



SAMPLE – INCOMPLETE SCRIPT

a Community Shakespeare
Company edition of

The Two Gentlemen of Verona

original verse adaptation by
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"Enriching young lives, cultivating community"

CAST OF CHARACTERS

VALENTINE PROTEUS	the two gentlemen of Verona
JULIA SILVIA	loved by Proteus loved by Valentine
SPEED LANCE LUCETTA	servant to Valentine servant to Proteus servant to Julia
ANTONIO PANTINO	father to Proteus servant to Antonio
DUKE OF MILAN TURIO EGLAMOUR	Silvia's father suitor to Silvia a knight who helps Silvia escape
HOST OF THE INN	at Milan
OUTLAW 1 OUTLAW 2 OUTLAW 3	three of the band who elect Valentine their leader
MUSICIANS SERVANTS	

This play should run approximately 90 minutes without intermission

ACT I, scene 1

(VERONA. A STREET. ENTER VALENTINE AND PROTEUS)

VALENTINE

Cease to persuade me, Proteus, my loving friend;
Home-keeping youth have homely wits in the end.
But since thou lov'st, love still, and thrive therein;
Though you live dully at home, I'm sure 'tis no sin.

PROTEUS

Wilt thou be gone? Sweet Valentine, adieu.
Think on thy Proteus as no less happy than you.
And in thy danger, if ever danger do enfold thee,
Commend thyself to my prayers, for in them I'll hold thee.

VALENTINE

Wilt thou pray for my success on a love-book, friend?

PROTEUS

Upon some book I love I'll pray, and there's an end.

VALENTINE

Love is your master: he masters you with the promise of earthly delights.
One fading moment's mirth is bought with twenty tedious nights.

PROTEUS

'Tis Love you cavil at, I am not Love.

VALENTINE

I think you are Love's tool.

PROTEUS

So, by your circumstance, you would call your Proteus a fool.

VALENTINE

Methinks you are so yoked, you should not be chronicled for wise.
I waste my time to counsel you, Signore Googly Eyes.
Once more adieu. My father at the road expects my coming,
There to see me shipped; I can hear his fingers drumming.

PROTEUS

All happiness to thee in Milan, Valentine; keep you well.

VALENTINE

As much to you at home, Proteus, and so farewell.
(EXIT.)

PROTEUS

He after honor hunts, I after love.
He leaves his friends to dignify them, as he'll soon prove.
I leave my self, my friends, and all to burn at love's stake.
Thou, Julia, hast metamorphosed me: I give all for thy sweet sake.

(ENTER SPEED)

SPEED

Sir Proteus, save you! Saw you my master hither?

PROTEUS

But now he parted for Milan; you may yet find him thither.

SPEED

Twenty to one he is shipped, and in losing him I have played the sheep.

PROTEUS

Indeed, a sheep doth often stray for want of his Bo-Peep.

SPEED

You conclude I am the sheep, and my master is the shepherd?
That I can deny if I'm worth my salt.

PROTEUS

I think your salt is peppered.

SPEED

The shepherd seeks the sheep, not the other way around;
I seek my master, he seeks not me: therefore is my reason sound.

PROTEUS

The sheep for fodder follows the shepherd; the shepherd follows not for food.
Thou followest for wages, therefore art a sheep.

SPEED

Don't be rude.
Such another proof will make me cry, "baa."

PROTEUS

Gave'st thou Julia my letter?

SPEED

Ay, sir: I, a lost mutton, gave it to her, a mutton's debtor,
And she, a laced mutton, gave me nothing for my pain.

PROTEUS

Here's too little pasture for so many muttons.

SPEED

Then slaughter her, I'm too thin from so little gain.

PROTEUS

You have a quick wit.

SPEED

And yet my quick wit cannot overtake your slow purse.

PROTEUS

Come, come: what said she?

SPEED

Must I bear with you? This is getting worse and worse.

PROTEUS

Pray, open the matter; tell me, and be brief.

SPEED

Open your purse: let money and matter grant us both relief.

PROTEUS

(GIVES HIM A COIN) Well, here's for your pains. What said she?

SPEED

I think you'll hardly win her.

I couldn't win enough from her to buy my dinner!

For delivering your letter, she gave me not so much as a ducat.

PROTEUS

What said she?

SPEED

Nothing. She's hard as steel, cold as an old iron bucket.

Henceforth you may carry your letters yourself; I'll commend you to my master.

(EXIT)

PROTEUS

Be gone! I'll find some other way to mend this present disaster.

I fear my Julia would not read my lines, receiving them from this worthless post.

I must send some better messenger, or else my bread is toast!

(EXIT)

ACT I, scene 2

(VERONA. JULIA'S GARDEN. ENTER JULIA AND LUCETTA)

JULIA

Do you counsel me to fall in love, Lucetta? Say, now we're alone.

LUCETTA

Aye, madam, truly; if heedful seeds are sown.

JULIA

Of all the fair gentlemen that with talk encounter me,
Which is worthiest of love? I would have thy thoughts of thee.

LUCETTA

Please you repeat their names and I'll show you my mind,
According to my shallow skill, to tell cat from kind.

JULIA

What think you of Sir Eglamour?

LUCETTA

As of a knight, fair, neat and fine;
But were I you, though he's well spoken, he should never be mine.

JULIA

What think you of rich Mercatio?

LUCETTA

Well of his wealth; of himself, so-so

JULIA

And of the gentle Proteus?

LUCETTA

Lord, madam, 'tis a shame to continue this show!
Who am I, unworthy body, to censure lovely gentlemen thus?

JULIA

Why not on Proteus, as all the rest? Why on him make such a fuss?

LUCETTA

Of many good men, I would say I think him the best.

JULIA

Your reason?

LUCETTA

Faith, gentle madam, you put me to the test.
I have none but a woman's reason: I think him so because I think him so.

JULIA

Wouldst thou have me cast my love on him?

LUCETTA

I say you go girl, go!

JULIA

Why, he of all the rest? I cannot say he moves me.

LUCETTA

Yet he of all the rest, I think, best loves ye.

JULIA

His little speaking shows his love but small.

LUCETTA

Fire closest kept burns most of all.

JULIA

I would I knew his mind.

LUCETTA

(GIVES A LETTER) Then do but read this letter.

JULIA

(READS) "To Julia." Say, from whom?

LUCETTA

The contents will show you better.

JULIA

Who gave it thee?

LUCETTA

Sir Valentine's page, and sent from Proteus, I think.

JULIA

And you presume to receive it? You put my modesty on the brink!
Dare you to harbor wanton lines, and conspire against my youth?
Take the paper, see it returned, or I'll see thee no more in truth.

LUCETTA

To plead for love, I think, deserves more fee than hate.

JULIA

Will you be gone?

LUCETTA

Aye, will I, that you may ruminate.

(EXIT)

JULIA

And yet I would I had read it. Fie! I cannot call her back now,
And ask for what I scolded her for! Peace, Julia: don't have a cow.
She should know that I, as a maid, in modesty must say no,
Which she should construe as "yes." O, why didn't I just say so?
My penance is to call her back, and ask remission for my folly.
What ho! Lucetta!

(ENTER LUCETTA WITH A LETTER)

LUCETTA

What would you? (DROPS THE LETTER.) Oops, I dropped something. Oh, golly.
(SHE TAKES UP THE LETTER AGAIN.)

JULIA

What was it you took up so gingerly?

LUCETTA

Nothing.

JULIA

Has the dinner been laid?

LUCETTA

I would it had, that you might kill your stomach on your meat, and not your maid.

JULIA

Sweet Lucetta: why didst thou stoop?

LUCETTA

To pick up a paper I let fall.

JULIA

And is that paper nothing?

LUCETTA

Nothing concerning me, that's all.

JULIA

Pray let it lie.

LUCETTA

It cannot lie, unless the reader be false.

JULIA

Has some love of yours writ you a song in rhyme?

LUCETTA

Guess again.

JULIA

Nay, what else?

Let's see your song.

(LUCETTA WITHHOLDS THE LETTER)

How now, minion! Your note is too saucy.

LUCETTA

And your tune is flat.

JULIA

You shall mar all else with your unruly singing.

LUCETTA

(YIELDING THE LETTER) 'Tis from Proteus, I told you that.

JULIA

(LOOKS INTO IT) O! here is a declaration of love. No more! I must not look!

(SHE TEARS THE LETTER INTO PIECES)

LUCETTA

Saints have mercy! Madam, forbear: you're acting like a kook!

(SHE TRIES TO COLLECT THE PIECES.)

JULIA

Go, get you gone, let the papers lie. You'd be fingering them to annoy me!

LUCETTA

(ASIDE) She'd fain be "annoyed" in private; it's no picnic being her employee.

(EXIT)

JULIA

O hateful hands, to tear loving words! I'll kiss each piece for amends.

(SHE COLLECTS SOME OF THE FRAGMENTS)

Here is "kind Julia," there "Love-wounded Proteus;" what shall I make of these odds and ends?

Here his name is writ twice: "Forlorn Proteus, passionate Proteus;" aye, me!

"To the sweet Julia," is in the very same line: he couples us so prettily.

Thus will I fold us, one upon another: now kiss, and do what you will.

(ENTER LUCETTA)

LUCETTA

Madam! Dinner is ready!

JULIA

Must you be quite so shrill?

LUCETTA

What, shall these papers yet lie, and remain like telltales here?

JULIA

If you respect them, take them up. Don't leave them lying there.

LUCETTA

I was taken up for laying them down, then put down for picking them up.

JULIA

I know you have a liking for them: you may collect them while I go sup.

LUCETTA

Madam, you may say what sights you see; I see things too.

JULIA

Come, come, you saucy girl: will it please you go?

(EXEUNT)

ACT I, scene 3

(VERONA. ANTONIO'S HOUSE. ENTER ANTONIO AND PANTINO)

ANTONIO

Tell me, Pantino, what sad talk was that,
Wherein my brother held you of late?

PANTINO

'Twas of Proteus, your son, who seems never to roam;
Your brother wondered that you would let him stay at home
While other men put forth their sons to seek fortune and fame:
Some to universities, some to the wars to make their name;
Others travel to discover islands far away.
He said Proteus was meet for this, and he hoped I might sway
You, to let your son spend no more time upon this stage,
Which, says your brother, is impeachment to his age.

ANTONIO

Nor need'st thou much importune me to that
Whereon I've been hammering: it's time we had a chat.
For I have considered well his loss of time;
Not being tutored in the world his crime.
He cannot be a perfect man if I bow to his whim;
Tell me whither you think it best I send him?

PANTINO

I think your lordship knows how Valentine, his companion,
Attends the court at Milan, where the Duke holds dominion.

ANTONIO

I know it well.

PANTINO

Then I think it were good you send him there,
To converse with noblemen everywhere,
And practice every exercise worthy of his youth.

ANTONIO

I like thy counsel; thou hast spoken the truth.
And that you may perceive how well I listen,
To the court I will dispatch him with the speediest expedition.

PANTINO

Tomorrow, may it please you, Don Alphonso sets forth
To salute the duke with other gentlemen of good worth.

ANTONIO

Good company, and with them Proteus shall go,
And in good time, for here he comes now!

(ENTER PROTEUS, MUSING ON A LETTER)

PROTEUS

Sweet love, sweet lines! Here is love's dart:
Here is her hand, the agent of her heart!

ANTONIO

How now? What letter have you there?

PROTEUS

Letter? What letter? Oh, *this* letter here.
May't please your lordship, 'tis a word or two
From Valentine, delivered by a friend who came through.

ANTONIO

Lend me the letter: let me see what news.

PROTEUS

There is none, my lord; merely his views
On how happily he lives, how well loved he is,
And daily graced by the duke; what good fortune is his.
He wishes me with him, partner of his bliss.

ANTONIO

And how stand *you* affected by this?

PROTEUS

As one relying on your will, not depending on his wish.

ANTONIO

His desire and my will together share the same dish.
Muse not that I thus suddenly proceed:
I am resolved you shall join him, and depart with speed.
With Valentine, in the imperious court
Thou shalt spend some time, in study and sport.
Tomorrow be in readiness to go,

PROTEUS

But father, why?

ANTONIO

Because I say so.

PROTEUS

My lord, I cannot so soon be provided.

ANTONIO

What you want shall be sent after; I've already decided.
Tomorrow thou must go, there's no other condition.
Come Pantino; you shall be employed to hasten his expedition.

(EXEUNT ANTONIO AND PANTINO)

PROTEUS

I shunned the fire for fear the meat would be browned,
And drenched me in the sea where I am drowned!
I feared to show my father Julia's letter,
Lest he disapprove, and in so doing, fetter
Our certain happiness, now uncertain as an April day
Which first shows the sun, and by and by, a cloud takes all away.

(ENTER PANTINO)

PANTINO

Sir Proteus, your father calls. He is in haste; I pray you go.

PROTEUS

My heart accords, and yet a thousand times it answers "no."

(EXEUNT)

ACT TWO, scene 1

(MILAN. THE DUKE'S PALACE. ENTER SILVIA: LET'S HER GLOVE DROP, EXITS. ENTER VALENTINE AND SPEED)

SPEED

Sir, your glove! (PICKS IT UP.)

VALENTINE

Not mine, my gloves are on.

SPEED

Why then this may be yours, for this is but one.

VALENTINE

Ha, let me see. Aye, give it me, it's mine.

Ah, Silvia, Silvia! Sweet ornament that decks a thing divine!

Do you know Madam Silvia?

SPEED

She that your worship doth love?

VALENTINE

How do you know?

SPEED

By these marks, and by them your love I'll prove:

You were wont, when you laughed, to crow like a cock; when you walked, you walked like a lion;

When you were sad, it was for want of money. Now you're transformed, there's no denyin'.

You have learnt, like Sir Proteus, to walk alone, like one that has the plague;

To sigh like a schoolboy, to weep like a wench, your brains are mixed like a scrambled egg.

You relish a love-song like a robin redbreast, you watch like one who fears robbing, Speak puling like a beggar at Hallowmas. When I see you, I can scarce keep from sobbing.

VALENTINE

Are all these things perceived in me?

SPEED

Like a malady for which there's no curin'.

Your follies shine through so every eye can perceive, like a physician examining your urine.

VALENTINE

But dost thou know my lady Silvia?

SPEED

She that you gaze on at supper?

VALENTINE

Hast thou observed that? Is she not well favored?

SPEED

I'd call her a fixer-upper.

VALENTINE

I have loved her since I saw her, and still I see her fair.

SPEED

If you love her you cannot see her. (KNOCKS ON VALENTINE'S HEAD) Anyone home in there?

VALENTINE

Why cannot I see her?

SPEED

Because Love is blind. O that you had my vision!
Where are the eyes that shone on Sir Proteus when *he* was the object of your derision?

VALENTINE

What should I see then?

SPEED

Your own present folly, for like him, you cannot garter your hose;
A man cannot see to tie his stockings when a woman has him by the nose.

VALENTINE

Then *you* must be in love, for this morning, you could not see to wipe my shoes.

SPEED

I was in love with my bed. And for that you beat me; Sir, I've paid my dues.

VALENTINE

In conclusion, I stand affected to her. She asked me to write some lines
To one she loves, so I've writ this letter. I know not for whom she pines.

SPEED

Are they not lamely writ?

VALENTINE

No, boy, but as well as I can write them.
Here she comes.

(ENTER SILVIA)

SPEED

(ASIDE) O excellent motion! Now like her puppet will he recite them!

VALENTINE

Madam and mistress, a thousand good morrows.

SILVIA

Two thousand, Sir Valentine, to you.

SPEED

(ASIDE) See how she pays him interest. I'd like to invest in her too.

VALENTINE

As you enjoined me, I have writ your letter, to your secret, nameless friend.
(HE GIVES HER THE LETTER)

SILVIA

I thank you, gentle servant. (LOOKS AT THE LETTER) 'Tis well done, and there's an end.

VALENTINE

I writ at random, very doubtfully, being ignorant to whom it goes.

SILVIA

Perchance you think it too much. Is this writing the cause of your woes?

VALENTINE

No, madam; please you command; I'll write it a thousand times o're.

SILVIA

(OFFERING TO RETURN THE LETTER) And yet take it again; henceforth, I'll trouble you no more.

VALENTINE

What means your ladyship? Do you not like it?

SILVIA

Yes, yes; it's quaintly writ.
But since unwillingly, take it back.

VALENTINE

It's for you.

SILVIA

Nay, not one bit.

The words are for you; I would have them more moving.

VALENTINE

Then I'll write another.

SILVIA

And when it's writ, *you* may take it, to pay yourself for the bother.

(EXIT)

SPEED

(ASIDE) O excellent device, O jest unseen! Was there ever heard a better?

That my master, being scribe, to *himself* should write the letter!

VALENTINE

How now, sir? Reasoning with yourself?

SPEED

Nay, rhyming; 'tis you have the reason.

VALENTINE

To do what?

SPEED

To be a spokesman from Madam Silvia. She woos you like a minx in season.

VALENTINE

She hath not writ me!

SPEED

What need she? She hath made *you* write to yourself.

Do you not see the jest?

VALENTINE

No, believe me.

SPEED

There's no believing you; your wits are on the shelf.

VALENTINE

She gave me nothing, except an angry word.

SPEED

She hath given you a letter.

VALENTINE

Writ to her friend.

SPEED

You are her friend. Ha! This gets better and better.
So often have you writ to her, she in modesty could not reply,
So hath taught her lover to write himself. Trust me: you're the guy.
Why muse you, sir? 'Tis dinner time.

VALENTINE

I have dined.

SPEED

But not on food.
You feed on air, like the chameleon. Come dine.

VALENTINE

I'm not in the mood.

SPEED

Harken sir, I am nourished by victuals, and cannot feed on Love;
I would fain have meat. O, be not like your mistress; be moved, be moved!

(EXEUNT)