

FYS 049 – Adaptation – Reading Films Based On Other Sources
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This FYS is all about film adaptations. This semester we will be watching a number of movies that are based on stories or images from other media and analyzing the movies both as stand-alone films and as adaptations of their source material.

Essay 2: Adapting to the Screen

Due Date: 9/14

Consider Shakespeare's writing in Act IV, Scene iii of *Henry V*, the St. Crispin Day speech. Pay attention to the following aspects of it.

- Where does it take place?
- What is happening in the scene?
- What is Henry's tone while he delivers his speech?
- What feeling does it inspire in you?
- What feeling does it inspire in the people listening to Henry?

Based on those reflections, write, **in about 1,000 words, how you would film this scene**. Discuss what you believe are the most important parts of the scene, what is the meaning of both the text and scene as a whole and how you would translate that on film. Think about who would be in the scene, whether you would use close-ups at certain parts or faraway shots at others. Explain why you would make these cinematic choices.

What time of day would it be? Why? Would you use music? What kind? Discuss what the scene on the page means to you and how you would try to reflect that on the screen.

KING HENRY V

What's he that wishes so?
My cousin Westmoreland? No, my fair cousin:
If we are mark'd to die, we are enow
To do our country loss; and if to live,
The fewer men, the greater share of honour.
God's will! I pray thee, wish not one man more.
By Jove, I am not covetous for gold,
Nor care I who doth feed upon my cost;
It yearns me not if men my garments wear;
Such outward things dwell not in my desires:
But if it be a sin to covet honour,
I am the most offending soul alive.
No, faith, my coz, wish not a man from England:
God's peace! I would not lose so great an honour
As one man more, methinks, would share from me
For the best hope I have. O, do not wish one more!
Rather proclaim it, Westmoreland, through my host,
That he which hath no stomach to this fight,
Let him depart; his passport shall be made
And crowns for convoy put into his purse:
We would not die in that man's company
That fears his fellowship to die with us.
This day is called the feast of Crispian:
He that outlives this day, and comes safe home,
Will stand a tip-toe when the day is named,
And rouse him at the name of Crispian.
He that shall live this day, and see old age,
Will yearly on the vigil feast his neighbours,
And say 'To-morrow is Saint Crispian:'
Then will he strip his sleeve and show his scars.
And say 'These wounds I had on Crispin's day.'
Old men forget: yet all shall be forgot,
But he'll remember with advantages
What feats he did that day: then shall our names
Familiar in his mouth as household words
Harry the king, Bedford and Exeter,
Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloucester,
Be in their flowing cups freshly remember'd.
This story shall the good man teach his son;
And Crispin Crispian shall ne'er go by,
From this day to the ending of the world,
But we in it shall be remember'd;
We few, we happy few, we band of brothers;
For he to-day that sheds his blood with me
Shall be my brother; be he ne'er so vile,
This day shall gentle his condition:
And gentlemen in England now a-bed
Shall think themselves accursed they were not here,
And hold their manhoods cheap whiles any speaks
That fought with us upon Saint Crispin's day.