

**Antipholus of Syracuse**

The twin brother of Antipholus of Ephesus and the son of Egeon; he has been traveling the world with his slave, Dromio of Syracuse, trying to find his long-lost brother and mother.

Male – ideally in his 30s

And

**Antipholus of Ephesus**

The twin brother of Antipholus of Syracuse and the son of Egeon; he is a well-respected merchant in Ephesus and Adriana's husband.

Male – ideally in his 30s

Audition Piece is same for either Antipholus'

*Act 3 Sc 1*

Sweet mistress, what your name is else I know not,  
Nor by what wonder you do hit of mine;  
Less in your knowledge and your grace you show not  
Than our earth's wonder, more than earth divine.  
Teach me, dear creature, how to think and speak;  
Lay open to my earthly gross conceit,  
Smother'd in errors, feeble, shallow, weak,  
The folded meaning of your words' deceit.  
Against my soul's pure truth, why labour you  
To make it wander in an unknown field?  
Are you a god? Would you create me new?  
Transform me then, and to your power I'll yield.  
But if that I am I, then well I know  
Your weeping sister is no wife of mine,  
Nor to her bed no homage do I owe;  
Far more, far more to you do I decline;  
O, train me not, sweet mermaid, with thy note  
To drown me in thy sister's flood of tears;  
Sing, siren, for thyself, and I will dote;  
Spread o'er the silver waves thy golden hairs,  
And as a bed I'll take thee, and there lie,  
And in that glorious supposition think  
He gains by death that hath such means to die;  
Let love, being light, be drowned if she sink.

## **Dromio of Syracuse and Dromio of Ephesus**

The bumbling, comical twin slaves of Antipholus of Syracuse and Ephesus.

Males, ideally similar age to Antipholus. Using one audition for both Dromios

### *Act 3 sc 2*

ANTIPHOLUS Why, how now, Dromio. Where runn'st thou so fast?

DROMIO Do you know me, sir? Am I Dromio? Am I your man? Am I myself?

ANTIPHOLUS Thou art Dromio, thou art my man, thou art thyself.

DROMIO I am an ass, I am a woman's man, and besides myself.

ANTIPHOLUS What woman's man? And how besides thyself?

DROMIO Marry, sir, besides myself I am due to a woman, one that claims me, one that haunts me, one that will have me.

ANTIPHOLUS What claim lays she to thee?

DROMIO Marry, sir, such claim as you would lay to your horse, and she would have me as a beast; not that I being a beast she would have me, but that she, being a very beastly creature, lays claim to me.

ANTIPHOLUS What is she?

DROMIO A very reverend body, ay, such a one as a man may not speak of without he say "sir-reverence." Marry, sir, she's the kitchen wench, and all grease, and I know not what use to put her to but to make a lamp of her and run from her by her own light. I warrant her rags and the tallow in them will burn a Poland winter. If she lives till doomsday, she'll burn a week longer than the whole world.

ANTIPHOLUS What complexion is she of?

DROMIO Swart like my shoe, but her face nothing like so clean kept. For why? She sweats. A man may go overshoes in the grime of it.

ANTIPHOLUS That's a fault that water will mend.

DROMIO No, sir, 'tis in grain; Noah's flood could not do it.

ANTIPHOLUS What's her name?

DROMIO Nell, sir, but her name and three quarters—that's an ell and three quarters—will not measure her from hip to hip.

ANTIPHOLUS Then she bears some breadth?

DROMIO No longer from head to foot than from hip to hip. She is spherical, like a globe. I could find out countries in her.

ANTIPHOLUS In what part of her body stands Ireland?

DROMIO Marry, sir, in her buttocks. I found it out by the bogs.

ANTIPHOLUS Where Scotland?

DROMIO I found it by the barrenness, hard in the palm of the hand.

ANTIPHOLUS Where France?

DROMIO In her forehead, armed and reverted, making war against her hair.

ANTIPHOLUS Where England?

DROMIO I looked for the chalky cliffs, but I could find no whiteness in them. But I guess it stood in her chin, by the salt rheum that ran between France and it.

ANTIPHOLUS Where Spain?

DROMIO Faith, I saw it not, but I felt it hot in her breath.

ANTIPHOLUS Where stood Belgia, the Netherlands?

DROMIO O, sir, I did not look so low.

## **Adriana**

The wife of Antipholus of Ephesus, she is a fierce, jealous woman. Age to match with Antipholus

Act 2 Sc 2

Ay, ay, Antipholus, look strange and frown,  
Some other mistress hath thy sweet aspects;  
The time was once when thou unurg'd wouldst vow  
That never words were music to thine ear,  
That never object pleasing in thine eye,  
That never touch well welcome to thy hand,  
That never meat sweet-savour'd in thy taste,  
Unless I spake, or look'd, or touch'd, or carv'd to thee.  
How comes it now, my husband, O, how comes it,  
That thou art then estranged from thyself?  
Ah, do not tear away thyself from me;  
How dearly would it touch thee to the quick,  
Shouldst thou but hear I were licentious?  
And that this body, consecrate to thee,  
By ruffian lust should be contaminate?  
Wouldst thou not spit at me, and spurn at me,  
And hurl the name of husband in my face,  
And tear the stain'd skin off my harlot brow,  
And from my false hand cut the wedding-ring,  
And break it with a deep-divorcing vow?  
I know thou canst; and therefore, see thou do it!  
I am possess'd with an adulterate blot,  
My blood is mingled with the crime of lust;  
For if we two be one, and thou play false,  
I do digest the poison of thy flesh,  
Being strumpeted by thy contagion.

**Luciana**

Adriana's unmarried sister and the object of Antipholus of Syracuse's affections.

*Act 3 Sc 2*

And may it be that you have quite forgot  
A husband's office? shall, Antipholus.  
Even in the spring of love, thy love-springs rot?  
Shall love, in building, grow so ruinous?  
If you did wed my sister for her wealth,  
Then for her wealth's sake use her with more kindness:  
Or if you like elsewhere, do it by stealth;  
Muffle your false love with some show of blindness:  
Let not my sister read it in your eye;  
Be not thy tongue thy own shame's orator;  
Look sweet, be fair, become disloyalty;  
Apparel vice like virtue's harbinger;  
Bear a fair presence, though your heart be tainted;  
Teach sin the carriage of a holy saint;  
Be secret-false: what need she be acquainted?  
What simple thief brags of his own attainment?  
'Tis double wrong, to truant with your bed  
And let her read it in thy looks at board:  
Shame hath a bastard fame, well managed;  
Ill deeds are doubled with an evil word.  
Alas, poor women! make us but believe,  
Being compact of credit, that you love us;  
Though others have the arm, show us the sleeve;  
We in your motion turn and you may move us.  
Then, gentle brother, get you in again;  
Comfort my sister, cheer her, call her wife:  
'Tis holy sport to be a little vain,  
When the sweet breath of flattery conquers strife.

**Solinus**

The Duke of Ephesus; a just but merciful ruler. Flexible about age and gender.

*Act 1 sc 1*

Hapless Egeon, whom the fates have marked  
To bear the extremity of dire mishap,  
Now, trust me, were it not against our laws,  
Against my crown, my oath, my dignity,  
Which princes, would they, may not disannul,  
My soul should sue as advocate for thee.  
But though thou art adjudgèd to the death,  
And passèd sentence may not be recalled  
But to our honor's great disparagement,  
Yet will I favor thee in what I can.  
Therefore, merchant, I'll limit thee this day  
To seek thy life by beneficial help.  
Try all the friends thou hast in Ephesus;  
Beg thou, or borrow, to make up the sum,  
And live. If no, then thou art doomed to die.—  
Jailer, take him to thy custody.

**Egeon**

A Syracusan merchant, husband of the Abbess (Emilia), and the father of the two Antipholi.  
Older male

*Act 1 Sc 1*

A heavier task could not have been imposed  
Than I to speak my griefs unspeakable;  
Yet, that the world may witness that my end  
Was wrought by nature, not by vile offense,  
I'll utter what my sorrow gives me leave.  
In Syracuse was I born, and wed  
Unto a woman happy but for me,  
And by me, had not our hap been bad.  
With her I lived in joy. Our wealth increased  
By prosperous voyages I often made  
To Epidamium, till my factor's death  
And the great care of goods at random left  
Drew me from kind embracements of my spouse;  
From whom my absence was not six months old  
Before herself—almost at fainting under  
The pleasing punishment that women bear—  
Had made provision for her following me  
And soon and safe arrivèd where I was.  
There had she not been long but she became  
A joyful mother of two goodly sons,  
And, which was strange, the one so like the other  
As could not be distinguished but by names.

**Abbess**

Emilia, the long-lost wife of Egeon and the mother of the two Antipholi.  
Older female

*Act 5 sc 1*

ADRIANA

*In bed he slept not for my urging it;  
At board he fed not for my urging it.  
Alone, it was the subject of my theme;  
In company I often glanced it.  
Still did I tell him it was vile and bad.*

ABBESS

And thereof came it that the man was mad.  
The venom clamors of a jealous woman  
Poisons more deadly than a mad dog's tooth.  
It seems his sleeps were hindered by thy railing,  
And thereof 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 sayest 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

**Balthasar**

A merchant in Syracuse.

Generally a helpful sort – tries here to stop A of E acting hastily assuming his wife is unfaithful:

**First Merchant**

An Ephesian friend of Antipholus of Syracuse.

**Second Merchant**

A tradesman to whom Angelo is in debt. Quite probably a nasty bit of work at least a bully.

Audition for Balthasar, First and second Merchant. Use the following Balthasar speech. No restriction on age or gender

*Act 3 Sc1*

Have patience, sir; O, let it not be so!  
Herein you war against your reputation  
And draw within the compass of suspect  
The unviolated honour of your wife.  
Once this,--your long experience of her wisdom,  
Her sober virtue, years and modesty,  
Plead on her part some cause to you unknown:  
And doubt not, sir, but she will well excuse  
Why at this time the doors are made against you.  
Be ruled by me: depart in patience,  
And let us to the Tiger all to dinner,  
And about evening come yourself alone  
To know the reason of this strange restraint.  
If by strong hand you offer to break in  
Now in the stirring passage of the day,  
A vulgar comment will be made of it,  
And that supposed by the common rout  
Against your yet ungalled estimation  
That may with foul intrusion enter in  
And dwell upon your grave when you are dead;  
For slander lives upon succession,  
For ever housed where it gets possession.



## Angelo

A goldsmith in Syracuse and a friend to Antipholus of Ephesus.  
Cheery, likeable. No restriction on age or gender.

ANGELO. Master Antipholus,—

ANTIPHOLUS. Ay, that's my name.

ANGELO. I know it well, sir, lo, here is the chain.

I thought to have ta'en you at the Porpentine:

The chain unfinish'd made me stay thus long.

ANTIPHOLUS. What is your will that I shall do with this?

ANGELO. What please yourself, sir: I have made it for you.

ANTIPHOLUS. Made it for me, sir! I bespoke it not.

ANGELO. Not once, nor twice, but twenty times you have.

Go home with it and please your wife withal;

And soon at supper-time I'll visit you

And then receive my money for the chain.

ANTIPHOLUS. I pray you, sir, receive the money now,

For fear you ne'er see chain nor money more.

ANGELO. You are a merry man, sir: fare you well.

**Courtesan**

An expensive prostitute and friend of Antipholus of Ephesus.  
Female age flexible

*Act IV, Scene iii*

Now out of doubt Antipholus is mad,  
Else would he never so demean himself;  
A ring he hath of mine worth forty ducats,  
And for the same he promis'd me a chain;  
Both one and other he denies me now.  
The reason that I gather he is mad,  
Besides this present instance of his rage,  
Is a mad tale he told to-day at dinner  
Of his own doors being shut against his entrance.  
Belike his wife, acquainted with his fits,  
On purpose shut the doors against his way—  
My way is now to hie home to his house,  
And tell his wife that, being lunatic,  
He rush'd into my house and took perforce  
My ring away. This course I fittest choose,  
For forty ducats is too much to lose.

### **Doctor Pinch**

A conjurer, and would-be exorcist. Small part, big on character. Probably male but willing to be convinced otherwise.

PINCH, Give me your hand, and let me feel your pulse.

ANTIPHOLUS, *striking Pinch* There is my hand, and let it feel your ear.

PINCH I charge thee, Satan, housed within this man,

To yield possession to my holy prayers,

And to thy state of darkness hie thee straight.

I conjure thee by all the saints in heaven.

... It is no shame. The fellow finds his vein

And, yielding to him, humors well his frenzy.

... Mistress, both man and master is possessed.

I know it by their pale and deadly looks.

They must be bound and laid in some dark room.