



The Alchemist Audition Sides and Monologues

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Side 1. Face, Subtle, and Dol Common

Enter Face and Subtle quarrelling, followed by Dol Common.

Face

Believe 't, I will.

Subtle

Thy worst. I fart at thee.

Dol

Have you your wits? why, gentlemen! for love—

Face

Sirrah, I'll strip you—

Subtle

What to do? lick figs

Out at my—

Face

Rogue, rogue!—out of all your sleights.

Dol

Nay, look ye, sovereign, general, are you madmen?

Subtle

O, let the wild sheep loose. I'll gum your silks

With good strong water,

Dol

Will you have

The neighbours hear you? will you betray all?

Hark! I hear somebody.

Face

Sirrah—

Subtle

I shall mar

All that the tailor has made, if you approach.

Face

You most notorious whelp, you insolent slave,

Dare you do this?

Subtle

Yes, faith; yes, faith.

Face

Why-

Subtle

I'll tell you,

Since you know not yourself.

Face

Speak lower, rogue.

Subtle

Yes, you were once (time's not long past) the good,
 Honest, plain, livery-three-pound-thrum, that kept
 Your master's worship's house here in the Friars,
 For the vacations—

Face

Will you be so loud?

Subtle

Since, by my means, translated suburb-captain.

Face

By your means, doctor dog!

Subtle.

Within man's memory,
 All this I speak of.

Face

Do but collect, sir, where I met you first.

Subtle

I do not hear well.

Face

at Pie-corner,
 Taking your meal of steam in, from cooks' stalls,
 Where, like the father of hunger, you did walk
 with your pinch'd-horn-nose,
 Stuck full of black and melancholic worms;

Subtle

I wish you could advance your voice a little.

Face

When you went pinn'd up in the several rags
 You had raked and pick'd from dunghills, before day;
 Your feet in mouldy slippers, and a thin threaden cloke,
 That scarce would cover your no buttocks—

Subtle

So, sir!

Face

When all your alchemy,
 Your conjuring, and your dozen of trades,
 Would make you tinder, but to see a fire;
 I gave you countenance,
 Built you a furnace, drew you customers,
 Advanced all your black arts; lent you, beside,
 A house to practise in—

Subtle

Your master's house!

Face

Where you have studied the more thriving skill
 Of bawdry since.

Subtle

Yes, in your master's house.
 You and the rats here kept possession.
 Sell the dole beer to aqua-vitae men,
 Made you a pretty stock, some twenty marks,
 And gave you credit to converse with cobwebs,
 Here, since your mistress' death hath broke up house.

Face

You might talk softer, rascal.

Sub

No, you scarab,
 I'll thunder you in pieces: I will teach you
 a Fury again,-

Face

The place has made you valiant.

Subtle

No[.] have I ta'en thee out of dung,
 So poor, so wretched, when no living thing
 Would keep thee company, but a spider, or worse?
 Rais'd thee from brooms, and dust, and fix'd thee[.]
 Giv'n thee thy oaths, thy quarrelling dimensions,
 Thy rules to cheat at horse-race, cock-pit, cards,
 Dice, or whatever gallant tincture else?
 Made thee a second in mine own great art?
 And have I this for thanks! Do you rebel,
 Do you fly out in the projection?
 Would you be gone now?

Dol

Gentlemen, what mean you?

Will you mar all?

Subtle

Slave, thou hadst had no name—

Dol

Will you undo yourselves with civil war?

Do you know who hears you, sovereign?

Face

Sirrah—

Dol

Nay, general, I thought you were civil.

Face

I shall turn desperate, if you grow thus loud.

Subtle

And hang thyself, I care not.

Face.

Hang thee, collier;

Dol

O, this will o'erthrow all.

Face

Write thee up bawd

Erecting figures in your rows of houses;

Dol

Have you your senses, masters?

Face.

I will have

A book, but barely reckoning thy impostures-

Subtle

Away, you trencher-rascal!

Face

Out, you dog-leech!

The vomit of all prisons—

Dol

Will you be

Your own destructions, gentlemen?

Face

Still spew'd out

For lying too heavy on the basket.

Subtle

Cheater!

Face

Bawd!

Subtle

Cow-herd!

Face

Conjurer!

Subtle

Cut-purse!

Face

Witch!

Do!

O me!

Side 2. Face, Subtle, Kastril, Dame Pliant, Subtle, Surly

Enter Face, Kastril, and Dame Pliant

Face

Come, lady: I knew the Doctor would not leave,
Till he had found the very nick of her fortune.

Kastril

To be a countess, say you, a Spanish countess, sir?

Dame Pliant

Why, is that better than an English countess?

Face

Better! 'Slight, make you that a question, lady?

Kastril

Nay, she is a fool, captain, you must pardon her.

Face

Ask from your courtier, to your inns-of-court-man,
To your mere milliner; they will tell you all,
Your Spanish gennet is the best horse; your Spanish
Stoup is the best garb; your Spanish beard
Is the best cut; your Spanish ruffs are the best
Wear; your Spanish pavin the best dance;
Your Spanish titillation in a glove
The best perfume: and for your Spanish pike,
And Spanish blade, let your poor captain speak—
Here comes the doctor.

[ENTER SUBTLE, WITH A PAPER.]

Subtle.

My most honour'd lady,
 For so I am now to style you, having found
 By this my scheme, you are to undergo
 An honourable fortune, very shortly.
 What will you say now, if some—

Face

I have told her all, sir,
 And her right worshipful brother here, that she shall be
 A countess; do not delay them, sir; a Spanish countess.

Subtle

Still, my scarce-worshipful captain, you can keep
 No secret! Well, since he has told you, madam,
 Do you forgive him, and I do.

Kastril

She shall do that, sir;
 I'll look to it, 'tis my charge.

Subtle

Well then: nought rests
 But that she fit her love now to her fortune.

Dame Pliant

Truly I shall never brook a Spaniard.

Subtle

No!

Dame Pliant

Never since eighty-eight could I abide them,
And that was some three year afore I was born, in truth.

Subtle

Come, you must love him, or be miserable,
Choose which you will.

Face

By this good rush, persuade her,
She will cry strawberries else within this twelvemonth.

Subtle

Nay, shads and mackerel, which is worse.

Face

Indeed, sir!

Kastril

Od's lid, you shall love him, or I'll kick you.

Dame Pliant

Why, I'll do as you will have me, brother.

Kastril

Do, Or by this hand I'll maul you.

Face

Nay, good sir,
Be not so fierce.

Subtle

No, my enraged child;
She will be ruled. What, when she comes to taste
The pleasures of a countess! to be courted—

Face

And kiss'd, and ruffled!

Subtle

Ay, behind the hangings.

Face

And then come forth in pomp!

Subtle

And know her state!

Face

Of keeping all the idolaters of the chamber
Barer to her, than at their prayers!

Subtle

Is serv'd
Upon the knee!

Face

And has her pages, ushers,
Footmen, and coaches—

Subtle

To hurry her through London,

Face

Yes, and have

The citizens gape at her, and praise her tines,

Kastril.

Most brave! By this hand, you are not my suster,

If you refuse.

Dame Pliant

I will not refuse, brother.

[ENTER SURLY.]

Surly

Que es esto, senores, que no venga?

Esta tardanza me mata!

Face

It is the count come:

The doctor knew he would be here, by his art.

Subtle

En gallanta madama, Don! gallantissima!

Surly

Por todos los dioses, la mas acabada hermosura, que he visto
en mi vida!

Face

Is't not a gallant language that they speak?

Kastril

An admirable language! Is't not French?

Face.

No, Spanish, sir.

Side 3. Face, Dapper, Subtle**Face**

Come on, master Dapper,
You see how I turn clients here away,
To give your cause dispatch; have you perform'd
The ceremonies were enjoin'd you?

Dapper.

Yes, of the vinegar,
And the clean shirt.

Face

'Tis well: that shirt may do you
More worship than you think. Your aunt's a-fire,
But that she will not shew it, t' have a sight of you.
Have you provided for her grace's servants?

Dapper.

Yes, here are six score Edward shillings.

Face.

Good!

Dap

And an old Harry's sovereign.

Face

Very good!

Dapper

And three James shillings, and an Elizabeth groat,
Just twenty nobles.

Face

O, you are too just.
I would you had had the other noble in Maries.

Dapper

I have some Philip and Maries.

Face

Ay, those same
Are best of all: where are they? Hark, the doctor.

*[ENTER SUBTLE, DISGUISED LIKE A PRIEST OF FAIRY,
WITH A STRIPE OF CLOTH.]*

Subtle [IN A FEIGNED VOICE].

Is yet her grace's cousin come?

Face

He is come.

Subtle

And is he fasting?

Face

Yes.

Subtle

And hath cried hum?

Face

Thrice, you must answer.

Dapper

Thrice.

Subtle

And as oft buz?

Face

If you have, say.

Dapper

I have.

Subtle

Then, to her cuz,
 Hoping that he hath vinegar'd his senses,
 As he was bid, the Fairy queen dispenses,
 By me, this robe, the petticoat of fortune;
 Which that he straight put on, she doth importune.
 And though to fortune near be her petticoat,
 Yet nearer is her smock, the queen doth note:
 And therefore, ev'n of that a piece she hath sent
 Which, being a child, to wrap him in was rent;
 And prays him for a scarf he now will wear it,
 With as much love as then her grace did tear it,
 About his eyes,

[THEY BLIND HIM WITH THE RAG,]

to shew he is fortunate.

And, trusting unto her to make his state,

He'll throw away all worldly pelf about him;
Which that he will perform, she doth not doubt him.

Face

She need not doubt him, sir. Alas, he has nothing,
But what he will part withal as willingly,
Upon her grace's word—throw away your purse—
As she would ask it;—handkerchiefs and all—

[HE THROWS AWAY, AS THEY BID HIM.]

She cannot bid that thing, but he'll obey.—
If you have a ring about you, cast it off,
Or a silver seal at your wrist; her grace will send
Her fairies here to search you, therefore deal
Directly with her highness: if they find
That you conceal a mite, you are undone.

Dapper

Truly, there's all.

Face

All what?

Dapper

My money; truly.

Face

Keep nothing that is transitory about you.

[ASIDE TO SUBTLE.]

Bid Dol play music.—

[DOL PLAYS ON THE CITTERN WITHIN.]

Look, the elves are come.

To pinch you, if you tell not truth. Advise you.

[THEY PINCH HIM.]

Dapper

O! I have a paper with a spur-ryal in't.

Face

Ti, ti.

They knew't, they say.

Subtle

Ti, ti, ti, ti. He has more yet.

Face.

Ti, ti-ti-ti.

[ASIDE TO SUB.]

In the other pocket.

Subtle. Titi, titi, titi, titi, titi.

They must pinch him or he will never confess, they say.

[THEY PINCH HIM AGAIN.]

Dapper O, O!

Side 4. Drugger, Subtle, and Face

Drugger. This, an't please your worship;
 I am a young beginner, and am building
 Of a new shop, an't like your worship, just
 At corner of a street:—Here is the plot on't—
 And I would know by art, sir, of your worship,
 Which way I should make my door, by necromancy,
 And where my shelves; and which should be for boxes,
 And which for pots. I would be glad to thrive, sir:
 And I was wish'd to your worship by a gentleman,
 One captain Face, that says you know men's planets,
 And their good angels, and their bad.

Subtle.

I do,
 If I do see them—

[RE-ENTER FACE.]

Face

What! my honest Abel?
 Though art well met here.

Drugger

Troth, sir, I was speaking,
 Just as your worship came here, of your worship:
 I pray you speak for me to master doctor.

Face

He shall do any thing.—Doctor, do you hear?
 This is my friend, Abel, an honest fellow;
 He lets me have good tobacco, and he does not
 Sophisticate it with sack-lees or oil,

Nor buries it in gravel, under ground,
 Wrapp'd up in greasy leather, or piss'd clouts:
 But keeps it in fine lily pots, that, open'd,
 Smell like conserve of roses, or French beans.
 A neat, spruce, honest fellow, and no goldsmith.

Subtle

He is a fortunate fellow, that I am sure on.

Face

Already, sir, have you found it? Lo thee, Abel!

Subtle

And in right way toward riches—

Face

Sir!

Subtle

This summer
 He will be of the clothing of his company,
 And next spring call'd to the scarlet; spend what he can.

Face

What, and so little beard?

Subtle

Sir, you must think,
 He may have a receipt to make hair come:
 But he'll be wise, preserve his youth, and fine for't;
 His fortune looks for him another way.

Face

'Slid, doctor, how canst thou know this so soon?

I am amused at that!

Subtle

By a rule, captain,

In metoposcopy, which I do work by;

A certain star in the forehead, which you see not.

Your chestnut or your olive-colour'd face

Does never fail: and your long ear doth promise.

I knew't by certain spots, too, in his teeth,

And on the nail of his mercurial finger.

Face

Which finger's that?

Subtle

His little finger. Look.

You were born upon a Wednesday?

Drugger

Yes, indeed, sir.

Side 5. Tribulation Wholesome and Ananias

Enter Tribulation Wholesome and Ananias

Tribulation

These chastisements are common to the saints,
And such rebukes, we of the separation
Must bear with willing shoulders, as the trials
Sent forth to tempt our frailties.

Ananias

In pure zeal,
I do not like the man; he is a heathen,
And speaks the language of Canaan, truly.

Tribulation

I think him a profane person indeed.

Ananias

He bears
The visible mark of the beast in his forehead.
And for his stone, it is a work of darkness,
And with philosophy blinds the eyes of man.

Tribulation

Good brother, we must bend unto all means,
That may give furtherance to the holy cause.

Ananias

Which his cannot: the sanctified cause
Should have a sanctified course.

Tribulation Not always necessary:

The children of perdition are oft-times
 Made instruments even of the greatest works:
 Beside, we should give somewhat to man's nature,
 The place he lives in, still about the fire,
 And fume of metals, that intoxicate
 The brain of man, and make him prone to passion.
 Where have you greater atheists than your cooks?
 Or more profane, or choleric, than your glass-men?
 More antichristian than your bell-founders?
 What makes the devil so devilish, I would ask you,
 Sathan, our common enemy, but his being
 Perpetually about the fire, and boiling
 Brimstone and arsenic? We must give, I say,
 Unto the motives, and the stirrers up
 Of humours in the blood. It may be so,
 When as the work is done, the stone is made,
 This heat of his may turn into a zeal,
 And stand up for the beauteous discipline,
 Against the menstruous cloth and rag of Rome.
 We must await his calling, and the coming
 Of the good spirit. You did fault, t' upbraid him
 With the brethren's blessing of Heidelberg, weighing
 What need we have to hasten on the work,
 For the restoring of the silenced saints,
 Which ne'er will be, but by the philosopher's stone.
~~And so a learned elder, one of Scotland,~~
~~Assured me; *aurum potabile* being~~
~~The only med'cine, for the civil magistrate,~~
~~T' incline him to a feeling of the cause;~~
~~And must be daily used in the disease.~~

Ananias.

I have not edified more, truly, by man;
Not since the beautiful light first shone on me:
And I am sad my zeal hath so offended.

Tribulation

Let us call on him then.

Ananias

The motion's good,
And of the spirit; I will knock first.

[KNOCKS.]

Peace be within!

Monologue: Argument

T he sickness hot, a master quit, for fear,
H is house in town, and left one servant there;
E ase him corrupted, and gave means to know

A Cheater, and his punk; who now brought low,
L eaving their narrow practice, were become
C ozeners at large; and only wanting some
H ouse to set up, with him they here contract,
E ach for a share, and all begin to act.
M uch company they draw, and much abuse,
I n casting figures, telling fortunes, news,
S elling of flies, flat bawdry with the stone,
T ill it, and they, and all in fume are gone.

Monologue: Dol Common

[SNATCHES FACE'S SWORD]. You'll bring your head within
a cockscomb, will you?

'Sdeath, you abominable pair of stinkards,
Leave off your barking, and grow one again,
Or, by the light that shines, I'll cut your throats.

I'll not be made a prey unto the marshal,
For ne'er a snarling dog-bolt of you both.
Have you together cozen'd all this while,
And all the world, and shall it now be said,
You've made most courteous shift to cozen yourselves?

[TO FACE.]

You will accuse him! you will "bring him in
Within the statute!" Who shall take your word?
A whoreson, upstart, apocryphal captain,
Whom not a Puritan in Blackfriars will trust
So much as for a feather:

[TO SUBTLE.]

and you, too,
Will give the cause, forsooth! you will insult,
And claim a primacy in the divisions!
You must be chief! as if you only had
The powder to project with, and the work
Were not begun out of equality?
The venture tripartite? all things in common?
Without priority? 'Sdeath! you perpetual curs,
Fall to your couples again, and cozen kindly,
And heartily, and lovingly, as you should,
And lose not the beginning of a term,
Or, by this hand, I shall grow factious too,
And take my part, and quit you.

Monologue: Subtle

This qualifies most!

Why, thus it should be, now you understand.

Have I discours'd so unto you of our stone,
And of the good that it shall bring your cause?

Shew'd you (beside the main of hiring forces
Abroad, drawing the Hollanders, your friends,
From the Indies, to serve you, with all their fleet)

That even the med'cinal use shall make you a faction,
And party in the realm? As, put the case,

That some great man in state, he have the gout,
Why, you but send three drops of your elixir,
You help him straight: there you have made a friend.

Another has the palsy or the dropsy,
He takes of your incombustible stuff,
He's young again: there you have made a friend,
A lady that is past the feat of body,

Though not of mind, and hath her face decay'd
Beyond all cure of paintings, you restore,
With the oil of talc: there you have made a friend;

And all her friends. A lord that is a leper,
A knight that has the bone-ache, or a squire
That hath both these, you make them smooth and sound,
With a bare fricace of your med'cine: still
You increase your friends.

Monologue: Sir Epicure Mammon

For I do mean
 To have a list of wives and concubines,
 Equal with Solomon, who had the stone
 Alike with me; and I will make me a back
 With the elixir, that shall be as tough
 As Hercules, to encounter fifty a night.—
 Thou'rt sure thou saw'st it blood?

Face Both blood and spirit, sir.

I will have all my beds blown up, not stuff;
 Down is too hard: and then, mine oval room
 Fill'd with such pictures as Tiberius took
 From Elephantis, and dull Aretine
 But coldly imitated. Then, my glasses
 Cut in more subtle angles, to disperse
 And multiply the figures, as I walk
 Naked between my succubae. My mists
 I'll have of perfume, vapour'd 'bout the room,
 To lose ourselves in; and my baths, like pits
 To fall into; from whence we will come forth,
 And roll us dry in gossamer and roses.—
 Is it arrived at ruby?—Where I spy
 A wealthy citizen, or [a] rich lawyer,
 Have a sublimed pure wife, unto that fellow
 I'll send a thousand pound to be my cuckold.

Monologue: Pertinax Surly

Lady, you see into what hands you are fall'n;
'Mongst what a nest of villains! and how near
Your honour was t' have catch'd a certain clap,
Through your credulity, had I but been
So punctually forward, as place, time,
And other circumstances would have made a man;
For you're a handsome woman: would you were wise too!
I am a gentleman come here disguised,
Only to find the knaveries of this citadel;
And where I might have wrong'd your honour, and have not,
I claim some interest in your love. You are,
They say, a widow, rich: and I'm a batchelor,
Worth nought: your fortunes may make me a man,
As mine have preserv'd you a woman. Think upon it,
And whether I have deserv'd you or no.

Monologue: Face I

As with the few that had entrench'd themselves
Safe, by their discipline, against a world, Dol,
And laugh'd within those trenches, and grew fat
With thinking on the booties, Dol, brought in
Daily by their small parties. This dear hour,
A doughty don is taken with my Dol;
And thou mayst make his ransom what thou wilt,
My Dousabel; he shall be brought here fetter'd
With thy fair looks, before he sees thee; and thrown
In a down-bed, as dark as any dungeon;
Where thou shalt keep him waking with thy drum;
Thy drum, my Dol, thy drum; till he be tame
As the poor black-birds were in the great frost,
Or bees are with a bason; and so hive him
In the swan-skin coverlid, and cambric sheets,
Till he work honey and wax, my little God's-gift.

Monologue: Face II

Ay, sir,

And gallants yet. Here's a young gentleman

Is born to nothing,—

~~[POINTS TO DAPPER.]~~

forty marks a year,

Which I count nothing:—he is to be initiated,

And have a fly of the doctor. He will win you,

By irresistible luck, within this fortnight,

Enough to buy a barony. They will set him

Upmost, at the groom porter's, all the Christmas:

And for the whole year through, at every place,

Where there is play, present him with the chair;

The best attendance, the best drink; sometimes

Two glasses of Canary, and pay nothing;

The purest linen, and the sharpest knife,

The partridge next his trencher: and somewhere

The dainty bed, in private, with the dainty.

You shall have your ordinaries bid for him,

As play-houses for a poet; and the master

Pray him aloud to name what dish he affects,

Which must be butter'd shrimps: and those that drink

To no mouth else, will drink to his, as being

The goodly president mouth of all the board.