



***Pericles, Prince of Tyre* Audition Material**

Please select a single passage of 10-15 lines from your favorite monologue below. Please come to auditions with your selection *memorized* and otherwise prepared to be performed.

Choose any selection or character that resonates with you.

Gower:

Gower is the narrator, framing the play, and they occasionally instigate "dumb shows," where the action of the play is performed in a pantomime to advance the story. He also delivers the epilogue, pulling together the threads. Gower is also the name of a fourteenth-century English poet, whose story of *Apollonius of Tyre* in the eighth book of his *Confessio Amantis* served as source material for this play.

Monologue 1- Gower

To sing a song that old was sung,
From ashes ancient Gower is come;
Assuming man's infirmities,
To glad your ear, and please your eyes.
It hath been sung at festivals,
On ember-eves and holy-ales;
And lords and ladies in their lives
Have read it for restoratives:
The purchase is to make men glorious;
Et bonum quo antiquius, eo melius.
If you, born in these latter times,
When wit's more ripe, accept my rhymes.
And that to hear an old man sing
May to your wishes pleasure bring

I life would wish, and that I might
Waste it for you, like taper-light.
This Antioch, then, Antiochus the Great
Built up, this city, for his chiefest seat:
The fairest in all Syria,
I tell you what mine authors say:
This king unto him took a fere,
Who died and left a female heir,
So buxom, blithe, and full of face,
As heaven had lent her all his grace;
With whom the father liking took,
And her to incest did provoke:
Bad child; worse father! to entice his own
To evil should be done by none:
But custom what they did begin
Was with long use account no sin.
The beauty of this sinful dame
Made many princes thither frame,
To seek her as a bed-fellow,
In marriage-pleasures play-fellow:
Which to prevent he made a law,
To keep her still, and men in awe,
That whoso ask'd her for his wife,
His riddle told not, lost his life:
So for her many a wight did die,
As yon grim looks do testify.
What now ensues, to the judgment of your eye
I give, my cause who best can justify.

Pericles:

Husband of Thaisa and father of Marina. Pericles begins the play in Antioch, where he desires to marry Antiochus's daughter. After he discovers the king's horrendous secret, he flees to Tyre. Pericles worries about Antiochus trying to have him killed and sets off

on more adventures that result in several shipwrecks. In many ways Pericles is a classical hero figure. Over time he endures greater and greater misfortune; he becomes less and less active, finally ceasing to speak altogether.

Monologue 2- Pericles

Thou speak'st like a physician, Helicanus,
That minister'st a potion unto me
That thou wouldst tremble to receive thyself.
Attend me, then: I went to Antioch,
Where as thou know'st, against the face of death,
I sought the purchase of a glorious beauty.
From whence an issue I might propagate,
Are arms to princes, and bring joys to subjects.
Her face was to mine eye beyond all wonder;
The rest—hark in thine ear—as black as incest:
Which by my knowledge found, the sinful father
Seem'd not to strike, but smooth: but thou know'st this,
'Tis time to fear when tyrants seem to kiss.
Such fear so grew in me, I hither fled,
Under the covering of a careful night,
Who seem'd my good protector; and, being here,
Bethought me what was past, what might succeed.
I knew him tyrannous; and tyrants' fears
Decrease not, but grow faster than the years:
And should he doubt it, as no doubt he doth,
That I should open to the listening air
How many worthy princes' bloods were shed,
To keep his bed of blackness unlaid ope,
To lop that doubt, he'll fill this land with arms,
And make pretence of wrong that I have done him:
When all, for mine, if I may call offence,
Must feel war's blow, who spares not innocence:
Which love to all, of which thyself art one,
Who now reprovest me for it,—

Cleon:

Governor of Tarsus, a city beset by famine. Tarsus is Pericles's first stop, where Cleon assumes that Pericles's ships contain soldiers intent on conquering Tarsus while none can defend it. Pericles instead gives corn to the nation. Cleon later pledges to take care of Pericles' infant child, but his wife, Dionyza, plots to kill the child. Cleon was unaware of the scheme, but when he hears of it, wishes it could be undone.

Monologue 3- Cleon

O Dionyza,

Who wanteth food, and will not say he wants it,
Or can conceal his hunger till he famish?
Our tongues and sorrows do sound deep
Our woes into the air; our eyes do weep,
Till tongues fetch breath that may proclaim them louder;
That, if heaven slumber while their creatures want,
They may awake their helps to comfort them.
I'll then discourse our woes, felt several years,
And wanting breath to speak help me with tears.
This Tarsus, o'er which I have the government,
A city on whom plenty held full hand,
For riches strew'd herself even in the streets;
Whose towers bore heads so high they kiss'd the clouds,
And strangers ne'er beheld but wondered at;
Whose men and dames so jetted and adorn'd,
Like one another's glass to trim them by:
Their tables were stored full, to glad the sight
And not so much to feed on as delight;
All poverty was scorn'd, and pride so great,
The name of help grew odious to repeat.
But see what heaven can do! By this our changes
These mouths, who but of late, earth, sea, and air,
Were all too little to content and please,

Although they gave their creatures in abundance,
As houses are defiled for want of use,
They are now starved for want of exercise:
Those palates who, not yet two summers younger,
Must have inventions to delight the taste,
Would now be glad of bread, and beg for it:
Those mothers who, to nouse up their babes,
Thought nought too curious, are ready now
To eat those little darlings whom they loved.
So sharp are hunger's teeth, that man and wife
Draw lots who first shall die to lengthen life:
Here stands a lord, and there a lady weeping;
Here many sink, yet those which see them fall
Have scarce strength left to give them burial. Is not this true?

Marina:

The daughter of Pericles and Thaisa, Marina was born at sea during a tempest. Pericles leaves her in Tarsus with Cleon and Dionyza because he believes the child won't survive the journey to Tyre. Raised like royalty, Marina is astonished when faced with a murderer hired by Dionyza to kill her. Before she can be killed, though, she is saved by pirates, who turn around and sell her into prostitution in Mytilene. Her virtue prevails, and she convinces every man who wants to buy her that it would be a crime to take her honor. Eventually she is assigned to a more honorable household, and becomes a teacher.

Monologue 4- Marina

Why would she have me kill'd?
Now, as I can remember, by my troth,
I never did her hurt in all my life:
I never spake bad word, nor did ill turn
To any living creature: believe me, la,
I never kill'd a mouse, nor hurt a fly:

I trod upon a worm against my will,
But I wept for it. How have I offended,
Wherein my death might yield her any profit,
Or my life imply her any danger?
You will not do't for all the world, I hope.
You are well favour'd, and your looks foreshow
You have a gentle heart. I saw you lately,
When you caught hurt in parting two that fought:
Good sooth, it show'd well in you: do so now:
Your lady seeks my life; come you between,
And save poor me, the weaker.

Monologue 5- Marina

Neither of these are so bad as thou art,
Since they do better thee in their command.
Thou hold'st a place, for which the pained'st fiend
Of hell would not in reputation change:
Thou art the damned doorkeeper to every
Coistrel that comes inquiring for his Tib;
To the choleric fisting of every rogue
Thy ear is liable; thy food is such
As hath been belch'd on by infected lungs.
Do any thing but this thou doest. Empty
OLD receptacles, or common shores, of filth;
Serve by indenture to the common hangman:
Any of these ways are yet better than this;
For what thou professest, a baboon, could he speak,
Would own a name too dear. O, that the gods
Would safely deliver me from this place!
Here, here's gold for thee.
If that thy master would gain by thee,
Proclaim that I can sing, weave, sew, and dance,
With other virtues, which I'll keep from boast:

And I will undertake all these to teach.
I doubt not but this populous city will
Yield many scholars.

After we have heard everyone's prepared and memorized selection, we will shift into reading scenes based on personal desire and request.

Be prepared to read anywhere from 2-5 times.

You will have the opportunity to choose what you want to read initially, and afterward, the director and assistant director may ask you to read additional scenes as required. These additional scenes will be assigned at their discretion.

Scene 1- First, Second, and Third Fisherman

[Enter three FISHERMEN]

First Fisherman

What, ho, Pilch!

Second Fisherman

Ha, come and bring away the nets!

First Fisherman

What, Patch-breech, I say!

Third Fisherman

What say you, master?

First Fisherman

Look how thou stirrest now! come away, or I'll
fetch thee with a wanion.

Third Fisherman

Faith, master, I am thinking of the poor men that were cast away before us even now.

First Fisherman

Alas, poor souls, it grieved my heart to hear what pitiful cries they made to us to help them, when, well-a-day, we could scarce help ourselves.

Third Fisherman

Nay, master, said not I as much when I saw the porpus how he bounced and tumbled? they say they're half fish, half flesh: a plague on them, they ne'er come but I look to be washed. Master, I marvel how the fishes live in the sea.

First Fisherman

Why, as men do a-land; the great ones eat up the little ones: I can compare our rich misers to nothing so fitly as to a whale; a' plays and tumbles, driving the poor fry before him, and at last devours them all at a mouthful: such whales have I heard on o' the land, who never leave gaping till they've swallowed the whole parish, church, steeple, bells, and all.

Third Fisherman

But, master, if I had been the sexton, I would have been that day in the belfry.

Second Fisherman

Why, man?

Third Fisherman

Because he should have swallowed me too: and when I
had been in his belly, I would have kept such a
jangling of the bells, that he should never have
left, till he cast bells, steeple, church, and
parish up again. But if the good King Simonides
were of my mind,—
We would purge the land of these drones, that rob
the bee of her honey.

Second Fisherman

Honest! good fellow, what's that? If it be a day
fits you, search out of the calendar, and nobody
look after it.

Scene 2- Pericles, Simonides, Thaisa

Pericles

All fortune to the good Simonides.

Simonides

To you as much, sir! I am beholding to you
For your sweet music this last night: I do
Protest my ears were never better fed
With such delightful pleasing harmony.

Pericles

It is your grace's pleasure to commend;
Not my desert.

Simonides

Sir, you are music's master.

Pericles

The worst of all her scholars, my good lord.

Simonides

Let me ask you one thing:

What do you think of my daughter, sir?

Pericles

A most virtuous princess.

Simonides

And she is fair too, is she not?

Pericles

As a fair day in summer, wondrous fair.

Simonides

Sir, my daughter thinks very well of you;

Ay, so well, that you must be her master,

And she will be your scholar: therefore look to it.

Pericles

I am unworthy for her schoolmaster.

Simonides

She thinks not so; peruse this writing else.

Pericles

[Aside]

What's here?

A letter, that she loves the knight of Tyre!

'Tis the king's subtlety to have my life.

O, seek not to entrap me, gracious lord,

A stranger and distressed gentleman,

That never aim'd so high to love your daughter,
But bent all offices to honour her.

Simonides

Thou hast bewitch'd my daughter, and thou art
A villain.

Pericles

By the gods, I have not:
Never did thought of mine levy offence;
Nor never did my actions yet commence
A deed might gain her love or your displeasure.

Simonides

Traitor, thou liest.

Pericles

Traitor!

Simonides

Ay, traitor.

Pericles

Even in his throat—unless it be the king—
That calls me traitor, I return the lie.

Simonides

[Aside]

Now, by the gods, I do applaud his courage.

Pericles

My actions are as noble as my thoughts,
That never relish'd of a base descent.
I came unto your court for honour's cause,

And not to be a rebel to her state;
And he that otherwise accounts of me,
This sword shall prove he's honour's enemy.

Simonides

No?

Here comes my daughter, she can witness it.

[Enter THAISA]

Pericles

Then, as you are as virtuous as fair,
Resolve your angry father, if my tongue
Did ere solicit, or my hand subscribe
To any syllable that made love to you.

Thaisa

Why, sir, say if you had,
Who takes offence at that would make me glad?

Simonides

Yea, mistress, are you so peremptory?

[Aside]

I am glad on't with all my heart.—
I'll tame you; I'll bring you in subjection.
Will you, not having my consent,
Bestow your love and your affections
Upon a stranger?

[Aside]

who, for aught I know,
May be, nor can I think the contrary,
As great in blood as I myself.—
Therefore hear you, mistress; either frame
Your will to mine,—and you, sir, hear you,

Either be ruled by me, or I will make you—
Man and wife:
Nay, come, your hands and lips must seal it too:
And being join'd, I'll thus your hopes destroy;
And for a further grief,—God give you joy!—
What, are you both pleased?

Thaisa

Yes, if you love me, sir.

Pericles

Even as my life, or blood that fosters it.

Simonides

What, are you both agreed?

Both

Yes, if it please your majesty.

Simonides

It pleaseth me so well, that I will see you wed;
And then with what haste you can get you to bed.

Scene 3- Pandar, Boult, Bawd

Pandar

Boult!

Boult

Sir?

Pandar

Search the market narrowly; Mytilene is full of gallants. We lost too much money this mart by being too wenchless.

Bawd

We were never so much out of creatures. We have but poor three, and they can do no more than they can do; and they with continual action are even as good as rotten.

Pandar

Therefore let's have fresh ones, whate'er we pay for them. If there be not a conscience to be used in every trade, we shall never prosper.

Bawd

Thou sayest true: 'tis not our bringing up of poor bastards,—as, I think, I have brought up some eleven—

Boult

Ay, to eleven; and brought them down again. But shall I search the market?

Bawd

What else, man? The stuff we have, a strong wind will blow it to pieces, they are so pitifully sodden.

Pandar

Thou sayest true; they're too unwholesome, o' conscience. The poor Transylvanian is dead, that lay with the little baggage.

Boult

Ay, she quickly pooped him; she made him roast-meat for worms. But I'll go search the market.

[Exit]

Pandar

Three or four thousand chequins were as pretty a proportion to live quietly, and so give over.

Bawd

Why to give over, I pray you? is it a shame to get when we are old?

Pandar

O, our credit comes not in like the commodity, nor the commodity wages not with the danger: therefore, if in our youths we could pick up some pretty estate, 'twere not amiss to keep our door hatched. Besides, the sore terms we stand upon with the gods will be strong with us for giving over.

Bawd

Come, other sorts offend as well as we.

Pandar

As well as we! ay, and better too; we offend worse. Neither is our profession any trade; it's no calling. But here comes Boult.

Scene 4- Pericles, Marina

Pericles

My fortunes—parentage—good parentage—
To equal mine!—was it not thus? what say you?

Marina

I said, my lord, if you did know my parentage,
You would not do me violence.

Pericles

I do think so. Pray you, turn your eyes upon me.
You are like something that—What country-woman?
Here of these shores?

Marina

No, nor of any shores:
Yet I was mortally brought forth, and am
No other than I appear.

Pericles

I am great with woe, and shall deliver weeping.
My dearest wife was like this maid, and such a one
My daughter might have been: my queen's square brows;
Her stature to an inch; as wand-like straight;
As silver-voiced; her eyes as jewel-like
And cased as richly; in pace another Juno;
Who starves the ears she feeds, and makes them hungry,
The more she gives them speech. Where do you live?

Marina

Where I am but a stranger: from the deck
You may discern the place.

Pericles

Where were you bred?
And how achieved you these endowments, which
You make more rich to owe?

Marina

If I should tell my history, it would seem
Like lies disdain'd in the reporting.

Pericles

Prithee, speak:
Falseness cannot come from thee; for thou look'st
Modest as Justice, and thou seem'st a palace
For the crown'd Truth to dwell in: I will
believe thee,
And make my senses credit thy relation
To points that seem impossible; for thou look'st
Like one I loved indeed. What were thy friends?
Didst thou not say, when I did push thee back—
Which was when I perceived thee—that thou camest
From good descending?

Marina

So indeed I did.

Pericles

Report thy parentage. I think thou said'st
Thou hadst been toss'd from wrong to injury,
And that thou thought'st thy griefs might equal mine,
If both were open'd.

Marina

Some such thing
I said, and said no more but what my thoughts
Did warrant me was likely.

Pericles

Tell thy story;
If thine consider'd prove the thousandth part
Of my endurance, thou art a man, and I
Have suffer'd like a girl: yet thou dost look
Like Patience gazing on kings' graves, and smiling
Extremity out of act. What were thy friends?
How lost thou them? Thy name, my most kind virgin?
Recount, I do beseech thee: come, sit by me.

Marina

My name is Marina.

Pericles

O, I am mock'd,
And thou by some incensed god sent hither
To make the world to laugh at me.

Marina

Patience, good sir,
Or here I'll cease.

Pericles

Nay, I'll be patient.
Thou little know'st how thou dost startle me,
To call thyself Marina.

Marina

The name

Was given me by one that had some power,
My father, and a king.

Pericles

How! a king's daughter?
And call'd Marina?

Marina

You said you would believe me;
But, not to be a troubler of your peace,
I will end here.

Pericles

But are you flesh and blood?
Have you a working pulse? and are no fairy?
Motion! Well; speak on. Where were you born?
And wherefore call'd Marina?

Marina

Call'd Marina
For I was born at sea.

As time allows.

We will end our audition by splitting into small groups and briefly collaborating on a single dumb show of your group's choice. A dumb show is often a choreographed piece of stage movement that happens in complete silence, under a narration, or timed to music.

1

{DUMB SHOW}

[Enter at one door PERICLES talking with CLEON; all the train with them. Enter at another door a Gentleman, with a letter to PERICLES; PERICLES shows the letter to CLEON; gives the Messenger a reward, and knights him. Exit PERICLES at one door, and CLEON at another]

2

{DUMB SHOW}

[Enter, PERICLES and SIMONIDES at one door, with Attendants; a Messenger meets them, kneels, and gives PERICLES a letter: PERICLES shows it SIMONIDES; the Lords kneel to him. Then enter THAISA with child, with LYCHORIDA a nurse. The KING shows her the letter; she rejoices: she and PERICLES takes leave of her father, and depart with LYCHORIDA and their Attendants. Then exeunt SIMONIDES and the rest]

3

{DUMB SHOW}

[Enter PERICLES, at one door, with all his train; CLEON and DIONYZA, at the other. CLEON shows PERICLES the tomb; whereat PERICLES makes lamentation, puts on sackcloth, and in a mighty passion departs. Then exeunt CLEON and DIONYZA]