

## As You Like It Sides

All roles should try a Southern accent. Let the "music" of the accent make the words come alive. Different examples are:

- *Why I do declare. I must have the vapors.*
- *Y'all fixin to head on down. Why bless your hawt.*
- *Aah have an aah-lash in mah aah" (I have an eyelash in my eye).*
- *You git what you git, so don't throw a fit.*
- *Lordy be, Aah've got a flat taar." (Oh no, I have a flat tire.)*
- *Lem-me put mah feet up - Aah'm taard. (Let me put my feet up - I'm tired.)*
- *Yeehaaawww!*
- *Or like Fog Horn Leghorn, google him.*

## Act III.2

**ROSALIND** *as Ganymede*

*I will speak to him as if I'm a male saucy lackey, and in that disguise I can trick him.*

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 I liking, proud, fantastical, apish, shallow, inconstant, full of tears, full of smiles, for every passion something and for no passion truly any thing, as boys and women are for the most part cattle of this colour; would now like him, now loathe him; then entertain him, then forswear him; now weep for him, then spit at him; that I drave my suitor from his mad humour of love to a living humour of madness; which was, to forswear the full stream of the world, and to live in a nook merely monastic. 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.

## Act II.7

**ORLANDO:**

Speak you so gently? Pardon me, I pray you: I thought that all things had been savage here; and therefore put I on the countenance of stern commandment. But whate'er you are that in the desert inaccessible, under the shade of melancholy boughs, lose and neglect the creeping hours of time if ever you have look'd on better days, and know what 'tis to pity and be pitied, let gentleness my strong enforcement be; in the which hope I blush, and hide my sword.

## Act IV.1

**JAQUES**

I have neither the scholar's melancholy, which is emulation, nor the musician's which is fantastical, nor the courtier's, which is proud, nor the soldier's, which is ambitious, nor the lawyer's, which is politic, nor the lady's, which is nice, nor the lover's, which is all these; but it is a melancholy of mine own, compounded of many simples, extracted from many objects, and indeed the sundry's contemplation of my travels, in which my often rumination wraps me in a most humourless sadness.

## Act I.1

**OLIVER:**

Charles, I thank thee for thy love to me, which thou shalt find I will most kindly requite. I had myself notice of my brother's purpose herein and have by underhanded means laboured to dissuade him from it, but he is resolute. I'll tell thee, Charles: It is the stubbornest fellow of France, full of ambition, an envious emulator of every man's good parts, a secret and villainous contriver against me his natural brother: therefore use thy discretion;

## Act V.4

### TOUCHSTONE

*"If" points to the potential of events in possible worlds.*

*"If" allows slights to be forgiven, wounds to be salved.*

*Notably, within a dozen lines of this speech, Duke Senior, Orlando, and Phoebe each usher in a new stage of life with a simple sentence that begins with "If".*

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," 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."

## Act III.5

### SILVIUS

*Silvius is pursuing Phoebe, who keeps rejecting him. He is laying out his country heart.*

Sweet Phoebe, do not scorn me; do not Phoebe;  
say that you love me not, but say not so  
in bitterness. The common executioner,  
whose heart the accustom'd sight of death  
makes hard, falls not the axe upon the  
humbled neck  
but first begs pardon: will you sterner be  
than he that dies and lives by bloody drops?

## Act III.5

### PHOEBE

*Phoebe is reluctant and not having any of Silvius*

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!

## Act III.2

### Celia & Rosalind

*Celia is blown away that it is Orlando that loves Rosalind, and Rosalind is trying to get the "T" from Celia; exciting and playful!*

**CELIA:** Is it possible?

**ROSALIND:** Nay, I prithee now, with most petitionary vehemence, tell me who it is.

**CELIA:** O wonderful, wonderful, and most wonderful and yet again wonderful, and after that out of all measure!

**ROSALIND:** I prithee, tell me who is it quickly, and speak apace... pour this concealed man out of thy mouth as wine comes out of a narrow-mouthed bottle. I prithee take the cork out of thy mouth, that I may drink thy tidings.

**CELIA:** So you may put a man in your belly.... It is young Orlando, that tripped up the wrestler's heels and your heart both in an instant.

**ROSALIND:** Nay, but the devil take mocking! Speak true, maid.

**CELIA:** I' faith, coz, 'tis he.

**ROSALIND:** Orlando?

**CELIA:** Orlando.