

***Pride and Prejudice* Audition Monologues**

(If you are auditioning for the December shows, the audition will consist of cold readings from the script[s])

Directions: Select ONE monologue. Learn the monologue and perform it if *Pride and Prejudice* is your first choice show (it does not need to be memorized). It is suggested that you google a little info on the characters. There may not be a monologue below for every character in the play or you may prefer to read a monologue that was written for another character; your audition will be based on your characterization not the monologue itself. For example: if you are auditioning for Mr. Bingley, you can read one of the Mr. Darcy monologues...but you should select the one you feel could help you best show off your portrayal of Mr. Bingley. Note: your choice of monologue does not limit or determine the role you will be offered. An excellent performance of any character can lead to a call back to assess suitability for various roles.

Mr. Wickham:

I have every cause for cheer. Pleasant society and good employment, I own, are necessary to me. I was not intended for a military life. Had it pleased the gentleman we were speaking of this afternoon, I might by now be in possession of a parish. I contemplated a life in the church. I had every expectation of being in that good living. The late Mr. Darcy was my godfather. He meant to amply provide for me, and thought he had done so. It is difficult still for me to comprehend the son's refusal to carry out his father's wishes. It is not an easy subject...Darcy and I were raised together at Pemberley. We were boyhood friends and, I dare say, thought of as brothers. You see, Miss Bennet, my father had been an attorney, and one most highly esteemed by Darcy's father. My father gave up his entire practice and devoted himself exclusively to the affairs of the Darcy estate. When he died, Darcy's father looked after me as though I were his son. But later, when that good man passed on, I found myself without my bequest or legal redress.

Mr. Bennet:

Given that she is Lydia's particular friend we have every reason to expect the worst of the girl. But what's to be done? Your youngest sister is harebrained girl who will never be easy till she has made an exhibition of herself in some public place or other. This circumstance offers us the advantage of her doing it with very little inconvenience or expense to her family. You and Jane will be respected and valued on your own merits. Luckily, Lydia is too poor to be an object of prey to anybody and the officers will find women better worth their notice. Perhaps this adventure will serve to educate her as to her insignificance in the world.

Mr. Bingley:

Come, Darcy! I hate to see you standing about by yourself in this stupid way. You had much better dance. Upon my honor, I never met with so many pleasant girls in my life as I have this evening and several of them are uncommonly pretty. Miss Jane Bennet! She is the most beautiful creature I ever beheld! But one of her sisters, Miss Elizabeth Bennet is standing just behind you. She is very pretty and, I dare say, very agreeable.

Mr. Darcy:

In vain I have struggled. It will not do. My feelings will not be repressed. You must allow me to tell you how ardently I admire and love you. I have waged a great war with these feelings almost from the first moments of our acquaintance. Yet despite all my struggles with these feelings I have been powerless to alter my deep attachment to you. I need hardly say that I should be harshly judged for considering the prospect of allying my family to one of such inferior circumstances. Such an alliance might well lessen my sister Georgiana's prospects and will most certainly be harshly considered by Lady Catherine de Bourgh, it being a clear rejection of the design to align me with her daughter. But I must abandon all good judgement to the extent that these circumstances mean mothering to me in the face of the admiration I feel for you. I beg you, most fervently, to ease my suffering and accept my hand.

Mr. Darcy:

It is your good opinion that matters to me. I know that you do not bestow it lightly. Please stay – if only for a while. I'm afraid I conveyed the wrong impression earlier. I confess to being somewhat taken by surprise at seeing you here. Miss Bennet, Mr. and Mrs. Gardiner, might I give you a personal tour of the park? There is a beautiful walk by the side of the water. And the higher ground to the west of the river affords a charming view of the valley and the opposite hills. They are quite remarkable. The stream is home to prodigious trout. If you have time, sir, you must return here and fish as often as you lie. The lake is also home to pike as well as carp, tench, bream, perch, roach, and rudd, if any of those are more in your line. I'd be happy to supply you with fishing tackle and show you the best spots – even join you if you'd enjoy the company. It's settled then. Miss Bennet, the rest of my party joins me tomorrow, including some who claim an acquaintance with you – Mr. Bingley and his sister. There is one other person in the party who particularly wishes to know you. Will you allow me to – do I ask too much to introduce my sister to you during your stay in Derbyshire?

DARCY:

In vain have I struggled. It will not do. My feelings will not be repressed. You must allow me to tell you how ardently I admire and love you... I see I dismay you. I am slow, even dilatory. I should have declared myself at an earlier date. But there were, of course, the family obstacles which judgment always opposed to inclination. The general sense of your social inferiority, of it being a degradation of the line. I could not forget my responsibility to an estate, a way of life, a pride of place which might, given your circumstances, disinclude you, and thus the very ardency I described took place against my will and reason, or rather in opposition to my character and inclination, but the very strength of my attachment has made it impossible for me to conquer my feelings, and I can only express the hope that these feelings will now be rewarded by your acceptance of my hand. There... I have spoken ill but mean well, Miss Bennet.

Mr. Collins:

Madam, be assured, as a recently ordained clergyman and one so fortunate as to be distinguished by the patronage of the Right Honourable Lady Catherine de Bourgh, whose bounty and beneficence has preferred me to the Hunsford parsonage, where it shall be my duty and privilege to perform those rites and ceremonies as instituted by the Church of England, I cannot be otherwise than concerned at being the means of injuring your amiable daughters. I am most fortunate, in my patroness. Lady Catherine de Bourgh. Indeed, I am, sir. By many, she is reckoned proud, but I have been treated with such affability and condescension as to have *twice* been invited to dine at her Lady's residence. To merely convey a sense of the magnitude of Rosings Park, the chimneypiece in the second drawing room alone cost *eight hundred pounds*.

MR. COLLINS:

Before I am run away with by my feelings... I shall enumerate my reasons for marrying. First, to set the example of matrimony in my parish... Secondly, it greatly adds to a man's well being. And thirdly by the particular advice and recommendation of Lady de Bourgh, my patroness... You may observe, fair cousin, that I do not reckon the notice of Lady Catherine de Bourgh the least of my advantages. Your wit and vivacity, I think, must be acceptable to her, especially when tempered with the silence and respect which her rank invariably excites. Fourth, as I am to inherit this estate after the death of your honoured father, I feel bound to choose a wife from among his daughters that the loss to them might be as little possible... As to dowry, I am well aware of your father's finances and you may assure yourself that no ungenerous reproach shall ever pass my lips when we are married.

Lady Catherine:

You can be at no loss, Miss Bennet, to understand the reason of my journey hither. However insincere you may choose to be, you shall not find me so. My character has ever been celebrated for its sincerity and frankness. I was told that your sister was not the only Bennet on the point of being most advantageously married, but that a Miss Elizabeth Bennet would, in all likelihood, be soon united to my nephew. Though I knew it must be a scandalous falsehood, I instantly resolved on setting off for this place, that I might make my sentiments known to you. I insist upon having you declare that there is no foundation for such a claim. Has my nephew, made you an offer of marriage? Your arts and allurements may, in a moment of infaturation, make him forget what he owes to himself and to all his family. Miss Bennet, I am almost Darcy's nearest relation and am entitled to know all his concerns. Let me be rightly understood. This match to which you have the presumption to aspire can never take place. I am no stranger to the particulars of your youngest sister's infamous elopement. Is such a girl to be my nephew's sister? Is her husband, the son of a steward, to be his brother? Heaven and earth! Are the shades of Pemberley to be thus polluted?

Mrs. Bennet:

Sister, I am sorry that you must be witness to this misfortune. I always thought the Forsters were very unfit to have the charge of Lydia but I was overruled, as I always am. Poor dear child! She is not the kind of girl to do this sort of thing – if she had been properly looked after. And now here's Mr. Bennet gone away, and I know he will fight Wickham, wherever he meets him and then he will be killed, and what is to become of us all? You must tell my brother to find Lydia and Wickham and if they are not married already, *make* them marry. He must not let Mr. Bennet fight Mr. Wickham. My husband can do no good in London and must come home immediately. Let him know what a dreadful state I am in. that I am frightened out of my wits and have such trembling, such flutterings all over me – such spasms in my side and pains in my head, and such beatings at heart – that I can get no rest by night nor by day. And above all things, make certain Lydia does nothing about her new clothes till she has seen me. She does not know which are the best shops.

LYDIA:

Congratulate me, sisters; it is a great while since I've been here. Good gracious! When I went away, I am sure I had no idea of being married, though I thought it would be very good fun if I was. Dear Jane, I take your place now, and you must go lower because I am a married woman. And what do you think of my husband? Is he not a charming man? All my sisters must go to Brighton now, as that is the place to get husbands.

Lydia:

I have such news about a certain person that we all like. It is about dear Wickham! There is no danger of his marrying Mary King. She is gone to her uncle at Liverpool. I am sure there is no strong attachment on his side. He never cared three straws about her. Who could about such a nasty freckled thing? Let us hear what has happened to you, Lizzy, and you, Jane, since you went away. I was in great hopes that one of you would have got a husband before you came back. How I should like to be married before any of you. Then I would chaperone you about to all the balls. What fun that would be! I'd ask Mary too, but she wouldn't come. Oh! Delicious news! I am invited! Look, Mama, Colonel Forster's wife wants me to come with them to Brighton! I am to go to Brighton-by-the-Sea! All the officers will be there and there will be parties and balls – and *officers*!

Caroline:

Well, there is precious little to recommend Miss Elizabeth Bennet, save her being an excellent walker. Her hair is so untidy, so blowsy. This adventure, Mr. Darcy, must well have dimmed your admiration of her fine eyes. Charles, she looked almost *wild*. Walking three, or four, or twenty miles in her petticoat, ankle deep in mud. What can she mean by it? Miss Jane Bennet really is a very sweet girl. I wish with all my heart that she might be well settled. But with such a family, and such low connections, I see little chance of it. No woman can truly be esteemed accomplished without thorough knowledge of music, singing, drawing, dancing, and the modern languages. And then there is that certain *something* in her air, in her manner of walking, in the tone of her voice, in her etiquette and expressions.

Elizabeth:

I warn you, Colonel Fitzwilliam, my disclaimer was not false modesty. I am no great proficient. Do you mean to frighten me, Mr. Darcy, into exhibiting even less skill than I possess? It won't work, you know. My courage rises at your every attempt to intimidate me. I am particularly unlucky, Colonel Fitzwilliam, in meeting with a person able to expose my real character – and in a part of the world where I had hoped to pass myself off with a degree of credit. Is that not ungenerous of Mr. Darcy? Impolite, too. It provokes me to say something of his behavior in Hertfordshire as may shock his relations. The first time of my ever seeing Mr. Darcy in Hertfordshire, was a ball – where he refused to dance, though gentlemen were scarce and more than one young lady was in want of a partner.

ELIZABETH:

How humiliating is this discovery, yet how just a humiliation. Had I been in love I could not have been more wretchedly blind, but vanity, not love, has been my folly. As to the mention of my family in terms so mortifying, my sense of shame is severe, but the charge strikes too forcibly for denial. Their defects, I fear, seem hopeless of remedy. My mother puts herself forward beyond all expectation while my father does nothing to restrain the uncontrollable giddiness and self-willed carelessness of my younger sisters. Only excepting dear Jane what can I call them all but ignorant, idle and vain... How despicably I have acted! I, who have prided myself on my discernment. Until this moment, I never knew myself.

Elizabeth:

I might inquire why, with so evident a desire of offending and insulting me, you chose to tell me that you liked me against your will, against your judgement, and even against your duty as your sister's protector? And if I was uncivil, I have other provocations. Do you think I could have ever considered marrying the man who has ruined, perhaps forever, the happiness of my beloved sister? You arrogantly and unjustly maneuvered Mr. Bingley away from Jane. Can you deny it? Your manner of declaration merely spares me the concern I might have felt in refusing you. You could not have made the offer of your hand in any possible way that would have tempted me to accept it. From the very beginning, sir, your manners impressed me as arrogant, conceited, and selfish. You are the last man in the world I could ever be prevailed upon to marry.

Charlotte:

I am not romantic, I never was. I bring but small fortune to a marriage and I possess unexceptional beauty. I am convinced that my chance of happiness with Mr. Collins is as much as most women can expect upon entering the marriage state. I hope you will be satisfied with what I have decided and find it in your heart to come to see us at Hunsford Parsonage. I should be heart-broken if this business posed a risk to our friendship.