

## **PROTEUS AUDITION MONOLOGUE 1**

Thus have I shunn'd the fire for fear of burning,  
And drench'd me in the sea, where I am drown'd.  
I fear'd to show my father Julia's letter,  
Lest he should take exceptions to my love;  
And with the vantage of mine own excuse  
Hath he excepted most against my love.  
O, how this spring of love resembleth  
The uncertain glory of an April day,  
Which now shows all the beauty of the sun,  
And by and by a cloud takes all away!

## **PROTEUS AUDITION MONOLOGUE 2**

Here is my hand for my true constancy;  
And when that hour o'erslips me in the day  
Wherein I sigh not, Julia, for thy sake,  
The next ensuing hour some foul mischance  
Torment me for my love's forgetfulness!  
My father stays my coming; answer not;  
The tide is now: nay, not thy tide of tears;  
That tide will stay me longer than I should.  
Julia, farewell!

### PROTEUS AUDITION MONOLOGUE 3

Even as one heat another heat expels,  
Or as one nail by strength drives out another,  
So the remembrance of my former love  
Is by a newer object quite forgotten.  
Is it mine, or Valentine's praise,  
Her true perfection, or my false transgression,  
That makes me reasonless to reason thus?  
She is fair; and so is Julia that I love--  
That I did love, for now my love is thaw'd;  
Which, like a waxen image, 'gainst a fire,  
Bears no impression of the thing it was.  
Methinks my zeal to Valentine is cold,  
And that I love him not as I was wont.  
O, but I love his lady too too much,  
And that's the reason I love him so little.  
How shall I dote on her with more advice,  
That thus without advice begin to love her!  
'Tis but her picture I have yet beheld,  
And that hath dazzled my reason's light;  
But when I look on her perfections,  
There is no reason but I shall be blind.  
If I can check my erring love, I will;  
If not, to compass her I'll use my skill.

## JULIA AUDITION MONOLOGUE 1

Nay, would I were so anger'd with the same!  
O hateful hands, to tear such loving words!  
Injurious wasps, to feed on such sweet honey  
And kill the bees that yield it with your stings!  
I'll kiss each several paper for amends.  
Look, here is writ 'kind Julia.' Unkind Julia!  
As in revenge of thy ingratitude,  
I throw thy name against the bruising stones,  
Trampling contemptuously on thy disdain.  
And here is writ 'love-wounded Proteus.'  
Poor wounded name! my bosom as a bed  
Shall lodge thee till thy wound be thoroughly heal'd;  
And thus I search it with a sovereign kiss.  
But twice or thrice was 'Proteus' written down.  
Be calm, good wind, blow not a word away  
Till I have found each letter in the letter,  
Except mine own name: that some whirlwind bear  
Unto a ragged fearful-hanging rock  
And throw it thence into the raging sea!  
Lo, here in one line is his name twice writ,  
'Poor forlorn Proteus, passionate Proteus,  
To the sweet Julia:' that I'll tear away.  
And yet I will not, sith so prettily  
He couples it to his complaining names.  
Thus will I fold them one on another:  
Now kiss, embrace, contend, do what you will.

## JULIA AUDITION MONOLOGUE 2

The more thou damm'st it up, the more it burns.  
The current that with gentle murmur glides,  
Thou know'st, being stopp'd, impatiently doth rage;  
But when his fair course is not hindered,  
He makes sweet music with the enamell'ed stones,  
Giving a gentle kiss to every sedge  
He overtaketh in his pilgrimage,  
And so by many winding nooks he strays  
With willing sport to the wild ocean.  
Then let me go and hinder not my course  
I'll be as patient as a gentle stream  
And make a pastime of each weary step,  
Till the last step have brought me to my love;  
And there I'll rest, as after much turmoil  
A blessed soul doth in Elysium.

### JULIA AUDITION MONOLOGUE 3

How many women would do such a message?

Alas, poor Proteus! thou hast entertain'd

A fox to be the shepherd of thy lambs.

Alas, poor fool! why do I pity him

That with his very heart despiseth me?

Because he loves her, he despiseth me;

Because I love him I must pity him.

This ring I gave him when he parted from me,

To bind him to remember my good will;

And now am I, unhappy messenger,

To plead for that which I would not obtain,

To carry that which I would have refused,

To praise his faith which I would have dispraised.

I am my master's true-confirmed love;

But cannot be true servant to my master,

Unless I prove false traitor to myself.

Yet will I woo for him, but yet so coldly

As, heaven it knows, I would not have him speed.

## VALENTINE AUDITION MONOLOGUE 1

Not for the world: why, man, she is mine own,  
And I as rich in having such a jewel  
As twenty seas, if all their sand were pearl,  
The water nectar and the rocks pure gold.  
Forgive me that I do not dream on thee,  
Because thou see'st me dote upon my love.  
My foolish rival, that her father likes  
Only for his possessions are so huge,  
Is gone with her along, and I must after,  
For love, thou know'st, is full of jealousy.

## VALENTINE AUDITION MONOLOGUE 2

Ay, Proteus, but that life is alter'd now:  
I have done penance for contemning Love,  
Whose high imperious thoughts have punish'd me  
With bitter fasts, with penitential groans,  
With nightly tears and daily heart-sore sighs;  
For in revenge of my contempt of love,  
Love hath chased sleep from my enthralled eyes  
And made them watchers of mine own heart's sorrow.  
O gentle Proteus, Love's a mighty lord,  
And hath so humbled me, as, I confess,  
There is no woe to his correction,  
Nor to his service no such joy on earth.  
Now no discourse, except it be of love;  
Now can I break my fast, dine, sup and sleep,  
Upon the very naked name of love.



### VALENTINE AUDITION MONOLOGUE 3

And why not death rather than living torment?

To die is to be banish'd from myself;

And Silvia is myself: banish'd from her

Is self from self: a deadly banishment!

What light is light, if Silvia be not seen?

What joy is joy, if Silvia be not by?

Unless it be to think that she is by

And feed upon the shadow of perfection

Except I be by Silvia in the night,

There is no music in the nightingale;

Unless I look on Silvia in the day,

There is no day for me to look upon;

She is my essence, and I leave to be,

If I be not by her fair influence

Foster'd, illumined, cherish'd, kept alive.

I fly not death, to fly his deadly doom:

Tarry I here, I but attend on death:

But, fly I hence, I fly away from life.

## DUKE AUDITION MONOLOGUE 1

Proteus, I thank thee for thine honest care;  
Which to requite, command me while I live.  
This love of theirs myself have often seen,  
Haply when they have judged me fast asleep,  
And oftentimes have purposed to forbid  
Sir Valentine her company and my court:  
But fearing lest my jealous aim might err  
And so unworthily disgrace the man,  
A rashness that I ever yet have shunn'd,  
I gave him gentle looks, thereby to find  
That which thyself hast now disclosed to me.  
And, that thou mayst perceive my fear of this,  
Knowing that tender youth is soon suggested,  
I nightly lodge her in an upper tower,  
The key whereof myself have ever kept;  
And thence she cannot be convey'd away.

## **DUKE AUDITION MONOLOGUE 2**

Now, by the honour of my ancestry,  
I do applaud thy spirit, Valentine,  
And think thee worthy of an empress' love:  
Know then, I here forget all former griefs,  
Cancel all grudge, repeal thee home again,  
Plead a new state in thy unrivall'd merit,  
To which I thus subscribe: Sir Valentine,  
Thou art a gentleman and well derived;  
Take thou thy Silvia, for thou hast deserved her.

## **SILVIA AUDITION MONOLOGUE 1**

You have your wish; my will is even this:  
That presently you hie you home to bed.  
Thou subtle, perjured, false, disloyal man!  
Think'st thou I am so shallow, so conceitless,  
To be seduced by thy flattery,  
That hast deceived so many with thy vows?  
Return, return, and make thy love amends.  
For me, by this pale queen of night I swear,  
I am so far from granting thy request  
That I despise thee for thy wrongful suit,  
And by and by intend to chide myself  
Even for this time I spend in talking to thee.

## SILVIA AUDITION MONOLOGUE 2

O Eglamour, thou art a gentleman--  
Think not I flatter, for I swear I do not--  
Valiant, wise, remorseful, well accomplish'd:  
Thou art not ignorant what dear good will  
I bear unto the banish'd Valentine,  
Nor how my father would enforce me marry  
Vain Thurio, whom my very soul abhors.  
Thyself hast loved; and I have heard thee say  
No grief did ever come so near thy heart  
As when thy lady and thy true love died,  
Upon whose grave thou vow'dst pure chastity.  
Sir Eglamour, I would to Valentine,  
To Mantua, where I hear he makes abode;  
And, for the ways are dangerous to pass,  
I do desire thy worthy company,  
Upon whose faith and honour I repose.  
Urge not my father's anger, Eglamour,  
But think upon my grief, a lady's grief,  
And on the justice of my flying hence,  
To keep me from a most unholy match,  
Which heaven and fortune still rewards with plagues.  
I do desire thee, even from a heart  
As full of sorrows as the sea of sands,  
To bear me company and go with me:  
If not, to hide what I have said to thee,  
That I may venture to depart alone.

## LAUNCE AUDITION MONOLOGUE 1

Nay, 'twill be this hour ere I have done weeping; all the kind of the Launces have this very fault. I have received my proportion, like the prodigious son, and am going with Sir Proteus to the Imperial's court. I think Crab, my dog, be the sourest-natured dog that lives: my mother weeping, my father wailing, my sister crying, our maid howling, our cat wringing her hands, and all our house in a great perplexity, yet did not this cruel-hearted cur shed one tear: he is a stone, a very pebble stone, and has no more pity in him than a dog: why, my grandam, having no eyes, look you, wept herself blind at my parting. Nay, I'll show you the manner of it. This shoe is my father: no, this left shoe is my father: no, no, this left shoe is my mother: nay, that cannot be so neither: yes, it is so, it is so, it hath the worser sole. This shoe, with the hole in it, is my mother, and this my father; a vengeance on't! there 'tis: now, sit, this staff is my sister, for, look you, she is as white as a lily and as small as a wand: this hat is Nan, our maid: I am the dog: no, the dog is himself, and I am the dog--Oh! the dog is me, and I am myself; ay, so, so. Now come I to my father; Father, your blessing: now should not the shoe speak a word for weeping: now should I kiss my father; well, he weeps on. Now come I to my mother: O, that she could speak now like a wood woman! Well, I kiss her; why, there 'tis; here's my mother's breath up and down. Now come I to my sister; mark the moan she makes. Now the dog all this while sheds not a tear nor speaks a word; but see how I lay the dust with my tears.

## LAUNCE AUDITION MONOLOGUE 2

When a man's servant shall play the cur with him, look you, it goes hard: one that I brought up of a puppy; one that I saved from drowning, when three or four of his blind brothers and sisters went to it. I have taught him, even as one would say precisely, 'thus I would teach a dog.' I was sent to deliver him as a present to Mistress Silvia from my master; and I came no sooner into the dining-chamber but he steps me to her trencher and steals her capon's leg: O, 'tis a foul thing when a cur cannot keep himself in all companies! I would have, as one should say, one that takes upon him to be a dog indeed, to be, as it were, a dog at all things. If I had not had more wit than he, to take a fault upon me that he did, I think verily he had been hanged for't; sure as I live, he had suffered for't; you shall judge. He thrusts me himself into the company of three or four gentlemanlike dogs under the duke's table: he had not been there--bless the mark!--a pissing while, but all the chamber smelt him. 'Out with the dog!' says one: 'What cur is that?' says another: 'Whip him out' says the third: 'Hang him up' says the duke. I, having been acquainted with the smell before, knew it was Crab, and goes me to the fellow that whips the dogs: 'Friend,' quoth I, 'you mean to whip the dog?' 'Ay, marry, do I,' quoth he. 'You do him the more wrong,' quoth I; 'twas I did the thing you wot of.' He makes me no more ado, but whips me out of the chamber. How many masters would do this for his servant? Nay, I'll be sworn, I have sat in the stocks for puddings he hath stolen, otherwise he had been executed; I have stood on the pillory for geese he hath killed, otherwise he had suffered for't. Thou thinkest not of this now. Nay, I remember the trick you served me when I took my leave of Madam Silvia: did not I bid thee still mark me and do as I do? when didst thou see me heave up my leg and make water against a gentlewoman's farthingale? didst thou ever see me do such a trick?

## PANTHINO AUDITION MONOLOGUE

He wonder'd that your lordship  
Would suffer him to spend his youth at home,  
While other men, of slender reputation,  
Put forth their sons to seek preferment out:  
Some to the wars, to try their fortune there;  
Some to discover islands far away;  
Some to the studious universities.  
For any or for all these exercises,  
He said that Proteus your son was meet,  
And did request me to importune you  
To let him spend his time no more at home,  
Which would be great impeachment to his age,  
In having known no travel in his youth.



## SPEED AUDITION MONOLOGUE

Marry, by these special marks: first, you have learned, like Sir Proteus, to wreath your arms, like a malecontent; to relish a love-song, like a robin-redbreast; to walk alone, like one that had the pestilence; to sigh, like a school-boy that had lost his A B C; to weep, like a young wench that had buried her grandam; to fast, like one that takes diet; to watch like one that fears robbing; to speak puling, like a beggar at Hallowmas. You were wont, when you laughed, to crow like a cock; when you walked, to walk like one of the lions; when you fasted, it was presently after dinner; when you looked sadly, it was for want of money: and now you are metamorphosed with a mistress, that, when I look on you, I can hardly think you my master.