹⁹ *Ibid*, 5.1.7-9.

Hermione and her virtues, he “cannot forget” his own faults in causing her death. Paulina reminds Leontes of the virtue of “she you killed”, which strikes Leontes “sorely”.²⁰ Paulina maintains that Leontes cannot marry again until his heir be found, as told by the oracle.

My interpretation of Leontes and Paulina’s characters and relationship between the two moments of the play is that Leontes dwells in his grief for his wife and son, and Paulina, in her own grief for her husband, Antigonus, oscillates between holding Leontes responsible for his past faults and making peace with the man. Leontes’s insecurity around friendships and relationships with Hermione and Polixenes manifests in a hesitancy to befriend Paulina, afraid he’ll hurt her the way he hurt others. Leontes struggles with himself, knowing he can never repent enough to make what he did right, and aiming now to be a further burden to Paulina. Paulina struggles with Leontes, at times fueling his self-hatred, and at other times comforting him. I imagined that Paulina wants revenge against the man who wronged her for her husband (Antigonus) and her friend (Hermione), but she also realizes that Leontes is the only friend she has left.

Beyond thinking of the play as a response to Shakespeare’s *The Winter’s Tale*, I also see Leontes and Paulina as an adaptation of an adaptation—that is, of *Leontes: A Winter’s Tale*. The first adaptation of this project showed Paulina being cold towards Leontes. This second adaptation expands on what the conversation would look like between the two in the cemetery; Leontes’s interiority is transformed into a dialogue. The defining moment of both adaptations is the involvement of Hermione’s statue. *Leontes: A Winter’s Tale* shows the daily tragedy of Leontes’s fantasy turning to stone before his eyes with the dying light of day. *Leontes and*

²⁰ Ibid, 5.1.15-18.

Paulina might imagine any single day in the sixteen years of mourning, but what makes this day exceptional is that Paulina decides to create the statue of Hermione, an act of a mourning ritual; in the vein of Shakespeare's original play, Paulina as a "director" of the statue scene becomes the artist with a vision, a sculptor, for Leontes and Paulina.

The two adaptations differ in how they consider the ending of Shakespeare's *The Winter's Tale*. In *Leontes: A Winter's Tale*, the restoration of loss that occurs with Shakespeare's ending is too good to be true, and the work is a tragedy in depicting Leontes's Sisyphean will for redemption that can never come. In *Leontes and Paulina*, one can imagine the events of the play as the content of the intervening sixteen years. A cynical audience member might see Leontes and Paulina as the realistic end of the tragedy of the first three acts of Shakespeare's *The Winter's Tale*. Meanwhile a hopeful audience member might see Leontes and Paulina as the middle of the story of *The Winter's Tale*, knowing what the characters don't, which is that they will find restoration after sixteen years. (There is a third interpretation of *Leontes and Paulina*, in which one understands that Hermione did not truly die, but that Paulina is hiding her away. This would make the Paulina of *Leontes and Paulina* a Machiavellian avenger intent on making Leontes miserable. It is, in fact, a bit funny to think of just how depressed Leontes is and just how much Paulina would be gaslighting him. In the sense that this project is not just about Leontes's grief, but about exploring the unendingness of his guilt and his subsequent torment, I support this interpretation.)

As a response to COVID-19, *Leontes and Paulina* can be seen as a pandemic play in number of ways. Leontes's initial refusal of knowledge leading to the death of his loved ones parallels how groups of Americans refused to heed the warning and guidance of scientists with the danger and spread of the coronavirus, which led to widespread infection and deaths. I kept in

mind a friend who confessed that they found themselves in a dark mindset once when they thought they might have spread the virus to their immunocompromised family, that the thought of their role in the loved ones' potential death was an unbearable guilt. Also, in *Leontes and Paulina*, I have written a passage where Leontes thinks through the process of cause-and-effect, from his initial doubt to the loss of his family, in a way that parallels contact-tracing efforts during the COVID-19 pandemic. Inspired by a passage in Maggie O'Farrell's *Hamnet* (a Shakespearean plague story released precipitously in 2020) in which we follow how the pestilence of three fleas makes its way from the Mediterranean Sea to Stratford-upon-Avon through a box of glass beads that Judith, the daughter of Anne and Will, receives, Leontes in *Leontes and Paulina* tracks how one action led to the next, causing the tragedy of the loss of his family.

A developmental workshop for *Leontes and Paulina* was held in September 2023, resulting in a public reading of the play on Friday, September 15, 2023 at 4:30pm in Room 6 in the Theatre Building on Penn State's campus.

The following chapter presents the text of *Leontes and Paulina Are Very Much Not Dead*.

Chapter 6***Leontes and Paulina Are Very Much Not Dead***

In Shakespeare's *The Winter's Tale*, Leontes loses his family—his wife and son to death, and his newborn daughter to banishment—before realizing too late that he was wrong in his jealousy. Sixteen years later, he is miraculously reunited with his daughter, and his wife's statue seems to come to life. But what happened during the sixteen years? And what was lost with them?

CHARACTERS

LEONTES: Early 30s. M. King of Sicilia. Guilt-ridden, and trying not to let himself be a further burden. Emotional. Depression.

PAULINA: Mid- to late 20s. F/NB. Leontes's head advisor. Mad as hell. Logical. Anxiety.

TIME: Narrator. F/NB. A comforting presence. Either a teenage girl chaotically playing with people like they're dolls, or an older, maternal presence—a big sister.

SETTING

Set in the sixteen years of mourning. Every day is just like the last. Leontes and Paulina wander and dwell in a cemetery. We are at sunrise. The predominant colors are purple, for the fantastical, magical screen of the sky, and green, for the fertile, ever-decaying land—for life.

ABOUT THE PLAY

The script was inspired by *Leontes: A Winter's Tale*, my first production/adaptation of Shakespeare's play. In that iteration, we find Leontes during his sixteen years of mourning, wandering a graveyard; he experiences the first half of Shakespeare's play (the loss) as memories that he remembers, and imagined the latter half of the play (the reunion) as fantasies or daydreams that don't actually happen. Sicilia and Bohemia are set among gravestones, both the tragedy and the pastoral. The adaptation was narrated by angelic, winged Time, who haunts the scene; time is ever-present in the scenario, both in the ephemerality of the greenery of the garden cemetery and in the eternality of the stone of the monuments. Similarly, this play is a quilted tapestry of moments. Memories and thoughts and desires—past, present, and future—woven altogether. To scream at the sky: "I'm sorry."

IN PERFORMANCE

Time must be a character in the play. She may read select stage directions in voiceover like narration. She might stalk the house or performance area during the play. She might be an usher. She might water the set before the show begins. She might be sitting in the front row with a cigarette between her lips. But a performance of this play must have her presence, in voice and/or body.

READING THE PLAY

/ indicates when the next line of dialogue starts.

— indicates that a character is interrupted.

[] indicates words that go unsaid.

Italics indicate stage directions.

But also punctuation is like whatever, it's just vibes, I trust you.

from “ivy” off of *evermore* (2020):

“I’ll meet you where the spirit meets the bones
In a faith-forgotten land.”

– T A Y L O R S W I F T

from “august” off of *folklore* (2020):

“But I can see us lost in the memory.”

– T A Y L O R S W I F T

LEONTES AND PAULINA ARE VERY MUCH NOT DEAD

Darkness. An even, mournful piano theme plays. Time presides.

Lights up. LEONTES and PAULINA are very much not dead. Sometimes they wish they were.

A cemetery. Sunrise, dawn. Two graves. One, regal, for Hermione and Mamilius. The other, more ordinary, but still dignified, for Antigonus.

LEONTES and PAULINA sit on the ground in front of the graves. LEONTES has a small bouquet of yellow roses next to him. PAULINA holds a stone in the palm of her hand.

#1: Book? P's outburst; Po's touch

PAULINA

Did you finish the book?

LEONTES

No.

Silence.

PAULINA

Are you *liking* the book?

Silence.

LEONTES

It's interesting.

PAULINA

Yeah? Did you get to the part where the son—

LEONTES

No.

PAULINA

Okay.

Pause.

Have you *started* reading the book?

LEONTES

No.

PAULINA.

Dude.

LEONTES

Paulina.

PAULINA

I really do think you'd feel / better—

LEONTES

It's like experiencing it all over / again—

PAULINA

There will be echoes/

LEONTES

I can't bear it/

PAULINA

It's therapeutic.

LEONTES

It's too much.

PAULINA

Okay.

LEONTES

[*An offering*] Did you like reading the book?

PAULINA

Yes.

PAULINA tosses the stone up and catches it.

LEONTES

Great.

PAULINA

It was...an experience. I loved being in the middle of the story. Wish I could do it again.

LEONTES

[Why would you want to read it again?] You could read it again?

PAULINA

Wish I could. But I can't forget the ending to make the middle new. And no time anyways.

LEONTES

Oh?

PAULINA

I have... other things to read.

LEONTES

Like what?

PAULINA

Like...your lords' reports?

LEONTES

Oh.

PAULINA

Yeah.

LEONTES

Right.

PAULINA

There's still a kingdom to run.

LEONTES

Right.

PAULINA

And you haven't / been—

LEONTES

I know.

PAULINA.

Okay.

LEONTES

I know.

PAULINA

Okay.

Silence.

LEONTES

Thank you.

PAULINA

Of course, no worries.

Silence.

LEONTES

The dew looks beautiful this morning.

PAULINA

It's pretty. I like how the fog settles in the valleys.

LEONTES

I like how the haze floats around my head.

PAULINA looks at LEONTES. LEONTES looks out.

Is that...?

PAULINA
Where?

LEONTES points.

LEONTES
There.

PAULINA
Mm lavender.

A memory.

LEONTES
Flowers.

PAULINA
Mhm?

LEONTES
She really liked flowers.

PAULINA
Yeah?

LEONTES
Yeah.

Pause. PAULINA debates whether she should indulge his line of thinking.

PAULINA
Which ones did she like?

LEONTES
We don't have to talk about it.

PAULINA.
[*Relieved*] Okay.

Silence. But then LEONTES thinks about it.

LEONTES
But thank you for keeping things going while I—

PAULINA
Of course.

LEONTES
No, really, I'm just so / grateful

PAULINA
Leontes.

LEONTES
While I—

PAULINA
[*Gentle, but firm.*] No.

LEONTES
I—

PAULINA
No.

She can't take it.

LEONTES
She would have despised this.

PAULINA
[*A question, but she knows.*] This.

LEONTES
Me.

PAULINA

You / moping and mourning your family.

LEONTES

[*Interiorly*] She wouldn't have said it.

PAULINA

You *get* to sit around and mourn and mope. Because you're king, but *who's* keeping the kingdom going??

LEONTES

I don't deserve you.

PAULINA

Damn right.

LEONTES

Your patience, kindness, your willingness / to engage.

PAULINA

God.

LEONTES

You deserve better.

PAULINA

I know I do, so if you'd only just quit it. For my sake.

LEONTES

I should be the last person you want to spend your time with.

PAULINA

Do you expect me to comfort you?

LEONTES

Paulina.

PAULINA

I'm not going to take care of you.

LEONTES

You shouldn't have to.

PAULINA

[*Standing up*] Do you want me to leave?

Silence. LEONTES looks away. She sits back down. This is their daily game, their ritual.

I'm not going to take care of you.

LEONTES

Don't.

PAULINA

You're still feeling this?

LEONTES

Yeah.

PAULINA

[*Understanding*] Okay.

LEONTES

What, like you've moved on?

PAULINA

Uncalled for.

LEONTES

You're right I'm so sorry. [*Pause*] Just don't know what to believe in.

PAULINA paces. And paces. And paces. She stops. She's mad.

PAULINA

So what do you believe in?

LEONTES

Huh?

PAULINA

Who would you believe?

LEONTES

Pauli.

PAULINA

You didn't believe me. Or the oracle. Or the gods, or *her*? Who would you believe?

LEONTES

I was wrong.

PAULINA

That's right, you were wrong, and only when—

LEONTES

When?

PAULINA

When...

She can't invoke Mamillius's name in her own anger.

You changed your tune. So you believe... what? Karma?

LEONTES

I didn't *want* to believe her.

PAULINA

[*Disbelief*] Oh, of course.

LEONTES

I just saw her standing across the way from me, in the hall, with him. She looked so radiant. He looked so good. They looked so happy. She took his hands, they touched her [*gestures to his stomach*], and I just, I know those hands. I grew up with them, those were my hands. Those are rude hands, they tarnish with a touch. But his were gentler. Softer. He could do better. She could've done better.

PAULINA

She was so good. So why didn't you believe her.

LEONTES

She was so good, and maybe I thought I wasn't good enough. For her.

PAULINA

And her word?

LEONTES

Was good. But I valued what I imagined more than what I saw.

PAULINA

Yourself.

LEONTES

Yeah. Myself.

PAULINA stretches.

PAULINA

Your knowledge was a looking glass.

LEONTES

My perception and expression was.

PAULINA

[*Unbothered*, I know better than you.] Yes, exactly, your knowledge. [*On a sigh...*] You. Should look into a watery glass.

LEONTES

Why?

PAULINA

See what a fool looks like.

LEONTES

You just want to dunk my head.

PAULINA
Guilty.

LEONTES
Ha.

Two grins. That settle. She softens.

PAULINA
She would never. She loved you.

LEONTES nods.

She was good, and so were you. So are you.

Pause.

[And another thing...] And didn't you trust him, Polixenes?

LEONTES
He never... yes, I trusted him. I just *knew* him, and then we grew up.

PAULINA
Oh.

LEONTES
We went to boarding school together.

PAULINA
Well that I knew.

Pause. LEONTES furrows his brow. Wait...

LEONTES
What?? He told you?

PAULINA
No, I just understood.

LEONTES

[*Quizzical*] Ah. [*Pause*] I remember it was summer when we... July. Fifteen. We were staying at the school over the summer, and we found a brook in the forest out back. We sat by it, languishing in the heat, passing the time, before we gave in and waded in. And the, the water cut through the thick, heavy air with this caress of relief. He splashed me. [*Smiling*] And I splashed him back. The air was hazy, there was something hanging in it, wavering like a mirage. I- I touched him first. It's like he was waiting for me to get there. And we quickly shared clumsy, hungry adolescent hands.

Pause. Floating in the mirage.

PAULINA

And after? Were you two close?

LEONTES

Closer than ever. He was always really good to me. I'd push him away, but he'd be there for me when the storm passed.

Thoughts plague him.

PAULINA

He was there for you.

LEONTES

Always. We came of age together. I remember...he was always so supportive. That summer I relinquished the teenage angst, I met Hermione. Polixenes and I had had a fight, and he went back home with storms rolling over the hills. There was a palace function one evening, and I escaped outside to get a breath away from the pleasantries and forced smiles. I found a young woman wandering the garden, humming to herself. I had stumbled on her reverie, and I remember her gaze when our eyes met—so captivating. She just smiled. Polixenes and I, we ended our childhood chapter and entered adulthood, but it wasn't the same, we weren't the same. Exchanged one playfellow for another. But he was supportive, he was as much Hermione's friend as mine. I remember the day I introduced them to each other, the two loves of my life. I was so nervous but he smoothed it over, he's always so charming, she was always so gracious.

PAULINA

Mhm.

LEONTES

She... he... There was something after that. I'd twirl her around as we danced at fêtes, and Hermione and I'd share the greatest grins. And as we'd exit the floor, I'd have her in my arms and pass by him. There's something that was...

Light dim.

#1.5: P remembers M's community

Lights up—a spotlight on just PAULINA. She looks out.

PAULINA

I would tell Mamilius stories. When Leontes and Hermione and her ladies were busy, I'd sit with him and tell him stories. We'd sit indoors, and when he was little I'd hold him in my arms. There was one about a rogue who peddles trinkets. One about two women fighting over a fool. When he was just born, he'd gurgle and smile; he was always so happy. He had this stuffed toy sheep. When he was older, but still so little, he would understand, laugh, and ask me, "More!" He would run around all over the place, it was all I could take to make him listen, but once we started, he was enchanted. And then he'd tell me his own stories. He'd run to anyone who'd listen—me, or Hermione, or the ladies—and whisper them in our ears. He was so proud, he'd wait for our reaction. He'd drop the sheep and notice. And when Leontes was busy, it was just me and Hermione and Mamilius, wrestling with monsters in our heads, delighted by the adventures, the tales he'd weave. It was like...well I loved him as my own. We all did. The ladies—Emilia—would play pretend with him, and Antigonus would lift him up to the sky. I remember his laugh. I can feel the strip of film running in my hand but I can't focus on a frame. Like the body was there and vanished, disappeared, and all that remains now is the sheet they were wrapped in. A current that's slowly fading. A comet trailing in the sky. He had us all. All, and now it's broken. Gone.

Lights up on the whole scene.

#2: L's fantasy; P <3 H; H's spirit

Lights up.

LEONTES

[What do you think happened to them?] Where do you think they went?

PAULINA

Antigonus and your daughter?

LEONTES

Mhm.

Silence. They consider the possibilities.

PAULINA

When you banished her, that could have meant... far, maybe. He could have taken her far.

LEONTES

Far.

PAULINA

Far enough to fare better. Hopefully. Maybe Bohemia. Maybe he reached the coast.

LEONTES

And then?

PAULINA

I don't know.

Silence.

LEONTES

Sometimes I wonder if she might still be out there.

Silence.

PAULINA

In Bohemia?

LEONTES

Yes.

PAULINA struggles; does she indulge him? Or temper his delusions?

PAULINA

And how do you feel?

LEONTES

[*Hopeful*] That if she were? What if she were? Maybe she is living far away. Maybe she's growing up on the seas. They just kept sailing away from Sicilia. Maybe Antigonus fell among a band of pirates and became one. Maybe she's being raised aboard a ship, with salt on her tongue and sky in her hair. [*Another idea...*] Or! Maybe they never left the state. Maybe he's raising her in the city streets, she's been right here all along. She's a step away from court, watching the same frost thaw in the spring. [*Another idea!*] Or... or maybe she was left in a meadow. And, and while looking for his sheep, a shepherd came upon her. No, a shepherd and his son. She should have an older brother. And they've been raising her in a cottage in the countryside all these years. And she was a babe, but now she is the queen of their festivities. And—

LEONTES sees PAULINA.

[*Smiling*] And maybe Antigonus is still there?

A loud silence.

PAULINA

But he's not.

LEONTES

Not?

PAULINA

He would have come back. My husband would have let me know [he's alive].

LEONTES

Maybe he's taking care of the babe.

PAULINA

So why isn't he back?

Silence. LEONTES shifts.

Maybe he is. Taking care of her. And we've *both* ruined our marriage, our family, caring for you.

LEONTES

Protecting. You were protecting Hermione, and maybe he's protecting... her.

PAULINA

I'd have done anything for Hermione.

LEONTES

I know.

PAULINA

Anything.

LEONTES

I... know?

PAULINA

She was so true and kind and talented and witty.

LEONTES

[*Annoyed*] Yeah, I know.

PAULINA

And beautiful.

LEONTES

...

PAULINA

And—

LEONTES

And??

PAULINA

Well. Like you with Polixenes.

LEONTES

[*Disbelief*] No.

PAULINA

Well not / like

LEONTES

All this time/

PAULINA

I mean you know she's amazing.

LEONTES

[*Smiling*] I thought it was Polixenes / I had to worry about!

PAULINA

No, no we were friends, just friends!

LEONTES

It was you / I had to watch out for.

PAULINA

And I just looked up to her. So much. Even when you were dead wrong, she would be on your side. And she'd even gently redirect you to what was right. You'd think she was looking at the world when she looked into your eyes. She could have fooled me with a smile. But somehow it all struck as true.

LEONTES

Wasn't she a couple years too old for you?

PAULINA

Not anymore.

LEONTES

Are you serious.

PAULINA

[*Sheepishly*] Sorry, sorry. [*Beat*] I can remember...

LEONTES

Remember?

PAULINA

Remember. The walks in the orchard. The stories at bedtime. The garden parties, our morning sunrise. [*Beat.*] Gone. All gone. [*She is possessed, and his face falls. Her eyes clear.*] There was a whisper of mist, but I can't see it now. [*Leontes's face falls. She pivots from memory to fantasy.*] No but I had a daydream I'd play in my head. That you and her would break up, that she'd leave your sorry ass, get tired of your moping, your dreary gray, your indecision, your mind mazes. [*He chuckles.*] Or maybe just tired of palace life—the diplomacy, the soirées, the endless smiles. [*Childlike...*] Thought maybe she'd leave it all behind and come live with me in a cottage. We'd build a cozy home and tend to our strawberry garden. We'd nurture the lush ferns inside and breathe hot breaths in the warm condensations and live happily in peace forever and ever. Thought I could steal her away from you. She always did love me. And we'd be together till death knocked on our door.

Pause.

LEONTES

[*Insecure*] And she did love you?

PAULINA

Naw. Not like that. She truly loved you. Besotted. Can't figure out why. [*PAULINA's a hater. He smiles.*] Did you ever pick a name?

LEONTES shakes his head.

LEONTES

We thought we'd know when we met her. But I had a dream. I saw Hermione. As a spirit. She was in pure white robes. [*Awestruck*] One morning, when I fell asleep in the green out there, on a bed of dew. I lifted my head, in a daze, and she was gliding across the green, moonlight in her hair. She knelt down and put one hand on my cheek. Told me to know our daughter as "Perdita". [*He turns to PAULINA.*] Our little "lost one."

PAULINA

Fitting.

LEONTES

But the spirit, it was angry. [*Horried*] I thought it came to be gentle, but it had fury. Her eyes were storms, and they came down as torrential rain. She opened her mouth, as if to let out a shriek. I couldn't hear it echo in the fields, which turned ablaze; but I felt it, in my soul.

Silence.

PAULINA

And then you woke up?

LEONTES

And then I saw the sun was starting to rise. And she was gone.

Lights dim.

#3: Visit the coast; A was hers

Lights up.

PAULINA

I think you should visit the coast.

LEONTES

Of Bohemia?

PAULINA

No, even just Sicilia. Get to the beach.

LEONTES

I'm not much for beaches, I prefer the valleys. The climbing up and down. The cities even, I like descending into the maze.

PAULINA

I think there's something so simply beautiful about a sunset.

LEONTES

I thought we agreed we were sunrise people. I mean what is this?

PAULINA

No, I know, but like there's something about seeing the sky burst into flame and see the whole world slowly swallowed up in darkness. While sitting on the edge of the world. And I think the water would do you good.

LEONTES

We have the rain here.

PAULINA

The water at the shore. Walking in it. Along the shoreline, with the tide coming in, swirling around your ankles, and then letting it go. I think you need to let it, [the thoughts], go.

Silence.

It could be peaceful. Soothing.

Silence.

LEONTES

My luck, when I'd visit, the waves wouldn't come in gently, they'd come crashing, tumultuous, violent.

PAULINA

Maybe you work your way up to those waves.

LEONTES

It'd be dependent on what nature has in store for me that day.

PAULINA

Yeah.

LEONTES

Aren't there mosquitos on our coast?

PAULINA

So many. Last I went, they were like Victorian men, obsessed with my exposed ankles.

LEONTES

Ouch.

PAULINA

It was so bad. I still have so many scars.

Silence. Thinking. LEONTES looks over.

LEONTES

What are you thinking?

PAULINA

Thoughts.

LEONTES

Hm. A penny?

PAULINA

I don't know. I don't know what they are. They're all so much, they need to slow down. They're all at once, I have them all at once these days, now, in the morning.

Pause.

LEONTES

I know that.

PAULINA

I remember. I remember once I came home, and Antigonus was already there. And I was exhausted, and I missed him all day, so I had taken a piece of paper and scribbled down everything that happened during the day. I didn't want to miss a thing. And I came home, and he was in the kitchen making tea, and I was tired out of my mind, but I sat down on the couch, and he gave me a mug, and I took out my little sheet, and I made him sit while I told him everything that happened that day. That the lords didn't even know the landscape of the country they govern, and omigosh, I have to educate them and pretend like they know better at the same time. That I had just finished copying some pages and then the candlestick burnt down to a stub and the wax dripped all over the ink of the finished documents, I had to start over. [*A smile.*] That Mamillius said my name for the first time, and it was so cute, it brought a smile to my face.

Silence.

LEONTES

I understand.

LEONTES took that away from her.

PAULINA

I just. I remember.

Lights down.

#3.5: L's soliloquy; would've, could've, should've

Lights up—a spotlight on just LEONTES. He looks out.

LEONTES

If I hadn't heard the oracle's words and felt ashamed, then I wouldn't have been embarrassed that I was proven wrong so publicly. If I wasn't embarrassed, I wouldn't have denied the oracle's words, and if I never denied the oracle's words, then Mamillius wouldn't have died. If Mamillius didn't die, then Hermione wouldn't have heard of his death and died of grief. If I hadn't called on the oracle, I wouldn't have set up that public stage and made myself a tyrant. If I hadn't imprisoned Hermione, then Mamillius wouldn't have heard and fallen sick at my ill treatment of Hermione. If I hadn't imprisoned Hermione, then Paulina never would have brought Perdita to me, born in jail. If Perdita was never brought to me, I wouldn't have banished her. If I hadn't banished her, then Antigonus would still be here, and Pauli would have her husband and I would have Perdita. If I hadn't called Paulina a hag and implied that she was a witch, she wouldn't have called me tyrant. If she hadn't called me a tyrant, I wouldn't have ordered the lords to make her leave. If the lords hadn't tried to make her leave, she wouldn't have left the babe, and if she hadn't left the babe, I wouldn't have sent her away. If I hadn't seen the look on Hermione's face when she smiled at Polixenes, if I hadn't read their affection as too much, if I had read the signs and understood that the three of us had always been close, if I hadn't jumped to conclusions... If I hadn't said what I said, it could've ended differently. If I would've been less insecure, it would've never happened. If I hadn't... but I did. I should've...*[lost in the would've, could've, should've]*, but I did.

Lights up on the whole scene.

#4: P's vision of Time

Lights up.

PAULINA
I think I had a vision.

LEONTES
Do tell.

PAULINA
It was an angel.

Oh?

White dress. Sunlight shining through her dark hair. She was holding a scythe. [*Pause.*] I think she was Time.

Really?

LEONTES
Did she speak?

PAULINA
She just watched me. And it was like the whole world stood still and started slipping away from me. It just kept coming.

A shimmer. Lights down.

#5: L tries to be there for P

Lights up.

LEONTES

Now what.

PAULINA

I dunno.

I don't know either.

LEONTES

We wait.

PAULINA

We get on with it.

LEONTES

They'll never come.

Silence. It occurs to LEONTES he could reach out to PAULINA.

What did you do yesterday?

PAULINA

Hm? Oh, uh, meetings, writing. All that.

LEONTES

How was your late morning yesterday?

PAULINA

We don't have to talk about it.

LEONTES

Okay.

Silence.

I found a pool of water.

PAULINA

Mm.

LEONTES

By a cliff.

PAULINA

Yeah? How was it?

LEONTES

Still. It was cool. I bathed in it for a moment.

PAULINA

Nice. That's good. I'm proud of you.

LEONTES

Thanks.

Silence.

PAULINA sighs.

And on.

PAULINA

And on.

LEONTES

And on.

PAULINA

And on.

LEONTES

And on.

Silence.

And on?

She doesn't respond.

How was your day yesterday? After...?

PAULINA

Fine.

LEONTES

How are the people you're working with?

PAULINA

Fine.

LEONTES

Like that one lord? What's-his-face? What about him?

PAULINA

Oh him. He's fine.

LEONTES

Okay.

Silence.

PAULINA

He... he kind of sucks actually.

LEONTES

I know.

PAULINA

Yeah.

LEONTES

Tell me more?

PAULINA

We don't have to.

LEONTES

Okay.

Silence.

You can tell me.

PAULINA

[*Wary*] It's just—

LEONTES

Yeah?

PAULINA

He doesn't know what he's talking about.

LEONTES

Yeah?

PAULINA

And I had to correct him over and over.

LEONTES

You must be used to that.

PAULINA

Ha.

LEONTES

So what'd you do?

PAULINA

Well I did something bad.

LEONTES

No, I'm sure you were right.

PAULINA

Well he was just spouting nonsense/

LEONTES

Uh huh

PAULINA

So when he stopped to take a breath, I asked: [*Cuntily*] “Should we hold a search party for all the wits you’ve lost?” I said, “Ha ha, that’s so funny, but this isn’t a head-empty-no-thoughts moment, I need to hear your real ideas.”

Pause.

LEONTES

...And you know what, it had to be said.

PAULINA

Right?

LEONTES

Absolutely. And like I would tell you if you did something wrong but no you were so right.

PAULINA

Yeah.

LEONTES

And?

PAULINA

And?

LEONTES props his head on top of his arm.

Well, I... the first meeting went horribly.

LEONTES

Uh huh/

PAULINA

And then I spilled my coffee/

LEONTES

I thought you / drank tea

PAULINA

Things change. And I had to wash my dress out/

LEONTES

Mhm/

PAULINA

And so then I went up to rest in the library. But then I looked out the window around midday and it was... drizzling. And sunny. Like holding a crystal up to the light, the sky was prismatic.

LEONTES

Mhm.

She remembers.

PAULINA

It was really beautiful.

PAULINA looks at him. They smile. Lights dim.

#6: What do we do; P's goodbye

Lights up. Birds chirp.

LEONTES

What are we to do?

PAULINA

Spring will come soon. Snow in the valleys will thaw.

LEONTES

Hermione always loved early spring.

Silence.

PAULINA

I remember. Her flowers. She'd cut everybody in the palace a bouquet of their favorite stems and deliver them personally on the first day of spring.

LEONTES

What was yours?

PAULINA

Marigolds. They go to bed with the sun—

LEONTES

And with it, rise weeping.

PAULINA

You?

LEONTES

Rue. I bitterly regret and repent.

Silence.

I get the flowers for my bouquets for her from her garden.

He gestures to his small bouquet of yellow roses.

PAULINA

Maybe we can do something. We could try gardening. [*Pause.*] We can make something, grow something, instead of always cutting down.

LEONTES

Would you do that with me?

PAULINA

Yeah. We can rebuild her garden. Tend to it. Nourish it.

She nods.

We can plant rosemary for remembrance.

LEONTES

[*He thinks.*] Sunflowers. As tall as Mamillius was. Lilies for a life cut short.

PAULINA

[*She thinks.*] Daffodils. That hang their heads in grief. [*She jokes.*] Gillyflowers for the bastards.

LEONTES

[*Correcting her.*] Forget-me-nots. Baby's breath. For Perdita. [*Pause.*] Violets for Hermione, fading too soon. I stand in that garden all the time, and I can never figure out how to say sorry. I don't know anything. I miss her. [*Thinking. Scared.*] And in the winter?

She thinks.

PAULINA

Rake the leaves. Watch them decay into the soil. [*A moment.*] And write to Polixenes. Ask him to send some of that Bohemian sheep's wool. We'll knit sweaters. Keep warm.

LEONTES

[*Nodding*] It'd be good to make something.

Pause. LEONTES awkwardly scoots over and sits next to PAULINA, facing her.

You're my best friend.

PAULINA

Shut up.

LEONTES leans his head on PAULINA's shoulder. She leans back. They both smile.

Birds chirp. The sky brightens slowly. They sit with their grief and with each other.

And then, the magical glow of the morning ritual fades, as the sunrise fades to morning. It's time for work, for the rest of the world, for the rest of life.

PAULINA lifts her head first.

PAULINA

It's near 8:00am. I better start heading back.

LEONTES

Today, it's the...?

PAULINA

The council, this morning.

LEONTES

Ah.

PAULINA turns and puts the stone on Antigonus's grave.

PAULINA

I'll see you there?

LEONTES

I'll meet you.

PAULINA turns to leave. She notices LEONTES isn't joining. He's sitting.

PAULINA

When? Where?

Silence. LEONTES looks out.

LEONTES

Where the spirit meets the bone. I'm haunted by the ghosts.

She understands his crypticness.

PAULINA

I will see you back here, tomorrow morning.

LEONTES

Or. Where spirit feeds the soul.

She understands. She puts a hand on his shoulder.

PAULINA

I'll find you tonight. At the pub.

LEONTES

Gotta slow it [the thoughts] down.

He catches her hand, and she gives his a squeeze. She turns to go, then turns back, thinking.

PAULINA

[*Awkwardly, she's trying...*] You. Can find me dancing with my spirits at home.

LEONTES

Hm?

PAULINA

I'm thinking of taking up an art. I really like rocks.

LEONTES

I like shiny rocks.

PAULINA

I thought maybe I could chisel stone. Make it into something. Permanent.

LEONTES

Like what?

PAULINA

A monument? Maybe something for right here.

She gestures to Hermione's grave.

Maybe a statue. A muse moves me.

LEONTES

That'd be nice. [*He thinks.*] I heard you've been spending a lot of time in the greenhouse behind your place?

PAULINA

Yeah.

LEONTES

Maybe you can make it your studio?

PAULINA

Yeah, I'd like that. Right now, I'm growing violets. And strawberries.

LEONTES

Nice. [*He thinks.*] Maybe I'll start the book today.

PAULINA

Okay.

A janky piano theme plays.

They turn to each other and smile. Then, they look out over the cemetery, the rolling hills, the shadows in snow, the sun on the peaks.

LEONTES and PAULINA are not dead. Sometimes, they wish they were. But alas, they're not, and time goes on.

END OF PLAY

Chapter 7

The Winter's Tale as Dramaturgical Theory

Thus far, this project has been concerned with temporality in the nonlinear constructions of these two adaptations. *Leontes: A Winter's Tale* is told from a point in the middle of *The Winter's Tale*, cutting between the present, the past in memory, and the future in daydream. *Leontes and Paulina Are Very Much Not Dead* explores how the middle of *The Winter's Tale* would be experienced by the characters as a never-ending after, with only the hope of reunion and redemption. Time haunts both of these plays; the figure of Time as an angel, a benevolent but death-like figure, narrates the cautionary tale of *Leontes: A Winter's Tale* and is made omnipresent through the stage directions in *Leontes and Paulina*. Still, time haunts this project in another way: in the cavern of time between Shakespeare's time (or the creation of the text of *The Winter's Tale*) and now.

This project began as a production dramaturg's musing to reverse the dramaturg's question of purpose: "Why this play now?" As opposed to moments in revival production when a dramaturg is handed a title and tasked with justifying its relevance, I sought the literary management role of programming to suggest that this title, *The Winter's Tale*, was relevant, and thus one should revive it. It was an effort to reverse the dramaturg's dilemma of having existence before essence, of having a role before having a purpose. Production dramaturgy might be understood as the process of making old texts new. In revival, one takes an older text and posits that it is relevant for the current moment and current audiences.

However, as this project evolved from a dramaturg's directorial attempt to revive *The Winter's Tale* into a writer's retelling of Shakespeare's narrative, the project has ended up

reflecting Jane Barnette's connection between adaptation and dramaturgy. Barnette argues that production dramaturgy is a form of intermedial adaptation, in taking a textual script and adapting it into a live performance, and that adaptation is a form of dramaturgy, in the careful study and analysis of a source text before its transformation. The production dramaturg's mindset focuses on temporality, musing on the parallels between the time periods a text was written, the time period it might be set in, and the current moment in which it is being revived. The adapter's mindset begins with the choice to retell a story for a certain moment and audience. Barnette argues that adaptation exists on a continuum between production dramaturgy and new play dramaturgy.²¹ In this project, *Leontes: A Winter's Tale* can be understood as closer to the side of production dramaturgy, as a reframing of an existing text, and *Leontes and Paulina* can be understood as closer to the side of new play development, as a playwright's new(ish) play. As such, adaptation has served as a method of interpretation and research for inspecting *The Winter's Tale* in this post-COVID moment in time.

One of the Shepherd's lines from Act 3, scene 3 of *The Winter's Tale* has been another ghost light for this project. The Shepherd addresses his son, who has just seen Antigonus been mauled by a bear, after discovering the lost babe and says: "Thou met'st with things dying, I with things newborn." This line comes at a precipitous moment in the story to mark the play's turn from tragedy to comedy, from the "dying" to the "newborn." At the beginning of this project, the Shepherd's line led me to consider the diptych between past and future, memory and dream, as experienced from the middle of the story.

²¹ Barnette, *Adapturgy: The Dramaturg's*, 32-35.

However, the quote also speaks to “adapturgy” and the plight of the dramaturg/adaptor, one who encounters an old (“dead”) tale or text and seeks to make it reborn. Thus, I conclude this project by proposing a reading of *The Winter’s Tale* not just as a source text, but as a text of dramaturgical theory instructing on how to receive past art for new days. With the word “tale”, the play serves as a self-reflexive text of narrative theory, and with “winter” in the title, the play signals the importance of the passage of time in this evaluation.

My inquiry is sparked by three moments in the play with art as their subject. First, Mamillius’s choice in Act 2, scene 1 between telling a “merry” or “sad” tale reflects the dramaturgical initiative of director, literary managers, and those involved in season planning to program titles and stories relevant for the moment.²² Mamillius’s conclusion that “[a] sad tale’s best for winter” impresses the importance of time in artistic leadership and “season” planning when knowing what story to tell when. Mamillius’s story about “a man” who “[d]welt by a churchyard” inspired by the cemetery setting of my two adaptations.²³

Next, Perdita’s association with flowers in Act 4, scene 4 roots the assertion that “art itself is Nature” in botanical metaphors. In her discussion with Polixenes about “nature’s Bastards” or “streaked gillyvors”, Perdita draws attention to the cultivation of nature as art. Further, Perdita’s appreciation for flowers reflects the triumph of time. In her monologue, “O Proserpina”, Perdita expresses the quantity and beauty of the flowers she wishes she could “make garlands” with to strew her “sweet friend...o’er and o’er.”²⁴ Florizel’s playful suggestion of the use of flowers in mourning rituals (“What, like a corpse?”) roots my two adaptations’

²² *The Winter’s Tale*, 2.3.24.

²³ *Ibid*, 2.3.28-30.

²⁴ *Ibid*, 4.4.127-128.

association of flowers with the dying and living. In *Leontes*, the two present characters' mourning rituals are contrasted—Leontes's bouquet of flowers that will decay with Paulina's eternal rock that will remain. As discussed in *Shakespeare and Adaptation Theory*, botanical metaphors are used to describe Shakespearean adaptation. The botanical memory of Shakespeare lives on in the world, too. This project accompanied me on journey in the past two years to various pastoral settings: to the garden cemetery of West Highgate Cemetery, which inspired *Leontes*; to the gardens of Shakespeare and Anne Hathaway's homes, which I visited while doing production history research; to the pastoral Eugene O'Neill Theater Center, where I outlined *Leontes and Paulina* while assisting on the development of Shakespearean appropriations; to Longwood Gardens, a botanical garden near my childhood home where I commenced my final round of edits. These pastoral settings epitomized the cycle of birth, death, and rebirth that is life. Paulina's suggestion, at the end of *Leontes and Paulina*, to grow a garden of flowers instead of always cutting down, aims to reflect the healing capability of the art of tending to materials—both botanical and textual—that can live, die, and be reborn.

Finally, Paulina's direction of the reawakening of Hermione's statue speaks to the magical and restorative experience of theatrical revival, while recognizing that some meaning and experience is lost with the passage of time. Seeing Hermione's statue, Leontes remarks, "But yet, Paulina, Hermione was not so much wrinkled, nothing / So aged as this seems."²⁵ Paulina is able to "resurrect" or "revive" Hermione with a bit stagecraft, and the triumph of time shows that Hermione is able to be restored to Leontes; however, the sixteen years of age on Hermione's face remind that something is lost, too, with the passage of time. In *Shakespeare and*

²⁵ Ibid, 5.3.27-29.

Adaptation Theory, Sujata Iyengar posits that “what we call Shakespearean is not simply all Shakespeare, nor is it only ever-proliferating adaptations—but rather a creative tension between what is lost and what is new during the process of adaptation.”²⁶ The engagement with older works, in production and adaptation, is a site of loss and regainment. This project’s focus on grief and loss is realized not just in the thematic focus of interpreting *The Winter’s Tale*, but in the approach to meaning-making over centuries. As Barnette articulates, “adapturgy” has a numinous quality to it, always haunted by the specter of the source text.²⁷

This project sees archives and libraries and theaters as garden cemeteries, sites of death and rebirth. In the sight of a growing flower, I offer a symbol for rebuilding after tragedy, to both heal and recover what was lost. With adaptation and production, we reinvent the old to make the new, with the acknowledgement and trust that this cycle will happen over and over again. Time has passed between *The Winter’s Tale*’s inception and this local moment of rebirth, and the artists and editors of the future will surely carry on this story for future audiences and readers. This adaptation project can be seen as a morning ritual in and of itself, a performance of grief for the moment before our society’s fracture in time, or an act of love for the text itself. The ruminative exercise turned meditative, and the seasons passed twice over, let this project be concluded.

²⁶ Sujata Iyengar, *Shakespeare and Adaptation Theory*, The Arden Shakespeare (London, UK: Bloomsbury Publishing, 2023), 156.

²⁷ Barnette, *Adapturgy: The Dramaturg’s*, 47-49.

Appendix

Musical Compositions for *Leontes: A Winter's Tale*

1. Prologue

Leontes: A Winter's Tale

Arushi Grover

$\text{♩} = 100$

Leontes

Time

Piano

Bm

D

G

4

L

T.

Pno.

A

Bm

D

7 ♩ = 70 2

L
T
Pno.

G A Bm

11

L
T
Pno.

15 ♩ = 100

L
T
Pno.

Bm

There was a man wan-dered a
church yard and dreamt that spring dew would rise a - gain. Turn back the clock, heal all the
hurt scars, but was he con-demned to e - ver dwell?

19

D G A

L

T.

Pno.

3

TIME: There was man who driven mad by jealousy
 Destroyed his family with a single doubt.
 And day-by-day, he was driven further
 From the memory of his belov'd.

22

Bm D G A

L

T.

Pno.

P

TIME: Angelic, wingèd Time presides in this matter,
 I watch Leontes as he travels alone.
 The foe to every mortal beings' desire,
 I carry with my scythe the pain of hope.

26

Bm D G

L

T.

Pno.



29

A

L

T.

Pno.

Each morn-ing I wake and I ache and I re-

f

p



32 5

L
mem-ber it all, the love, the pain, and my fault _____ - And

T.

Pno.

35

L
to _ be haunt ed by _the past is my mis-takes co-ming back in fla_shes - spe cters dan-cing hold my hand and-

T.

Pno. *p*

38 *8th*

L
lea _ ving when the day _light end...

T.
...and he sees it all in-side his head.

Pno.

*And. **

2. Mamilius's Lullaby

Leontes: A Winter's Tale

Arushi Grover

$\text{♩} = 90$

Chord progression: Bm, F#, Em, F#, Bm, F#, Em, F#, Bm, F#, Em, F#, Bm, F#, Em, F#.

Measure numbers: 6, 11, 14.

Performance markings: *Red.*, *8vb*, *Red.*, *Red.*, *Red.*.

3. Paulina's Entrance

Leontes: A Winter's Tale

Arushi Grover

$\text{♩} = 120$

Am C F G C G Am F

9 C G Am F

13 C G Am F

17 C G Am F

21 C G Am F Am G F 2

The musical score consists of two staves: a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The treble staff contains chords for each measure: C, G, Am, F, Am, G, and F. The bass staff contains a single note in each measure: C, G, F, C, F, G, and C. Below the bass staff, there are seven chord diagrams, each labeled with a chord name and a star symbol: C, G, Am, F, Am, G, and F. The eighth measure is marked with a star symbol and the number 2, indicating a second ending.

4. Flowers

Leontes: A Winter's Tale

Arushi Grover

$\text{♩} = 90$

1
Ped. Ped. Ped. *

4
Ped. * 8vb Ped. Ped. *

7
Ped. Ped. Ped. *

10
Ped. * Ped. *

12 2

Ped. *Ped.** *

5. Paulina's Lament

Leontes: A Winter's Tale

Arushi Grover

$\text{♩} = 120$

Chord diagrams shown above the treble staff:

- Bm: $\text{x} \cdot \cdot \cdot \cdot \cdot \cdot$
- D: $\text{x} \cdot \text{x} \cdot \cdot \cdot \cdot \cdot$
- G: $\cdot \cdot \cdot \cdot \cdot \cdot$
- A: $\text{x} \cdot \cdot \cdot \cdot \cdot \cdot$

Measure numbers: 1, 4, 8

Performance markings: *red.*, *tr.*

12

A Bm D G A Bm

2

The image shows a musical score for guitar, starting at measure 12. The key signature is one sharp (F#). The score consists of two staves: a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. Above the treble staff, there are six guitar chord diagrams labeled A, Bm, D, G, A, and Bm. The first diagram (A) has an 'x' on the 5th string and an 'o' on the 6th string. The second (Bm) has an 'x' on the 4th string. The third (D) has 'x' on the 5th and 6th strings. The fourth (G) has 'o' on the 4th, 5th, and 6th strings. The fifth (A) has an 'x' on the 5th string and an 'o' on the 6th string. The sixth (Bm) has an 'x' on the 4th string. The treble staff begins with a quarter rest, followed by a quarter note G4, an eighth note A4, and a quarter note B4, all beamed together. This is followed by a half note chord of Bm (B2, D3, F#3) in the next measure. The bass staff starts with a half note G2. The subsequent measures contain half notes: D2 (under Bm), E2 (under D), F#2 (under G), G2 (under A), and F#2 (under Bm). The final measure of the system shows a half note G2 and a half note F#2 beamed together. Below the bass staff, there is a line of guitar tablature with symbols: a circled 'A' with a star, a circled 'Bm' with a star, a circled 'D' with a star, a circled 'G' with a star, a circled 'A' with a star, and a circled 'Bm' with a star.

6. Perdita's Lullaby

Leontes: A Winter's Tale

Arushi Grover

$\text{♩} = 90$

Hermione

Piano

6

H.

Pno.

12

H.

Pno.

15

H.

Pno.

Bm

F#

Em

F#

F#

1.

2.

Ah

If that which lost be not found,

if the sor - row in mem - 'ry drown, I will part and

bid you a - dieu, I'll hold you to the truth. Ah

19 2

The musical score consists of two staves. The top staff is for the Horn (H.) and the bottom staff is for the Piano (Pno.). The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4. The Horn part begins with a half note G4, followed by a half note A4, and then a half note B4. A slur covers the final two measures, which contain a half note B4 and a half note A4. The Piano part features a rhythmic accompaniment of eighth notes in the right hand and quarter notes in the left hand. The right hand plays chords of G4-A4, A4-B4, and B4-C5. The left hand plays G3, A3, B3, and C4. There are three fermatas under the first three measures of the piano accompaniment and one fermata under the final measure. The page number 19 is at the top left and 2 is at the top right.

7. Memories and Dreams

Leontes: A Winter's Tale

Arushi Grover

♩ = 100 Antigonus exits pursued by a bear.

Ensemble

Leontes

Piano

♩ = 120

E.

L.

Pno.

Red. *

TIME: Wracked with guilt and grief,
Leontes begged. He'd plead
If only he could turn back the clock,
Bring back what was lost.

LEONTES: If I had chosen different words
If only actions couldn't hurt
If only I could change the past
If only I could bring it back
'Cause I can see it my head,
The present dancing with the dead,
The phantom pain inside my chest,
Can nothing heal the wanting ache?

7 Repeat three times. 2

E. Ooh

Pno.

♩ = 100

TIME: And Time denied him, but was surprised when
 All his sorrows turned to dreams,
 Fading ghosts in the afternoon mist
 Sitting there upon the green.

11 ♩ = 100

E.

L.

Pno.

Bm D G A

♩ = 100

15 3

E.

L.

Pno.

And. *And.* * *And.* *

18

E.


L.


Pno.


And. * *And.* * *And.* *

S^{rb}

21 4

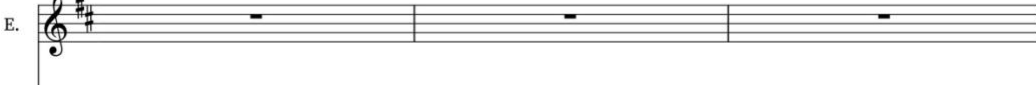
E. 


L. 

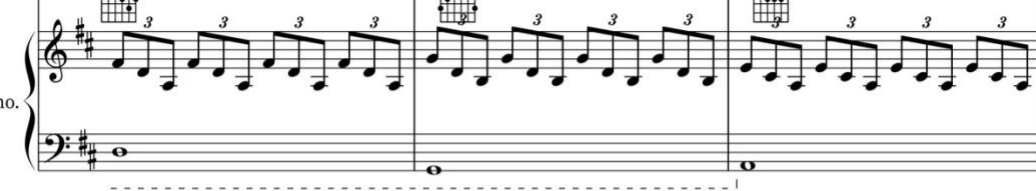
Pno. 

Red. * Red. * Red. *

24

E. 

L. 

Pno. 

Red. * Red. * Red. *

LEONTES: If I could, I could, I could...
 With my broken heart a-mending,
 I'd go back and change the ending...

8. Bohemia

Leontes: A Winter's Tale

Arushi Grover

$\text{♩} = 120$

Ensemble

Piano

D A Bm G D A G

Ah

*

9. Time, a Friend

Leontes: A Winter's Tale

Arushi Grover

$\text{♩} = 100$

5

10. Frolic and Flowers

Leontes: A Winter's Tale

Arushi Grover

$\text{♩} = 80$

1

4

8

11

8va -1

11. Sheep-Shearing Festival

Leontes: A Winter's Tale

Arushi Grover

$\text{♩} = 90$ Perdita and Florizel dance.

Ped. *Ped.* *Ped. #*

4

Ped. *Ped. #*

POLIXENES: [To Camillo] This is the prettiest low-born lass that ever
Ran on the greensward. Nothing she does or seems
Too noble for this place.

7

Ped. *Ped.* *Ped.* *Ped.*

11 Here, a dance of shepherds and shepherdesses.

Ped. *Ped.* *Ped.* *Ped.* *Ped.*

16 2

22

28

34

40

45

55

51 3

55

rit. rit. rit. rit. rit.

12. Flowers (Reprise)

Leontes: A Winter's Tale

Arushi Grover

$\text{♩} = 90$ Repeat for the duration of Time's retrieval of the flowers.

4

Ped. *Ped.* **Ped.* ***

Ped. **Ped.* ***

13. Reunion

Leontes: A Winter's Tale

Arushi Grover

$\text{♩} = 120$ Repeat until Leontes embraces Perdita.

5 Repeat for the duration of the scene.

14. Time's Lament

Leontes: A Winter's Tale

Arushi Grover

$\text{♩} = 160$

6

9

Red. * Red. * *

Red. Red. * * *

15. Statue Awakens

Leontes: A Winter's Tale

Arushi Grover

♩ = 150

3 Ped.

rit. -----

o o o *

16. Epilogue

Leontes: A Winter's Tale

Arushi Grover

$\text{♩} = 90$

Hermione

Ah

Ensemble

Piano

Bm

10

H.

E.

Pno.

D G A Bm D

Red.

15 2

H.

E.

Pno.

G A Bm D G A

Ooh

TIME: But every night, the daydream broke;
 Hermione always turned to stone.
 With phantoms, shadows of the night,
 In the pale and dying light.

21

H.

E.

Pno.

Bm D G A

25 3

H. 3

E. 3

Ooh

Bm D G A

Pno.

8th

TIME: For he could repent, and he could dream,
 But things would never be as seem'd,
 Come the rain, and come the day,
 But redemption never came.

29

H. 3

E. 3

Bm D G A

Pno.

33 4

H.

E.

Bm D G A

Pno.

8th

TIME: It reached new depths, could never elide,
The cavern of that wide gap of time.

37

H.

E.

Pno.

There was a man wan-dered a

43

H.

E.

Pno.

church yard and dreamt that spring dew would rise a - gain. Turn

46 5

H.

E.
back the clock, heal all the hurt scars, but he was con-demned for - e'er to

Pno.

49

H.

E.
dwell? _

Pno.
8^{va} ----- |

17. Hermione

Leontes: A Winter's Tale

Arushi Grover

$\text{♩} = 100$

Leontes

Ensemble

Piano

Bm

D

4

L.

E.

Pno.

Bm

The musical score is written in 4/4 time with a tempo of 100. It features a vocal line for Leontes, an Ensemble line, and a Piano accompaniment. The key signature is two sharps (F# and C#). The score is divided into two systems. The first system shows the Leontes and Ensemble parts with rests, and the Piano part with a rhythmic accompaniment. The second system shows the Leontes and Ensemble parts with rests, and the Piano part with a rhythmic accompaniment. The score includes guitar chord diagrams for Bm and D, and a measure number '4'.

7 2

L.

E.

Pno.

Red *Red* *Red* *Red*

11

L.

E.

Pno.

Red *Red* *Red*

14 3

L.
 E.
 Pno.
 Rea Rea Rea

17

L.
 E.
 Pno.
 Her -
 Bm D
 Rea Rea Rea

20 4

L.
 mio — ne, I'm — so - rry.

E.

Pno.
 Bm

23

L.
 Her - mio — ne, I'm — so - rry.

E.
 Her - mio — ne, I'm — so - rry.

Pno.
 D A

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