

# Classical

2024 Performing Arts Intake - Monologues  
**Arts Academy**



*Summary:*

*Oberon, Puck, Helena, Bottom: A Midsummer Night's Dream by William Shakespeare*

*Antony: Julius Caesar by William Shakespeare*

*Benedick: Much Ado About Nothing by William Shakespeare*

*King: All's Well That Ends Well by William Shakespeare*

*Adriana, Luciana: The Comedy of Errors by William Shakespeare*

*Lady Anne, Richard: Richard III by William Shakespeare*

*Julia: The Two Gentlemen of Verona by William Shakespeare*

*Flamineo, Vittoria: The White Devil by John Webster*

*Prince, Juliet: Romeo and Juliet by William Shakespeare*

*Bassanio, Portia: The Merchant of Venice by William Shakespeare*

*Orsino, Viola: Twelfth Night by William Shakespeare*

*MONOLOGUES:*

*A Midsummer Night's Dream* by William Shakespeare

Act 2 Scene 1

**OBERON:**

I pray thee, give it me.

I know a bank where the wild thyme blows,  
Where oxlips and the nodding violet grows,  
Quite over-canopied with luscious woodbine,  
With sweet musk-roses and with eglantine:  
There sleeps Titania sometime of the night,  
Lull'd in these flowers with dances and delight;  
And there the snake throws her enamell'd skin,  
Weed wide enough to wrap a fairy in:  
And with the juice of this I'll streak her eyes,  
And make her full of hateful fantasies.

Take thou some of it, and seek through this grove:

A sweet Athenian lady is in love

With a disdainful youth: anoint his eyes;

But do it when the next thing he espies

May be the lady: thou shalt know the man

By the Athenian garments he hath on.

Effect it with some care, that he may prove

More fond on her than she upon her love:

And look thou meet me ere the first cock crow.

*A Midsummer Night's Dream* by William Shakespeare

Act 2, Scene 2

**PUCK:**

Through the forest have I gone.  
But Athenian found I none,  
On whose eyes I might approve  
This flower's force in stirring love.  
Night and silence.--Who is here?  
Weeds of Athens he doth wear:  
This is he, my master said,  
Despised the Athenian maid;  
And here the maiden, sleeping sound,  
On the dank and dirty ground.  
Pretty soul! she durst not lie  
Near this lack-love, this kill-courtesy.  
Churl, upon thy eyes I throw  
All the power this charm doth owe.  
When thou wakest, let love forbid  
Sleep his seat on thy eyelid:  
So awake when I am gone;  
For I must now to Oberon.

*A Midsummer Night's Dream* by William Shakespeare

Act 1, Scene 1

**HELENA:**

How happy some o'er other some can be!  
Through Athens I am thought as fair as she.  
But what of that? Demetrius thinks not so;  
He will not know what all but he do know.  
And as he errs, doting on Hermia's eyes,  
So I, admiring of his qualities.  
Things base and vile, holding no quantity,  
Love can transpose to form and dignity.  
Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind,  
And therefore is winged Cupid painted blind.  
Nor hath Love's mind of any judgment taste;  
Wings, and no eyes, figure unheedy haste.  
And therefore is Love said to be a child,  
Because in choice he is so oft beguiled.  
As waggish boys in game themselves forswear,  
So the boy Love is perjured everywhere.  
For ere Demetrius looked on Hermia's eyne,  
He hailed down oaths that he was only mine;  
And when this hail some heat from Hermia felt,  
So he dissolved, and show'rs of oaths did melt.  
I will go tell him of fair Hermia's flight.  
Then to the wood will he to-morrow night  
Pursue her; and for this intelligence

If I have thanks, it is a dear expense.

But herein mean I to enrich my pain,

To have his sight thither and back again.

*A Midsummer Night's Dream* by William Shakespeare

Act Four, Scene 1

**BOTTOM:**

[Awaking] When my cue comes, call me, and I will answer: my next is, 'Most fair Pyramus.' Heigh-ho! Peter Quince! Flute, the bellows-mender! Snout, the tinker! Starveling! God's my life, stolen hence, and left me asleep! I have had a most rare vision. I have had a dream, past the wit of man to say what dream it was: man is but an ass, if he go about to expound this dream. Methought I was--there is no man can tell what. Methought I was...and methought I had...but man is but a patched fool, if he will offer to say what methought I had. The eye of man hath not heard, the ear of man hath not seen, man's hand is not able to taste, his tongue to conceive, nor his heart to report, what my dream was. I will get Peter Quince to write a ballad of this dream: it shall be called Bottom's Dream, because it hath no bottom; and I will sing it in the latter end of a play, before the duke: peradventure, to make it the more gracious, I shall sing it at her death.

***Julius Caesar*** by William Shakespeare

Act 3 Scene 1

**ANTONY:**

O, pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth,  
That I am meek and gentle with these butchers.  
Thou art the ruins of the noblest man  
That ever lived in the tide of times.  
Woe to the hands that shed this costly blood!  
Over thy wounds now do I prophesy  
(Which like dumb mouths do ope their ruby lips,  
To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue),  
A curse shall light upon the limbs of men;  
Domestic fury and fierce civil strife  
Shall cumber all the parts of Italy;  
Blood and destruction shall be so in use,  
And dreadful objects so familiar,  
That mothers shall but smile when they behold  
Their infants quartered with the hands of war,  
All pity chok'd with custom of fell deeds;  
And Caesar's spirit, ranging for revenge,  
With Ate by his side come hot from hell,  
Shall in these confines with a monarch's voice  
Cry havoc and let slip the dogs of war,  
That this foul deed shall smell above the earth  
With carrion men, groaning for burial.



***Much Ado About Nothing*** by William Shakespeare

Act Two Scene 3

***BENEDICK:***

This can be no trick. The conference was sadly borne. They have the truth of this from Hero. They seem to pity the lady. It seems her affections have their full bent. Love me! Why, it must be requited. I hear how I am censured. They say I will bear myself proudly if I perceive the love come from her. They say too that she will rather die than give any sign of affection. I did never think to marry. I must not seem proud. Happy are they that can hear their detractions and can put them to mending. They say the lady is fair. 'Tis a truth, I can bear them witness. And virtuous – 'tis so, I cannot reprove it. And wise, but for loving me. By my troth, it is no addition to her wit – nor no great argument of her folly, for I will be horribly in love with her. I may chance have some odd quirks and remnants of wit broken on me because I have railed so long against marriage; but doth not the appetite alter? A man loves the meat in his youth that he cannot endure in his age. Shall quips and sentences and these paper bullets of the brain awe a man from the career of his humour? No. The world must be peopled. When I said I would die a bachelor, I did not think I should live till I were married. Here comes Beatrice.

***All's Well That Ends Well*** by William Shakespeare

Act 2 Scene 3

**KING:**

My honour's at the stake, which to defeat  
I must produce my power.—Here, take her hand,  
Proud, scornful boy, unworthy this good gift,  
That dost in vile misprision shackle up  
My love and her desert; that canst not dream  
We, poisoning us in her defective scale,  
Shall weigh thee to the beam; that wilt not know  
It is in us to plant thine honor where  
We please to have it grow. Check thy contempt;  
Obey our will, which travails in thy good.  
Believe not thy disdain, but presently  
Do thine own fortunes that obedient right  
Which both thy duty owes and our power claims,  
Or I will throw thee from my care forever  
Into the staggers and the careless lapse  
Of youth and ignorance, both my revenge and hate  
Loosing upon thee in the name of justice  
Without all terms of pity. Speak. Thine answer.

*The Comedy of Errors* by William Shakespeare

Act Two, Scene 2

**ADRIANA:**

Ay, ay, Antipholus, look strange and frown.  
Some other mistress hath thy sweet aspects.  
I am not Adriana, nor thy wife.  
The time was once when thou unurged 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-savored in thy taste,  
Unless I spake, or looked, or touched, or carved to thee.  
How comes it now, my husband, O, how comes it  
That thou art then estrangèd from thyself?  
“Thyself” I call it, being strange to me,  
That, undividable, incorporate,  
Am better than thy dear self’s better part.  
Ah, do not tear away thyself from me!  
For know, my love, as easy mayst thou fall  
A drop of water in the breaking gulf,  
And take unmingled thence that drop again  
Without addition or diminishing,  
As take from me thyself and not me too.  
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 stained 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 possessed 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.  
Keep then fair league and truce with thy true bed,  
I live distained, thou undishonorèd.

***The Comedy of Errors*** by William Shakespeare

Act Three, Scene 2

**LUCIANA:**

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, speak 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 attain?  
'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.

*Richard III* by William Shakespeare

Act One, Scene 2

**LADY ANNE:**

Set down, set down your honourable load,  
If honour may be shrouded in a hearse,  
Whilst I awhile obsequiously lament  
The untimely fall of virtuous Lancaster.  
Poor key-cold figure of a holy king!  
Pale ashes of the house of Lancaster!  
Thou bloodless remnant of that royal blood!  
Be it lawful that I invoke thy ghost,  
To hear the lamentations of Poor Anne,  
Wife to thy Edward, to thy slaughter'd son,  
Stabb'd by the selfsame hand that made these wounds!  
Lo, in these windows that let forth thy life,  
I pour the helpless balm of my poor eyes.  
Cursed be the hand that made these fatal holes!  
Cursed be the heart that had the heart to do it!  
Cursed the blood that let this blood from hence!  
More direful hap betide that hated wretch,  
That makes us wretched by the death of thee,  
Than I can wish to adders, spiders, toads,  
Or any creeping venom'd thing that lives!  
If ever he have child, abortive be it,  
Prodigious, and untimely brought to light,  
Whose ugly and unnatural aspect  
May fright the hopeful mother at the view;  
And that be heir to his unhappiness!  
If ever he have wife, let her be made  
A miserable by the death of him  
As I am made by my poor lord and thee!  
Come, now towards Chertsey with your holy load,  
Taken from Paul's to be interred there;  
And still, as you are weary of the weight,  
Rest you, whiles I lament King Henry's corse.

*Richard III* by William Shakespeare

Act One, Scene 1

**RICHARD:**

Now is the winter of our discontent  
Made glorious summer by this sun of York;  
And all the clouds that lour'd 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 smooth'd his wrinkled front;  
And now, instead of mounting barded steeds  
To fright the souls of fearful adversaries,  
He capers nimbly in a lady's 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 stamp'd, and want love's majesty  
To strut before a wanton ambling nymph;  
I, that am curtail'd of this fair proportion,  
Cheated of feature by dissembling nature,  
Deformed, unfinish'd, 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 mine own deformity:  
And therefore, since I cannot prove a lover,  
To entertain these fair well-spoken days,  
I am determin'd to prove a villain  
And hate the idle pleasures of these days.

*The Two Gentlemen of Verona* by William Shakespeare

Act Four, Scene 4

**JULIA:**

And she shall thank you for't, if e'er you know her.

A virtuous gentlewoman, mild, and beautiful

I hope my master's suit will be but cold,

Since she respects my mistress' love so much.

Alas, how love can trifle with itself:

Here is her picture: let me see, I think,

If I had such a tire, this face of mine

Were full as lovely as is this of hers;

And yet the painter flatter'd her a little,

Unless I flatter with myself too much.

Her hair is auburn, mine is perfect yellow;

If that be all the difference in his love,

I'll get me such a colour'd periwig:

Her eyes are grey as glass, and so are mine;

Ay, but her forehead's low, and mine's as high:

What should it be that he respects in her

But I can make respective in myself

If this fond Love were not a blinded god?

Come, shadow, come, and take this shadow up,

For 'tis thy rival: O thou senseless form,

Thou shalt be worshipp'd, kiss'd, loved and adored!

And were there sense in his idolatry,

My substance should be statue in thy stead.



I'll use thee kindly for thy mistress' sake,  
That used me so: or else by Jove, I vow,  
I should have scratch'd out your unseeing eyes,  
To make my master out of love with thee.

*The White Devil* by John Webster

(Written 1612)

Act 1 Scene 3

**FLAMINEO:**

Pray, what means have you

To keep me from the galleys, or the gallows?

My father prov'd himself a gentleman,

Sold all 's land, and like a fortunate fellow,

Died ere the money was spent. You brought me up

At Padua I confess, where I protest,

For want of means (the University judge me)

I have been fain to heel my tutor's stockings

At least seven years. Conspiring with a beard,

Made me a graduate, then to this duke's service:

I visited the court, whence I return'd –

More courteous, more lecherous by far,

But not a suit the richer - and shall I,

Having a path so open, and so free

To my preferment, still retain your milk

In my pale forehead? No, this face of mine

I 'll arm and fortify with lusty wine,

'Gainst shame and blushing.

*The White Devil* by John Webster

(Written 1612)

Act 4 Scene 2

**VITTORIA:**

What have I gain'd by thee but infamy?

Thou hast stain'd the spotless honour of my house,

And frighted thence noble society:

Like those which, sick o' th' palsy, and retain

Ill-scenting foxes 'bout them, are still shunn'd

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.

*Romeo and Juliet* by William Shakespeare

Act One, Scene 1

**PRINCE:**

Rebellious subjects, enemies to peace,  
Profaners of this neighbour-stained steel,--  
Will they not hear? What, ho! you men, you beasts,  
That quench the fire of your pernicious rage  
With purple fountains issuing from your veins,  
On pain of torture, from those bloody hands  
Throw your mistemper'd weapons to the ground,  
And hear the sentence of your moved prince.  
Three civil brawls, bred of an airy word,  
By thee, old Capulet, and Montague,  
Have thrice disturb'd the quiet of our streets,  
And made Verona's ancient citizens  
Cast by their grave beseeming ornaments,  
To wield old partisans, in hands as old,  
Canker'd with peace, to part your canker'd hate:  
If ever you disturb our streets again,  
Your lives shall pay the forfeit of the peace.  
For this time, all the rest depart away:  
You Capulet; shall go along with me:  
And, Montague, come you this afternoon,  
To know our further pleasure in this case,  
To old Free-town, our common judgment-place.  
Once more, on pain of death, all men depart.

*Romeo and Juliet* by William Shakespeare

Act Three, Scene 2

**JULIET:**

Shall I speak ill of him that is my husband?  
Ah, poor my lord, what tongue shall smooth thy name,  
When I, thy three-hours wife, have mangled it?  
But, wherefore, villain, didst thou kill my cousin?  
That villain cousin would have kill'd my husband:  
Back, foolish tears, back to your native spring;  
Your tributary drops belong to woe,  
Which you, mistaking, offer up to joy.  
My husband lives, that Tybalt would have slain;  
And Tybalt's dead, that would have slain my husband:  
All this is comfort; wherefore weep I then?  
Some word there was, worsers than Tybalt's death,  
That murder'd me: I would forget it fain;  
But, O, it presses to my memory,  
Like damned guilty deeds to sinners' minds:  
'Tybalt is dead, and Romeo banished;'  
That 'banished,' that one word 'banished,'  
Hath slain ten thousand Tybalts. Tybalt's death  
Was woe enough, if it had ended there:  
Or, if sour woe delights in fellowship  
And needly will be rank'd with other griefs,  
Why follow'd not, when she said 'Tybalt's dead,'  
Thy father, or thy mother, nay, or both,  
Which modern lamentations might have moved?  
But with a rear-ward following Tybalt's death,  
'Romeo is banished,' to speak that word,  
Is father, mother, Tybalt, Romeo, Juliet,  
All slain, all dead. 'Romeo is banished!'  
There is no end, no limit, measure, bound,  
In that word's death; no words can that woe sound.

*The Merchant of Venice* by William Shakespeare

Act Three, Scene 2.

**BASSANIO:**

What find I here?

Fair Portia's counterfeit! What demi-god  
Hath come so near creation? Move these eyes?  
Or whether, riding on the balls of mine,  
Seem they in motion? Here are sever'd lips,  
Parted with sugar breath: so sweet a bar  
Should sunder such sweet friends. Here in her hairs  
The painter plays the spider and hath woven  
A golden mesh to entrap the hearts of men,  
Faster than gnats in cobwebs; but her eyes,--  
How could he see to do them? having made one,  
Methinks it should have power to steal both his  
And leave itself unfurnish'd. Yet look, how far  
The substance of my praise doth wrong this shadow  
In underprizing it, so far this shadow  
Doth limp behind the substance. Here's the scroll,  
The continent and summary of my fortune.

[Reads]

You that choose not by the view,  
Chance as fair and choose as true!  
Since this fortune falls to you,  
Be content and seek no new,  
If you be well pleased with this  
And hold your fortune for your bliss,  
Turn you where your lady is  
And claim her with a loving kiss.  
A gentle scroll. Fair lady, by your leave;  
I come by note, to give and to receive.  
Like one of two contending in a prize,  
That thinks he hath done well in people's eyes,  
Hearing applause and universal shout,  
Giddy in spirit, still gazing in a doubt  
Whether these pearls of praise be his or no;  
So, thrice fair lady, stand I, even so;



As doubtful whether what I see be true,  
Until confirm'd, sign'd, ratified by you.

*The Merchant of Venice* by William Shakespeare

Act Three, Scene 2.

**PORTIA:**

You see me, Lord Bassanio, where I stand,  
Such as I am: though for myself alone  
I would not be ambitious in my wish,  
To wish myself much better; yet, for you  
I would be trebled twenty times myself;  
A thousand times more fair, ten thousand times more rich;  
That only to stand high in your account,  
I might in virtue, beauties, livings, friends,  
Exceed account; but the full sum of me  
Is sum of something, which, to term in gross,  
Is an unlesson'd girl, unschool'd, unpractised;  
Happy in this, she is not yet so old  
But she may learn; happier than this,  
She is not bred so dull but she can learn;  
Happiest of all is that her gentle spirit  
Commits itself to yours to be directed,  
As from her lord, her governor, her king.  
Myself and what is mine to you and yours  
Is now converted: but now I was the lord  
Of this fair mansion, master of my servants,  
Queen o'er myself: and even now, but now,  
This house, these servants and this same myself  
Are yours, my lord: I give them with this ring;  
Which when you part from, lose, or give away,  
Let it presage the ruin of your love  
And be my vantage to exclaim on you.



*Twelfth Night* by William Shakespeare

Act One, Scene 1

**ORSINO:**

If music be the food of love, play on;  
Give me excess of it, that, surfeiting,  
The appetite may sicken, and so die.

That strain again! it had a dying fall:  
O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet sound,  
That breathes upon a bank of violets,  
Stealing and giving odour!

Enough; no more:

'Tis not so sweet now as it was before.

O spirit of love! how quick and fresh art thou,  
That, notwithstanding thy capacity  
Receiveth as the sea, nought enters there,  
Of what validity and pitch so e'er,  
But falls into abatement and low price,  
Even in a minute: so full of shapes is fancy  
That it alone is high fantastical.

*Twelfth Night* by William Shakespeare

*Act Two, Scene 2*

**VIOLA:**

I left no ring with her: what means this lady?  
Fortune forbid my outside have not charm'd her!  
She made good view of me; indeed, so much,  
That sure methought her eyes had lost her tongue,  
For she did speak in starts distractedly.  
She loves me, sure; the cunning of her passion  
Invites me in this churlish messenger.  
None of my lord's ring! why, he sent her none.  
I am the man: if it be so, as 'tis,  
Poor lady, she were better love a dream.  
Disguise, I see, thou art a wickedness,  
Wherein the pregnant enemy does much.  
How easy is it for the proper-false  
In women's waxen hearts to set their forms!  
Alas, our frailty is the cause, not we!  
For such as we are made of, such we be.  
How will this fadge? my master loves her dearly;  
And I, poor monster, fond as much on him;  
And she, mistaken, seems to dote on me.  
What will become of this? As I am man,  
My state is desperate for my master's love;  
As I am woman,--now alas the day!--  
What thriftless sighs shall poor Olivia breathe!  
O time! thou must untangle this, not I;  
It is too hard a knot for me to untie!