

# Measure for Measure Audition Sides

## #1. Lucio and the Duke (disguised as the Friar)

*Luc.* What news *Friar* of the Duke?

*Duke.* I know none: can you tell me of any?

*Luc.* Some say he is with the Emperor of *Russia*: other some, he is in *Rome*: but where is he think you?

*Duke.* I know not where: but wheresoever, I wish him well.

*Luc.* It was a mad fantastical tricke of him to steal from the State: Lord *Angelo* Dukes it well in his absence: he puts transgression too it.

*Duke.* He does well in't.

*Luc.* A little more lenitie to Lechery would do no harm in him: Something too crabbed that way, *Friar*.

*Duk.* It is too general a vice, and severity must cure it.

*Luc.* Yes in good sooth, but it is impossible to extirp it quite, Friar, till eating and drinking be put down. They say this *Angelo* was not made by Man and Woman, after this down-right way of Creation: is it true, think you?

*Duke.* You are pleasant sir, and speak apace.

*Luc.* Why, what a ruthless thing is this in him, for the rebellion of a Cod-piece, to take away the life of a man? Would the Duke that is absent have done this?

Ere he would have hang'd a man for the getting a hundred Bastards, he would have paid for the Nursing a thousand. He had some feeling of the sport, he knew the service, and that instructed him to mercy.

*Duke.* You do him wrong, surely.

*Luc.* Sir, I was an inward of his: a shy fellow was the Duke, and I believe I know the cause of his withdrawing.

*Duke.* What (I prithee) might be the cause?

*Luc.* Sir, I know him, and I love him.

*Duke.* Love talks with better knowledge, & knowledge with dear love.

*Luc.* Come Sir, I know what I know.

*Duke.* I can hardly believe that, since you know not what you speak. But if ever the Duke return (as our prayers are he may) let me desire you to make your answer before him: if it be honest you have spoke, you have courage to maintain it; I am bound to call upon you, and I pray you your name?

*Luc.* Sir my name is *Lucio*, well known to the Duke.

*Duke.* He shall know you better Sir, if I may live to report you.

## #2. Isabella and Claudio

*Cla.* Death is a fearful thing.

*Isa.* And shamed life, a hateful.

*Cla.* I, but to die, and go we know not where,  
To lie in cold obstruction, and to rot,  
This sensible warm motion, to become  
A kneaded clod; And the delighted spirit  
To bath in fiery floods, or to reside  
In thrilling Region of thick-ribbed Ice,  
To be imprison'd in the viewless winds  
And blown with restless violence round about  
The pendant world: or to be worse then worst  
Of those, that lawless and incertain thought,  
Imagine howling, 'tis too horrible.  
The weariest, and most loathed worldly life  
That Age, Ache, perjury, and imprisonment  
Can lay on nature, is a Paradise  
To what we fear of death.

*Isa.* Alas, alas.

*Cla.* Sweet Sister, let me live.  
What sin you do, to save a brother's life,  
Nature dispenses with the deed so far,  
That it becomes a virtue.

*Isa.* Oh you beast,  
Oh faithless Coward, oh dishonest wretch,  
Wilt thou be made a man, out of my vice?  
Is't not a kind of Incest, to take life  
From thine own sister's shame? What should I think,  
Heaven shield my Mother played my Father fair:  
For such a warped slip of wilderness  
Ne'er issu'd from his blood. Take my defiance,  
Die, perish: Might but my bending down  
Reprise thee from thy fate, it should proceed.  
I'll pray a thousand prayers for thy death,  
No word to save thee.

*Cla.* Nay hear me *Isabell.*

*Isa.* Oh fie, fie, fie:  
Thy sinn's not accidental, but a Trade;  
Mercy to thee would prove it self a Bawd,  
'Tis best that thou diest quickly.

### #3. Gentleman #1 & #2, Mistress Overdone, Lucio

*1. Gent.* Thou art always figuring diseases in me; but thou art full of error, I am sound.

*Luc.* Nay, not (as one would say) healthy: but so sound, as things that are hollow; thy bones are hollow; Impiety has made a feast of thee.

*1. Gent.* How now, which of your hips has the most profound Sciatica?

*Bawd.* Well, well: there's one yonder arrested, and carried to prison, was worth five thousand of you all.

*2. Gent.* Who's that I pray'thee?

*Bawd.* Marry Sir, that's *Claudio*, Signior *Claudio*.

*1. Gent.* *Claudio* to prison? 'tis not so.

*Bawd.* Nay, but I know 'tis so: I saw him arrested: saw him carried away: and which is more, within these three days his head to be chop'd off.

*Luc.* But, after all this fooling, I would not have it so: Art thou sure of this?

*Bawd.* I am too sure of it: and it is for getting Madam *Julietta* with child.

*Luc.* Believe me this may be: he promis'd to meet me two hours since, and he was ever precise in promise keeping.

*2. Gent.* Besides you know, it draws something near to the speech we had to such a purpose.

*1. Gent.* But most of all agreeing with the proclamation.

*Luc.* Away: let's go learn the truth of it. *Exit.*

*Bawd.* Thus, what with the war; what with the sweat, what with the gallows, and what with poverty, I am Custom-shrunk. How now? what's the news with you?

## #4. Isabella, Angelo

*Isab.* Must he needs die?

*Ang.* Maiden, no remedy.

*Isab.* Yes: I do think that you might pardon him,  
And neither heaven, nor man grieve at the mercy.

*Ang.* I will not do't.

*Isab.* But can you if you would?

*Ang.* Look what I will not, that I cannot do.

*Isab.* But might you do't & do the world no wrong  
If so your heart were touch'd with that remorse,  
As mine is to him?

*Ang.* He's sentenc'd, 'tis too late.

*Isab.* Too late? why no: I that do speak a word  
May call it again: well, believe this  
No ceremony that to great ones longs,  
Not the King's Crown; nor the deputed sword,  
The Marshall's Truncheon, nor the Judge's Robe  
Become them with one half so good a grace  
As mercy does: If he had been as you, and you as he,  
You would have slipped like him, but he like you  
Would not have been so stern.

*Ang.* Pray you be gone.

*Isab.* I would to heaven I had your potency,  
And you were *Isabell*: should it then be thus?  
No: I would tell what 'twere to be a Judge,  
And what a prisoner.

*Ang.* Your Brother is a forfeit of the Law,  
And you but waste your words.

*Isab.* Alas, alas:  
Why all the souls that were, were forfeit once,  
And he that might the vantage best have took,  
Found out the remedy: how would you be,  
If he, which is the top of Judgement, should  
But judge you, as you are? Oh, think on that,  
And mercy then will breathe within your lips  
Like man new made.

*Ang.* Be you content, (fair Maid)  
It is the Law, not I, condemn your brother,  
Were he my kinsman, brother, or my son,  
It should be thus with him: he must die tomorrow.

## #5. Abhorson, Clown (Pompey), Barnardine

*Abh.* Sirrah, bring *Barnardine* hither.

*Clo.* M *Barnardine*, you must rise and be hang'd,  
M *Barnardine*.

*Abh.* What ho *Barnardine*.

*Barnardine within.*

*Bar.* A pox o'your throats: who makes that noise  
there? What are you?

*Clo.* Your friends Sir, the Hangman:  
You must be so good Sir to rise, and be put to death.

*Bar.* Away you Rogue, away, I am sleepy.

*Abh.* Tell him he must awake,  
And that quickly too.

*Clo.* Pray Master *Barnardine*, awake till you are executed,  
and sleep afterwards.

*Ab.* Go in to him, and fetch him out.

*Clo.* He is coming Sir, he is coming: I hear his  
Straw rustle.

*Enter Barnardine.*

*Abh.* Is the Axe upon the block, sirrah?

*Clo.* Very ready Sir.

*Bar.* How now *Abhorson*?

What's the news with you?

*Abh.* Truly Sir, I would desire you to clap into your  
prayers: for look you, the Warrant's come.

*Bar.* You Rogue, I have been drinking all night,  
I am not fitted for't.

*Clo.* Oh, the better Sir: for he that drinke all night,  
and is hanged betimes in the morning, may sleep the  
sounder all the next day.

*Bar.* Not I: I have been drinking hard all night,  
and I will have more time to prepare me. I will not consent to  
die this day, that's certain. I swear I will not die to day  
for any man's persuasion. If you have any thing to say to me,  
come to my Ward: for thence will not I today.

*Exit*

## Monologues

### Duke

*Duk.* I do fear: too dreadful:  
Since 'twas my fault, to give the people scope,  
'Twould be my tyranny to strike and gall them,  
For what I bid them do: For, we bid this be done  
When evil deeds have their permissive pass,  
And not the punishment: therefore indeed (my father)  
I have on *Angelo* impos'd the office,  
Who may in th' ambush of my name, strike home,  
And yet, my nature never in the sight  
To do in slander: And to behold his sway  
I will, as 'twere a brother of your Order,  
Visit both Prince, and People: Therefore I prithee  
Supply me with the habit, and instruct me  
How I may formally in person bear  
Like a true *Friar*: More reasons for this action  
At our more leisure, shall I render you;  
Only, this one: Lord *Angelo* is precise,  
Stands at a guard with Envy: scarce confesses  
That his blood flows: or that his appetite  
Is more to bread than stone: hence shall we see  
If power change purpose: what our Seemers be.

### Angelo

*Ang.* 'Tis one thing to be tempted ( *Escalus*)  
Another thing to fall: I not deny  
The Jury passing on the Prisoner's life  
May in the sworn-twelve have a thief, or two  
Guiltier then him they try; what's open made to justice,  
That Justice seizes; What knows the Laws  
That thieves do pass on thieves? 'Tis very pregnant,  
The Jewel that we find, we stoop, and take't,  
Because we see it; but what we do not see,  
We tread upon, and never think of it.  
You may not so extenuate his offense,  
For I have had such faults; but rather tell me  
When I, that censure him, do so offend,  
Let mine own Judgement pattern out my death,  
And nothing come in partial. Sir, he must die.

**Claudio**

*Cla.* Thus stands it with me: upon a true contract  
I got possession of *Julieta*'s bed,  
You know the Lady, she is fast my wife,  
Save that we do the denunciation lack  
Of outward Order. This we came not to,  
Only for propagation of a Dowry  
Remaining in the Coffer of her friends,  
From whom we thought it meet to hide our Love  
Till Time had made them for us. But it chances  
The stealth of our most mutual entertainment  
With Character too gross, is writ on *Juliet*.

**Lucio**

*Luc.* Why? For filling a bottle with a Tunne-dish:  
I would the Duke we talk of were return'd again: this  
ungenitur'd Agent will un-people the Province with  
Continence. Sparrows must not build in his house-  
eaves, because they are lecherous: The Duke yet would  
have dark deeds darkly answered, he would never  
bring them to light: would he were return'd. Marry  
this *Claudio* is condemned for untrussing. Farewell good  
Friar, I prithee pray for me: The Duke (I say to thee  
again) would eat Mutton on Fridays. He's now past  
it, yet (and I say to thee) he would mouth with a beg-  
gar, though she smelt brown-bread and Garlic: say  
that I said so: Farewell.

### **Isabella**

*Isab.* Could great men thunder  
As *Jove* himself does, *Jove* would never be quiet,  
For every pelting petty Officer  
Would use his heaven for thunder;  
Nothing but thunder: Merciful heaven,  
Thou rather with thy sharp and sulfurous bolt  
Splits the un-wedgable and gnarled Oak,  
Then the soft Myrtle: But man, proud man,  
Dressed in a little brief authority,  
Most ignorant of what he's most assur'd,  
(His glassy Essence) like an angry Ape  
Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven,  
As makes the Angels weep: who with our spleens,  
Would all themselves laugh mortal.  
We cannot weigh our brother with our self,  
Great men may jest with Saints: 'tis wit in them,  
But in the less foil profanation.  
That in the Captain's but a choleric word,  
Which in the Soldier is flat blasphemy.

### **Elbow**

*Elb.* Varlet, thou liest; thou liest wicked varlet: the  
time is yet to come that she was ever respected with  
man, woman, or child. O thou caitif: O thou varlet:  
O thou wicked *Hannibal*; I respected with her, before  
I was married to her? If ever I was respected with her,  
or she with me, let not your worship think me  
the poor *Duke's* Officer: prove this, thou wicked *Hannibal*,  
or I'll have mine action of battery on thee.

### **Clown/Pompey**

*Clo.* I am as well acquainted here, as I was in our house of profession: one would think it were *Mistress Over-done*'s owne house, for heere be many of her old Customers. First, here's young *Mr Rash*, he's in for a commodity of brown paper, and old *Ginger*, nine score and seventeen pounds, of which he made five Marks ready money: marry then, *Ginger* was not much in request, for the old Women were all dead. Then is there here one *Mr Caper*, at the suit of Master *Three-Pile* the Mercer, for some four suits of Peach-coloured Satin, which now peaches him a beggar. Then have we here, young *Dizzy*, and young *Mr. Deep-vow*, and *Mr. Copperspur*, and *Mr. Starve-Lackey* the Rapiere and dagger man, and young *Drop-heir* that killed lusty *Pudding*, and *Mr. Forthlight* the Tilter, and brave *Mr. Shootie* the great Traveller, and wild *Half-Can* that stabb'd Pots, and I think forty more, all great doers in our Trade.