

House Hall

AS YOU LIKE IT

Pre-BO

*I am waiting, should I be waiting?
I am wanting, should I be wanting?
When all around me...*
The Decemberists, "A Beginning Song"

Increasingly often in these increasingly hard times
I am asked by people I respect and admire, "Are you
going to write books about the terrible injustice and
misery of our world, or are you going to write escapist
and consolatory fantasies?" ... I am offered the Grand
Inquisitor's choice. Will you choose freedom without
happiness, or happiness without freedom? The only
answer one can make, I think, is: No.
Ursula K. LeGuin, "A Non-Euclidean View of
California as a Cold Place To Be"

An empty space. A stage.

Perhaps to music, or perhaps not, one by one, the ensemble enters.

There is a ritual that needs doing to get this thing started. We'll figure out what it is.

The space is like a blank sheet of paper or a white wall — these are the painters.

In the sense of Artists. Also in the sense of Workers.

They are here to make something together at a very strange time.

They acknowledge each other, and us.

A beginning.

Out of this, two figures emerge. The rest recede.

SCENE 1

The de Boys Estate. Enter ORLANDO and ADAM.

ORLANDO As I remember, Adam, it was upon this fashion bequeathed me by my father's will but poor a thousand crowns, and, as thou sayst, charged my brother on his blessing to breed me well. And there begins my sadness. My brother Jack he keeps at school, and report speaks goldenly of his profit. For my part, he keeps me rustically at home, or, to speak more properly, stays me here at home unkept — for call you that "keeping," for a gentleman of my birth, that differs not from the stalling of an ox? His horses are bred better. This is it, Adam, that grieves me, and the spirit of my father, which I think is within me, begins to mutiny against this servitude. I will no longer endure it!

1.7

1

A

B

1.5

2

3

4

5

5.5

6

7

10

ROSALIND Young man, have you challenged Charles the wrestler?

ORLANDO No, fair princess. He is the general challenger.
I come but in as others do, to try with him the strength of my youth.

CELIA Young gentleman, your spirits are too bold for your years. We pray you for your own sake to embrace your safety and give over this attempt.

ROSALIND Do, young sir.

ORLANDO I beseech you, punish me not with your hard thoughts, but let your fair eyes and gentle wishes go with me to my trial — wherein, if I be foiled, there is but one shamed that was never gracious; if killed, but one dead that is willing to be so. I shall do my friends no wrong, for I have none to lament me; the world no injury, for in it I have nothing.

ROSALIND The little strength that I have, I would it were with you.

CELIA And mine, to eke out hers.

ROSALIND Fare you well. Pray heaven I be deceived in you.

CELIA Your heart's desires be with you.

Charles Entrance Shadow 25 D

Charles, who's been getting ready elsewhere, makes a grand entrance; the wrestling match begins.

CHARLES Come, where is this young gallant that is so desirous to lie with his mother Earth?

ORLANDO Ready, sir.

DUKE FREDERICK You shall try but one fall.

ROSALIND Now Hercules be thy speed, young man!

Orlando and Charles wrestle. Shouts and cheers. Eventually, Orlando beats Charles.

ROSALIND O excellent young man!

DUKE FREDERICK No more, no more!

ORLANDO Yes, I beseech your Grace. I am not yet well breathed.

DUKE FREDERICK How dost thou, Charles?

LE BEAU He cannot speak, my lord.

DUKE FREDERICK Bear him away. *(Charles is helped off by Attendants.)*

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,

Fight Begins	26 E
Or. Molls Out	27 F
Charles En.	28
End Molls	30 H

DUKE FREDERICK

Ay, Celia, we stayed her for your sake;
Else had she with her father ranged along.

CELIA

I did not then entreat to have her stay.
It was your pleasure and your own remorse.
I was too young that time to value her,
But now I know her. If she be a traitor,
Why, so am I.

DUKE FREDERICK

She is too subtle for thee, and her smoothness,
Her very silence, and her patience
Speak to the people, and they pity her.
Thou art a fool. She robs thee of thy name,
And thou wilt show more bright and seem more virtuous
When she is gone. Then open not thy lips.
Firm and irrevocable is my doom
Which I have passed upon her. She is banished.

CELIA

Pronounce that sentence then on me, my liege.
I cannot live out of her company.

DUKE FREDERICK

You are a fool. — You, niece, provide yourself.
If you outstay the time, upon mine honor
And in the greatness of my word, you die.

Duke and Lords exit.

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 —
For, by this heaven, now at our sorrows pale,

4 pg wdm
Fly
Up Stage
Fabric Panels

To the last gasp with truth and loyalty. (*Orlando exits. Adam looks back at the space.*)
 From seventeen years till now almost fourscore
 Here livèd I, but now live here no more.
 At seventeen years, many their fortunes seek, | SB L. 40
 But at fourscore, it is too late a week.
 Yet fortune cannot recompense me better
 Than to die well, and not my master's debtor.

He exits after Orlando. | count shift

40

SCENE 5

The court. The next morning. Enter DUKE FREDERICK and his Lords.

DUKE FREDERICK

Can it be possible that no man saw them?
 It cannot be. Some villains of my court
 Are of consent and sufferance in this.

FIRST LORD

I cannot hear of any that did see her.
 The ladies her attendants of her chamber
 Saw her abed, and in the morning early
 They found the bed untreaured of their mistress.

SECOND LORD

My lord, the roinish clown is also missing —
 Hisperia, the Princess' gentlewoman,
 Confesses that she secretly o'erheard
 Your daughter and her cousin much commend
 The parts and graces of the wrestler
 That did but lately foil the sinewy Charles,
 And she believes wherever they are gone
 That youth is surely in their company.

DUKE FREDERICK

Send to his brother. Fetch that gallant hither. | SB L. 50
 If he be absent, bring his brother to me. S. L
 I'll make him find him. Do this suddenly,
 And let not search and inquisition quail
 To bring again these foolish runaways.

They exit.

Here, a transition begins.

Music.

The company changes/rebuilds the space.

Warning
 For
 BS Boom

After Exit → Shadow

Amiens Tape Play

Step off Center

Curtain Open

50

L

52

53

LA

Curtain Girls Center Platform

54

*The "Forest of Arden" takes shape.**It is scrappy, eclectic, both organic and human-made.**Think paper, paint, cardboard, scraps, cast-offs, old things, lost things.**It's not Pretty. It is sometimes beautiful.**It's also chilly outside.*Mondal + PatrickEnter

54.5

FlyGO

Bench Placed

56

Before Paint First Actor Leaves

58

Song Ends

60

SCENE 6*As the transition comes to an end, DUKE SENIOR emerges from it, along with AMIENS, and his two Lords.**Perhaps they're collecting firewood, or mushrooms.***DUKE SENIOR**

Now, my co-mates and brothers in exile,
 Hath not old custom made this life more sweet
 Than that of painted pomp? Are not these woods
 More free from peril than the envious court?
 Here feel we the seasons' difference—
 The churlish chiding of the winter's wind—
 But, when it bites and blows upon my body
 Even till I shrink with cold, I smile and say,
 "This is no flattery. These are counselors
 That feelingly persuade me what I am."
 Sweet are the uses of adversity,
 And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
 Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
 Sermons in stones, and good in everything.

AMIENS

Happy is your Grace,
 That can translate the stubbornness of fortune
 Into so quiet and so sweet a style.

DUKE SENIOR

Come, shall we go and kill us venison?
 And yet it irks me the poor dappled fools,
 Being native burghers of this desert city,
 Should have their haunches gored.

FIRST LORD

Indeed, my lord —

The melancholy Jaques grieves at that,
 And in that kind swears you do more usurp
 Than doth your brother that hath banished you.
 Today my Lord of Amiens and myself
 Did steal behind him as he lay alone
 Under an oak, where a poor sequestered stag
 Did come to languish.

DUKE SENIOR But what said Jaques?

3 Page 16m
 Fly
 Front Panels

CORIN Else are they very wretched.

ROSALIND (*to Touchstone*) Peace, I say.

(*As Ganymede, to Corin*) Good even to you, friend.

CORIN

And to you, gentle sir, and to you all.

ROSALIND

I prithee, shepherd, if that love or gold
Can in this desert place buy entertainment,
Bring us where we may rest ourselves and feed.
Here's a young maid with travel much oppressed,
And faints for succor.

CORIN

Fair sir, I pity her
And wish for her sake more than for mine own
My fortunes were more able to relieve her.
But I am shepherd to another man —
And these, his cote, his flocks, and bounds of feed
Are now on sale, and at our sheepecote now,
By reason of his absence, there is nothing
That you will feed on. But what is, come see,
And in my voice most welcome shall you be.

ROSALIND

What is he that shall buy his flock and pasture?

CORIN

That young swain that you saw here but erewhile,
That little cares for buying anything.

ROSALIND

I pray thee, if it stand with honesty,
Buy thou the cottage, pasture, and the flock,
And thou shalt have to pay for it of us.

CELIA

And we will mend thy wages. I like this place,
And willingly could waste my time in it.

CORIN

Assuredly the thing is to be sold.
Go with me. If you like upon report
The soil, the profit, and this kind of life,
I will your very faithful feeder be
And buy it with your gold right suddenly.

They exit.

SCENE 8

Elsewhere in the Forest. Enter AMIENS and the Lords.

Wam
M



Common

SB S.M
L. 80

"Under the Greenwood Tree"

M

Davian Exits

80

Many Points up —

81
FlyGO

*Amiens and the gang are setting up a picnic lunch for the Duke.
(Or perhaps they're continuing to paint/build/enrich the space of Arden. Or both.)*

A high energy transition here —

They burst onto the scene to something like "Walking on Sunshine" by Katrina and the Waves.

It might start on Amiens's tape deck.

Amiens digs music. He's the one with the tunes.

Dancing and silliness. They're working and playing at the same time.

At the edge of the scene, JAQUES appears. He watches.

*Jaques is a loner. Not quite stylish enough to be a true punk or goth, but the tendency's there. ^{Jarry}
The truth is, he also digs music — he's just more of a Joy Division/Nick Cave/early Morrissey guy.*

After a bit, Amiens notices him and quickly turns off the music.

JAQUES More, more, I prithee, more.

AMIENS It will make you melancholy, Monsieur
Jaques.

JAQUES I thank it. More, I prithee, more. I can suck
melancholy out of a song as a weasel sucks eggs.
More, I prithee, more.

AMIENS Come on. I know I cannot please you.

JAQUES I do not desire you to please me. I do desire
you to *play*. Come, more, another stanza. Will you play?

AMIENS More at your request than to please myself.

JAQUES Well then, if ever I thank any man, I'll thank
you. Come then, play. And you that will not, hold
your tongues.

AMIENS Well, I'll end the song. *(To his fellow lords)* Sirs,
cover the while; the Duke will drink under this tree.

(Back to Jaques) He hath been all this day to look you. ^{SB S.O}

JAQUES And I have been all this day to avoid him. He is
too disputable for my company. I think of as many
matters as he, but I give heaven thanks and make no
boast of them. Come—*allez, allez!*—come.

Amiens pushes play. People can't really find the vibe again. It's a little awkward...

The song ends. Jaques takes a tape out of his own pocket and heads for the tape deck.

JAQUES Come, I'll give you a verse. <sup>SB 82
8 P</sup>

AMIENS (I don't think that's—)

JAQUES Thus it goes.

*He puts his own tape in and hits play. It's a downer. Like "The Mercy Seat" or "How Soon Is Now?" or "Mad
World." Jaques gets really into it. Everyone else feels kind of strange. Eventually, Amiens hits stop.*

Amiens Touch Tape Deck 84
R

Amiens Touch Tape Deck N

Amiens Touch Tape Deck O

Jaques Touches Tape Deck 82
P

ORLANDO

To her that is not here, nor doth not hear.

ROSALIND Pray you, no more of this! (To Silvius) I will
help you if I can. (To Phebe) I would love you if I could.
Tomorrow meet me all together. (To Phebe) I will
marry you if ever I marry woman, and I'll be married
tomorrow. (To Orlando) I will satisfy you if ever I
satisfy man, and you shall be married tomorrow.
(To Silvius) I will content you, if what pleases you
contents you, and you shall be married tomorrow.
(To Orlando) As you love Rosalind, meet. (To Silvius)
As you love Phebe, meet. — And as I love no woman,
I'll meet. So fare you well. I have left you commands.

SILVIUS I'll not fail, if I live.

PHEBE Nor I.

ORLANDO Nor I.

They exit.

Transition Light

Dorian Points Up

A transition:

The ensemble begins to transform the space for the weddings.

Music and preparation — lights, streamers, balloons, whatever feels right.

Perhaps we can also see characters readying themselves, adjusting their costumes in some way.

Eventually, the Duke and Orlando appear amidst the action, which continues around and above them.

The music fades beneath them.

8 Sec Fade / Trans. Done / Duke's

Hits Main
Platform

SCENE 20

Enter DUKE SENIOR and ORLANDO. JAQUES, OLIVER, and CELIA are also present.

DUKE SENIOR

Dost thou believe, Orlando, that the boy

Can do all this that he hath promised?

ORLANDO

I sometimes do believe and sometimes do not,

As those that fear they hope, and know they fear.

Enter ROSALIND as Ganymede, with SILVIUS and PHEBE.

ROSALIND

Patience once more whiles our compact is urged.

(To Duke) You say, if I bring in your Rosalind,

You will bestow her on Orlando here?

mine enemy, and I have undone *three* tailors.

JAQUES Good my lord, like this fellow.

DUKE SENIOR I like him very well.

TOUCHSTONE God 'ild you, sir. I desire you of the like. *AI*

I press in here, sir, amongst the rest of the country *150*,
copulatives, to swear and to forswear, according as
marriage binds and blood breaks. A poor virgin, sir,
an ill-favored thing, sir, but mine own. A poor humor
of mine, sir, to take that that no man else will.

JAQUES (to Duke) Is not this a rare fellow, my lord?

He's as good at anything and yet a fool.

AUDREY Soft you now... Where should this music be?

Hymen Puppet Build

It's true — music has been growing somewhere.

Strange, beautiful, wild, not-of-this-world music.

As the company looks around, HYMEN, the God of Marriage, appears.

Let's say that Hymen is an enormous puppet.

They rise out of the set, their huge face and hands lifted and controlled by actors.

They come to life and preside over the space.

Elsewhere, there is an actor in a spotlight with a microphone who will provide their voice.

HYMEN is a celestial rock star. Pagan joy and desire and connection and celebration incarnate.

Below them, ROSALIND and CELIA appear.

Rosalind looks as we've never seen her before — not the girl from the court, not Ganymede.

Someone new. Herself.

Hymen speaks.

HYMEN

Then is there mirth in heaven

When earthly things made even

Atone together.

Good duke, receive thy daughter. *SB AZ*

Hymen from heaven brought her,

Yea, brought her hither,

That thou mightst join her hand with his,

Whose heart within his bosom is.

ROSALIND (to Duke)

To you I give myself, for I am yours.

(To Orlando) To you I give myself, for I am yours.

DUKE SENIOR

If there be truth in sight, you are my daughter.

ORLANDO

If there be truth in sight, you are my Rosalind.

PHEBE

If sight and shape be true,

Why then, my love adieu.

End of Puppet Build

Rosalind on Platform