

# Classical

2022 Performing Arts Intake - Monologues  
Arts Academy

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## The Comedy of Errors by William Shakespeare

### *Act Three, Scene Two*

#### **Antipholus of Syracuse:**

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 earthy-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 them 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!

## Julius Caesar by William Shakespeare

### *Act Two, Scene One*

**Brutus:**

It must be by his death: and for my part,  
I know no personal cause to spurn at him,  
But for the general. He would be crown'd:  
How that might change his nature, there's the question.  
It is the bright day that brings forth the adder;  
And that craves wary walking. Crown him?--that;--  
And then, I grant, we put a sting in him,  
That at his will he may do danger with.  
The abuse of greatness is, when it disjoins  
Remorse from power: and, to speak truth of Caesar,  
I have not known when his affections sway'd  
More than his reason. But 'tis a common proof,  
That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,  
Whereto the climber-upward turns his face;  
But when he once attains the upmost round,  
He then unto the ladder turns his back,  
Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees  
By which he did ascend. So Caesar may.  
Then, lest he may, prevent. And, since the quarrel  
Will bear no colour for the thing he is,  
Fashion it thus; that what he is, augmented,  
Would run to these and these extremities:  
And therefore think him as a serpent's egg  
Which, hatch'd, would, as his kind, grow mischievous,  
And kill him in the shell.

## Dr. Faustus by Christopher Marlowe

*Act One, Scene One*

**Faustus:**

How am I glutted with conceit of this!  
Shall I make spirits fetch me what I please,  
Resolve me of all ambiguities,  
Perform what desperate enterprise I will?  
I'll have them fly to India for gold,  
Ransack the ocean for orient pearl,  
And search all corners of the new-found world  
For pleasant fruits, and princely delicates.  
I'll have them read me strange philosophy,  
And tell the secrets of all foreign Kings.  
I'll have them wall all Germany with brass,  
And make swift Rhine, circle faire Wittenberg.  
I'll have them fill the public schools with silk,  
Wherewith the students shall be bravely clad.  
I'll levy soldiers with the coin they bring,  
And chase the Prince of Parma from our land,  
And reign sole king of all the provinces.  
Yea, stranger engines for the brunt of war  
Than was the fiery keel at Antwerp's bridge  
I'll make my servile spirits to invent.  
Come, German Valdes and Cornelius,  
And make me blest with your sage conference.

## Hamlet by William Shakespeare

### *Act Three, Scene One*

#### **Hamlet:**

To be, or not to be: that is the question:  
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer  
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,  
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,  
And by opposing end them? To die: to sleep;  
No more; and by a sleep to say we end  
The heart-ache and the thousand natural shocks  
That flesh is heir to, 'tis a consummation  
Devoutly to be wish'd. To die, to sleep;  
To sleep: perchance to dream: ay, there's the rub;  
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come  
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,  
Must give us pause: there's the respect  
That makes calamity of so long life;  
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,  
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,  
The pangs of despised love, the law's delay,  
The insolence of office and the spurns  
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,  
When he himself might his quietus make  
With a bare bodkin? who would fardels bear,  
To grunt and sweat under a weary life,  
But that the dread of something after death,  
The undiscover'd country from whose bourn  
No traveller returns, puzzles the will  
And makes us rather bear those ills we have  
Than fly to others that we know not of?  
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all;  
And thus the native hue of resolution  
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought,  
And enterprises of great pith and moment

With this regard their currents turn awry,  
And lose the name of action.--Soft you now!  
The fair Ophelia! Nymph, in thy orisons  
Be all my sins remember'd.

## The Tragedy of Macbeth by William Shakespeare

### *Act Three, Scene Five*

**Hecate:**

Have I not reason, beldams as you are,  
Saucy and overbold? How did you dare  
To trade and traffic with Macbeth  
In riddles and affairs of death;  
And I, the mistress of your charms,  
The close contriver of all harms,  
Was never call'd to bear my part,  
Or show the glory of our art?  
And, which is worse, all you have done  
Hath been but for a wayward son,  
Spiteful and wrathful, who, as others do,  
Loves for his own ends, not for you.  
But make amends now: get you gone,  
And at the pit of Acheron  
Meet me i' the morning: thither he  
Will come to know his destiny:  
Your vessels and your spells provide,  
Your charms and every thing beside.  
I am for the air; this night I'll spend  
Unto a dismal and a fatal end:  
Great business must be wrought ere noon:  
Upon the corner of the moon  
There hangs a vaporous drop profound;  
I'll catch it ere it come to ground:  
And that distill'd by magic sleights  
Shall raise such artificial sprites  
As by the strength of their illusion  
Shall draw him on to his confusion:  
He shall spurn fate, scorn death, and bear  
He hopes 'bove wisdom, grace and fear:

And you all know, security  
Is mortals' chiefest enemy.

## A Midsummer Night's Dream by William Shakespeare

### Act Three, Scene Three

#### Helena:

Lo, she is one of this confederacy!  
Now I perceive they have conjoin'd all three  
To fashion this false sport, in spite of me.  
Injurious Hermia! most ungrateful maid!  
Have you conspired, have you with these contrived  
To bait me with this foul derision?  
Is all the counsel that we two have shared,  
The sisters' vows, the hours that we have spent,  
When we have chid the hasty-footed time  
For parting us,-- O, is it all forgot?  
All school-days' friendship, childhood innocence?  
We, Hermia, like two artificial gods,  
Have with our needles created both one flower,  
Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion,  
Both warbling of one song, both in one key,  
As if our hands, our sides, voices and minds,  
Had been incorporate. So we grow together,  
Like to a double cherry, seeming parted,  
But yet an union in partition;  
Two lovely berries moulded on one stem;  
So, with two seeming bodies, but one heart;  
Two of the first, like coats in heraldry,  
Due but to one and crowned with one crest.  
And will you rent our ancient love asunder,  
To join with men in scorning your poor friend?  
It is not friendly, 'tis not maidenly:  
Our sex, as well as I, may chide you for it,  
Though I alone do feel the injury.

## Two Gentlemen of Verona by William Shakespeare

### *Act One, Scene Two*

**Julia:**

Nay, would I were so angered with the same.  
O hateful hands to tear such loving words;  
Injurious wasps, to feed on such sweet honey  
And kill the bees that yield it with your stings.  
I'll kiss each several paper for amends.  
Look, here is writ 'Kind Julia' – unkind Julia,  
As in revenge of thy ingratitude  
I throw thy name against the bruising stones  
Trampling contemptuously on thy disdain.  
And here is writ 'Love-wounded Proteus'.  
Poor wounded name, my bosom as a bed  
Shall lodge thee till thy wound be thoroughly healed;  
And thus I search it with a sovereign kiss.  
But twice or thrice was 'Proteus' written down.  
Be calm, good wind, blow not a word away  
Till I have found each letter in the letter  
Except mine own name. That some whirlwind bear  
Unto a ragged, fearful, hanging rock  
And throw it thence into the raging sea.  
Lo, here in one line is his name twice writ:  
'Poor forlorn Proteus', 'passionate Proteus',  
'To the sweet Julia' – that'll tear away.  
And yet I will not, sith so prettily  
He couples it to his complaining names.  
Thus will I fold them, one upon another.  
Now kiss, embrace, contend, do what you will.

## The Tragedy of Macbeth By William Shakespeare

### *Act One, Scene Seven*

**Macbeth:**

If it were done when 'tis done, then 'twere well  
It were done quickly: if the assassination  
Could trammel up the consequence, and catch  
With his surcease success; that but this blow  
Might be the be-all and the end-all here,  
But here, upon this bank and shoal of time,  
We'd jump the life to come. But in these cases  
We still have judgment here; that we but teach  
Bloody instructions, which, being taught, return  
To plague the inventor: this even-handed justice  
Commends the ingredients of our poison'd chalice  
To our own lips. He's here in double trust;  
First, as I am his kinsman and his subject,  
Strong both against the deed; then, as his host,  
Who should against his murderer shut the door,  
Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this Duncan  
Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been  
So clear in his great office, that his virtues  
Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against  
The deep damnation of his taking-off;  
And pity, like a naked new-born babe,  
Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubim, horsed  
Upon the sightless couriers of the air,  
Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,  
That tears shall drown the wind. I have no spur  
To prick the sides of my intent, but only  
Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself  
And falls on the other.

## Romeo and Juliet by William Shakespeare

### *Act One, Scene Four*

**Mercutio:**

O, then I see Queen Mab hath been with you.  
She is the fairies' midwife, and she comes  
In shape no bigger than an agate stone  
On the forefinger of an alderman,  
Drawn with a team of little atomies  
Over men's noses as they lie asleep;  
Her wagon spokes made of long spinners' legs,  
The cover, of the wings of grasshoppers;  
Her traces, of the smallest spider web;  
Her collars, of the moonshine's wat'ry beams;  
Her whip, of cricket's bone; the lash, of film;  
Her wagoner, a small grey-coated gnat,  
Not half so big as a round little worm  
Pricked from the lazy finger of a maid;  
Her chariot is an empty hazelnut,  
Made by the joiner squirrel or old grub,  
Time out o' mind the fairies' coachmakers.  
And in this state she gallops night by night  
Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of love;  
O'er courtiers' knees, that dream on curtsies straight;  
O'er lawyers' fingers, who straight dream on fees;  
O'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses dream,  
Which oft the angry Mab with blisters plagues,  
Because their breaths with sweetmeats tainted are.  
Sometimes she gallops o'er a courtier's nose,  
And then dreams he of smelling out a suit;  
And sometimes comes she with a tithe-pig's tail  
Tickling a parson's nose as 'a lies asleep,  
Then dreams he of another benefice.  
Sometimes she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,  
And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,

Of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades,  
Of healths five fathom deep; and then anon  
Drums in his ear, at which he starts and wakes,  
And being thus frightened, swears a prayer or two  
And sleeps again.

## Romeo and Juliet by William Shakespeare

### *Act One, Scene Three*

#### **Nurse:**

Even or odd, of all days in the year,  
Come Lammas-eve at night shall she be fourteen.  
Susan and she—God rest all Christian souls!—  
Were of an age: well, Susan is with God;  
She was too good for me: but, as I said, 405  
On Lammas-eve at night shall she be fourteen;  
That shall she, marry; I remember it well.  
'Tis since the earthquake now eleven years;  
And she was wean'd,—I never shall forget it,—  
Of all the days of the year, upon that day:  
For I had then laid wormwood to my dug,  
Sitting in the sun under the dove-house wall;  
My lord and you were then at Mantua:—  
Nay, I do bear a brain:—but, as I said,  
When it did taste the wormwood on the nipple  
Of my dug and felt it bitter, pretty fool,  
To see it tetchy and fall out with the dug!  
Shake quoth the dove-house: 'twas no need, I trow,  
To bid me trudge:  
And since that time it is eleven years;  
For then she could stand alone; nay, by the rood,  
She could have run and waddled all about;  
For even the day before, she broke her brow:  
And then my husband—God be with his soul!  
A' was a merry man—took up the child:  
'Yea,' quoth he, 'dost thou fall upon thy face?  
Thou wilt fall backward when thou hast more wit;  
Wilt thou not, Jule?' and, by my holidame,  
The pretty wretch left crying and said 'Ay.'  
To see, now, how a jest shall come about!

I warrant, an I should live a thousand years,  
I never should forget it: 'Wilt thou not, Jule?' quoth he;  
And, pretty fool, it stinted and said 'Ay.'

## As You Like It by William Shakespeare

### *Act One, Scene One*

**Orlando:**

As I remember, Adam, it was upon this fashion bequeathed me by will but poor a thousand crowns, and, as thou sayest, charged my brother, on his blessing, to breed me well: and there begins my sadness. My brother Jaques he keeps at school, and report speaks goldenly of his profit: for my part, he keeps me rustically at home, or, to speak more properly, stays me here at home unkept; for call you that keeping for a gentleman of my birth, that differs not from the stalling of an ox? His horses are bred better; for, besides that they are fair with their feeding, they are taught their manage, and to that end riders dearly hired: but I, his brother, gain nothing under him but growth; for the which his animals on his dunghills are as much bound to him as I. Besides this nothing that he so plentifully gives me, the something that nature gave me his countenance seems to take from me: he lets me feed with his hinds, bars me the place of a brother, and, as much as in him lies, mines my gentility with my education. This is it, Adam, that grieves me; and the spirit of my father, which I think is within me, begins to mutiny against this servitude: I will no longer endure it, though yet I know no wise remedy how to avoid it.

## Julius Caesar by William Shakespeare

### *Act Two Scene One*

**Portia:**

Nor for yours neither. You've ungently, Brutus,  
Stole from my bed: and yesternight, at supper,  
You suddenly arose, and walk'd about,  
Musing and sighing, with your arms across,  
And when I ask'd you what the matter was,  
You stared upon me with ungentle looks;  
I urged you further; then you scratch'd your head,  
And too impatiently stamp'd with your foot;  
Yet I insisted, yet you answer'd not,  
But, with an angry wafture of your hand,  
Gave sign for me to leave you: so I did;  
Fearing to strengthen that impatience  
Which seem'd too much enkindled, and withal  
Hoping it was but an effect of humour,  
Which sometime hath his hour with every man.  
It will not let you eat, nor talk, nor sleep,  
And could it work so much upon your shape  
As it hath much prevail'd on your condition,  
I should not know you, Brutus. Dear my lord,  
Make me acquainted with your cause of grief.

## The Tragedy of King Richard the Third by William Shakespeare

### *Act One, Scene Three*

#### **Queen Margaret:**

What? Were you snarling all before I came,  
Ready to catch each other by the throat,  
And turn you all your hatred now on me?  
Did York's dread curse prevail so much with heaven  
That Henry's death, my lovely Edward's death,  
Their kingdom's loss, my woeful banishment,  
Should all but answer for that peevish brat?  
Can curses pierce the clouds and enter heaven?  
Why then, give way, dull clouds, to my quick curses!  
Though not by war, by surfeit die your king.  
As ours by murder to make him a king.  
(to Elizabeth) Edward thy son, that is now Prince of Wales,  
For Edward my son, that was Prince of Wales,  
Die in his youth by like untimely violence.  
Thyself, a queen, for me that was a queen,  
Outlive thy glory like my wretched self.  
Long mayst thou live to wail thy children's death,  
And see another, as I see thee now,  
Decked in thy rights, as thou art 'stalled in mine.  
Long die thy happy days before thy death,  
And after many lengthened hours of grief  
Die, neither mother, wife, nor England's queen. –  
Rivers and Dorset, you were standers-by,  
And so wast thou, Lord Hastings, when my son  
Was stabbed with bloody daggers. God I pray him,  
That none of you may live his natural age,  
But by some unlooked accident cut off.

## The Tragedy Of King Richard the Third by William Shakespeare

### *Act Three, Scene 3*

#### **Richard Gloucester:**

Now is the winter of our discontent  
Made glorious summer by this son of York;  
And all the clouds that loured upon our house  
In the deep bosom of the ocean buried.  
Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths,  
Our bruised arms hung up for monuments,  
Our stern alarums changed to merry meetings,  
Our dreadful marches to delightful measures.  
Grim-visaged war hath smoothed his wrinkled front,  
And now – instead of mounting barbéd steeds  
To fright the souls of fearful adversaries –  
He capers nimbly in a ladies chamber  
To the lascivious pleasing of a lute.  
But I, that am not shaped for sportive tricks  
Nor made to court an amorous looking-glass,  
I That am rudely stamped and want love's majesty  
To strut before a wanton ambling nymph,  
I That am curtailed of this fair proportion,  
Cheated of feature by this dissembling nature,  
Deformed, unfinished, sent before my time  
Into this breathing world scarce half made up –  
And that so lamely and unfashionable  
That dogs bark at me as I halt by them –  
Why, I in this weak piping time of peace  
Have no delight to pass away the time,  
Unless to spy my shadow in the sun  
And descant on my own deformity.  
And therefore since I cannot prove a lover  
To entertain these fair well-spoken days,  
I am determinéd to prove a villain

And hate the idle pleasures of these days,  
Plots have I laid, inductions dangerous,  
By drunken prophecies, libels and dreams  
To set my brother Clarence and the King  
In deadly hate the one against the other.  
And if King Edward be as true and just  
As I am subtle, false and treacherous  
This day should Clarence closely be mew'd up  
About a prophecy which says that "G"  
Of Edward's heirs the murderer shall be  
Drive, thoughts, down to my soul: here Clarence comes.

## As You Like It by William Shakespeare

### *Act Three, Scene Four*

#### **Rosalind**

And why, I pray you? Who might be your mother,  
That you insult, exult, and all at once,  
Over the wretched? What though you have no beauty,--  
As, by my faith, I see no more in you  
Than without candle may go dark to bed--  
Must you be therefore proud and pitiless?  
Why, what means this? Why do you look on me?  
I see no more in you than in the ordinary  
Of nature's sale-work. 'Od's my little life,  
I think she means to tangle my eyes too!  
No, faith, proud mistress, hope not after it:  
'Tis not your inky brows, your black silk hair,  
Your bugle eyeballs, nor your cheek of cream,  
That can entame my spirits to your worship.  
You foolish shepherd, wherefore do you follow her,  
Like foggy south puffing with wind and rain?  
You are a thousand times a properer man  
Than she a woman: 'tis such fools as you  
That makes the world full of ill-favour'd children:  
'Tis not her glass, but you, that flatters her;  
And out of you she sees herself more proper  
Than any of her lineaments can show her.  
But, mistress, know yourself: down on your knees,  
And thank heaven, fasting, for a good man's love:  
For I must tell you friendly in your ear,  
Sell when you can: you are not for all markets:  
Cry the man mercy; love him; take his offer:  
Foul is most foul, being foul to be a scoffer.  
So take her to thee, shepherd: fare you well.

## The White Devil by John Webster

### Act Four, Scene Two

**Vittoria:**

What have I gained by thee but infamy?  
Thou hast stained the spotless honour of my house,  
And frightened thence noble society:  
Like those which, sick o'th'palsy, and retain  
Ill-scenting foxes 'bout them, are still shunned  
By those of choicer nostrils. What do you call this house?  
Is this your palace? Did not the judge style it  
A house of penitent whores? Who sent me to it?  
Who hath the honour to advance Vittoria  
To this incontinent college? Is't not you?  
Is't not your high preferment? Go, go brag  
How many ladies you have undone, like me.  
Fare you well sir; let me hear no more of you.  
I had a limb corrupted to an ulcer,  
But I have cut it off: and now I'll go  
Weeping to heaven on crutches. For your gifts,  
I will return them all; and I do wish  
That I could make you full executor  
To all my sins – O that I could toss myself  
Into a grave as quickly: for all thou art worth  
I'll not shed one tear more – I'll burst first.