



Interested in joining us onstage this summer? We are looking for actors and singers!

Please e-mail [producer@shakespeareinclarkpark.org](mailto:producer@shakespeareinclarkpark.org) answering the questions below and a video of you performing one of the following pieces of text OR a short vocal selection of your choice. Phone videos are totally acceptable! Memorization is not required.

In your e-mail please include...

Your **Name** and **Pronouns**

Your **Phone number**

Any **information about previous performance experience** (totally fine to say none)

**Availability** for evening and weekend rehearsals 6/23-7/21. Please note community actors will not be called for all rehearsals.

**Any evening conflicts 7/22-7/28** (this is the week of performance, conflicts will be difficult to work around)

**All named role submissions due by noon on 5/4.**

**All singing submissions are due by midnight on 5/11.**

**Questions? E-mail [producer@shakespeareinclarkpark.org](mailto:producer@shakespeareinclarkpark.org)**

**Oliver:**

*The oldest son of Sir Rowland de Bois and sole inheritor of the de Bois estate. Oliver is a loveless young man who begrudges his brother, Orlando, a gentleman's education*

Charles, I thank thee for thy love to me. I had myself notice of my brother's purpose herein, and have by underhand means laboured to dissuade him from it; but he is resolute. I'll tell thee, Charles, it is the stubbornest young fellow of France; full of ambition, an envious emulator of every man's good parts: I had as lief thou didst break his neck as his finger. And thou wert best look to't; for if thou dost him any slight disgrace, or if he do not mightily grace himself on thee, he will practise against thee by poison, entrap thee by some treacherous device, and never leave thee till he hath ta'en thy life by some indirect means or other.

Farewell, good Charles.

I hope I shall see an end of him; for my soul, yet I know not why, hates nothing more than he. Yet he's gentle; never school'd 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, that I am altogether misprised. But it shall not be so long; this wrestler shall clear all.

**Jaques De Boyes:**

*Like Oliver and Orlando, he is one of the sons of the late Sir Roland de Boys. He is favored by Oliver over Orlando, and he is sent away to school to learn how to be a proper gentleman. At the end of the play, he appears onstage and announces that the corrupt Duke Frederick has been converted to a life of goodness by an old hermit.*

Let me have audience for a word or two. I am the second son of old Sir Rowland, that bring these tidings to this fair assembly. Duke Frederick, hearing how that every day Men of great worth resorted to this forest, address'd a mighty power; which were on foot, In his own conduct, purposely to take his brother here, and put him to the sword; and to the skirts of this wild wood he came, where, meeting with an old religious man, after some question with him, was converted both from his enterprise and from the world; his crown bequeathing to his banish'd brother, and all their lands restor'd to them again that were with him exil'd.

**Adam:**

*He is the de Boys' old family retainer. He is dismissed by the nasty Oliver, and later he relates to Orlando that Oliver plans to kill Orlando while he sleeps. He accompanies Orlando to the Forest of Arden.*

What, my young master?! Why, what make you here? Why would you be so fond to overcome the bonny prizer of the humorous Duke?

Your praise is come too swiftly home before you. Your virtues, gentle master, are sanctified and holy traitors to you.

Come not within these doors; within this roof the enemy of all your graces lives. Your brother- no, no brother; yet the son- yet not the son; I will not call him son of him I was about to call his father- hath heard your praises; and this night he means to burn the lodging where you use to lie, and you within it.

This is no place; this house is but a butchery; abhor it, fear it, do not enter it.