

**As You Like It Audition side #1 [Rosalind; scene 12; w/Celia]**

CELIA Didst thou hear these verses? ... Know you who hath done this?

ROSALIND Is it a man?

CELIA And a chain, that you once wore, about his neck. Change you color?

ROSALIND I prithee, who?

CELIA O Lord, Lord...

ROSALIND Nay, but who is it?

CELIA Is it possible?

ROSALIND Nay, I prithee now, with most petitionary vehemence, tell me who it is.

CELIA O wonderful, wonderful, and most wonderful wonderful, and yet again wonderful, and after that out of all measure!

ROSALIND Good my complexion! Dost thou think, though I am caparisoned like a man, I have a doublet and hose in my disposition? I prithee, tell me who is it quickly, and speak apace... pour this concealed man out of thy mouth as wine comes out of a narrow-mouthed bottle. I prithee take the cork out of thy mouth, that I may drink thy tidings.

CELIA So you may put a man in your belly.... It is young Orlando, that tripped up the wrestler's heels and your heart both in an instant.

ROSALIND Nay, but the devil take mocking! Speak true, maid.

CELIA I' faith, coz, 'tis he.

ROSALIND Orlando?

CELIA Orlando.

ROSALIND Alas the day! What shall I do with my doublet and hose? What did he when thou saw'st him? What said he? How looked he? What makes he here? Did he ask for me? Where remains he? How parted he with thee? And when shalt thou see him again? Answer me in one word.

CELIA You must borrow me Gargantua's mouth first. 'Tis a word too great for any mouth.

## **As You Like It Audition side #2 [Rosalind; scene 12; w/Orlando]**

ROSALIND [*as Ganymede*] There is a man haunts the forest that abuses our young plants with carving "Rosalind" on their barks, hangs odes upon hawthorns and elegies on brambles, all, forsooth, deifying the name of Rosalind. If I could meet that fancy-monger, I would give him some good counsel, for he seems to have the quotidian of love upon him.

ORLANDO I am he that is so love-shaked.

ROSALIND [*as Ganymede*] There is none of my uncle's marks upon you. He taught me how to know a man in love, in which cage of rushes I am sure you are not prisoner.

ORLANDO What were his marks?

ROSALIND [*as Ganymede*] A lean cheek, which you have not; a blue eye and sunken, which you have not; an unquestionable spirit, which you have not; a beard neglected, which you have not--but I pardon you for that, for simply your having in beard is a younger brother's revenue. Then your hose should be ungartered, your bonnet unbanded, your sleeve unbuttoned, your shoe untied, and everything about you demonstrating a careless desolation. But you are no such man. You are rather **perfect in your dress**, as loving yourself than seeming the lover of any other. ... Love is merely a madness, and, I tell you, deserves as well a dark house and a whip as madmen do; and the reason why they are not so punished and cured is that the lunacy is so ordinary that the whippers are in love too. Yet I profess curing it by counsel.

ORLANDO Did you ever cure any so?

ROSALIND [*as Ganymede*] Yes, one, and in this manner: he was to imagine me his love, his mistress, and I set him every day to woo me; at which time would I, being but a moonish youth, grieve, be effeminate, changeable, longing and liking, proud, fantastical, apish, shallow, inconstant, full of tears, full of smiles; for every passion something, and for no passion truly anything; would now like him, now loathe him; then entertain him, then forswear him--now weep for him, then spit at him, that I drove my suitor from his mad humor of love to a living humor of madness, which was to forswear the world and live **like a monk**. And thus I cured him, and this way will I take upon me to wash your liver as clean as a sound sheep's heart, that there shall not be one spot of love in 't.

ORLANDO I would not be cured, youth.

ROSALIND [*as Ganymede*] I would cure you if you would but call me Rosalind and come every day to woo me.

ORLANDO Now, by the faith of my love, I will. Tell me where.

**As You Like It Audition side #3 [Rosalind; scene 14]**

ROSALIND [*as Ganymede, coming forward*]

And why, I pray you? Who might be your mother,  
That you insult, exult, and all at once,  
Over the wretched? What, though you have no beauty--  
As, by my faith, I see no more in you  
Than without candle may go dark to bed--  
Must you be therefore proud and pitiless?  
Why, what means this? Why do you look on me?  
I see no more in you than in the ordinary  
Of nature's sale-work.--'Od's my little life,  
I think she means to tangle my eyes, too.--  
No, faith, proud mistress, hope not after it.  
'Tis not your inky brows, your black silk hair,  
Your bugle eyeballs, nor your cheek of cream,  
That can entame my spirits to your worship.--  
You foolish shepherd, wherefore do you follow her?  
You are a thousand times a properer man  
Than she a woman. 'Tis such fools as you  
That makes the world full of ill-favored children.  
'Tis not her glass but you that flatters her,  
And out of you she sees herself more proper  
Than any of her lineaments can show her.--  
But, mistress, know yourself: down on your knees,  
And thank heaven, fasting, for a good man's love,--  
For I must tell you friendly in your ear,  
Sell when you can; you are not for all markets.  
Cry the man mercy, love him, take his offer.  
Foul is most foul, being foul to be a scoffer.--  
So take her to thee, shepherd. Fare you well.

**As You Like It Audition side #4 [Celia; scene 2; w/Rosalind]**

CELIA I pray thee, Rosalind, sweet my coz, be merry.

ROSALIND Dear Celia, I show more mirth than I am mistress of, and would you yet I were merrier? Unless you could teach me to forget a banished father, you must not learn me how to remember any extraordinary pleasure.

CELIA Herein I see thou lov'st me not with the full weight that I love thee. If my uncle, thy banished father, had banished thy uncle, the Duke my father, so thou hadst been still with me, I could have taught my love to take thy father for mine.

ROSALIND Well, I will forget the condition of my estate to rejoice in yours.

CELIA You know my father hath no child but I; and truly, when he dies, thou shalt be his heir, for what he hath taken away from thy father perforce, I will render thee again **out of love**. By mine honor I will. Therefore, my sweet Rose, my dear Rose, be merry.

ROSALIND From henceforth I will, coz, and devise sports. Let me see--what think you of falling in love?

CELIA Marry, I prithee do, to make sport withal: let us sit and mock the good housewife Fortune from her wheel, that her gifts may henceforth be bestowed equally.

ROSALIND I would we could do so, for her benefits are mightily misplaced, and the bountiful blind woman doth most mistake in her gifts to women.

CELIA 'Tis true, for those that she makes fair she scarce makes honest, and those that she makes honest she makes very ill-favoredly.

ROSALIND Nay, now thou goest from Fortune's office to Nature's. Fortune reigns in gifts of the world, not in the lineaments of nature.

*[Enter Touchstone.]*

CELIA Peradventure this is not Fortune's work neither, but Nature's, who perceiveth our natural wits too dull to reason of such goddesses, and hath sent this natural for our whetstone, for always the dullness of the fool is the whetstone of the wits.

**As You Like It Audition side #5 [Celia; scene 12; w/Rosalind]**

CELIA Didst thou hear these verses?

ROSALIND O yes, I heard them all, and more too, for some of them had in them more feet than the verses would bear.

...

CELIA Know you who hath done this?

ROSALIND Is it a man?

CELIA And a chain, that you once wore, about his neck. Change you color?

ROSALIND I prithee, who?

CELIA O Lord, Lord...

ROSALIND Nay, but who is it?

CELIA Is it possible?

ROSALIND Nay, I prithee now, with most petitionary vehemence, tell me who it is.

CELIA O wonderful, wonderful, and most wonderful wonderful, and yet again wonderful, and after that out of all measure!

ROSALIND Good my complexion! Dost thou think, though I am caparisoned like a man, I have a doublet and hose in my disposition? I prithee, tell me who is it quickly, and speak apace... pour this concealed man out of thy mouth as wine comes out of a narrow-mouthed bottle. I prithee take the cork out of thy mouth, that I may drink thy tidings.

CELIA So you may put a man in your belly.... It is young Orlando, that tripped up the wrestler's heels and your heart both in an instant.

ROSALIND Nay, but the devil take mocking! Speak true, maid.

CELIA I' faith, coz, 'tis he.

ROSALIND Orlando?

CELIA Orlando.

**As You Like It Audition side #6 [Phoebe; scene 14; w/Silvius]**

SILVIUS

Sweet Phoebe, do not scorn me. Do not, Phoebe!  
Say that you love me not, but say not so  
In bitterness. The common executioner,  
Whose heart th' accustomed sight of death makes hard,  
Falls not the axe upon the humbled neck  
But first begs pardon. Will you sterner be  
Than he that dies and lives by bloody drops?

PHOEBE

I would not be thy executioner.  
I fly thee, for I would not injure thee.  
Thou tell'st me there is murder in mine eye.  
'Tis pretty, sure, and very probable  
That eyes, that are the frail'st and softest things,  
Should be called tyrants, butchers, murderers.  
Now I do frown on thee with all my heart,  
And if mine eyes can wound, now let them kill thee.  
Now counterfeit to swoon; why, now fall down;  
Or if thou canst not, O, for shame, for shame,  
Lie not, to say mine eyes are murderers.  
Now show the wound mine eye hath made in thee.  
Scratch thee but with a pin, and there remains  
Some scar of it; but now mine eyes,  
Which I have darted at thee, hurt thee not;  
Nor I am sure there is no force in eyes  
That can do hurt.

**As You Like It Audition side #7 [Phoebe; scene 14; w/Silvius]**

PHOEBE

Know'st thou the youth that spoke to me erewhile?

SILVIUS

Not very well, but I have met him oft.

PHOEBE

Think not I love him, though I ask for him.  
'Tis but a peevish boy, yet he talks well.  
But what care I for words? Yet words do well  
When he that speaks them pleases those that hear.  
It is a pretty youth--not very pretty--  
But sure he's proud--and yet his pride becomes him.  
He'll make a proper man. The best thing in him  
Is his complexion; and faster than his tongue  
Did make offense, his eye did heal it up.  
He is not very tall, yet for his years he's tall.  
His leg is but so-so--and yet 'tis well.  
There was a pretty redness in his lip,  
A little riper and more lusty red  
Than that mixed in his cheek; 'twas just the difference  
Betwixt the constant red and mingled damask.  
There be some women, Silvius, had they marked him  
In parcels as I did, would have gone near  
To fall in love with him; but for my part,  
I love him not nor hate him not; and yet  
I have more cause to hate him than to love him.  
For what had he to do to chide at me?  
He said mine eyes were black and my hair black,  
And, now I am remembered, scorned at me.  
I marvel why I answered not again.  
But that's all one: omittance is no quittance.  
I'll write to him a very taunting letter,  
And thou shalt bear it. Wilt thou, Silvius?

**As You Like It Audition side #8 [Touchstone; scene 18; w/William]**

TOUCHSTONE Good ev'n, gentle friend. Cover thy head, cover thy head. Nay, prithee, be covered. How old are you, friend?

WILLIAM Five-and-twenty, sir.

TOUCHSTONE A ripe age. Is thy name William?

WILLIAM William, sir.

TOUCHSTONE A fair name. Wast born i' th' forest here?

WILLIAM Ay, sir, I thank God.

TOUCHSTONE "Thank God." A good answer. Art rich?

WILLIAM 'Faith sir, so-so.

TOUCHSTONE "So-so" is good, very good, very excellent good. And yet it is not: it is but so-so. Art thou wise?

WILLIAM Ay, sir, I have a pretty wit.

TOUCHSTONE Why, thou sayst well. I do now remember a saying: "The fool doth think he is wise, but the wise man knows himself to be a fool." You do love this maid?

WILLIAM I do, sir.

TOUCHSTONE Give me your hand. Art thou learned?

WILLIAM No, sir.

TOUCHSTONE Then learn this of me: I am he.

WILLIAM Which he, sir?

TOUCHSTONE He, sir, that must marry this woman. Therefore, you clown, abandon (which is in the vulgar "leave") the society (which in the boorish is "company") of this female (which in the common is "woman"); which together is, abandon the society of this female, or, clown, thou perishest; or, to thy better understanding, diest; or, to wit, I kill thee, make thee away, translate thy life into death, thy liberty into bondage. I will deal in poison with thee, or with a baseball bat, or in steel. Therefore tremble and depart.



**As You Like It Audition side #9 [Touchstone; scene 21; w/Jaques]**

TOUCHSTONE If any man doubt that, let him put me to my purgation. I have trod a measure; I have flattered a lady; I have been politic with my friend, smooth with mine enemy; I have undone three tailors; I have had four quarrels, and like to have fought one.

JAQUES And how was that ta'en up?

TOUCHSTONE Faith, we met and found the quarrel was upon the seventh cause.

JAQUES How "seventh cause"?

TOUCHSTONE God 'ild you, sir. I desire you of the like. I press in here, sir, amongst the rest of the country 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 But for the "seventh cause." How did you find the quarrel on the "seventh cause"?

TOUCHSTONE Upon a lie seven times removed. (Bear your body more seeming, Audrey.) As thus, sir: I did dislike the cut of a certain courtier's beard. He sent me word if I said his beard was not cut well, he was in the mind it was: this is called "the Retort Courteous." If I sent him word again it was not well cut, he would send me word he cut it to please himself. This is called "the Quip Modest." If again it was not well cut, he disrespected my judgment. This is called "the Reply Churlish." If again it was not well cut, he would answer I spake not true. This is called "the Reproof Valiant." If again it was not well cut, he would say I lie: this is called "the Countercheck Quarrelsome," and so to "the Lie Circumstantial," and "the Lie Direct."

JAQUES And how oft did you say his beard was not well cut?

TOUCHSTONE I durst go no further than "the Lie Circumstantial," nor he durst not give me "the Lie Direct," and so we measured swords and parted.

JAQUES Can you nominate in order now the degrees of the lie?

TOUCHSTONE O sir, we quarrel in print, by the book: as you have books for good manners. I will name you the degrees: the first, "the Retort Courteous"; the second, "the Quip Modest"; the third, "the Reply Churlish"; the fourth, "the Reproof Valiant"; the fifth, "the Countercheck Quarrelsome"; the sixth, "the Lie with Circumstance"; the seventh, "the Lie Direct." All these you may avoid but "the Lie Direct," and you may avoid that too with an "if." I knew when seven justices could not take up a quarrel, but when the parties were met themselves, one of them thought but of an "if": as, "If you said so, then I said so." And they shook hands and swore brothers. Your "if" is the only peacemaker: much virtue in "if."

JAQUES [*to Duke*] Is not this a rare fellow, my lord? He's as good at anything and yet a fool.

**As You Like It Audition side #10 [Orlando; scene 1; w/Adam]**

ORLANDO As I remember, Adam, it was upon this fashion bequeathed me by 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 "Jakes" 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. But I, his brother, gain nothing under him but growth, this nothing that he so plentifully gives me, the something that nature gave me, his countenance seems to take from me: He bars me the place of a brother. This is it, Adam, that grieves me; and the spirit of my father within me begins to mutiny against this servitude. I will no longer endure it, though yet I know no wise remedy how to avoid it.

*[Enter Oliver.]*

ADAM Yonder comes my master, your brother.

ORLANDO Go apart, Adam, and thou shalt hear how he will shake me up.

**As You Like It Audition side #11 [Orlando; scene 12]**

ORLANDO

Hang there, my verse, in witness of my love;  
And thou, thrice-crowned Queen of Night, survey  
With thy chaste eye, from thy pale sphere above,  
Thy huntress' name that my full life doth sway.  
O Rosalind, these trees shall be my books,  
And in their barks my thoughts I'll character,  
That every eye which in this forest looks  
Shall see thy virtue witnessed everywhere.  
Run, run, Orlando, carve on every tree  
The fair, the chaste, and unexpressive she.

**As You Like It Audition side #12 [Oliver; scene 17; w/Rosalind-Celia]**

OLIVER

When last the young Orlando parted from you,  
He left a promise to return again  
Within **two hours**, and pacing through the forest,  
Lo, what befell. He threw his eye aside--  
Under an old oak, whose boughs were mossed with age  
A wretched, ragged man, o'ergrown with hair,  
Lay sleeping on his back. About his neck  
A green and gilded snake had wreathed itself,  
Who with her head, nimble in threats, approached  
The opening of his mouth; but suddenly,  
Seeing Orlando, it unlinked itself  
And, with indented glides, did slip away  
Into a bush, under which bush's shade  
A lioness, with udders all drawn dry,  
Lay couching, head on ground, with catlike watch.  
This seen, Orlando did approach the man  
And found it was his brother, his elder brother.

ROSALIND [*as Ganymede*]

But to Orlando: did he leave him there,  
Food to the sucked and hungry lioness?

OLIVER

Twice did he turn his back and purposed so,  
But kindness, nobler ever than revenge,  
And nature, stronger than his just occasion,  
Made him give battle to the lioness,  
Who quickly fell before him; in which hurtling,  
From miserable slumber I awaked.

CELIA [*as Aliena*]

Are you his brother? ... Was 't you he rescued?

OLIVER

'Twas I, but 'tis not I. I do not shame  
To tell you what I was, since my conversion  
So sweetly tastes, being the thing I am.

**As You Like It Audition side #13 [Amiens; scene 4; w/Duke Senior]**

**AMIENS**

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 ... we  
Did steal behind him as he lay along  
Under an oak, whose antique root peeps out  
Upon the brook that brawls along this wood;  
To the which place a poor sequestered stag  
That from the hunter's aim had ta'en a hurt  
Did come to languish. And indeed, my lord,  
The wretched animal heaved forth such groans  
That their discharge did stretch his leathern coat  
Almost to bursting, and the big round tears  
Coursed one another down his innocent nose  
In piteous chase. And thus the hairy fool,  
Much markèd of the melancholy Jaques,  
Stood on th' extremest verge of the swift brook,  
Augmenting it with tears.

DUKE SENIOR                      But what said Jaques?  
Did he not moralize this spectacle?

**AMIENS**

O yes, into a thousand similes.  
First, for his weeping in the needless stream:  
"Poor deer," quoth he, "thou mak'st a testament  
As worldlings do, giving thy sum of more  
To that which had too much." Then, being there alone,  
Left and abandoned of his velvet friend:  
"'Tis right," quoth he. "Thus misery doth part  
The flux of company." Anon a careless herd,  
Full of the pasture, jumps along by him  
And never stays to greet him. "Ay," quoth Jaques,  
"Sweep on, you fat and greasy citizens.  
'Tis just the fashion. Wherefore do you look  
Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there?"  
Thus most invectively he pierceth through  
The body of country, city, court,  
Yea, and of this our life, swearing that we  
Are mere usurpers.

**As You Like It Audition side #14 [Jaques; scene 10]**

JAQUES                    All the world's 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.  
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 a soldier,  
Full of strange oaths and bearded like the pard,  
Jealous in honor, 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 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.

***As You Like It* Audition side #15 [Duke Senior; scene 4]**

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 not the penalty of Adam,  
The seasons' difference, as the icy fang  
And churlish chiding of the winter's wind,  
Which 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,  
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,  
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head;  
And this our life, exempt from public haunt,  
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,  
Sermons in stones, and good in everything.

***As You Like It* Audition side #16 [Audrey; scene 13; w/Touchstone]**

TOUCHSTONE Come apace, good Audrey. I will fetch up your goats, Audrey. And how, Audrey? Am I the man yet? Doth my simple feature content you?

AUDREY Your features, Lord warrant us! What features?

TOUCHSTONE I am here with thee and thy goats.

TOUCHSTONE Truly, I would the gods had made thee poetical.

AUDREY I do not know what "poetical" is. Is it honest in deed and word? Is it a true thing?

TOUCHSTONE No, truly; for the truest poetry is the most feigning, and lovers are given to poetry, and what they swear in poetry may be said as lovers they do feign.

AUDREY Do you wish, then, that the gods had made me poetical?

TOUCHSTONE I do, truly; for thou swear'st to me thou art honest. Now if thou wert a poet, I might have some hope thou didst feign.

AUDREY Would you not have me honest?

TOUCHSTONE No, truly, unless thou wert hard-favored; for honesty coupled to beauty is to have honey a sauce to sugar.

AUDREY Well, I am not fair, and therefore I pray the gods make me honest.

TOUCHSTONE Truly, and to cast away honesty upon a foul slut were to put good meat into an unclean dish.

AUDREY I am not a slut, though I thank the gods I am foul.

TOUCHSTONE Well, praised be the gods for thy foulness; sluttishness may come hereafter. But be it as it may be, I will marry thee; and to that end I have been with Sir Oliver Martext, the vicar of the next village, who hath promised to meet me in this place of the forest and to couple us.

AUDREY Well, the gods give us joy.





**As You Like It Audition side #18 [Duke Frederick; scene 11; w/Oliver]**

DUKE FREDERICK *[to Oliver]*

Not see him since? Sir, sir, that cannot be.  
But were I not the better part made mercy,  
I should not seek an absent argument  
Of my revenge, thou present. But look to it:  
Find out thy brother. Bring him, dead or living,  
Within this twelvemonth, or turn thou no more  
To seek a living in our territory.  
Thy lands and all things that thou dost call thine  
Worth seizure, do we seize into our hands  
Till thou canst quit thee by thy brother's mouth  
Of what we think against thee.

OLIVER

O, that your Highness knew my heart in this:  
I never loved my brother in my life.

DUKE FREDERICK

More villain thou.--Well, push him out of doors,  
And let my officers of such a nature  
Make an extent upon his house and lands.  
Do this expediently, and **send him packing**.

**As You Like It Audition side #19 [Silvius; scene 7; w/Corin]**

CORIN *[to Silvius]*

That is the way to make her scorn you still.

SILVIUS

O Corin, that thou knew'st how I do love her!

CORIN

I partly guess, for I have loved ere now.

SILVIUS

No, Corin, being old, thou canst not guess,  
Though in thy youth thou wast as true a lover  
As ever sighed upon a midnight pillow.  
But if thy love were ever like to mine,  
As sure I think did never man love so,  
How many actions most ridiculous  
Hast thou been drawn to by thy fantasy?

CORIN

Into a thousand that I have forgotten.

SILVIUS

O, thou didst then never love so heartily.  
If thou rememb'rest not the slightest folly  
That ever love did make thee run into,  
Thou hast not loved.  
Or if thou hast not sat as I do now,  
Wearing thy hearer in thy mistress' praise,  
Thou hast not loved.  
Or if thou hast not broke from company  
Abruptly, as my passion now makes me,  
Thou hast not loved.  
O Phoebe, Phoebe, Phoebe!