



# Much Ad<sup>o</sup> about Nothing

Auditions:  
Sun. Apr 18 1:00 – 5:00 pm / Mon. Apr 19 4:30 – 6:00 pm  
Tues. Apr 20 4:30 – 6:00 pm / Wed. Apr 21 4:30 – 6:00 pm

Sides: Beatrice and Benedick

*Act 1, Scene 1*

**BENEDICK**

If Signior Leonato be her father, she would not have his head on her shoulders for all Messina, as like him as she is.

**BEATRICE**

I wonder that you will still be talking, Signior Benedick: nobody marks you.

**BENEDICK**

What, my dear Lady Disdain! are you yet living?

**BEATRICE**

Is it possible disdain should die while she hath such meet food to feed it as Signior Benedick? Courtesy itself must convert to disdain, if you come in her presence.

**BENEDICK**

Then is courtesy a turncoat. But it is certain I am loved of all ladies, only you excepted: and I would I could find in my heart that I had not a hard heart; for, truly, I love none.

**BEATRICE**

A dear happiness to women: they would else have been troubled with a pernicious suitor. I thank God and my cold blood, I am of your humour for that: I had rather hear my dog bark at a crow than a man swear he loves me.

**BENEDICK**

God keep your ladyship still in that mind! so some gentleman or other shall 'scape a predestinate scratched face.

**BEATRICE**

Scratching could not make it worse, an 'twere such a face as yours were.

**BENEDICK**

I would my horse had the speed of your tongue. But keep your way, i' God's name; I have done.



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Act 4, Scene 1

**BEATRICE**

Why, then, God forgive me!

**BENEDICK**

What offence, sweet Beatrice?

**BEATRICE**

You have stayed me in a happy hour: I was about to protest I loved you.

**BENEDICK**

And do it with all thy heart.

**BEATRICE**

I love you with so much of my heart that none is left to protest.

**BENEDICK**

Come, bid me do any thing for thee.

**BEATRICE**

Kill Claudio.

**BENEDICK**

Ha! not for the wide world.

**BEATRICE**

You kill me to deny it. Farewell.

**BENEDICK**

Tarry, sweet Beatrice.

**BEATRICE**

I am gone, though I am here: there is no love in you: nay, I pray you, let me go.

**BENEDICK**

Beatrice,--

**BEATRICE**

In faith, I will go.

**BENEDICK**

We'll be friends first.

**BEATRICE**

You dare easier be friends with me than fight with mine enemy.

**BENEDICK**

Is Claudio thine enemy?

**BEATRICE**

Is he not approved in the height a villain, that hath slandered, scorned, dishonoured my kinswoman? O



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that I were a man! I would eat his heart  
in the market-place.

**BENEDICK**

Hear me, Beatrice,--

**BEATRICE**

Sweet Hero! She is wronged, she is slandered, she is undone.

**BENEDICK**

Beat--

**BEATRICE**

Manhood is melted into courtesies, valour into  
compliment, and men are only turned into tongue. He is now as valiant as  
Hercules

that only tells a lie and swears it. I cannot be a  
man with wishing, therefore I will die a woman with grieving.

**BENEDICK**

Tarry, good Beatrice. By this hand, I love thee.

**BEATRICE**

Use it for my love some other way than swearing by it.

**BENEDICK**

Think you in your soul the Count Claudio hath wronged Hero?

**BEATRICE**

Yea, as sure as I have a thought or a soul.

**BENEDICK**

Enough, I am engaged; I will challenge him. I will  
kiss your hand, and so I leave you. Go, comfort your  
cousin: I must say she is dead: and so, farewell.



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### ***Monologue: Beatrice (Act 3, Scene 1)***

What fire is in mine ears? Can this be true?  
Stand I condemn'd for pride and scorn so much?  
Contempt, farewell! and maiden pride, adieu!  
No glory lives behind the back of such.  
And, Benedick, love on; I will requite thee,  
Taming my wild heart to thy loving hand:  
If thou dost love, my kindness shall incite thee  
To bind our loves up in a holy band;  
For others say thou dost deserve, and I  
Believe it better than reportingly.

### ***Monologue: Benedick (Act 2, Scene 3)***

They seem to pity the lady: it  
seems her affections have their full bent. Love me!  
why, it must be requited. I hear how I am censured:  
they say I will bear myself proudly, if I perceive  
the love come from her; they say too that she will  
rather die than give any sign of affection. I did  
never think to marry: I must not seem proud: happy  
are they that hear their detractions and can put  
them to mending. They say the lady is fair; 'tis a  
truth, I can bear them witness; and virtuous; 'tis  
so, I cannot reprove it; and wise, but for loving  
me; by my troth, it is no addition to her wit, nor  
no great argument of her folly, for I will be  
horribly in love with her. I may chance have some  
odd quirks and remnants of wit broken on me,  
because I have railed so long against marriage: but  
doth not the appetite alter? a man loves the meat  
in his youth that he cannot endure in his age.  
Shall quips and sentences and these paper bullets of  
the brain awe a man from the career of his humour?  
No, the world must be peopled. When I said I would  
die a bachelor, I did not think I should live till I  
were married.