

***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.