

Classical

2025 Performing Arts Intake - Monologues
Arts Academy

Summary:

Porter, Malcolm: Macbeth by William Shakespeare

Hamlet: Hamlet by William Shakespeare

Berowne: Love's Labour's Lost by William Shakespeare

Benvolio: Romeo and Juliet by William Shakespeare

Imogen: Cymbeline by William Shakespeare

Phebe: As You Like It by William Shakespeare

Viola: Twelfth Night by William Shakespeare

Hermia: A Midsummer Night's Dream by William Shakespeare

Mrs. Sullen: The Beaux' Stratagem by George Farquhar

Luciana: The Comedy of Errors by William Shakespeare

Portia: Julius Caesar by William Shakespeare

Clinton: The Literati by Justin Fleming

Caliban: The Tempest by William Shakespeare

Chorus: Henry V by William Shakespeare

MONOLOGUES

***Macbeth* by William Shakespeare**

Act Three, Scene Two

Knocking within. Enter a Porter

Porter

Here's a knocking indeed! If a man were porter of hell-gate, he should have old turning the key. (*Knocking within*)

Knock, knock, knock! Who's there, i' the name of Beelzebub? Here's a farmer, that hanged himself on the expectation of plenty: come in time; have napkins enow about you; here you'll sweat for't. (*Knocking within*)

Knock, knock! Who's there, in the other devil's name? Faith, here's an equivocator, that could swear in both the scales against either scale; who committed treason enough for God's sake, yet could not equivocate to heaven: O, come in, equivocator. (*Knocking within*)

Knock, knock, knock! Who's there? Faith, here's an English tailor come hither, for stealing out of a French hose: come in, tailor; here you may roast your goose. (*Knocking within*)

Knock, knock; never at quiet! What are you? But this place is too cold for hell. I'll devil-porter it no further: I had thought to have let in some of all professions that go the primrose way to the everlasting bonfire. (*Knocking within*)

Anon, anon! I pray you, remember the porter.

***Macbeth* by William Shakespeare**

Act Four, Scene Three

Malcolm:

Macduff, this noble passion,
Child of integrity, hath from my soul
Wiped the black scruples, reconciled my thoughts
To thy good truth and honour. Devilish Macbeth
By many of these trains hath sought to win me
Into his power, and modest wisdom plucks me
From over-credulous haste: but God above
Deal between thee and me! for even now
I put myself to thy direction, and
Unspeak mine own detraction, here abjure
The taints and blames I laid upon myself,
For strangers to my nature. I am yet
Unknown to woman, never was forsworn,
Scarcely have coveted what was mine own,
At no time broke my faith, would not betray
The devil to his fellow and delight
No less in truth than life: my first false speaking
Was this upon myself: what I am truly,
Is thine and my poor country's to command:
Whither indeed, before thy here-approach,
Old Siward, with ten thousand warlike men,
Already at a point, was setting forth.
Now we'll together; and the chance of goodness
Be like our warranted quarrel! Why are you silent?

***Hamlet* by William Shakespeare**

Act Two, Scene Two

Hamlet: I will tell you why; so shall my anticipation prevent your discovery, and your secrecy to the king and queen moult no feather. I have of late--but wherefore I know not--lost all my mirth, forgone all custom of exercises; and indeed it goes so heavily with my disposition that this goodly frame, the earth, seems to me a sterile promontory, this most excellent canopy, the air, look you, this brave o'erhanging firmament, this majestical roof fretted with golden fire, why, it appears no other thing to me than a foul and pestilent congregation of vapours. What a piece of work is a man! how noble in reason! how infinite in faculty! in form and moving how express and admirable! in action how like an angel! in apprehension how like a god! the beauty of the world! the paragon of animals! And yet, to me, what is this quintessence of dust? man delights not me: no, nor woman neither, though by your smiling you seem to say so.

***Love's Labour's Lost* by William Shakespeare**

Act Five, Scene Two

Berowne: Thus pour the stars down plagues for perjury.

Can any face of brass hold longer out?

Here stand I, lady, dart thy skill at me;

Bruise me with scorn, confound me with a flout;

Thrust thy sharp wit quite through my ignorance;

Cut me to pieces with thy keen conceit;

And I will wish thee never more to dance,

Nor never more in Russian habit wait.

O, never will I trust to speeches penn'd,

Nor to the motion of a schoolboy's tongue,

Nor never come in vizard to my friend,

Nor woo in rhyme, like a blind harper's song!

Taffeta phrases, silken terms precise,

Three-piled hyperboles, spruce affectation,

Figures pedantical; these summer-flies

Have blown me full of maggot ostentation:

I do forswear them; and I here protest,

By this white glove;--how white the hand, God knows!--

Henceforth my wooing mind shall be express'd

In russet yeas and honest kersey noes:

And, to begin, wench,--so God help me, la!--

My love to thee is sound, sans crack or flaw.

***Romeo and Juliet* by William Shakespeare**

Act Three, Scene One.

Benvolio: Tybalt, here slain, whom Romeo's hand did slay.

Romeo that spoke him fair, bade him bethink
How nice the quarrel was, and urged withal
Your high displeasure: all this uttered
With gentle breath, calm look, knees humbly bow'd,
Could not take truce with the unruly spleen
Of Tybalt, deaf to peace, but that he tilts
With piercing steel at bold Mercutio's breast,
Who, all as hot, turns deadly point to point,
And, with a martial scorn, with one hand beats
Cold death aside, and with the other sends
It back to Tybalt, whose dexterity,
Retorts it: Romeo he cries aloud,
'Hold, friends! friends, part!' and, swifter than his tongue,
His agile arm beats down their fatal points,
And 'twixt them rushes; underneath whose arm
An envious thrust from Tybalt hit the life
Of stout Mercutio, and then Tybalt fled;
But by and by comes back to Romeo,
Who had but newly entertain'd revenge,
And to 't they go like lightning, for, ere I
Could draw to part them, was stout Tybalt slain.

And, as he fell, did Romeo turn and fly.

This is the truth, or let Benvolio die.

Cymbeline by William Shakespeare

Act Three, Scene Four

Imogen:

Why, I must die,
And if I do not by thy hand, thou art
No servant of thy master's. Against self-slaughter
There is a prohibition so divine
That cravens my weak hand. Come, here's my heart.
Something's afore't. Soft, soft, we'll no defence,
Obedient as the scabbard. What is here?

(She pulls letters from her bodice)

The scriptures of the loyal Leonatus,
All turned to heresy? Away, away,

(She throws the letters away)

Corrupters of my faith, you shall no more
Be stomachers to my heart. Thus may poor fools
Believe false teachers. Though those that are betrayed
Do feel the treason sharply, yet the traitor
Stands in worse case of woe. And thou, Posthumus,
That didst set up my disobedience 'gainst the King
My father, and makes me put into contempt the suits
Of princely fellows, shalt hereafter find
It is no act of common passage but
A strain of rareness; and I grieve myself
To think, when thou shalt be disedged by her
That now thou timest on, how thy memory
Will then be panged by me. Prithee dispatch,
The lamb entreats the butcher. Where's thy knife?
Thou art too slow to do thy master's bidding
When I desire it too.

***As You Like It* by William Shakespeare**

Act Four, Scene Two

Phebe: I would not be thy executioner:

I fly thee, for I would not injure thee.

Thou tell'st me there is murder in mine eye:

'Tis pretty, sure, and very probable,

That eyes, that are the frail'st and softest things,

Who shut their coward gates on atomies,

Should be call'd tyrants, butchers, murderers!

Now I do frown on thee with all my heart;

And if mine eyes can wound, now let them kill thee:

Now counterfeit to swoon; why now fall down;

Or if thou canst not, O, for shame, for shame,

Lie not, to say mine eyes are murderers!

Now show the wound mine eye hath made in thee:

Scratch thee but with a pin, and there remains

Some scar of it; lean but upon a rush,

The cicatrice and capable impressure

Thy palm some moment keeps; but now mine eyes,

Which I have darted at thee, hurt thee not,

Nor, I am sure, there is no force in eyes

That can do hurt.

***Twelfth Night* by William Shakespeare**

Act Two, Scene Two

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 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 t'untie

***A Midsummer Night's Dream* by William Shakespeare**

Act Two, Scene Two

Hermia:

Help me, Lysander, help me! Do thy best

To pluck this crawling serpent from my breast!

Ay me, for pity, what a dream was here!

Lysander, look how I do quake with fear!

Methought a serpent eat my heart away

And you sat smiling at his cruel prey.

Lysander! what, removed? Lysander! Lord!

What, out of hearing? Gone? No sound, no word?

Alack, where are you? Speak, and if you hear.

Speak, of all loves! I swoon almost with fear.

No? Then I well perceive you are not nigh

Either death or you I'll find immediately.

The Beaux' Stratagem by George Farquhar

Mrs. Sullen:

O sister, sister! If ever you marry, beware the sullen, silent sot, one that's always musing, but never thinks. There's some diversion in a talking blockhead; and since a woman must wear chains, I would have the pleasure of hearing 'em rattle a little. Now you shall see, but take this by the way:- He came home this morning at his usual hour of four, wakened me out of a sweet dream or something else, by tumbling over the tea-table, which he broke all to pieces; after his man and he had rolled about the room like sick passengers in a storm, he comes flounce into bed, dead as a salmon into a fishmonger's basket; his feet cold as ice, his breath hot as a furnace, and his hands and his face as greasy as his flannel nightcap. - O, matrimony! - He tossed up the clothes with a barbarous swing over his shoulders, disorders the whole economy of my bed, leaves me half naked, and my whole night's comfort is the tuneable serenade of that wakeful nightingale, his nose! O the pleasure of counting the melancholy clock by a snoring husband! But now, sister, you shall see how handsomely, being a well-bred man, he will beg my pardon.

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

Act Three, Scene Two

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, 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.

Julius Caesar by William Shakespeare

Act Two, Scene One

Portia:

Is Brutus sick, and is it physical
To walk unbraced and suck up the humours
Of the dank morning? What, is Brutus sick?
And will he steal out of his wholesome bed
To dare the vile contagion of the night,
And tempt the rheumy and unpurged air
To add unto his sickness? No, my Brutus;
You have some sick offence within your mind,
Which, by the right and virtue of my place,
I ought to know of; and, upon my knees,
I charm you, by my once commended beauty,
By all your vows of love, and that great vow
Which did incorporate and make us one,
That you unfold to me, your self, your half,
Why you are heavy, and what men to-night
Have had resort to you; for here have been
Some six or seven, who did hide their faces
Even from darkness.
I should not need, if you were gentle Brutus.
Within the bond of marriage, tell me, Brutus,
Is it excepted I should know no secrets
That appertain to you? Am I your self
But, as it were, in sort or limitation,
To keep with you at meals, comfort your bed,
And talk to you sometimes?

Dwell I but in the suburbs

Of your good pleasure?

If it be no more, Portia is Brutus' harlot, not his wife.

***The Literati* by Justin Fleming (Currency Press, 2016)**

After Moliere's Les Femmes Savantes

Act Four, Scene Two

Clinton:

What you call infidelity was me doing
what you told me to.

It was because of your lofty pride that
the distance between us grew.

And how could I offend you, when I
was only obeying your orders

That your heart was a no-go zone,
with strictly protected borders?

At first, I readily admit, I was totally
head over heels,

For two years I burned for you, with
increasingly passionate appeals.

There was no fuss I wouldn't go to,
no favour I wouldn't perform.

There I was totally on fire, while you
didn't crack lukewarm.

I sacrificed everything for you, but
you were hostile to my advances,

So I transferred my love to your
sister, where I seemed to have better chances.

And it worked. So you tell me, is it
your fault or mine? Be fair:

Was my heart chasing a change, or
was it you who was pushing me there?

***The Tempest* by William Shakespeare**

Act One, Scene Two.

Caliban:

I must eat my dinner.

This island's mine by Sycorax, my mother,

Which thou tak'st from me. When thou cam'st first,

Thou strok'st me and made much of me, wouldst give me

Water with berries in 't, and teach me how

To name the bigger light and how the less,

That burn by day and night. And then I loved thee,

And showed thee all the qualities o' th' isle,

The fresh springs, brine pits, barren place and fertile.

Cursed be I that did so! All the charms

Of Sycorax, toads, beetles, bats, light on you,

For I am all the subjects that you have,

Which first was mine own king; and here you sty me

In this hard rock, whiles you do keep from me

The rest o' th' island.

Henry V by William Shakespeare

Act One, Scene One.

Chorus: O for a Muse of fire, that would ascend
The brightest heaven of invention,
A kingdom for a stage, princes to act
And monarchs to behold the swelling scene!
Then should the warlike Harry, like himself,
Assume the port of Mars; and at his heels,
Leash'd in like hounds, should famine, sword and fire
Crouch for employment. But pardon, and gentles all,
The flat unraised spirits that have dared
On this unworthy scaffold to bring forth
So great an object: can this cockpit hold
The vasty fields of France? or may we cram
Within this wooden O the very casques
That did affright the air at Agincourt?
O, pardon! since a crooked figure may
Attest in little place a million;
And let us, ciphers to this great accompt,
On your imaginary forces work.
Suppose within the girdle of these walls
Are now confined two mighty monarchies,
Whose high upreared and abutting fronts
The perilous narrow ocean parts asunder:
Piece out our imperfections with your thoughts;
Into a thousand parts divide on man,
And make imaginary puissance;
Think when we talk of horses, that you see them
Printing their proud hoofs i' the receiving earth;

For 'tis your thoughts that now must deck our kings,
Carry them here and there; jumping o'er times,
Turning the accomplishment of many years
Into an hour-glass: for the which supply,
Admit me Chorus to this history;
Who prologue-like your humble patience pray,
Gently to hear, kindly to judge, our play.