

**MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING**  
AUDITION MONOLOGUES  
WOMEN

**Monologue #1**

**DOGBERRY**

Dost thou not suspect my place? dost thou not suspect my years? O that he were here to write me down an ass! But, masters, remember that I am an ass; though it be not written down, yet forget not that I am an ass. No, thou villain, thou art full of piety, as shall be proved upon thee by good witness. I am a wise fellow, and, which is more, an officer, and, which is more, a householder, and, which is more, as pretty a piece of flesh as any is in Messina, and one that knows the law, go to; and a rich fellow enough, go to; and a fellow that hath had losses, and one that hath two gowns and every thing handsome about him. Bring him away. O that I had been writ down an ass!

## **Monologue #2**

### **MARGARET**

Moral! no, by my troth, I have no moral meaning; I meant, plain holy-thistle. You may think perchance that I think you are in love: nay, by'r lady, I am not such a fool to think what I list, nor I list not to think what I can, nor indeed I cannot think, if I would think my heart out of thinking, that you are in love or that you will be in love or that you can be in love. Yet Benedick was such another, and now is he become a man: he swore he would never marry, and yet now, in despite of his heart, he eats his meat without grudging: and how you may be converted I know not, but methinks you look with your eyes as other women do.

### Monologue #3

#### LEONATA

Wherefore! Why, doth not every earthly thing  
Cry shame upon her? Could she here deny  
The story that is printed in her blood?  
Do not live, Hero; do not ope thine eyes:  
For, did I think thou wouldst not quickly die,  
Thought I thy spirits were stronger than thy shames,  
Myself would, on the rearward of reproaches,  
Strike at thy life. Grieved I, I had but one?  
Chid I for that at frugal nature's frame?  
O, one too much by thee! Why had I one?  
Why ever wast thou lovely in my eyes?  
Why had I not with charitable hand  
Took up a beggar's issue at my gates,  
Who smirch'd thus and mired with infamy,  
I might have said 'No part of it is mine;  
This shame derives itself from unknown loins'?  
But mine and mine I loved and mine I praised  
And mine that I was proud on, mine so much  
That I myself was to myself not mine, (*cont..*)  
Valuing of her,--why, she, O, she is fallen  
Into a pit of ink, that the wide sea  
Hath drops too few to wash her clean again  
And salt too little which may season give  
To her foul-tainted flesh!

## Monologue #4

**\*Please note Leonato's interjections will be read for you in the audition.**

### BEATRICE

What should I do with him? dress him in my apparel  
and make him my waiting-gentlewoman? He that hath a  
beard is more than a youth, and he that hath no  
beard is less than a man: and he that is more than  
a youth is not for me, and he that is less than a  
man, I am not for him: therefore, I will even take  
sixpence in earnest of the bear-ward, and lead his  
apes into hell.

*(LEONATO: Well, then, go you into hell?)*

No, but to the gate; and there will the devil meet  
me, like an old cuckold, with horns on his head, and  
say 'Get you to heaven, Beatrice, get you to  
heaven; here's no place for you maids:' so deliver  
I up my apes, and away to Saint Peter for the  
heavens; he shows me where the bachelors sit, and  
there live we as merry as the day is long.

*(ANTONIO:[To HERO] Well, niece, I trust you will be ruled by your father.)*

Yes, faith; it is my cousin's duty to make curtsy  
and say 'Father, as it please you.' But yet for all  
that, cousin, let him be a handsome fellow, or else  
make another curtsy and say 'Father, as it please  
me.'

*(LEONATO: Well, niece, I hope to see you one day fitted with a husband.)*

Not till God make men of some other metal than  
earth. Would it not grieve a woman to be  
overmastered with a pierce of valiant dust? to make  
an account of her life to a clod of wayward marl?  
No, uncle, I'll none: Adam's sons are my brethren;  
and, truly, I hold it a sin to match in my kindred.