



ROGRAMNR: 1025450tv5

# **Script and Word list**

## All the world's a stage

[As you like it]
Miles Mitchell as Jaques

#### Make-up box

The lamps are lit. A Pantalone puppet on the table. Miles enters and sits down by the mirror.

Close-up. Miles' face in the mirror. Trying different faces, trying for example to look very old.

#### MILES (voice over)

I wanted to be an actor because acting is a form of storytelling in the most physical form. And storytelling has always been a massive part of my childhood and my life.

The Seven ages of man is one of Shakespeare's most popular passages. It is a condensed description of life and it really makes you think about how short a life is.

condensed - koncentrerad

#### Preparation, on stage

MILES (voice over)

The Seven ages of man is a monologue from Shakespeare's comedy *As you like it*. All the characters in the play are quite happy people, but the character Jaques is sad.

In the speech Jaques catalogues seven stages of a man's life: infant, schoolboy, lover, soldier, justice, pantaloon, and second childhood. Second childhood, "sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything". We leave the same way that we came—without anything, "sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything".

sans - (fr.) utan





ROGRAMNR: 1025450tv5

#### Waterlow park

Miles sitting on a bench watching calmly the park. People passing.

MILES (voice over)

The first words are very famous: "All the world's a stage" and I think many people would agree with Shakespeare – the world is like a stage where we all come and go.

We are all actors and our lives are the plays.

As an actor I live for the theatre in my every day to day life. The world is sort of a stage to me whether I'm going to the bus stop or to the shops. I'm inspired constantly by strangers and the theatricality of their movement, their speech, their stories.

#### **Astrid comes**

Astrid surprises Miles. Astrid pulls Miles' arm: Come and play with me! Who can run the fastest? Oh! Miles got tired! Old man!

Astrid and Miles sitting side by side calmly, bored. Miles surprises the girl with a puppet – a Pantalone character! Playing with the Pantalone puppet!

PANTALONE Hello

ASTRID Hello

PANTALONE What's your name?

ASTRID Astrid

**PANTALONE** 

Astrid? That's a nice name! My name is Pantalone.

PANTALONE How old are you, Astrid?





ROGRAMNR: 1025450tv5

<b>ASTRID</b>
Five

PANTALONE

Five? How old do you think I am?

**ASTRID** 

Five

**PANTALONE** 

Thank you, but no .... I am... slightly older

**ASTRID** 

Eighty one.

**PANTALONE** 

Much older!

ASTRID

A hundred and one...

**PANTALONE** 

Almost!

**ASTRID** 

...sixteen...

Astrid looking at Pantalone's face. Astrid frowning.

MILES (voice over)

When I'm performing Jaqcues, I want the audience to really understand and feel that they themselves are in one of the seven ages of man.





ROGRAMNR: 1025450tv5

### Act 2, scene 7, [As You Like It]

(the sound from the park of children playing, birds singing, skate boards...)

#### **JAQUES:**

All the world is 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. And 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 the soldier. Full of strange oaths and bearded like the pard, Jealous in honour, 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 towards 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.

Last picture in the box:

Miles wiping off makeup in the box

mewling – gnällande satchel – ränsel

furnace - masugn woeful – bedrövad

capon - kapun

saws (proverbs)
instances (examples)

hose – hosor

shank - skank, skenben

treble - diskant

oblivion - glömska