

# “The Taming of the Shrew” by William Shakespeare

## Audition Monologues — MALE

Act 4, Scene 1

**Petruchio:**

Thus have I politicly begun my reign,

And'tis my hope to end successfully.

She ate no meat today, nor none shall eat;

Last night she slept not, nor tonight she shall not. As with the meat, some underserved fault

I'll find about the making of the bed,

And here I'll fling the pillow, there the bolster, This way the coverlet, another way the sheets.

Ay, and amid this hurly I intend

That all is done in reverend care of her.

And, in conclusion, she shall watch all night,

And if she chance to nod I'll rail and brawl.

This is a way to kill a wife with kindness,

And thus I'll curb her mad and headstrong humor. He that knows better how to tame a shrew,

Now let him speak – 'tis charity to show.

Act 1, Scene 1

**Lucentio:**

Tranio, I burn! I pine, I perish, Tranio,

If I achieve not this young modest girl.

Basta! content thee, for I have it full.

We have not yet been seen in any house,

Nor can we be distinguished by our faces

For man or master. Then it follows thus:

Thou shalt be master, Tranio, in my stead;

Keep house and port and servants as I should.

I will some other be – some Florentine,

Some Neapolitan or meaner man of Pisa.

'Tis hatched and shall be so. Tranio, at once  
Uncase thee; take my coloured hat and cloak.  
When Biondello comes, he waits on thee,  
But I will charm him first to keep his tongue.  
Here comes the rogue. Sirrah, where have you been?

Act 4, scene 2

**Hortensio:**

Mistake no more – I am not Litio (Leech-ee- oh) Nor a musician as I seem to be,  
Know, sir, that I am called Hortensio.  
See how they kiss and court! Signor Lucentio, Here is my hand, and here I firmly  
vow  
Never to woo her more, but do forswear her.  
I will be married to a wealthy widow

Ere three days pass, which hath as long loved me As I have loved this proud  
disdainful haggard. And so farewell, Signor Lucentio.  
Kindness in women, not their beauteous looks, Shall win my love; and so I take my  
leave.

Act 2, Scene 1

**Petruchio:**

Now, by the world, it is a lusty wench!  
I love her ten times more than e'er I did.  
O how I long to have some chat with her.  
And woo her with some spirit when she comes! Say that she rail, why then I'll tell  
her plain  
She sings as sweetly as a nightingale.  
Say that she frown, I'll say she looks as clear  
As morning roses newly washed with dew.  
Say that she be mute and will not speak a word, Then I'll commend her volubility  
And say she uttereth piercing eloquence.  
If she do bid me pack, I'll give her thanks  
As though she bid me stay by her a week.  
If she deny to wed, I'll crave the day

When I shall ask the banns, and when be married. But here she comes, and now, Petruchio, speak.

Act 2, Scene 1

**Petruchio:**

Be patient, gentlemen. I choose her for myself. If she and I be please, what's that to you?

'Tis bargained 'twixt us twain, being alone,

That she shall still be curst in company.

I tell you, 'tis incredible to believe

How much she loves me – O the kindest Kate! She hung about my neck, and kiss on kiss

She vied so fast, protesting oath on oath,

That in a twink she won me to her love.

O you are novices! 'Tis a world to see

How tame, when men and women are alone,

A meacock wretch can make the curstest shrew. Provide the feast, father, and bid the guests.

I will be sure my Katherine shall be fine.

Act 3, Scene 2

**Petruchio:**

Obey the bride, you that attend on her.

Go to the feast, revel and domineer, Carouse full measure to her maidenhead, Be mad and merry – or go hang yourselves. But for my bonny Kate, she must with me.

Nay, look not big, nor stamp, nor stare, nor fret; I will be master of what is mine own.

She is my goods, my chattels; she is my house, My household–stuff, my field, my barn,

And here she stands. Touch her whoever dare,

I'll bring mine action on the proudest he

That stops my way in Padua. Grumio,

Draw forth thy weapon – We are beset with thieves! Fear not, sweet wench, they shall not touch thee, Kate; I'll buckler thee against a million!

Act 4, Scene 1

**Grumio:**

*Thou* tell the tale. But hadst thou not crossed me, thou shouldst have heard how her horse fell, and she under her horse; thou shouldst have heard in how miry a place, how she was bemoiled, how he left her with the horse upon her, how he beat me because her horse stumbled, how she waded through the dirt to pluck him off me, how he swore, how she prayed that never prayed before, how I cried, how the horses ran away, how her bridle was burst, how I lost my crupper – with many things of worthy memory which now shall die in oblivion, and thou return unexperienced to thy grave.

Act 1, Scene 1

**Lucentio:**

Tranio, content thee, for I have it full.  
We have not yet been seen in any house,  
Nor can we be distinguished by our faces  
For man or master. Then it follows thus:  
Thou shalt be master, Tranio, in my stead;  
Keep house and port and servants as I should.  
I will some other be – some Florentine,  
Some Neapolitan or meaner man of Pisa.  
'Tis hatched and shall be so. Tranio, at once  
Uncase thee; take my coloured hat and cloak.  
When Biondello comes, he waits on thee,  
But I will charm him first to keep his tongue.  
Here comes the rogue. Sirrah, where have you been?

Act 1, Scene 2

**Tranio:**

If it be so, sir, that you are the man  
Must stead us all, count me amongst the rest. And if you break the ice and do this  
fear – Achieve the elder, set the younger free  
For our access – whose hap shall be to have her Will not so graceless be to be  
ingrate.  
Sir, I shall not be slack, in sign whereof,  
Please ye we may contrive this afternoon

And quaff toasts to our mistress' health,  
And do as adversaries do in law,  
Strive mightily, but eat and drink as friends!