

WELCOME

“I’m thrilled to have the opportunity to work beside you and excited to share my passion for theater with you.” Ms. Walden



We are thrilled to announce our auditions for the Upper School Winter Play at Kent Place, *As You Like It*, A Romantic Comedy by William Shakespeare. The show will be performed in the Hyde and Watson Theater February 28th and 29th at 7:30 PM. Auditions are scheduled for below dates. Please stop by with any questions. We are looking for actors, costumes, lighting, props, make-up and publicity positions.

- Monday, December 2, 3:30-5:30 p.m. – monologues and scene
- Tuesday, December 3, 3:30- 5:30 p.m. – monologues and scene
- Wednesday, December 4, 3:30-5:30 p.m. – callbacks if needed otherwise
- First rehearsal ALL (Read through) Wednesday December 4th.

PLEASE PREPARE TWO MONOLOGUES BELOW AFTER CHARACTER DESCRIPTIONS. You do not have to memorize it. No British Accents Please. Also look at the scenes below the monologues as we will use those scenes after everyone does their monologues. (Ideally I would like you to prepare one male and one female role.)

[Audition Sign Up](#)

Play Summary

“All the world’s a Stage. . .” and all the Kent Place students merely players. One of Shakespeare’s finest comedies will be performed at the Hyde and Watson Theater. Set in the Forest of Arden, we meet Rosalind and Orlando, lovers forbidden to act on their

emotions. Disguises, merry mischief, and true love all come together with some of Shakespeare's most beloved characters in this romantic comedy.

Rosalind - The daughter of Duke Senior. Rosalind, considered one of Shakespeare's most delightful heroines, is independent minded, strong-willed, good-hearted, and terribly clever. Rather than slink off into defeated exile, Rosalind resourcefully uses her trip to the Forest of Ardenne as an opportunity to take control of her own destiny. When she disguises herself as Ganymede—a handsome young man—and offers herself as a tutor in the ways of love to her beloved Orlando, Rosalind's talents and charms are on full display. Only Rosalind, for instance, is both aware of the foolishness of romantic love *and* delighted to be in love. She teaches those around her to think, feel, and love better than they have previously, and she ensures that the courtiers returning from Ardenne are far gentler than those who fled to it

Orlando - The youngest son of Sir Rowland de Bois and younger brother of Oliver. Orlando is an attractive young man who, under his brother's neglectful care, has languished without a gentleman's education or training. Regardless, he considers himself to have great potential, and his victorious battle with Charles proves him right. Orlando cares for the aging Adam in the Forest of Ardenne and later risks his life to save Oliver from a hungry lioness, proving himself a proper gentleman. He is a fitting hero for the play and, though he proves no match for her wit or poetry, the most obvious romantic match for Rosalind

Duke Senior - The father of Rosalind and the rightful ruler of the dukedom in which the play is set. Having been banished by his usurping brother, Frederick, Duke Senior now lives in exile in the Forest of Ardenne with a number of loyal men, including Lord Amiens and Jaques. We have the sense that Senior did not put up much of a fight to

keep his dukedom, for he seems to make the most of whatever life gives him. Content in the forest, where he claims to learn as much from stones and brooks as he would in a church or library, Duke Senior proves himself to be a kind and fair-minded ruler.

Jaques - A faithful lord who accompanies Duke Senior into exile in the Forest of Ardenne. Jaques is an example of a stock figure in Elizabethan comedy, the man possessed of a hopelessly melancholy disposition. Much like a referee in a football game, he stands on the sidelines, watching and judging the actions of the other characters without ever fully participating. Given his inability to participate in life, it is fitting that Jaques alone refuses to follow Duke Senior and the other courtiers back to court, and instead resolves to assume a solitary and contemplative life in a monastery.

Celia - The daughter of Duke Frederick and Rosalind's dearest friend. Celia's devotion to Rosalind is unmatched, as evidenced by her decision to follow her cousin into exile. To make the trip, Celia assumes the disguise of a simple shepherdess and calls herself Aliena. As elucidated by her extreme love of Rosalind and her immediate devotion to Oliver, whom she marries at the end of the play, Celia possesses a loving heart, but is prone to deep, almost excessive emotions.

Duke Frederick - The brother of Duke Senior and usurper of his throne. Duke Frederick's cruel nature and volatile temper are displayed when he banishes his niece, Rosalind, from court without reason. That Celia, his own daughter, cannot mitigate his unfounded anger demonstrates the intensity of the duke's hatefulness. Frederick mounts an army against his exiled brother but aborts his vengeful mission after he meets an old religious man on the road to the Forest of Ardenne. He immediately changes his ways, dedicating himself to a monastic life and returning the crown to his

brother, thus testifying to the ease and elegance with which humans can sometimes change for the better.

Touchstone - A clown in Duke Frederick's court who accompanies Rosalind and Celia in their flight to Ardenne. Although Touchstone's job, as fool, is to criticize the behavior and point out the folly of those around him, Touchstone fails to do so with even a fraction of Rosalind's grace. Next to his mistress, the clown seems hopelessly vulgar and narrow-minded. Almost every line he speaks echoes with bawdy innuendo.

Oliver - The oldest son of Sir Rowland de Bois and sole inheritor of the de Bois estate. Oliver is a loveless young man who begrudges his brother, Orlando, a gentleman's education. He admits to hating Orlando without cause or reason and goes to great lengths to ensure his brother's downfall. When Duke Frederick employs Oliver to find his missing brother, Oliver finds himself living in despair in the Forest of Ardenne, where Orlando saves his life. This display of undeserved generosity prompts Oliver to change himself into a better, more loving person. His transformation is evidenced by his love for the disguised Celia, whom he takes to be a simple shepherdess.

Silvius - A young, suffering shepherd, who is desperately in love with the disdainful Phoebe. Conforming to the model of Petrarchan love, Silvius prostrates himself before a woman who refuses to return his affections. In the end, however, he wins the object of his desire.

Phoebe - A young shepherdess, who disdains the affections of Silvius. She falls in love with Ganymede, who is really Rosalind in disguise, but Rosalind tricks Phoebe into marrying Silvius.

Lord Amiens - A faithful lord who accompanies Duke Senior into exile in the Forest of Ardenne. Lord Amiens is rather jolly and loves to sing.

Charles - A professional wrestler in Duke Frederick's court. Charles demonstrates both his caring nature and his political savvy when he asks Oliver to intercede in his upcoming fight with Orlando: he does not want to injure the young man and thereby lose favor among the nobles who support him. Charles's concern for Orlando proves unwarranted when Orlando beats him senseless.

Adam - The elderly former servant of Sir Rowland de Bois. Having witnessed Orlando's hardships, Adam offers not only to accompany his young master into exile but to fund their journey with the whole of his modest life's savings. He is a model of loyalty and devoted service.

Sir Rowland De Bois - The father of Oliver and Orlando, friend of Duke Senior, and enemy of Duke Frederick. Upon Sir Rowland's death, the vast majority of his estate was handed over to Oliver according to the custom of primogeniture.

Corin - A shepherd. Corin attempts to counsel his friend Silvius in the ways of love, but Silvius refuses to listen.

Audrey - A simpleminded goatherd who agrees to marry Touchstone.

William - A young country boy who is in love with Audrey.

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 but 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 counsellors
 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 every thing.
 I would not change it.

TOUCHSTONE

Truly, shepherd, in respect of itself, it is a good
 life, but in respect that it is a shepherd's life,
 it is naught. In respect that it is solitary, I
 like it very well; but in respect that it is
 private, it is a very vile life. Now, in respect it
 is in the fields, it pleaseth me well; but in
 respect it is not in the court, it is tedious. As
 is it a spare life, look you, it fits my humour well;
 but as there is no more plenty in it, it goes much
 against my stomach. Hast any philosophy in thee, shepherd?

LE BEAU

Neither his daughter, if we judge by manners;
 But yet indeed the lesser is his daughter
 The other is daughter to the banish'd duke,
 And here detain'd by her usurping uncle,
 To keep his daughter company; whose loves
 Are dearer than the natural bond of sisters.
 But I can tell you that of late this duke
 Hath ta'en displeasure 'gainst his gentle niece,
 Grounded upon no other argument
 But that the people praise her for her virtues

And pity her for her good father's sake;
 And, on my life, his malice 'gainst the lady
 Will suddenly break forth. Sir, fare you well:
 Hereafter, in a better world than this,
 I shall desire more love and knowledge of you.

ORLANDO

I beseech you, punish me not with your hard
 thoughts; wherein I confess me much guilty, to deny
 so fair and excellent ladies any thing. But let
 your fair eyes and gentle wishes go with me to my
 trial: wherein if I be foiled, there is but one
 shamed that was never gracious; if killed, but one
 dead that was willing to be so: I shall do my
 friends no wrong, for I have none to lament me, the
 world no injury, for in it I have nothing; only in
 the world I fill up a place, which may be better
 supplied when I have made it empty.

SILVIUS

O, thou didst then ne'er love so heartily!
 If thou remember'st 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,
 Wearying 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 Phebe, Phebe, Phebe!

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.
 And then the whining school-boy, 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 honour, 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 slipper'd 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.

OLIVER

Farewell, good Charles.

Exit CHARLES

Now will I stir this gamester: I hope I shall see
 an end of him; for my soul, yet I know not why,
 hates nothing more than he. Yet he's gentle, never
 schooled and yet learned, full of noble device, of
 all sorts enchantingly beloved, and indeed so much
 in the heart of the world, and especially of my own
 people, who best know him, that I am altogether
 misprised: but it shall not be so long; this
 wrestler shall clear all: nothing remains but that
 I kindle the boy thither; which now I'll go about.

ROSALIND

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?
 '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,
 Like foggy south puffing with wind and rain?
 You are a thousand times a properer man
 Than she a woman:
 '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 you
 Cry the man mercy; love him; take his offer:
 So take her to thee, shepherd: fare you well.

CELIA

O my poor Rosalind, whither wilt thou go?
 Wilt thou change fathers? I will give thee mine.
 I charge thee, be not thou more grieved than I am.
 know'st thou not, the duke
 Hath banish'd me, his daughter?
 No, hath not? Rosalind lacks then the love
 Which teacheth thee that thou and I am one:
 Shall we be sunder'd? shall we part, sweet girl?
 No: let my father seek another heir.
 Therefore devise with me how we may fly,
 Whither to go and what to bear with us;
 And do not seek to take your change upon you,
 To bear your griefs yourself and leave me out;
 For, by this heaven, now at our sorrows pale,
 Say what thou canst, I'll go along with thee.

PHEBE

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,
 Who shut their coward gates on atomies,
 Should be call'd 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; lean but upon a rush,
 The cicatrice and capable impressure
 Thy palm some moment keeps; 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.

ACT I

SCENE I. Orchard of Oliver's house.

ADAM

Yonder comes my master, your brother.

ORLANDO

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

Enter OLIVER

OLIVER

Now, sir! what make you here?

ORLANDO

Nothing: I am not taught to make any thing.

OLIVER

What mar you then, sir?

ORLANDO

Marry, sir, I am helping you to mar that which God
 made, a poor unworthy brother of yours, with idleness.

OLIVER

Marry, sir, be better employed, and be naught awhile.

ORLANDO

Shall I keep your hogs and eat husks with them?
 What prodigal portion have I spent, that I should
 come to such penury?

OLIVER

Know you where your are, sir?

ORLANDO

O, sir, very well; here in your orchard.

OLIVER

Know you before whom, sir?

ORLANDO

Ay, better than him I am before knows me. I know you are my eldest brother; and, in the gentle condition of blood, you should so know me. The courtesy of nations allows you my better, in that you are the first-born; but the same tradition takes not away my blood, were there twenty brothers betwixt us: I have as much of my father in me as you; albeit, I confess, your coming before me is nearer to his reverence.

OLIVER

What, boy!

ORLANDO

Come, come, elder brother, you are too young in this.

OLIVER

Wilt thou lay hands on me, villain?

ORLANDO

I am no villain; I am the youngest son of Sir Rowland de Boys; he was my father, and he is thrice a villain that says such a father begot villains. Wert thou not my brother, I would not take this hand from thy throat till this other had pulled out thy tongue for saying so: thou hast railed on thyself.

ADAM

Sweet masters, be patient: for your father's remembrance, be at accord.

OLIVER

Let me go, I say.

ORLANDO

I will not, till I please: you shall hear me. My father charged you in his will to give me good education: you have trained me like a peasant, obscuring and hiding from me all gentleman-like qualities. The spirit of my father grows strong in me, and I will no longer endure it: therefore allow

me such exercises as may become a gentleman, or give me the poor allottory my father left me by testament; with that I will go buy my fortunes.

OLIVER

And what wilt thou do? beg, when that is spent?
Well, sir, get you in: I will not long be troubled with you; you shall have some part of your will: I pray you, leave me.

SCENE II. Lawn before the Duke's palace.

Enter CELIA and 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 lovest 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: so wouldst thou, if the truth of thy love to me were so righteously tempered as mine is to thee.

ROSALIND

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

CELIA

You know my father hath no child but I, nor none is like to have: 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 in affection; by mine honour, I will; and when I break that oath, let me turn monster: 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?

S

SCENE III. A room in the palace.

Enter DUKE FREDERICK, with Lords

DUKE FREDERICK

Mistress, dispatch you with your safest haste
And get you from our court.

ROSALIND

Me, uncle?

DUKE FREDERICK

You, cousin
Within these ten days if that thou be'st found
So near our public court as twenty miles,
Thou diest for it.

ROSALIND

I do beseech your grace,
Let me the knowledge of my fault bear with me:
If with myself I hold intelligence
Or have acquaintance with mine own desires,
If that I do not dream or be not frantic,--
As I do trust I am not--then, dear uncle,
Never so much as in a thought unborn
Did I offend your highness.

DUKE FREDERICK

Thus do all traitors:
If their purgation did consist in words,
They are as innocent as grace itself:
Let it suffice thee that I trust thee not.

ROSALIND

Yet your mistrust cannot make me a traitor:
Tell me whereon the likelihood depends.

DUKE FREDERICK

Thou art thy father's daughter; there's enough.

ROSALIND

So was I when your highness took his dukedom;
 So was I when your highness banish'd him:
 Treason is not inherited, my lord;
 Or, if we did derive it from our friends,
 What's that to me? my father was no traitor:
 Then, good my liege, mistake me not so much
 To think my poverty is treacherous.

CELIA

Dear sovereign, hear me speak.

DUKE FREDERICK

Ay, Celia; we stay'd her for your sake,
 Else had she with her father ranged along.

CELIA

I did not then entreat to have her stay;
 It was your pleasure and your own remorse:
 I was too young that time to value her;
 But now I know her: if she be a traitor,
 Why so am I; we still have slept together,
 Rose at an instant, learn'd, play'd, eat together,
 And wheresoever we went, like Juno's swans,
 Still we went coupled and inseparable.

DUKE FREDERICK

She is too subtle for thee; and her smoothness,
 Her very silence and her patience
 Speak to the people, and they pity her.
 Thou art a fool: she robs thee of thy name;
 And thou wilt show more bright and seem more virtuous
 When she is gone. Then open not thy lips:
 Firm and irrevocable is my doom
 Which I have pass'd upon her; she is banish'd.

CELIA

Pronounce that sentence then on me, my liege:
 I cannot live out of her company.

DUKE FREDERICK

You are a fool. You, niece, provide yourself:
 If you outstay the time, upon mine honour,

And in the greatness of my word, you die.

Act 11 Scene 4

CORIN

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 sigh'd 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 ne'er love so heartily!
If thou remember'st 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,
Wearying 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 Phebe, Phebe, Phebe!

Exit

Act 3 Scene 2

CORIN

And how like you this shepherd's life, Master Touchstone?

TOUCHSTONE

Truly, shepherd, in respect of itself, it is a good life, but in respect that it is a shepherd's life, it is naught. In respect that it is solitary, I like it very well; but in respect that it is private, it is a very vile life. Now, in respect it is in the fields, it pleaseth me well; but in respect it is not in the court, it is tedious. As is it a spare life, look you, it fits my humour well; but as there is no more plenty in it, it goes much against my stomach. Hast any philosophy in thee, shepherd?

CORIN

No more but that I know the more one sickens the worse at ease he is; and that he that wants money, means and content is without three good friends; that the property of rain is to wet and fire to burn; that good pasture makes fat sheep, and that a great cause of the night is lack of the sun; that he that hath learned no wit by nature nor art may complain of good breeding or comes of a very dull kindred.

TOUCHSTONE

Such a one is a natural philosopher. Wast ever in court, shepherd?

CORIN

No, truly.

TOUCHSTONE

Then thou art damned.

CORIN

Nay, I hope.

TOUCHSTONE

Truly, thou art damned like an ill-roasted egg, all on one side.

CORIN

For not being at court? Your reason.

TOUCHSTONE

Why, if thou never wast at court, thou never sawest good manners; if thou never sawest good manners, then thy manners must be wicked; and wickedness is sin, and sin is damnation. Thou art in a parlous state, shepherd.

CORIN

Not a whit, Touchstone: those that are good manners at the court are as ridiculous in the country as the behavior of the country is most mockable at the court. You told me you salute not at the court, but you kiss your hands: that courtesy would be uncleanly, if courtiers were shepherds.

Act 3 scene 2**ORLANDO**

I prithee, recount some of them.

ROSALIND

No, I will not cast away my physic but on those that are sick. 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: I pray you tell me your remedy.

ROSALIND

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

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 every thing about you demonstrating a careless desolation; but you are no such man; you

are rather point-device in your accoutrements as
loving yourself than seeming the lover of any other.

ORLANDO

Fair youth, I would I could make thee believe I love.

ROSALIND

Me believe it! you may as soon make her that you
love believe it; which, I warrant, she is apter to
do than to confess she does: that is one of the
points in the which women still give the lie to
their consciences. But, in good sooth, are you he
that hangs the verses on the trees, wherein Rosalind
is so admired?

ORLANDO

I swear to thee, youth, by the white hand of
Rosalind, I am that he, that unfortunate he