

AEMSS ENGLISH DRAMA FEST 2020

SHAKESPEAREAN COMEDY

As You Like It

Act 2 Scene 7

ORIGINAL TEXT

Enter DUKE SENIOR, AMIENS, and LORDS like outlaws.

DUKE SENIOR

I think he be transformed into a beast,
For I can nowhere find him like a man.

FIRST LORD

My lord, he is but even now gone hence.
Here was he merry, hearing of a song.

DUKE SENIOR

5 If he, compact of jars, grow musical,
We shall have shortly discord in the spheres.
Go seek him. Tell him I would speak with him.

Enter JAQUES

FIRST LORD

He saves my labor by his own approach.

DUKE SENIOR

10 Why, how now, monsieur? What a life is this
That your poor friends must woo your company?
What, you look merrily.

MODERN TEXT

DUKE SENIOR, AMIENS, and LORDS enter, dressed like outlaws.

DUKE SENIOR

I think he must have turned into an animal,
because I can't find him anywhere looking
like a man.

FIRST LORD

My lord, he just left here. He was happy
here, listening to a song.

DUKE SENIOR

If that man, who's made up of conflicts,
becomes musical, then there must be
something wrong with the universe. Go
find him. Tell him I want to speak with
him.

JAQUES enters.

FIRST LORD

He saved me the trouble: here he comes.

DUKE SENIOR

Well, what's going on, mister? What kind
of life do you lead that your poor friends
must beg for your company? What, you
look amused.

JAQUES

A fool, a fool, I met a fool i' th' forest,
 A motley fool. A miserable world!
 As I do live by food, I met a fool,
 15 Who laid him down and basked him in the sun
 And railed on Lady Fortune in good terms,
 In good set terms, and yet a motley fool.
 "Good morrow, fool," quoth I. "No, sir," quoth he,
 "Call me not 'fool' till heaven hath sent me fortune."
 20 And then he drew a dial from his poke
 And, looking on it with lackluster eye,
 Says very wisely, "It is ten o'clock.
 Thus we may see," quoth he, "how the world wags.
 'Tis but an hour ago since it was nine,
 25 And after one hour more 'twill be eleven.
 And so from hour to hour we ripe and ripe,
 And then from hour to hour we rot and rot,
 And thereby hangs a tale." When I did hear
 The motley fool thus moral on the time,
 30 My lungs began to crow like chanticleer
 That fools should be so deep-contemplative,
 And I did laugh sans intermission
 An hour by his dial. O noble fool!
 A worthy fool! Motley's the only wear.

DUKE SENIOR

35 What fool is this?

JAQUES

O worthy fool!—One that hath been a courtier
 And says, "If ladies be but young and fair,
 They have the gift to know it." And in his brain,
 Which is as dry as the remainder biscuit
 40 After a voyage, he hath strange places crammed
 With observation, the which he vents
 In mangled forms. Oh, that I were a fool!
 I am ambitious for a motley coat.

DUKE SENIOR

Thou shalt have one.

JAQUES

A fool, a fool! I met a [fool](#) in the forest,
 wearing motley. What a miserable world!
 As sure as I eat to stay alive, I met a fool
 who was lying in the sun and complaining
 about his fortune. He spoke smartly,
 though he was a fool. "Good morning,
 fool," I said. "No, sir," he said, "don't call
 me a fool until heaven has sent me
 my [fortune](#)."
 Then he pulled a watch from his bag and,
 looking at it solemnly, said, "It's ten
 o'clock. This way, we can see how the
 world moves. Only an hour ago it was
 nine, and in another hour it will be eleven.
 And so, from hour to hour we ripen, and
 from hour to hour we rot. And there's a
 story behind that." When I heard that
 motley fool moralizing on the subject of
 time, I began to crow like a rooster.
 Hearing a fool speaking so
 contemplatively made me laugh non-stop
 for an hour. Oh, noble fool! A worthy fool!
 Motley is the only thing to wear.

DUKE SENIOR

Who is this fool?

JAQUES

A worthy fool! He's been a courtier and
 says, "If ladies are young and pretty, they
 always know it." His [brain](#) is dry as a
 sailor's biscuit and crammed with all sorts
 of strange observations, which he presents
 in mangled fashion. Oh, I wish I were a
 fool! I'm ambitious for one of those
 motley coats.

DUKE SENIOR

You shall have one.

JAQUES

45 It is my only suit,
 Provided that you weed your better judgments
 Of all opinion that grows rank in them
 That I am wise. I must have liberty
 Withal, as large a charter as the wind,
 50 To blow on whom I please, for so fools have.
 And they that are most gallèd with my folly,
 They most must laugh. And why, sir, must they so?
 The “why” is plain as way to parish church:
 He that a fool doth very wisely hit
 55 Doth very foolishly, although he smart,
 Not to seem senseless of the bob. If not,
 The wise man’s folly is anatomized
 Even by the squand’ring glances of the fool.
 Invest me in my motley. Give me leave
 60 To speak my mind, and I will through and through
 Cleanse the foul body of th’ infected world,
 If they will patiently receive my medicine.

DUKE SENIOR

Fie on thee! I can tell what thou wouldst do.

JAQUES

What, for a counter, would I do but good?

DUKE SENIOR

65 Most mischievous foul sin in chiding sin,
 For thou thyself hast been a libertine,
 As sensual as the brutish sting itself,
 And all th’ embossèd sores and headed evils
 That thou with license of free foot hast caught
 70 Wouldst thou disgorge into the general world.

JAQUES

Why, who cries out on pride
 That can therein tax any private party?
 Doth it not flow as hugely as the sea
 Till that the weary very means do ebb?
 75 What woman in the city do I name,
 When that I say the city-woman bears
 The cost of princes on unworthy shoulders?
 Who can come in and say that I mean her,
 When such a one as she such is her neighbor?
 80 Or what is he of basest function
 That says his bravery is not of my cost,
 Thinking that I mean him, but therein suits
 His folly to the mettle of my speech?
 There then. How then, what then? Let me see wherein
 85 My tongue hath wronged him. If it do him right,
 Then he hath wronged himself. If he be free,
 Why then my taxing like a wild goose flies

JAQUES

That’s all I ask from you, as long as you
 promise to rid yourself of any rotten idea
 that I am wise. Like the wind, I must have
 the freedom to blast anyone I please, as
 fools do. And whoever is most irritated by
 my foolishness has to laugh the hardest.
 Why, sir, must he? Well, it’s as plain as the
 beaten path to a parish church. Any person
 who thinks I’m satirizing them would be
 stupid if they didn’t pretend not to be hurt
 by my joke. Otherwise, they’d be
 admitting I was talking about them, and the
 fool would expose the wise man’s
 foolishness with a joke that wasn’t even
 meant for him. Dress me up in motley. Let
 me speak my mind, and I’ll rid the world
 of its sickness—if it will only tolerate my
 medicine.

DUKE SENIOR

To hell with you! I know what you’d do.

JAQUES

What would I do besides good?

DUKE SENIOR

You would be committing a wicked sin by
 chiding other people for sinning, because
 you yourself have been a terrible sinner, as
 carnal in your appetites as lust itself, and
 all the swollen pustules of sin that you
 acquired in your freedom you now want to
 burst and shoot back into the world at
 large.

JAQUES

But if I cry out against pride in general,
 how can anyone say I’m accusing a
 particular person? Aren’t we talking about
 a problem as vast as the sea, that keeps
 flowing until all the wealth in the world is
 almost used up by everyone showing off?
 What woman in the city am I talking about
 when I say that the clothes on a city-
 woman’s unworthy back are rich enough to
 suit a prince? Who can say I mean just her
 when all her neighbors are exactly like
 her? And when some lowlife protests
 that his fancy clothes aren’t my problem,
 isn’t he basically admitting that I’m talking
 about him? Well, then. Tell me how I’ve
 wronged him. If I was right about him,
 he’s the one who’s done wrong. If he isn’t

Unclaimed of any man. But who comes here?

Enter ORLANDO, with his sword drawn

ORLANDO

Forbear, and eat no more.

JAQUES

90 Why, I have eat none yet.

ORLANDO

Nor shalt not till necessity be served.

JAQUES

Of what kind should this cock come of?

DUKE SENIOR

95 Art thou thus boldened, man, by thy distress
Or else a rude despiser of good manners,
That in civility thou seem'st so empty?

ORLANDO

100 You touched my vein at first. The thorny point
Of bare distress hath ta'en from me the show
Of smooth civility, yet am I inland bred
And know some nurture. But forbear, I say.
He dies that touches any of this fruit
Till I and my affairs are answerèd.

JAQUES

An you will not be answered with reason, I must die.

DUKE SENIOR

What would you have? Your gentleness shall force
More than your force move us to gentleness.

ORLANDO

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

DUKE SENIOR

Sit down and feed, and welcome to our table.

guilty of the faults I'm talking about, well then, my accusations fly by like wild geese, whom no one owns, since they don't apply to any man. But who is this?

ORLANDO enters with his sword drawn.

ORLANDO

Stop, and eat no more.

JAQUES

But I haven't eaten anything yet.

ORLANDO

And you won't until the needy eat.

JAQUES

What kind of fighting cock is this?

DUKE SENIOR

Are you acting so boldly from hardship or because you despise good manners? Why do you seem so lacking in civility?

ORLANDO

You were right the first time. My piercing distress has stripped me of smooth manners. But I wasn't raised in the forest, and I was somewhat well-bred. But stop, I say. Whoever eats this fruit before I've been taken care of dies.

JAQUES

If you won't listen to reason, I'll have to die.

DUKE SENIOR

What would you like? Gentlemanly manners have more sway around here than force does.

ORLANDO

I'm dying for food, so let me have some.

DUKE SENIOR

Sit down and eat, 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
 110 Of stern commandment. But whate'er you are
 That in this desert inaccessible,
 Under the shade of melancholy boughs,
 Lose and neglect the creeping hours of time,
 If ever you have looked on better days,
 115 If ever been where bells have knolled to church,
 If ever sat at any good man's feast,
 If ever from your eyelids wiped a tear
 And know what 'tis to pity and be pitied,
 Let gentleness my strong enforcement be,
 120 In the which hope I blush and hide my sword.

DUKE SENIOR

True is it that we have seen better days
 And have with holy bell been knolled to church,
 And sat at good men's feasts and wiped our eyes
 Of drops that sacred pity hath engendered.
 125 And therefore sit you down in gentleness,
 And take upon command what help we have
 That to your wanting may be ministered.

ORLANDO

Then but forbear your food a little while
 Whiles, like a doe, I go to find my fawn
 130 And give it food. There is an old poor man
 Who after me hath many a weary step
 Limped in pure love. Till he be first sufficed,
 Oppressed with two weak evils, age and hunger,
 I will not touch a bit.

DUKE SENIOR

135 Go find him out,
 And we will nothing waste till you return.

ORLANDO

I thank you; and be blessed for your good comfort.

Exit

DUKE SENIOR

Thou seest we are not all alone unhappy.
 This wide and universal theater
 140 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,

ORLANDO

Do you really speak like such a
 gentleman? I beg your pardon. I thought
 everything out here was wild, which is
 why I acted so stern and commanding. But
 whoever you are—you who sit in the dark
 shade, losing track of time in this remote
 forest—if you have ever seen better days
 or been to church or sat at a man's table for
 a feast or wiped a tear from your eye, if
 you know what it is to pity and be pitied,
 let my kindness and nobility persuade you.
 With that hope, I'll blush at my rudeness
 and put away my sword.

DUKE SENIOR

We have in fact seen better days and been
 summoned to church by the ringing of the
 holy bell and sat at good men's feasts and
 cried tears of pity—therefore, sit down and
 take whatever will satisfy your needs.

ORLANDO

Then please, put off your eating for a little
 while I, like a mother doe, find my fawn
 and bring it food. There is a poor old man
 who, purely out of love, has limped after
 me for miles. He's burdened by two
 debilitating evils—age and hunger. Until
 he's fed, I won't eat a thing.

DUKE SENIOR

Go find him. We won't touch a thing till
 you return.

ORLANDO

Thank you, and God bless you for your
 hospitality.

He exits.

DUKE SENIOR

You see, we're not alone in our
 unhappiness. This wide, universal theater
 has more sad plays than our own little
 scene.

JAQUES

The whole world is a stage, and all the men
 and women merely actors. They have their
 exits and their entrances, and in his

145 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
150 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,
155 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;
160 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,
165 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.

Enter ORLANDO bearing ADAM

DUKE SENIOR

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

ORLANDO

I thank you most for him.

ADAM

So had you need.—
I scarce can speak to thank you for myself.

DUKE SENIOR

175 Welcome. Fall to. I will not trouble you
As yet to question you about your fortunes.—
Give us some music, and, good cousin, sing.

lifetime a man will play many parts, his life separated into seven acts. In the first act he is an infant, whimpering and puking in his nurse's arms. Then he's the whining schoolboy, with a book bag and a bright, young face, creeping like a snail unwillingly to school. Then he becomes a lover, huffing and puffing like a furnace as he writes sad poems about his mistress's eyebrows. In the fourth act, he's a soldier, full of foreign curses, with a beard like a panther, eager to defend his honor and quick to fight.

On the battlefield, he puts himself in front of the cannon's mouth, risking his life to seek fame that is as fleeting as a soap bubble. In the fifth act, he is a judge, with a nice fat belly from all the bribes he's taken. His eyes are stern, and he's given his beard a respectable cut. He's full of wise sayings and up-to-the-minute anecdotes: that's the way he plays his part. In the sixth act, the curtain rises on a skinny old man in slippers, glasses on his nose and a money bag at his side. The stockings he wore in his youth hang loosely on his shriveled legs now, and his bellowing voice has shrunk back down to a childish squeak. In the last scene of our play—the end of this strange, eventful history—our hero, full of forgetfulness, enters his second childhood: without teeth, without eyes, without taste, without everything.

ORLANDO enters carrying ADAM.

DUKE SENIOR

Welcome. Set the honorable old man down and let him eat.

ORLANDO

I thank you very much on his behalf.

ADAM

You had better do that. I can barely speak to thank you myself.

DUKE SENIOR

Welcome. Eat. I won't trouble you yet with questions about your situation.—
Some music, please, and, good friend, sing.

AMIENS

(sings)

180 Blow, blow, thou winter wind.
 Thou art not so unkind
 As man's ingratitude.
 Thy tooth is not so keen,
 Because thou art not seen,
 Although thy breath be rude.
 185 Heigh-ho, sing heigh-ho, unto the green holly.
 Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly.
 Then heigh-ho, the holly.
 This life is most jolly.
 Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
 190 That dost not bite so nigh
 As benefits forgot.
 Though thou the waters warp,
 Thy sting is not so sharp
 As friend remembered not.
 195 Heigh-ho, sing heigh-ho, unto the green holly.
 Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly.
 Then heigh-ho, the holly.
 This life is most jolly.

DUKE SENIOR

200 If that you were the good Sir Rowland's son,
 As you have whispered faithfully you were,
 And as mine eye doth his effigies witness
 Most truly limned and living in your face,
 Be truly welcome hither. I am the duke
 That loved your father. The residue of your fortune
 205 Go to my cave and tell me.—Good old man,
 Thou art right welcome as thy master is.
 Support him by the arm. Give me your hand,
 And let me all your fortunes understand.

Exeunt**AMIENS**

(singing)

Blow, blow, winter wind.
 You aren't as harsh
 As men's ingratitude. Your teeth aren't as
 sharp,
 As you are invisible,
 Even though your breath is an assault.
 Heigh-ho! Sing, heigh-ho! Sing to the
 green holly.
 Most friendship is false, most love simply
 foolishness.
 Then heigh-ho, to the holly.
 This life is really jolly.
 Freeze, freeze, you bitter sky,
 Your bite isn't as painful
 As when good deeds are forgotten.
 Even though you can freeze water
 Your sting is not as sharp
 As the friend who is forgotten.
 Heigh-ho! Sing, heigh-ho! Sing to the
 green holly.
 Most friendship is false, most love simply
 foolishness.
 Then heigh-ho, to the holly.
 This life is really jolly.

DUKE SENIOR

If you really are Sir Rowland's son, as
 you've just whispered to me—and I can
 absolutely see the likeness in your face—
 you are truly welcome here. I am the duke
 who loved your father. Come to my cave
 and tell me the rest of your story.—Good
 old man, you are as welcome here as your
 master is. Give him your arm. Give me
 your hand, and explain your situation **to**
me.

They all exit.