

***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.