



SAMPLE – INCOMPLETE SCRIPT

A Community Shakespeare Company
edition of

As You Like It

Original verse adaptation by
Richard Carter

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“Enriching young lives, cultivating community”

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Cast of Characters

DUKE SENIOR: living in banishment in the Forest of Arden

DUKE FREDERICK: his brother, usurper of his kingdom

AMIENS:
JAQUES: lords accompanying Duke Senior
FIRST LORD:

LE BEAU: a courtier at Duke Frederick's court
CHARLES: Duke Frederick's wrestler

OLIVER:
ORLANDO: sons of Sir Rowland de Boys
JAQUES DE BOYS:

ADAM: an old servant of Sir Rowland's
DENNIS: Oliver's servant
TOUCHSTONE: the court fool

LORD 1:
LORD 2: lords attending on Duke Frederick

CORIN: an old shepherd
SILVIUS: a young shepherd
SIR OLIVER MARTEXT: a country parson
WILLIAM: a foolish country lad

ROSALIND: Duke Senior's daughter
CELIA: Duke Frederick's daughter
PHEBE: a shepherdess
AUDREY: a country lass

FIRST PAGE:
SECOND PAGE: attendants on Duke Senior

OTHER LORDS, LADIES, ATTENDANTS at Court, and in the Forest

ACT I, scene 1:

(THE ORCHARD NEAR OLIVER'S HOUSE. ENTER ORLANDO AND ADAM)

ORLANDO

As I remember, Adam, upon my father's death,
A poor one thousand crowns by will he did bequeath
Me, and charged my eldest brother to breed me well,
And there begins my sadness, for as everyone can tell,
He keeps me like his oxen; he breeds his horses better!
He bars me the place of a brother; treats me more like his Irish Setter.
My father's spirit grows within me, and I'll no longer endure it!
This is it, Adam, that grieves me, though as yet I know not how to cure it.

ADAM

Yonder comes my master, your brother.

ORLANDO

Go apart, and observe his brotherly affection

(ADAM STANDS APART. ENTER OLIVER)

OLIVER

Now, sir! What make you here? I saw you wander off in this direction.

ORLANDO

If I wander, sir, it's for *lack* of direction; I make nothing, for nothing I'm taught.

OLIVER

What mar you then?

ORLANDO

Only myself, with idleness, nothingness, naught.

OLIVER

Be better employed.

ORLANDO

Shall I keep your hogs and eat husks with them? Is that to be my education?

OLIVER

Know you before whom you stand, sir?

ORLANDO

I know only too well my situation.

I stand in your orchard, you're my eldest brother, who by right should give me my due;
Were there twenty brothers between us; I have as much of father in me as you!

OLIVER

Impudent boy!

(HE STRIKES ORLANDO)

ORLANDO

Come, come, elder brother, you're too young in a fray.

(HE HOLDS OLIVER IN A WRESTLER'S GRIP. ADAM COMES FORWARD.)

ADAM

Sweet masters, be patient, for your father's memory. He would not want it this way.

OLIVER

(TO ORLANDO) You dare to lay hands on me, villain? Let me go!

ORLANDO

I will not, till I please.

I'm the youngest son of Sir Rowland de Boys! His spirit grows within me by degrees.
He charged you to give me an education; you've trained me like a peasant,
Obscuring all finer qualities from me. I tell you, it hasn't been pleasant.

(HE LETS OLIVER GO.)

Breed me like a gentleman, or give me now the poor one thousand crowns,
Which my father left to me by testament. I'll make my way in the cities and towns.

OLIVER

And what will you do when that is spent? Beg? Have you thought this through?
Well, get you in. Leave me, I pray! I'll not long be troubled with you.
And get you with him, you feeble old dog!

ADAM

"Old dog?" Is this my reward?

Most true, I've lost my teeth in your service. Your father would not have spoke such a word.

(EXEUNT ADAM AND ORLANDO.)

OLIVER

Is it even so? Have you grown like a weed, now rank in your brother's garden?
I'll pull you out by the roots, nor give you no thousand crowns as pardon.
Holla, Dennis!

(ENTER DENNIS)

DENNIS

Call's your worship?

OLIVER

Was not Charles, the Duke's wrestler, coming to see me today?

DENNIS

So please you, he's at the door right now.

OLIVER

Send him in.

DENNIS

(CALLS OUT) Come, sir! Right this way.

(ENTER CHARLES, EXIT DENNIS.)

CHARLES

Good morrow, your worship.

OLIVER

Good Monsieur Charles, what's the new news at the new court?

CHARLES

No news but the old news, sir: our new duke continues his sport.
The old duke, his brother, and some loving lords live in exile, in Arden wood.
'Tis said many merry men come to join them, as in the days of Robin Hood.

OLIVER

But what of his daughter, Rosalind? Is she banished with her father?

CHARLES

Oh, no, for the duke's own daughter, loves her so that she would rather
Have followed Rosalind into exile; she'd have died to stay behind.
No two ladies love as they do; both are said to be gentle and kind.

OLIVER

Charles, do you wrestle tomorrow, before the new duke?

CHARLES

Sir, I do,

And I'm told your younger brother may come in against me, so I came to warn you:

Tomorrow, I wrestle for my honor; whatever man tangles with me

Will be lucky to leave without some broken limb. For your love, I came to tell thee.

OLIVER

I thank thee for thy love to me, Charles, which you'll find I won't soon forget.

I've heard of my brother's plans to come wrestle; if you hurt him, I won't be upset.

In fact, if you break every bone in his body, rest assured, I won't shed a tear.

He's a villain, a secret contriver against me, his natural brother, do you hear?

You must watch yourself: he'll try to entrap you! He'll practice against thee by poison!

There's no man so young and so villainous now living, he's a madman beyond all reason.

CHARLES

I'm heartily glad I came to see you: if he comes in to wrestle with me,

I'll give him his payment – bang-zoom! To the moon! I promise, sir, just wait and see.

And so God keep your worship!

(EXIT CHARLES)

OLIVER

Farewell, good Charles. Adieu!

This wrestler will serve my purpose, for those who escape him are few.

Nothing remains but to kindle the boy, his demise will set me free.

For my soul, though I know not why, hates nothing more than he.

(EXIT)

ACT I, scene 2:

(A GARDEN IN FRONT OF THE DUKE'S PALACE. ENTER ROSALIND AND CELIA)

CELIA

I pray thee, Rosalind, sweet my coz, be merry.

ROSALIND

Dear Ceila, I'm trying.

But I can't forget that my father is banished; I ought to spend all my time crying.

CELIA

Herein I see you love me not with the full weight that *my* love has shown;
If our roles were reversed, and *my* father banished, I'd take yours for mine own.
What my father has taken from yours, I'll give back to you in affection.
Therefore, sweet Rose, be merry. Shine your eyes in another direction.

ROSALIND

Henceforth I will, for your sake, coz. What think you should be our sport?
What say you to falling in love?

CELIA

Marry, do! But let it not be the wrong sort.
Let us love no man in earnest, nor no further in sport than is pure.
Our honor must not look ill; 'tis a sickness for which there's no cure.

(ENTER TOUCHSTONE)

TOUCHSTONE

Mistress, you must come to your father.

CELIA

Were you made the messenger, fool?

TOUCHSTONE

No, by mine honor.

ROSALIND

Where learned you that oath?

TOUCHSTONE

From a knight who broke the golden rule.

CELIA

What mean you by that?

ROSALIND

Aye, unmuzzle your wisdom.

TOUCHSTONE

Then swear by your beards I'm a knave.

CELIA

By our beards, you are.

TOUCHSTONE

By my knavery, I would be, but here is the answer you crave:
You have no beards. You cannot swear by that which you do not possess,
Or else you swear on nothing; so did the knight with no honor, I confess.
'Tis pity that fools may not speak wisely what wise men so foolishly show.

CELIA

Speak no more of this, fool, one day you'll be whipped. Look, here comes Monsieur Le Beau.

ROSALIND

With his mouth full of news.

CELIA

All ready to stuff us, as pigeons feed their young.
Bonjour, Monsieur Le Beau: what news?

LE BEAU

Fair princess, the wrestling has begun!
There's good sport that you have lost sight of: Charles tosses men to and fro!
He's thrown three already, and broken their ribs. I tell you, it's quite a show.

TOUCHSTONE

Thus men may grow wiser every day: 'tis the first time I've ever heard
That the breaking of ribs was sport for ladies.

CELIA

Or I. It sounds absurd.

LE BEAU

Here they come! Now see for yourselves.

(ENTER DUKE FREDERICK)

DUKE FREDERICK

Come on, since the boy won't be persuaded.

(ENTER ORLANDO, CHARLES, LORDS, ATTENDANTS)

ROSALIND

Is that the challenger?

CELIA

Alas, he's too young. Monsieur, he must be dissuaded.
Call him hither.

LE BEAU

Monsieur, the princess bids you.

ORLANDO

I attend with all respect and duty.

CELIA

Speak to him, coz.

ROSALIND

No, you. I'm too shy.

CELIA

Oh, my gosh: he's such a cutie!

ROSALIND

Young man, have you challenged Charles, the wrestler?

ORLANDO

I come to test the strength of my youth.

CELIA

You've seen cruel proof of his strength already.

LE BEAU

(ASIDE) He'll break him in half.

TOUCHSTONE

(ASIDE) That's the truth.

ORLANDO

Ladies, let your gentle wishes go with me to my trial,
And if I should die, pity me not, for I've languished all this while.
In this world I only fill up a place, which may better be filled by another.

ROSALIND

The little strength that I have goes with you.

CELIA

And mine.

LE BEAU

And mine.

TOUCHSTONE

Oh, brother!

CHARLES

Come, where is this brazen, gallant youth that wishes so soon to be dead?

DUKE FREDERICK

You shall try but one fall.

CHARLES

He won't try a second; I'll make a cracked egg of his head!

ORLANDO

If you mean to mock me after, you should not have mocked me before.
But come your ways.

(THEY WRESTLE)

ROSALIND

Oh excellent young man! Coz, don't you just adore
Him?

CELIA

If I had a thunderbolt, I'd aim it at Charles.

ROSALIND

Now Hercules, aid the young man!

(CHARLES IS THROWN.)

DUKE FREDERICK

No more! How dost thou, Charles? Speak to me if you can.

LE BEAU

He's breathless, my Lord.

DUKE FREDERICK

Bear him away.

(CHARLES IS CARRIED OFF)

What is your name, young gallant?

ORLANDO

Orlando, son of Sir Rowland de Boys.

DUKE FREDERICK

Well, young man, you have talent.

Your deed would have pleased me better if I could have soon forgot

The father that you name. Though the world found him honorable, I did not.

He was mine enemy, so fare you well. 'Twere better you descended from another.

(EXIT DUKE FREDERICK)

ROSALIND

All the world esteemed Sir Rowland; my father loved him like a brother.

CELIA

Let's go thank and encourage his gallant son. Sir, you have wrestled well.

ROSALIND

And overthrown more than your enemies.

CELIA

(ASIDE) Rosalind!

ROSALIND

(ASIDE) My pride already fell.

(TO ORLANDO, GIVING HIM A NECKLACE)

Wear this for me, from a hand that would give more, if only it could.

CELIA

Will you go, coz?

ROSALIND

I'm coming. Fare you well.

(EXEUNT CELIA AND ROSALIND)

ORLANDO

I'm speechless. That's not good.

(ENTER LE BEAU)

LE BEAU

Good sir, in friendship I counsel you: you must leave this place right away.
The Duke is in a foul mood; he doesn't like you, I'm sorry to say.

ORLANDO

I'll go, but first tell me which of those young ladies is daughter to the Duke?

LE BEAU

The smaller lady. The other, his niece, may very soon feel his rebuke;
For the people love her, they praise her virtue, and pity her banished father.
The new Duke, her uncle, cannot endure it. To him, she's just a bother.

ORLANDO

I thank you, sir. Fare you well.

LE BEAU

Adieu! Now fly like the wind!

(EXIT LE BEAU)

ORLANDO

I will: from the frying pan into the fire. Oh, heavenly Rosalind!

(EXIT)

ACT I, scene 3

(A ROOM IN THE PALACE. ENTER CELIA AND ROSALIND)

CELIA

Rosalind . . . Cupid have mercy! Cousin, wrestle with thy affection.

ROSALIND

It takes the part of a better wrestler.

CELIA

Indeed, you still gaze in his direction.

Is it possible, on so short a meeting, you should like the youth so well?

ROSALIND

My father loved *his* father dearly.

CELIA

Does it follow you must fall under his spell?

My father hated his father, yet I hate not him.

ROSALIND

No, indeed!

Love him for my sake. Here comes the Duke.

(ENTER DUKE FREDERICK, WITH LORDS 1 & 2, ATTENDANTS)

DUKE FREDERICK

Mistress, dispatch you with all speed.

Within ten days, if you be found within twenty miles of this place,

You shall die!

ROSALIND

Me, uncle?

DUKE FREDERICK

You, cousin.

ROSALIND

But why? Give me knowledge of my disgrace.

Did I offend your highness?

DUKE FREDERICK

You're your father's daughter, let us say there's enough.
I trust thee not, so let it suffice: you're not made of the right stuff.

ROSALIND

Never have I done wrong to your highness! Your mistrust cannot make me traitor.

CELIA

Dear sovereign, here me speak: it's not right that you should hate her.
It was I that asked you to let her stay; if she be a traitor, so am I.
I think of her as my sister; if you send her away, I shall die!

DUKE FREDERICK

She's too subtle for thee; we spared her once already for thy sake, Celia.
Her silence speaks to the people; they pity her, like some fond memorabilia.
She reminds them of her father. You will show more brightly when she's gone.
Then open not thy lips: firm and irrevocable is my doom!

CELIA

Pronounce that sentence then on me, my liege, for I cannot live without her!

DUKE FREDERICK

You're a fool. She robs thee of thy name! You've more reason than I to doubt her.
Niece, provide yourself: in the greatness of my word, you must fly.
If you outstay the time that I have decreed, upon mine honor, you die!

(EXEUNT WITH LORDS 1 & 2, ATTENDANTS.)

CELIA

Oh, my poor Rosalind! Whither wilt thou go? Yet, you must try to be cheerful:
Did you not hear the Duke, my own father, pronounce his fearful
Decree upon me, his own daughter?

ROSALIND

That I did not.

CELIA

Sweet coz, you and I are one! Have you so soon forgot?
Shall we be parted? No! Let my father seek another heir.
Therefore devise with me whither to go, how we may fly, and where.

ROSALIND

Where shall we go?

CELIA

To the Forest of Arden, there to seek your father.

ROSALIND

Alas, what danger will it be to us, maids as we are? Oh, bother!
'Tis said that beauty provoketh thieves sooner than does gold.

CELIA

We'll dress ourselves in mean attire, most pitiful to behold.

ROSALIND

Or were it not better, coz, since I'm more than common tall,
That I should dress as a man?

CELIA

Yes! Pray, tell me, what shall I call
Thee?

ROSALIND

Ganymede! From that ancient Greek myth.

CELIA

I say, by Jove, that's good.

ROSALIND

And what will *you* be called, when we go live in the forest like Robin Hood?

CELIA

No longer Celia, but Aliena.

ROSALIND

Perfect! I think that's cool;
But cousin, what would you think if we were to steal the clownish fool
Out of your father's court? Would he not be comfort to our travel?

CELIA

He'd follow me over the wide, wide world, and even unto to the devil.
Leave him to me. Let us gather our jewels and wealth. Be content:
For now we go to liberty, and not to banishment!

(ACTS II – V omitted from sample script)

About the Author – Richard Carter

Richard Carter grew up in Portland, Oregon, the son of a doctor and a dancer. Since 1986 he has made his home in the San Juan Islands off the coast of Washington state.



After graduating Vassar College in 1980 and receiving his MFA in playwriting from the University of Washington, Richard's play *Blood and Iron* won Seattle's Jumpstart New Play Competition and went on to be presented on the London stage. His next play, *Winds in the Morning*, was staged at the 1997 Seattle Fringe Festival and selected to inaugurate the Wooden Boat Festival at Port Townsend, Washington in 2000.

Richard offers his talents in many venues. As Co-founder/Artistic Director of the Community Shakespeare Company, he is one of the few playwrights today with the audacity to work *with* Shakespeare. Working in rhyming couplets, updating some of the language, he delivers the best of the Bard for young actors. His adaptations are so authentic that audiences scarcely know they aren't seeing and hearing the original, and they often like it better.

Community Shakespeare Company itself breaks new ground. Its mission is to enrich young lives and cultivate community. Richard's unique adaptations enchant and engage young actors from 3rd grade up. His leadership motivates community, parents, mentors and artists to support and encourage youth. The result is a dynamic model that can be replicated in schools, organizations, clubs and communities nationwide.

Richard and his wife Jeanna, married since 1988, live on a small farm where they have been even more successful raising five children than they have been raising sheep.

Recommendations

“This is to recommend Richard Carter with a full heart. We have enthusiastically shared many ideals and passions, especially regarding theatre by, with and for youngsters.”

- Lenka Peterson O’Connor, author: *Kids Take The Stage* (Backstage Books)

“I am extremely pleased to recommend Richard, and wish him every success in the years to come.”

- Lois Burdett, author: *Shakespeare Can Be Fun* Series (Firefly Books)

“This is to express my gratitude to Richard Carter and the Community Shakespeare Company. I take my theatre very seriously and I know what I am talking about when I say that we are indeed blessed to have Community Shakespeare in our midst.”

- Kenneth W. Jenks: Director Emeritus, U. of Utah Playwriting Program

“I wish to congratulate Richard Carter. Having taught children all over the world, I can imagine how excited teachers would be to have the opportunity to introduce a Shakespearean play to their students, knowing they would be able to grasp meaning and still retain the Shakespearian experience.”

- Ann H. Goss: Retired International School Teacher