

The Country Wife – Audition Pieces

Sir Jasper, Squeamish and Old Lady Squeamish

Squeamish: Where's this woman-hater, this toad, this ugly, greasy, dirty sloven?

Sir Jasper: (*aside*) So the women all will have him ugly. Methinks he is a comely person, but his wants make his form contemptible to 'em; and 'tis e'en as my wife said yesterday, talking of him, that a proper handsome eunuch was as ridiculous a thing as a gigantic coward.

Squeamish: Sir Jasper, your servant. Where is the odious Beast?

Sir Jasper: He's within in his chamber, with my wife; she's playing the wag with him.

Squeamish: Is she so? He's a clownish beast, he'll give her no quarter, he'll play the wag with her again, let me tell you. Come, let's go help her---What, the door's locked?

Sir Jasper: Ay, my Wife locked it -

Squeamish: Did she so, let us break it open then.

Sir Jasper: No, no, he'll do her no hurt.

Squeamish: No---(*Aside.*) But is there no other way to get into them? Whither goes this? I will disturb them.

(*Exit Squeamish at another door*)

(*Enter Old Lady Squeamish*)

Old L. Squeamish: Where is this harlotry, this impudent baggage, this rambling tomrig? O Sir Jasper, I'm glad to see you here; did you not see my viled grandchild come in hither just now?

Sir Jasper: Yes.

Old L. Squeamish: Ay, but where is she then? Where is she? Lord, Sir Jasper I have rattled myself to pieces in pursuit of her. But can you tell what she makes here? They say below no woman lodges here.

Sir Jasper: No.

Old Lady Squeamish: No! What does she here then? Say, if it be not a waoman's lodging, what makes she here? But are you sure no woman lodges here?

Sir Jasper: No, nor no man neither. This is Mr. Horner's lodging.

Old L. Squeamish: Is it so are you sure?

Sir Jasper: Yes, yes.

Old L. Squeamish: So then there's no hurt in it, I hope. But where is he?

Sir Jasper: He's in the next room with my Wife.

Old L. Squeamish: Nay if you trust him with your wife, I may with my Biddy. They say he's a merry harmless man now.