

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.