

Audition Sides for *Comedy of Errors* – Theatre Company of Sauigus

ABBESS

5.1

ABBESS

The venom clamours of a jealous woman
Poisons more deadly than a mad dog's tooth.
It seems his sleeps were hindered by thy railing,
And therefore comes it that his head is light.
Thou sayst his meat was sauced with thy upbraidings:
Unquiet meals make ill digestions;
Thereof the raging fire of fever bred;
And what's a fever but a fit of madness?
Thou sayst his sports were hindered by thy brawls:
Sweet recreation barred, what doth ensue
But moody and dull melancholy,
Kinsman to grim and comfortless despair,
And at her heels a huge infectious troop
Of pale distemperatures and foes to life?
In food, in sport and life-preserving rest
To be disturbed, would mad or man or beast;
The consequence is, then, thy jealous fits
Hath scared thy husband from the use of wits.

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHEBUS

3.1

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHEBUS

[to Angelo]

You have prevailed. I will depart in quiet,
And in despite of wrath mean to be merry:
I know a wench of excellent discourse,
Pretty and witty, wild and yet, too, gentle.
There will we dine. This woman that I mean,
My wife — but I protest, without desert —
Hath oftentimes upbraided me withal.
To her will we to dinner. *[to Angelo]* Get you home
And fetch the chain; by this, I know, 'tis made.
Bring it, I pray you, to the Porpentine,
For there's the house. Good sir, make haste.
Since mine own doors refuse to entertain me,
I'll knock elsewhere to see if they'll disdain me.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE

2.2

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE

The gold I gave to Dromio is laid up
Safe at the Centaur, and the heedful slave
Is wandered forth in care to seek me out.
By computation and mine host's report,
I could not speak with Dromio since at first
I sent him from the mart.

Enter DROMIO OF SYRACUSE.

See, here he comes.

— How now, sir, is your merry humour altered?
As you love strokes, so jest with me again.
You know no Centaur? You received no gold?
Your mistress sent to have me 'home to dinner'?
My house was at the Phoenix? Wast thou mad,
That thus so madly thou didst answer me?
Because that I familiarly sometimes
Do use you for my fool and chat with you,
Your sauciness will jest upon my love,
And make a common of my serious hours.
When the sun shines let foolish gnats make sport,
But creep in crannies when he hides his beams;
If you will jest with me, know my aspect,
And fashion your demeanour to my looks,
Or I will beat this method in your scone.

LUCIANA

2.1

LUCIANA

Why, headstrong liberty is lashed with woe.
There's nothing situate under heaven's eye
But hath his bound in earth, in sea, in sky.
The beasts, the fishes and the winged fowls
Are their males' subjects and at their controls.
Man, more divine, the master of all these,
Lord of the wide world and wild watery seas,
Indued with intellectual sense and souls,
Of more pre-eminence than fish and fowls,
Are masters to their females, and their lords:
Then let your will attend on their accords

ADRIANA

2.1

LUCIANA

Fie, how impatience loureth in your face!

ADRIANA

His company must do his minions grace,
Whilst I at home starve for a merry look.
Hath homely age th'alluring beauty took
From my poor cheek? Then he hath wasted it.
Are my discourses dull? Barren my wit?
If voluble and sharp discourse be marred,
Unkindness blunts it more than marble hard.
Do their gay vestments his affections bait?
That's not my fault: he's master of my state.
What ruins are in me that can be found
By him not ruined? Then is he the ground
Of my defeatures. My decayed fair
A sunny look of his would soon repair.
But, too unruly deer, he breaks the pale
And feeds from home; poor I am but his stale.

DROMIO OF EPHEBUS

1.2

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE

— What now? How chance thou art returned so soon?

DROMIO OF EPHEBUS

'Returned so soon'? Rather approached too late!
The capon burns, the pig falls from the spit;
The clock hath stricken twelve upon the bell;
My mistress made it one upon my cheek.
She is so hot because the meat is cold;
The meat is cold because you come not home;
You come not home because you have no stomach;
You have no stomach, having broke your fast.
But we that know what 'tis to fast and pray
Are penitent for your default today.