

## Female Speeches for Audition

Phebe - [III v 111](#)

Verse

[As You Like It](#)

Think not I love him, though I ask for him.  
'Tis but a peevish boy; yet he talks well;  
But what care I for words? yet words do well,  
When he that speaks them pleases those that hear.  
It is a pretty youth: not very pretty:  
But, sure, he's proud; and yet his pride becomes him:  
He'll make a proper man: the best thing in him  
Is his complexion; and faster than his tongue  
Did make offence his eye did heal it up.  
He is not very tall; yet for his years he's tall:  
His leg is but so so; and yet 'tis well:  
There was a pretty redness in his lip,  
A little riper and more lusty red  
Than that mix'd in his cheek; 'twas just the difference  
Betwixt the constant red and mingled damask.  
There be some women, Silvius, had they mark'd him  
In parcels as I did, would have gone near  
To fall in love with him; but, for my part,  
I love him not nor hate him not; and yet  
Have more cause to hate him than to love him:  
For what had he to do to chide at me?  
He said mine eyes were black and my hair black;  
And, now I am remember'd, scorn'd at me.  
I marvel why I answer'd not again:  
But that's all one; omittance is no quittance.  
I'll write to him a very taunting letter,  
And thou shalt bear it: wilt thou, Silvius?

Goneril - [I iii 5](#)  
Verse- intercut  
[King Lear](#)

Goneril. By day and night, he wrongs me! Every hour  
He flashes into one gross crime or other  
That sets us all at odds. I'll not endure it.  
His knights grow riotous, and himself upbraids us  
On every trifle. When he returns from hunting,  
I will not speak with him. Say I am sick.  
If you come slack of former services,  
You shall do well; the fault of it I'll answer.

Goneril. Put on what weary negligence you please,  
You and your fellows. I'd have it come to question.  
If he distaste it, let him to our sister,  
Whose mind and mine I know in that are one,  
Not to be overrul'd. Idle old man,  
That still would manage those authorities  
That he hath given away! Now, by my life,  
Old fools are babes again, and must be us'd  
With checks as flatteries, when they are seen abus'd.  
Remember what I have said.

Imogen - [III vi 1](#)

Verse

[Cymbeline](#)

I see a man's life is a tedious one;  
I have tir'd myself, and for two nights together  
Have made the ground my bed; I should be sick  
But that my resolution helps me. Milford,  
When from the mountain-top Pisanio show'd thee,  
Thou wast within a ken. O Jove! I think  
Foundations fly the wretched; such, I mean,  
Where they should be reliev'd. Two beggars told me  
I could not miss my way; will poor folks lie,  
That have afflictions on them, knowing 'tis  
A punishment or trial? Yes; no wonder,  
When rich ones scarce tell true. To lapse in fulness  
Is sorer than to lie for need, and falsehood  
Is worse in kings than beggars. My dear lord!  
Thou art one o' the false ones. Now I think on thee,  
My hunger's gone, but even before I was  
At point to sink for food. But what is this?  
Here is a path to 't; 'tis some savage hold;  
I were best not call, I dare not call, yet famine,  
Ere clean it o'erthrow nature, makes it valiant.  
Plenty and peace breeds cowards, hardness ever  
Of hardness is mother. Ho! Who's here?  
If any thing that's civil, speak; if savage,  
Take or lend. Ho! No answer? Then I'll enter.  
Best draw my sword; and if mine enemy  
But fear the sword like me, he'll scarcely look on 't.  
Such a foe, good heavens!