

**1 - CHARLES & OLIVER - PROSE:**

OLIVER

What, you wrestle now before the new duke?

CHARLES

Wooo! And I am given, sir, to understand that your younger brother Orlando hath a disposition to come in against me to try a fall. Sir, I wrestle for my credit, and he that escapes me without some broken limb shall acquit him well. Your brother is but young and tender. Therefore, out of my love to you, I came hither to acquaint you withal, that you might stay him from his intendment.

OLIVER

Charles, I thank thee for thy love to me, which thou shalt find I will most kindly requite. I'll tell thee, Charles, it is the stubbornest young fellow of [*a midwestern city of the director's choosing*], full of ambition, an envious emulator of every man's good parts, a secret and villainous contriver against me his natural brother. Therefore use thy discretion. I had as lief thou didst break his neck as his finger.

CHARLES

I am heartily glad I came hither to you. If he come, I'll give him his payment.

OLIVER

Good luck, good Charles.

CHARLES, [*magically producing individual creamer*]

The cream always rises to the top, ooh yeah.

[*Charles goes to prep for match.*]

OLIVER, [*aside*]

I hope I shall see an end of my brother, for my soul--yet I know not why-- hates nothing more than he. Yet he's gentle, never schooled and yet learned, full of noble device, of all sorts enchantingly beloved, and indeed so much in the heart of the world, and especially of my own people, who best know him, that I am altogether misprized. But it shall not be so long; this wrestler shall clear all.

**2 - ORLANDO, DUKE FREDERICK, ROSALIND, CELIA - VERSE:**

DUKE FREDERICK

What is thy name, young man?

ORLANDO

Orlando, my liege, the youngest son of Sir Rowland de Boys.

DUKE FREDERICK

I would thou hadst been son to some man else.  
The world esteemed thy father honorable,  
But I did find him still mine enemy.  
Thou shouldst have better pleased me with this deed  
Hadst thou descended from another house.  
But fare thee well. Thou art a gallant youth.  
I would thou hadst told me of another father.

*[Duke exits.]*

CELIA, *[to Rosalind]*

Were I my father, coz, would I do this?

ORLANDO, *[calling off to Duke Frederick, or as an aside]*

I am more proud to be Sir Rowland's son,  
His youngest son, and would not change that calling.

ROSALIND, *[to Celia]*

My father loved Sir Rowland as his soul,  
And all the world was of my father's mind.  
Had I before known this young man his son,  
I should have given him tears unto entreaties  
Ere he should thus have ventured.

CELIA, *[to Rosalind]*

Gentle cousin,  
Let us go thank him and encourage him.  
My father's rough and envious disposition  
Sticks me at heart.-- *[to Orlando]* Sir, you have well deserved.  
If you do keep your promises in love  
But justly, as you have exceeded all promise,  
Your mistress shall be happy.

ROSALIND, [*giving Orlando a chain from her neck*]  
Gentleman,  
Wear this for me--one out of suits with Fortune,  
That could give more but that her hand lacks means.--  
Shall we go, coz?

CELIA Ay.--Fare you well, fair gentleman.

ORLANDO, [*aside*]  
Can I not say "I thank you"? My better parts  
Are all thrown down, and that which here stands up  
Is but a quintain, a mere lifeless block.

ROSALIND  
Did you call, sir? [*Long pause. Orlando is lovestruck and cannot speak.*]  
Sir, you have wrestled well and overthrown  
More than your enemies.

[*Pause.*]

CELIA  
Will you go, coz?

ROSALIND  
Have with you. [*To Orlando.*] Fare you well.

[*Rosalind and Celia exit.*]

ORLANDO  
What passion hangs these weights upon my tongue?  
I cannot speak to her, yet she urged conference.  
O poor Orlando! Thou art overthrown.

### 3 - ROSALIND & CELIA - VERSE:

CELIA

O my poor Rosalind, whither wilt thou go?  
Wilt thou change fathers? I will give thee mine.  
I charge thee, be not thou more grieved than I am.

ROSALIND

I have more cause.

CELIA

Thou hast not, cousin.  
Prithee, be cheerful. Know'st thou not the Duke  
Hath banished me, his daughter?

ROSALIND

That he hath not.

CELIA

No, hath not? Rosalind lacks then the love  
Which teacheth thee that thou and I am one.  
Shall we be sundered? Shall we part, sweet girl?  
No, let my father seek another heir.  
Therefore devise with me how we may fly,  
Whither to go, and what to bear with us,  
And do not seek to take your change upon you,  
To bear your griefs yourself and leave me out.  
For, by this heaven, now at our sorrows pale,  
Say what thou canst, I'll go along with thee.

ROSALIND

Why, whither shall we go?

CELIA

To seek my uncle in the Farmsteads of Arden.

ROSALIND

Alas, what danger will it be to us,  
Maids as we are, to travel forth so far?  
Beauty provoketh thieves sooner than gold.

CELIA

I'll put myself in poor and mean attire,  
And with a kind of umber smirch my face.  
The like do you. So shall we pass along  
And never stir assailants.

ROSALIND

Were it not better,  
Because that I am more than common tall,  
That I did suit me all points like a man?

ROSALIND

A gallant lightsaber upon my thigh,  
A boar-spear in my hand, and in my heart  
Lie there what hidden woman's fear there will,  
We'll have a swashing and a martial outside--  
As many other mannish cowards have  
That do outface it with their semblances.

CELIA

What shall I call thee when thou art a man?

ROSALIND

I'll have no worse a name than Han Solo,  
And therefore look you call me Ganymede.  
But what will you be called?

CELIA

Something that hath a reference to my state:  
No longer Celia, but Aliena.  
Devise the fittest time and safest way  
To hide us from pursuit that will be made  
After my flight. Now go we in content  
To liberty, and not to banishment.

**4 - ORLANDO, DUKE SENIOR, ADAM, JAQUES - VERSE:**

ORLANDO

I almost die for food, and let me have it.

DUKE SENIOR

Sit down and feed, and welcome to our table.

ORLANDO

Speak you so gently? Pardon me, I pray you.  
I thought that all things had been savage here,  
And therefore put I on the countenance  
Of stern commandment. But whate'er you are  
If ever you have looked on better days,  
If ever from your eyelids wiped a tear  
And know what 'tis to pity and be pitied,  
Let gentleness my strong enforcement be,  
In the which hope I blush and hide my sword.  
*[He sheathes his weapon.]*

DUKE SENIOR

True is it that we have seen better days.  
And therefore sit you down in gentleness.

ORLANDO, *[bringing Adam forward]*

Here is an old poor man  
Who after me hath many a weary step  
Limped in pure love. Till he be first sufficed  
I will not touch a bit.

DUKE SENIOR

Welcome. Set down your venerable burden,  
And let him feed.

*[Adam begins to eat and regain energy.]*

ORLANDO

I thank you most for him.

ADAM

So had you need.--

I scarce can speak to thank you for myself.

DUKE SENIOR

Welcome. Fall to. I will not trouble you  
As yet to question you about your fortunes.--  
[To Jaques] Thou seest we are not all alone unhappy.  
This wide and universal theater  
Presents more woeful pageants than the scene  
Wherein we play in.

JAQUES

All the world's a stage,  
And all the men and women merely players.  
They have their exits and their entrances,  
And one man in his time plays many parts,  
His acts being seven ages. At first the infant,  
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms.  
Then the whining schoolboy with his satchel  
And shining morning face, creeping like snail  
Unwillingly to school. And then the lover,  
Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad  
Made to his mistress' eyebrow. Then a soldier,  
Full of strange oaths and bearded like the pard,  
Jealous in honor, sudden and quick in quarrel,  
Seeking the bubble reputation  
Even in the cannon's mouth. And then the justice,  
In fair round belly with good capon lined,  
With eyes severe and beard of formal cut,  
Full of wise saws and modern instances;  
And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts  
Into the lean and slippered pantaloon  
With spectacles on nose and pouch on side,  
His youthful hose, well saved, a world too wide  
For his shrunk shank, and his big manly voice,  
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes  
And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,  
That ends this strange eventful history,  
Is second childishness and mere oblivion,  
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.

## 5 - ROSALIND & ORLANDO - PROSE:

ROSALIND, [*as Ganymede*]

No, I will not cast away my physic but on those that are sick. There is a man haunts the orchard that abuses our young plants with carving "Rosalind" on their barks, hangs odes upon hawthorns and elegies on brambles, all, forsooth, deifying the name of Rosalind. If I could meet that fancy-monger, I would give him some good counsel, for he seems to have the quotidian of love upon him.

ORLANDO

I am he that is so love-shaked. I pray you tell me your remedy.

ROSALIND, [*as Ganymede*]

There is none of my uncle's marks upon you. He taught me how to know a man in love.

ORLANDO

What were his marks?

ROSALIND, [*as Ganymede*]

An unquestionable spirit, which you have not; a beard neglected, which you have not-- but I pardon you for that, for you are simply incapable of a beard. Then your sleeve should be unbuttoned, your shoe untied, and everything about you demonstrating a careless desolation. But you are no such man. You are rather point-device in your accouterments, as loving yourself than seeming the lover of any other.

ORLANDO

Fair youth, I would I could make thee believe I love.

ROSALIND, [*as Ganymede*]

Me believe it? You may as soon make her that you love believe it, which I warrant she is apter to do than to confess she does. That is one of the points in the which women still give the lie to their consciences. But, in good sooth, are you he that hangs the verses on the trees wherein Rosalind is so admired?

ORLANDO

I swear to thee, youth, by the white hand of Rosalind, I am that he, that unfortunate he.

ROSALIND, [*as Ganymede*]

But are you so much in love as your rhymes speak?



ORLANDO

Neither rhyme nor reason can express how much.

ROSALIND, [*as Ganymede*]

Love is merely a madness, and, I tell you, deserves as well a dark house and a whip as madmen do; and the reason why they are not so punished and cured is that the lunacy is so ordinary that the whippers are in love too. Yet I profess curing it by counsel.

ORLANDO

Did you ever cure any so?

ROSALIND, [*as Ganymede*]

Yes, one, and in this manner. [*Beat.*] He was to imagine me his love, his mistress, and I set him every day to woo me; at which time would I, being but a moonish youth, grieve, be effeminate, changeable, longing and liking, proud, fantastical, apish, shallow, inconstant, full of tears, full of smiles; for every passion something, and for no passion truly anything, as boys and women are, for the most part, cattle of this color; would now like him, now loathe him; then entertain him, then forswear him; now weep for him, then spit at him, that I drave my suitor from his mad humor of love to a living humor of madness, which was to forswear the full stream of the world and to live in a nook merely monastic. And thus I cured him, and this way will I take upon me to wash your liver as clean as a sound sheep's heart, that there shall not be one spot of love in 't.

ORLANDO

I would not be cured, youth.

ROSALIND, [*as Ganymede*]

I would cure you if you would but call me Rosalind and come every day to my home and woo me.

**6 - SILVIUS, PHOEBE, ROSALIND - VERSE:**

SILVIUS

Sweet Phoebe, do not scorn me. Do not, Phoebe.  
Say that you love me not, but say not so  
In bitterness. The common executioner,  
Whose heart th' accustomed sight of death makes hard,  
Falls not the axe upon the humbled neck  
But first begs pardon. Will you sterner be  
Than he that dies and lives by bloody drops?

PHOEBE

I would not be thy executioner.  
I fly thee, for I would not injure thee.  
Thou tell'st me there is murder in mine eye.  
'Tis pretty, sure, and very probable  
That eyes, that are the frail'st and softest things,  
Who shut their coward gates on atomies,  
Should be called tyrants, butchers, murderers.  
Now I do frown on thee with all my heart,  
And if mine eyes can wound, now let them kill thee.  
Now counterfeit to swoon; why, now fall down;  
Or if thou canst not, O, for shame, for shame,  
Lie not, to say mine eyes are murderers.  
Now show the wound mine eye hath made in thee.  
Scratch thee but with a pin, and there remains  
Some scar of it. Lean upon a rush,  
The cicatrice and capable impressure  
Thy palm some moment keeps. But now mine eyes,  
Which I have darted at thee, hurt thee not;  
Nor I am sure there is no force in eyes  
That can do hurt.

SILVIUS

O dear Phoebe,  
If ever--as that ever may be near--  
You meet in some fresh cheek the power of fancy,  
Then shall you know the wounds invisible  
That love's keen arrows make.

PHOEBE

But till that time

Come not thou near me. And when that time comes,  
Afflict me with thy mocks, pity me not,  
As till that time I shall not pity thee.

ROSALIND, [*as Ganymede, coming forward*]

And why, I pray you? Who might be your mother,  
That you insult, exult, and all at once,  
Over the wretched? What though you have no beauty--  
As, by my faith, I see no more in you

Than without candle may go dark to bed--

Must you be therefore proud and pitiless?

Why, what means this? Why do you look on me?

I see no more in you than in the ordinary

Of nature's sale-work.--[*aside*] 'Od's my little life,

I think she means to tangle my eyes, too.--

[*to Phoebe*] No, faith, proud mistress, hope not after it.

'Tis not your inky brows, your black silk hair,

Your bugle eyeballs, nor your cheek of cream

That can entame my spirits to your worship.--

[*to Sylvius*] You foolish farmer, wherefore do you follow her,

Like foggy south puffing with wind and rain?

You are a thousand times a properer man

Than she a woman. [*to both*] 'Tis such fools as you

That makes the world full of ill-favored children.

[*to Sylvius*] 'Tis not her glass but you that flatters her,

And out of you she sees herself more proper

Than any of her lineaments can show her.--

[*to Phoebe*] But, mistress, know yourself. Down on your knees

And thank heaven, fasting, for a good man's love,

For I must tell you friendly in your ear,

Sell when you can; you are not for all markets.

Cry the man mercy, love him, take his offer.

[*to Sylvius*] So take her to thee, farmer. Fare you well.