Audition Monologues (Please prepare one!) (Genders can be ignored)

Monologue #1:

**BEATRICE:**

Is he not approved in the height a villain, that

hath slandered, scorned, dishonoured my kinswoman? O

that I were a man! What, bear her in hand until they

come to take hands; and then, with public

accusation, uncovered slander, unmitigated rancour,

--O God, that I were a man! I would eat his heart

in the market-place.

Talk with a man out a window! A proper saying!

Sweet Hero! She is wronged, she is slandered, she is undone.

Princes and counties! Surely, a princely testimony,

a goodly count, Count Comfect; a sweet gallant,

surely! O that I were a man for his sake! or that I

had any friend would be a man for my sake! But

manhood is melted into courtesies, valour into

compliment, and men are only turned into tongue, and

trim ones too: he is now as valiant as Hercules

that only tells a lie and swears it. I cannot be a

man with wishing, therefore I will die a woman with grieving

Monologue #2:

**CLAUDIO:**

Sweet prince, you learn me noble thankfulness.

There, Leonato, take her back again:

Give not this rotten orange to your friend;

She's but the sign and semblance of her honour.

Behold how like a maid she blushes here!

O, what authority and show of truth

Can cunning sin cover itself withal!

Comes not that blood as modest evidence

To witness simple virtue? Would you not swear,

All you that see her, that she were a maid,

By these exterior shows? But she is none:

She knows the heat of a luxurious bed;

Her blush is guiltiness, not modesty.

Monologue #3:

**BENEDICK**

[Coming forward] This can be no trick-They have the truth of

this from Hero. They seem to pity the lady: it

seems her affections have their full bent. Love me!

why, it must be requited. I hear how I am censured:

they say I will bear myself proudly, if I perceive

the love come from her; they say too that she will

rather die than give any sign of affection. I did

never think to marry: I must not seem proud:

They say the lady is fair; 'tis a

truth, I can bear them witness; and virtuous; 'tis

so, I cannot reprove it; and wise, but for loving

me; by my troth, it is no addition to her wit, nor

no great argument of her folly, for I will be

horribly in love with her. I may chance have some

odd quirks and remnants of wit broken on me,

because I have railed so long against marriage: but

doth not the appetite alter? A man loves the meat

in his youth that he cannot endure in his age.

Shall quips and sentences and these paper bullets of

the brain awe a man from the career of his humour?

No, the world must be peopled. When I said I would

die a bachelor, I did not think I should live till I

were married. Here comes Beatrice. By this day!

she's a fair lady: I do spy some marks of love in

her.

Monologue #4:

**BENEDICK**

I do much wonder that one man, seeing how much

another man is a fool when he dedicates his

behaviors to love, will, after he hath laughed at

such shallow follies in others, become the argument

of his own scorn by failing in love: and such a man

is Claudio. I have known when there was no music

with him but the drum and the fife; and now had he

rather hear the tabour and the pipeyh2w; his

words are a very fantastical banquet, just so many

strange dishes. May I be so converted and see with

these eyes? I cannot tell; I think not: One woman

is fair, yet I am well; another is wise, yet I am

well; another virtuous, yet I am well; but till all

graces be in one woman, one woman shall not come in

my grace. Rich she shall be, that's certain; wise,

or I'll none; virtuous, or I'll never cheapen her;

fair, or I'll never look on her; mild, or come not

near me; noble, or not I for an angel; of good

discourse, an excellent musician, and her hair shall

be… of what colour it please God.

Monologue #4:

**BORACHIO**

Sweet prince, let me go no farther to mine answer:

do you hear me, and let this count kill me. I have

deceived even your very eyes: what your wisdoms

could not discover, these shallow fools have brought

to light: who in the night overheard me confessing

to this man how Don John your brother incensed me

to slander the Lady Hero, how you were brought into

the orchard and saw me court Margaret in Hero's

garments, how you disgraced her, when you should

marry her: my villany they have upon record; which

I had rather seal with my death than repeat over

to my shame. The lady is dead upin mine and my

Master’s false accusation; and, briefly, I desire

nothing but the reward of a villain

Monologue #5:

**LEONATO**

I pray thee, cease thy counsel,

Which falls into mine ears as profitless

As water in a sieve: give not me counsel;

Nor let no comforter delight mine ear

But such a one whose wrongs do suit with mine.

But there is no such man: for, brother, men

Can counsel and speak comfort to that grief

Which they themselves not feel; but, tasting it,

Their counsel turns to passion, which before

Would give preceptial medicine to rage,

No, no; 'tis all men's office to speak patience

To those that wring under the load of sorrow,

But no man's virtue nor sufficiency

To be so moral when he shall endure

The like himself. Therefore give me no counsel:

My griefs cry louder than advertisement.

Monologue #6:

**BEATRICE**

[Coming forward]

What fire is in mine ears? Can this be true?

Stand I condemn'd for pride and scorn so much?

Contempt, farewell! and maiden pride, adieu!

No glory lives behind the back of such.

And, Benedick, love on; I will requite thee,

Taming my wild heart to thy loving hand:

If thou dost love, my kindness shall incite thee

To bind our loves up in a holy band;

For others say thou dost deserve, and I

Believe it better than reportingly.

*Exit*