

## **Audition Monologues—Glimmer Globe Theatre's *Love's Labours Lost & A Woman of No Importance***

\*Auditions accepted via email from **June 1, 2020 — June 22, 2020**.  
Send auditions to [\*\*m.tamburrino@fenimoreart.org\*\*](mailto:m.tamburrino@fenimoreart.org)\*

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Monologue #1: *A Woman of No Importance*,  
Mrs. Arbuthnot (Age approximately 40-75)

**\*\*Note: please perform this monologue twice, once in your native accent, and once in your best Standard British! Don't worry if it's not perfect, we'll spend time with everyone on dialect work! — Mike Tamburrino\*\***

**Mrs. Arbuthnot**: Don't take my son away from me. I have had twenty years of sorrow, and I have only had one thing to love me, only one thing to love. You have had a life of joy, and pleasure, and success. You have been quite happy, you have never thought of us. There was no reason, according to your views of life, why you should have remembered us at all. Your meeting us was a mere accident, a horrible accident. Forget it. Don't come now, and rob me of . . . of all I have in the whole world. You are so rich in other things. Leave me the little vineyard of my life; leave me the walled-in garden and the well of water; the ewe-lamb God sent me, in pity or in wrath, oh! leave me that. George, don't take Gerald from me.

Monologue #2: A Woman of No Importance,  
Miss Hester Worsley (Age approximately 18-35)

***\*\*Note: please perform this monologue twice, once in your native accent, and once in your best Standard British. While this isn't a British character, hearing different accents will allow us to consider you for several roles.***

—Mike Tamburrino \*\*

**Hester:** You rich people in England, you don't know how you are living. How could you know? You shut out from your society the gentle and the good. You laugh at the simple and the pure. Living, as you all do, on others and by them, you sneer at self-sacrifice, and if you throw bread to the poor, it is merely to keep them quiet for a season. With all your pomp and wealth and art you don't know how to live—you don't even know that. You love the beauty that you can see and touch and handle, the beauty that you can destroy, and do destroy, but of the unseen beauty of life, of the unseen beauty of a higher life, you know nothing. You have lost life's secret. Oh, your English society seems to me shallow, selfish, foolish. It has blinded its eyes, and stopped its ears. It lies like a leper in purple. It sits like a dead thing smeared with gold. It is all wrong, all wrong.

Monologue #3: A Woman of No Importance,  
Lord Illingworth (Age approximately 40-70)

***\*\*Note: please perform this monologue twice, once in your native accent, and once in your best Standard British! Don't worry if it's not perfect, we'll spend time with everyone on dialect work! — Mike Tamburrino\*\****

**Lord Illingworth:** My dear Gerald, examinations of life are of no value whatsoever. If a man is a gentleman, he knows quite enough, and if he is not a gentleman, whatever he knows is bad for him. Remember that you've got on your side the most wonderful thing in the world—youth! There is nothing like youth. The middle-aged are mortgaged to Life. The old are in life's lumber-room. But youth is the Lord of Life. Youth has a kingdom waiting for it. Every one is born a king, and most people die in exile, like most kings. To win back my youth, Gerald, there is nothing I wouldn't do—except take exercise, get up early, or be a useful member of the community. Now, Gerald... No man has any real success in this world unless he has got women to back him, and women rule society. If you have not got women on your side you are quite over. You might just as well be a barrister, or a stockbroker, or a journalist at once.

Monologue #4: A Woman of No Importance,  
Gerald Arbuthnot (Age approximately 20-40)

***\*\*Note: please perform this monologue twice, once in your native accent, and once in your best Standard British! Don't worry if it's not perfect, we'll spend time with everyone on dialect work! — Mike Tamburrino\*\****

**Gerald Arbuthnot:** I want something more than that. I want to have a career. I want to do something that will make you proud of me, and Lord Illingworth is going to help me. He is going to do everything for me. You have always tried to crush my ambition, mother—haven't you? You have told me that the world is a wicked place, that success is not worth having, that society is shallow, and all that sort of thing—well, I don't believe it, mother. I think the world must be delightful. I think society must be exquisite. I think success is a thing worth having. You have been wrong in all that you taught me, mother, quite wrong. Lord Illingworth is a successful man. He is a fashionable man. He is a man who lives in the world and for it. Well, I would give anything to be just like Lord Illingworth.

Monologue #5: Loves Labours Lost, Princess

See see, my beauty will be saved by merit!

O heresy in fair, fit for these days!

A giving hand, though foul, shall have fair praise.

But come, the bow: now mercy goes to kill,

And shooting well is then accounted ill.

Thus will I save my credit in the shoot:

Not wounding, pity would not let me do't;

If wounding, then it was to show my skill,

That more for praise than purpose meant to kill.

And out of question so it is sometimes,

Glory grows guilty of detested crimes,

When, for fame's sake, for praise, an outward part,

We bend to that the working of the heart;

As I for praise alone now seek to spill

The poor deer's blood, that my heart means no ill.

Monologue #6: *Love's Labours Lost*, King Ferdinand

So sweet a kiss the golden sun gives not  
To those fresh morning drops upon the rose,  
As thy eye-beams, when their fresh rays have smote  
The night of dew that on my cheeks down flows:  
Nor shines the silver moon one half so bright  
Through the transparent bosom of the deep,  
As doth thy face through tears of mine give light;  
Thou shinest in every tear that I do weep:  
No drop but as a coach doth carry thee;  
So ridest thou triumphing in my woe.  
Do but behold the tears that swell in me,  
And they thy glory through my grief will show:  
But do not love thyself; then thou wilt keep  
My tears for glasses, and still make me weep.  
O queen of queens! how far dost thou excel,  
No thought can think, nor tongue of mortal tell.  
How shall she know my griefs? I'll drop the paper:  
Sweet leaves, shade folly. Who is he comes here?

Monologue #7: *Love's Labours Lost*, Rosalind

They are worse fools to purchase mocking so.

That same Biron I'll torture ere I go:

O that I knew he were but in by the week!

How I would make him fawn and beg and seek

And wait the season and observe the times

And spend his prodigal wits in bootless rhymes

And shape his service wholly to my hests

And make him proud to make me proud that jests!

So perttaunt-like would I o'ersway his state

That he should be my fool and I his fate.

Monologue #8: *Love's Labours Lost*, Berowne

I can but say their protestation over;  
So much, dear liege, I have already sworn,  
That is, to live and study here three years.  
But there are other strict observances;  
As, not to see a woman in that term,  
Which I hope well is not enrolled there;  
And one day in a week to touch no food  
And but one meal on every day beside,  
The which I hope is not enrolled there;  
And then, to sleep but three hours in the night,  
And not be seen to wink of all the day--  
When I was wont to think no harm all night  
And make a dark night too of half the day--  
Which I hope well is not enrolled there:  
O, these are barren tasks, too hard to keep,  
Not to see ladies, study, fast, not sleep!