

GCFAC's A Night Out In The Cloud: Show 3

As You Like It

By William Shakespeare

This will be a live streamed performance. The intent of this show is just to have some fun performing with what we have available to us.

Those auditioning will need to have access to Internet and either a computer with a web cam, or a smart phone with a camera.

Due to sound quality, headphones with a mic are preferred (iphone ear buds have a mic), but it is not a requirement. Just a preference

This will be performed at 7:30 PM on Saturday May 2nd. If cast you will need to be available Friday from 7:00 – 9:30 PM and Saturday from 7:00 – 9:30 PM. Those are mandatory. Friday will be the only full rehearsal and Saturday will be the full performance.

*** AUDITION INSTRUCTIONS ***

1. Select up to 2 (no more than 2) audition sides from the ones listed starting on Page 3. Give us your name, the side you are reading and any other roles you would like to be considered for.
2. There will be 1 or 2 "Understudies" cast as well to fill in should there be a technical issue and one of the cast members cannot be seen or heard. Please indicate on your audition video if you would be willing to accept one of these roles if not cast in a named role.
3. The roles will be cast based off of who auditions. Some of the roles can be cast as male or female so be open to any and all possibilities.
4. Email your audition video to gcfacmarketing@gmail.com or to the GCFAC Facebook Page no later than 9:00 PM Wednesday, April 29th.
5. BREAK A LEG AND HAVE FUN!!!

CHARACTERS

- NARRATOR
- ROSALIND
- CELIA
- DUKE FREDERICK, an evil duke, brother of Duke Senior
- ORLANDO, the youngest son of deceased Sir Rowland De Boys, very noble
- OLIVER, Orlando's oldest brother, starts out bad/ ends up good
- ADAM, Orlando's elderly butler
- LE BEAU, attendant to Frederick
- CORIN, an elder shepherd
- SILVIUS, a young, love-struck shepherd
- PHEBE, a shepherdess of sour disposition, doesn't requite Silvius' love
- TOUCHSTONE, a court jester
- DUKE SENIOR, a good duke, banished by Frederick
- JAQUES, a melancholy lord, accompanies Duke Senior
- AMIENS, attendant to Duke Senior
- AUDREY, a country-gal, gets engaged to Touchstone
- CHARLES the WRESTLER
- JACQUES DE BOYS, middle son of Sir Rowland, brother of Orlando & Oliver

Audition Sides

ADAM

What, my young master? O my gentle master! O my sweet master! O you memory Of old Sir Rowland! Why, what make you here? Why are you virtuous? Why do people love you? And wherefore are you gentle, strong, and valiant? Why would you be so fond to overcome the bonny prizer of the humorous Duke? Your praise is come too swiftly home before you. Know you not, master, to some kind of men Their graces serve them but as enemies? No more do yours. Your virtues, gentle master, are sanctified and holy traitors to you. O, what a world is this! O unhappy youth! Come not within these doors; within this roof the enemy of all your graces lives. Your brother hath heard your praises; and this night he means to burn the lodging where you use to lie, and you within it. If he fail of that, he will have other means to cut you off; I overheard him and his practices. This is no place; this house is but a butchery; Abhor it, fear it, do not enter it!

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. 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 honor, 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.

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.

But There is none of my uncle's marks upon you; he taught me how to know a man in love... 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. Then your hose should be ungarther'd, your bonnet unbanded, your sleeve unbutton'd, your shoe untied, and everything 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.

NARRATOR

Ah, love... It makes people do such strange things. Orlando has posted love poems to Rosalind on a bunch of trees in the forest. Rosalind, of course, is super happy about this -- but instead of simply revealing herself to Orlando and saying she loves him too, she decides to sort of test out the strength of his love -- by asking Orlando to meet her (as Ganymede) every day, and woo her as if she were actually the real Rosalind. Which she is. But Orlando doesn't know that. Only in theatre, folks! Meanwhile, in another part of the forest, Silvius -- the young, ecstatic shepherd that you met earlier -- is attempting to woo a shrewish shepherdess, who does not love him back. This sounds like a job for the mighty Rosalind! Or, the mighty Ganymede... Yep. It's confusing.

OLIVER

When last the young Orlando parted from you, he left a promise to return again within an hour; and, pacing through the forest, chewing the food of sweet and bitter fancy, lo, what befell! He threw his eye aside, and mark what object did present itself. Under an oak, whose boughs were moss'd with age, a wretched ragged man, o'ergrown with hair, lay sleeping on his back. About his neck

A green and gilded snake had wreath'd itself, but suddenly, Seeing Orlando, it unlink'd itself, and with indented glides did slip away into a bush; under which bush's shade a lioness lay couching, head on ground, with catlike watch. This seen, Orlando did approach the man, and found it was his brother, his elder brother...

Twice did he turn his back, and purpos'd so; but kindness and nature, nobler ever than revenge, made him give battle to the lioness, who quickly fell before him; in which hurtling from miserable slumber I awaked.

In brief, he led me to the gentle Duke, who gave me fresh array and entertainment, committing me unto my brother's love; and there upon his arm the lioness had torn some flesh away, which all this while had bled; and now he fainted-- and cried, in fainting, upon Rosalind brief, I recover'd him, bound up his wound, and, after some small space, being strong at heart, he sent me hither, stranger as I am, to tell this story, that you might excuse his broken promise, and to give this napkin, dy'd in his blood, unto the shepherd youth that he in sport doth call his Rosalind

LE BEAU

Good sir, I do in friendship counsel you to leave this place. Albeit you have deserv'd high commendation, true applause, and love, yet such is now the Duke's condition that he misconstrues all that you have done. And of the two in which we came to see here at the wrestling neither his daughter, if we judge by manners; but yet, indeed, the smaller 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!

CELIA

O my poor Rosalind! Whither wilt thou go? Wilt thou change fathers? I will give thee mine. Let my father seek another heir! Devise with me how we may fly, whither to go, and what to bear with us; and do not seek to take your charge upon you, to bear your griefs yourself, and leave me out; I'll go along with thee to seek your father in the Forest of Arden!

I'll put myself in poor and mean attire, and with a kind of umber smirch my face; the like do you; so shall we pass along, and never stir assailants. And I shall be called something that hath a reference to my state: No longer Celia, but Aliena.

SILVIUS

No, Corin, being old, thou canst not guess how much I love her! 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? O, thou didst then never love so heartily! If thou rememb'rest 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, wearing 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!