Peter Quince/Francis Flute/Tom Snout/Snug/Robin Starveling-Audition Monologue #1

Asleep, my love?
What, dead my dove?
O Pyramus, arise!
Speak, speak. Quite dumb?
Dead? Dead? A tomb
Must cover thy sweet eyes.
These lily lips,
This cherry nose,
These yellow cowslip cheeks
Are gone, are gone!
Lovers, make moan;
His eyes were green as leeks.
O Sisters Three,
Come, come to me
With hands as pale as milk.
Lay them in gore,
Since you have shore
With shears his thread of silk.
Tongue, not a word!
Come, trusty sword,
Come, blade, my breast imbrue!

(Stabs themselves)

And farewell, friends.
Thus Thisbe ends.
Adieu, adieu, adieu.

Peter Quince/Francis Flute/Tom Snout/Snug/Robin Starveling-Audition Monologue #2

If we offend, it is with our goodwill.
That you should think we come not to offend,
But with goodwill. To show our simple skill,
That is the true beginning of our end.
Consider, then, we come but in despite.
We do not come, as minding to content you,
Our true intent is. All for your delight
We are not here. That you should here repent
you,
The actors are at hand, and by their show,
You shall know all that you are like to know.