

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.