

Shakespeare's As You Like It Adaptation by Cori Laemmel

Mr. Frederick: Good morning class, you all look just thrilled to be here. That's called sarcasm. Most of you don't know what that word means because you slept through your first three years of English. Well guess what, you aren't the only ones who wish they were somewhere else. I have a PHD. **A PHD!! (Sigh)** Today we start our section on Shakespeare. We will be studying one of his finest Comedies-"As You Like It" because my life is enough of a tragedy as it is and I don't need a reminder. To liven things up, you know, make it "fun" we will now speak only in Shakespearian prose. That means if you have a question, or need to use the facilities you either soliloquize about the restroom or hold it. Capeshe?

Celia leans into Rosalind who is staring dreamily out the window and whispers.

Celia: What's going on with you? Geeze Rosy, you have haven't said a word all day!

Rosalind: I don't have anything to say...

Celia: Come on! Spill! The curiosity will make me crazy!

Rosalind sighs

Celia: Is this about your dad? Moving? What??

Rosalind: No, for once. This is a matter of the heart if you must know.

Celia: Cough it up!

Celia eyes the souvenir flag from the football game that Rosalind is playing with.

Celia: No way. NO WAY! You are in love! With Orlando! After ONE day!

Rosalind: What? He's a great...football player.

Celia: You love him because he's a good football player?

Rosalind: No! I do not love him because he is a good football player.

Celia: Ah-ha! So you DO love him!!

Rosalind: I do. Oh Celia, please tell me that you'll like him too.

Celia: Because he's a good foot ball player right?

Rosalind: (laughs) No, because I do, and you're my best friend.

Mr. Frederick starts to walk toward them, clearly annoyed.

Rosalind: Is he coming over here?

Celia: He looks mad...

Mr. Frederick: (to Rosalind) Madam, hurry as fast as you can get out of my court!

Rosalind: Um..what?

Mr. Frederick: DETENTION!

Rosalind: What? Why?

Mr. Frederick: Speaketh in his prose, or do not speak at all!

Rosalind: I do beseech your Grace,
Let me the knowledge of my fault bear with me.
Did I offend your Highness?

Mr. Frederick: Thus do all traitors.
If their purgation did consist in words,
They are as innocent as grace itself.
Let it suffice thee that I trust thee not.

Rosalind: Yet your mistrust cannot make me a traitor.
Tell me whereon the likelihood depends.

Celia: Dear sovereign, hear me speak. I know her. If she be a traitor,
Why so am I. Rose at an instant, learned, played, eat together,
And, wheresoe'er we went, like Juno's swans
Still we went coupled and inseparable.

Mr. Frederick: 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.

Mr. Frederick: Seriously? Fine! Then you BOTH have detention! OUT!