

The English-Speaking Union

# NATIONAL SHAKESPEARE COMPETITION 2018



**MONOLOGUES**



**English In Action**



## English in Action

### The English-Speaking Union National Shakespeare Competition

Dear students and teachers,

For the 35<sup>th</sup> annual ESU National Shakespeare Competition, we are implementing a selection of monologues from which you will be required to select for your performance at the school, branch, and national levels of the competition. These selections range from 15-22 lines total and cannot be cut or edited any further. For your reference, the number on the page is the assigned number of the selection, as listed on the following table of contents.

You will also be required to perform a sonnet at the branch and national levels – there is no restriction on which sonnets you may choose; please consult the *2018 Sonnet Packet* or [folgerdigitaltexts.org](http://folgerdigitaltexts.org) to select one of the 154 sonnets for your recitation.

Should you continue to the national level after the Branch Competition, you will have the option to change your monologue and sonnet selections.

For now, please review these selections and determine which piece you would like to perform as a part of the 2018 ESU National Shakespeare Competition. Perhaps you will find something you've never read before – a great opportunity to discover a new play, or a new interpretation. Remember to read the entire play from which your selection is sourced – it is crucial in order to craft a compelling rendition. Don't shy away from a piece just because it has been done before – your interpretation is the most important part of your performance!

If you find any errors within these materials, let us know! You can send an email to [shakespeare@esuus.org](mailto:shakespeare@esuus.org) at any time. Additionally, if there are any monologues you believe are missing from the 2018 packet, please tell us so that we may take it in to consideration for future years.

Finally, don't forget to enjoy this process! Getting lost in the text and the characters are some of the best things this competition has to offer.

We can't wait to see you perform!

Sincerely,

Carol Losos, Director of Education

*This packet was produced by ESU Staff based on past student selections and with the editorial assistance of Dr. Chris Hodgkins, ESU Board Member and Michael Klein, NSC Teacher and Judge*

Number	Play	Character	Folger lines	Gender	Genre
1	A Midsummer Night's Dream	Helena	1.1.232-251	F	Comedy
2	A Midsummer Night's Dream	Helena	3.2.148-164	F	Comedy
3	A Midsummer Night's Dream	Helena	3.2.227-240, 242-247	F	Comedy
4	A Midsummer Night's Dream	Bottom	4.1.210-229	M	Comedy
5	All's Well That Ends Well	Parolles	1.1.115, 131 (partial) - 137 (partial), 141-153 (partial)	M	Comedy
6	All's Well That Ends Well	Parolles	4.1.25-32, 35-44	M	Comedy
7	Antony and Cleopatra	Enobarbus	2.2.222-223, 226-242	M	Tragedy
8	Antony and Cleopatra	Cleopatra	4.15.86-105	F	Tragedy
9	Antony and Cleopatra	Cleopatra	5.2.55-57, 59-72	F	Tragedy
10	As You Like It	Duke Senior	2.1.1-17	M	Comedy
11	As You Like It	Jaques	2.7.12-13, 18-35	M	Comedy
12	As You Like It	Rosalind	3.2.415-431	F	Comedy
13	As You Like It	Phoebe	3.5.9-23 (partial), 25 (partial) - 28	F	Comedy
14	Cymbeline	Imogen	1.6.167-181	F	Romance
15	Cymbeline	Posthumus	5.5.246-264	M	Romance
16	Hamlet	Hamlet	1.2.133-150	M	Tragedy
17	Hamlet	Hamlet	3.1.64-78, 80, 86-91	M	Tragedy
18	Hamlet	Gertrude	4.7.190-208	F	Tragedy
19	Henry IV, Part 1	Prince Hal	1.2.204-222	M	History
20	Henry IV, Part 2	Rumor	1.1.1-20 (partial)	No gender	History
21	Henry IV, Part 2	Hostess	2.1.89 (partial) - 107	F	History
22	Henry V	King Henry	3.1.1-9, 18 (partial), 23-26 (partial), 29 (partial) - 33, 35 (partial) - 37	M	History
23	Henry VI, Part 1	Pucelle	5.4.37-54	F	History
24	Henry VI, Part 2	Duchess	2.4.22-26, 28-32, 35-42	F	History
25	Henry VI, Part 3	Margaret	1.4.66-85	F	History
26	Henry VI, Part 3	Margaret	1.4.87-93, 97-109	F	History
27	Henry VI, Part 3	Richard	5.6.64-80	M	History
28	Henry VIII	Buckingham	2.1.136-154 (partial)	M	History
29	Henry VIII	Queen Katherine	2.4.22-32 (partial), 40 (partial) - 47	F	History
30	Julius Caesar	Portia	2.1.257-276	F	Tragedy
31	Julius Caesar	Portia	2.1.283 (partial) - 299, 301-304 (partial)	F	Tragedy
32	Julius Caesar	Portia	2.1.302-310, 315-325	F	Tragedy
33	Julius Caesar	Caesar	3.1.64-79	M	Tragedy
34	King John	Lady Blanche	3.1.313-322, 327-328, 342-347, 350- 351, 353	F	History
35	King John	Louis/Daupin	5.2.79-98	M	History
36	King Lear	Lear	1.1.135-155	M	Tragedy
37	King Lear	Edgar	2.3.3 (partial) - 21	M	Tragedy
38	King Lear	Lear	3.2.1-11, 16-26	M	Tragedy
39	King Lear	Edgar	5.3.145-148, 153-169	M	Tragedy
40	Love's Labor's Lost	Armado	1.2.167-185	M	Comedy
41	Love's Labor's Lost	Berowne	4.3.1-19	M	Comedy
42	Macbeth	Macbeth	1.7.8-22, 24-28	M	Tragedy
43	Macbeth	Hecate	3.5.2-13, 20-21, 30-33	M	Tragedy
44	Measure for Measure	Angelo	2.4.168-184	M	Comedy
45	Measure for Measure	Claudio	3.1.131, 133-147	M	Comedy
46	Much Ado About Nothing	Benedick	2.3.8-26	M	Comedy
47	Much Ado About Nothing	Benedick	2.3.22 (partial) - 36	M	Comedy
48	Much Ado About Nothing	Hero	3.1.72-74, 76-85, 87-91	M	Comedy
49	Much Ado About Nothing	Beatrice	4.1.315-321, 323-324, 326-327, 329- 338	F	Comedy
50	Othello	Roderigo	1.1.135-154	M	Tragedy
51	Othello	Iago	2.3.356-360, 365-379	M	Tragedy
52	Othello	Othello	3.3.299-314 (partial), 319-320	M	Tragedy
53	Othello	Othello	5.2.1-10 (partial), 13 (partial) - 24	M	Tragedy
54	Pericles	Marina	5.1.95-107, 110-111	F	Romance
55	Richard II	King Richard	3.2.160-171, 176-182	M	History
56	Richard III	Anne	1.2.51-54, 57-71, 74-75	F	History
57	Richard III	Anne	4.1.69-81, 87-91	F	History

58	Richard III	Tyrrel	4.3.1-3, 6-22	M	History
59	Richard III	Queen Elizabeth	4.4.284-296, 299-301	F	History
60	Richard III	Richard	5.3.189-204 (partial), 210-213	M	History
61	Romeo and Juliet	Nurse	1.3.19-25, 39-53	F	Tragedy
62	Romeo and Juliet	Mercutio	1.4.58-63, 75-77, 79-81, 84-89, 91-92	M	Tragedy
63	Romeo and Juliet	Juliet	2.2.36-39, 41-52	F	Tragedy
64	Romeo and Juliet	Benvolio	3.1.160-180	M	Tragedy
65	Romeo and Juliet	Juliet	3.2.106-125	F	Tragedy
66	Romeo and Juliet	Juliet	4.3.34, 41-60	F	Tragedy
67	The Comedy of Errors	Adriana	2.1.92-106	F	Comedy
68	The Comedy of Errors	Luciana	3.2.1-17	F	Comedy
69	The Merchant of Venice	Portia	1.2.12-26	F	Tragedy
70	The Merchant of Venice	Portia	3.4.59-60, 64-81	F	Tragedy
71	The Taming of the Shrew	Petruchio	4.1.190-209	M	Comedy
72	The Taming of the Shrew	Katherine	4.3.2-16	F	Comedy
73	The Taming of the Shrew	Katherine	5.2.177-195	F	Comedy
74	The Tempest	Miranda	3.1.59-63 (partial), 65-70, 80, 87-88, 96-103	F	Romance
75	The Tempest	Prospero	Epilogue, 1-20	M	Romance
76	The Two Gentlemen of Verona	Launce	2.3.15-34	M	Comedy
77	The Two Gentlemen of Verona	Proteus	2.4.202-216, 219-220, 222-224	M	Comedy
78	The Two Noble Kinsmen	Jailer's Daughter	2.4.1-19	F	Comedy
79	The Two Noble Kinsmen	Jailer's Daughter	2.6.1-15, 17-21	F	Comedy
80	The Winter's Tale	Leontes	2.1.47-63	M	Romance
81	Timon of Athens	Flavius	4.2.36-56	M	Tragedy
82	Titus Andronicus	Tamora	1.1.104-120	F	Tragedy
83	Titus Andronicus	Tamora	4.4.81, 84-96, 98-102	F	Tragedy
84	Titus Andronicus	Aaron	5.1.127-146	M	Tragedy
85	Titus Andronicus	Titus Andronicus	5.2.169-187	M	Tragedy
86	Titus Andronicus	Titus Andronicus	5.2.182-201	M	Tragedy
87	Twelfth Night	Orsino	1.1.1-15	M	Comedy
88	Twelfth Night	Viola	2.2.17-22 (partial), 24-32, 36-40	F	Comedy
89	Twelfth Night	Sebastian	4.3.1-4, 8-22	M	Comedy



English in Action

The English-Speaking Union  
National Shakespeare Competition

2017-2018 Monologue Selection Packet

A Midsummer Night's Dream

Helena

1.1.232-251

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.



English in Action

The English-Speaking Union  
National Shakespeare Competition

2017-2018 Monologue Selection Packet

A Midsummer Night's Dream

Helena

3.2.148-164

O spite! O hell! I see you all are bent  
To set against me for your merriment.  
If you were civil and knew courtesy,  
You would not do me thus much injury.  
Can you not hate me, as I know you do,  
But you must join in souls to mock me too?  
If you were men, as men you are in show,  
You would not use a gentle lady so,  
To vow and swear and superpraise my parts,  
When, I am sure, you hate me with your hearts.  
You both are rivals and love Hermia,  
And now both rivals to mock Helena.  
A trim exploit, a manly enterprise,  
To conjure tears up in a poor maid's eyes  
With your derision! None of noble sort  
Would so offend a virgin and extort  
A poor soul's patience, all to make you sport.



English in Action

The English-Speaking Union  
National Shakespeare Competition

**2017-2018 Monologue Selection Packet**

A Midsummer Night's Dream

Helena

3.2.227-240, 242-247

Have you not set Lysander, as in scorn,  
To follow me and praise my eyes and face,  
And made your other love, Demetrius,  
Who even but now did spurn me with his foot,  
To call me goddess, nymph, divine and rare,  
Precious, celestial? Wherefore speaks he this  
To her he hates? And wherefore doth Lysander  
Deny your love (so rich within his soul)  
And tender me, forsooth, affection,  
But by your setting on, by your consent?  
What though I be not so in grace as you,  
So hung upon with love, so fortunate,  
But miserable most, to love unloved?  
This you should pity rather than despise.  
Ay, do. Persever, counterfeit sad looks,  
Make mouths upon me when I turn my back,  
Wink each at other, hold the sweet jest up.  
This sport, well carried, shall be chronicled.  
If you have any pity, grace, or manners,  
You would not make me such an argument.



English in Action

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National Shakespeare Competition

2017-2018 Monologue Selection Packet

A Midsummer Night's Dream

Bottom/Pyramus

4.1.210-229

When my cue comes, call me,  
and I will answer. My next is "Most fair Pyramus."  
Hey-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.





English in Action

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2017-2018 Monologue Selection Packet

All's Well That Ends Well

Parolles

1.1.115, 131 (partial) – 137 (partial), 141-153 (partial)

Are you meditating on virginity?

It is not politic in the commonwealth  
of nature to preserve virginity. Loss of virginity  
is rational increase, and there was never  
virginity got till virginity was first lost. That you  
were made of is metal to make virgins. Virginity by  
being once lost may be ten times found; by being  
ever kept, it is ever lost.

There's little can be said in 't. 'Tis against the  
rule of nature. To speak on the part of virginity is  
to accuse your mothers, which is most infallible  
disobedience. He that hangs himself is a virgin;  
virginity murders itself and should be buried in  
highways out of all sanctified limit as a desperate  
offendress against nature. Virginity breeds mites,  
much like a cheese, consumes itself to the very  
paring, and so dies with feeding his own stomach.  
Besides, virginity is peevish, proud, idle, made of  
self-love, which is the most inhibited sin in the  
canon. Keep it not; you cannot choose but lose by  
't. Out with 't!



English in Action

The English-Speaking Union  
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2017-2018 Monologue Selection Packet

All's Well That Ends Well

Parolles

4.1.25-32, 35-44

Ten o'clock. Within these three hours 'twill  
be time enough to go home. What shall I say I have  
done? It must be a very plausible invention that  
carries it. They begin to smoke me, and disgraces  
have of late knocked too often at my door. I find  
my tongue is too foolhardy, but my heart hath the  
fear of Mars before it, and of his creatures, not  
daring the reports of my tongue.

What the devil should move me to undertake  
the recovery of this drum, being not ignorant  
of the impossibility and knowing I had no such  
purpose? I must give myself some hurts and say I  
got them in exploit. Yet slight ones will not carry it.  
They will say "Came you off with so little?" And  
great ones I dare not give. Wherefore? What's the  
instance? Tongue, I must put you into a butter-woman's  
mouth and buy myself another of  
Bajazeth's mule if you prattle me into these perils.



English in Action

The English-Speaking Union  
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2017-2018 Monologue Selection Packet

Antony and Cleopatra  
Enobarbus  
2.2.222-223, 226-242

When she first met Mark Antony, she  
pursed up his heart upon the river of Cydnus.  
I will tell you.  
The barge she sat in like a burnished throne  
Burned on the water. The poop was beaten gold,  
Purple the sails, and so perfumed that  
The winds were lovesick with them. The oars were  
silver,  
Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke, and made  
The water which they beat to follow faster,  
As amorous of their strokes. For her own person,  
It beggared all description: she did lie  
In her pavilion—cloth-of-gold, of tissue—  
O'erpicturing that Venus where we see  
The fancy outwork nature. On each side her  
Stood pretty dimpled boys, like smiling Cupids,  
With divers-colored fans, whose wind did seem  
To glow the delicate cheeks which they did cool,  
And what they undid did.



English in Action

The English-Speaking Union  
National Shakespeare Competition

2017-2018 Monologue Selection Packet

Antony and Cleopatra

Cleopatra

4.15.86-105

No more but e'en a woman, and commanded  
By such poor passion as the maid that milks  
And does the meanest chares. It were for me  
To throw my scepter at the injurious gods,  
To tell them that this world did equal theirs  
Till they had stolen our jewel. All's but naught.  
Patience is sottish, and impatience does  
Become a dog that's mad. Then is it sin  
To rush into the secret house of death  
Ere death dare come to us? How do you, women?  
What, what, good cheer! Why, how now, Charmian?  
My noble girls! Ah, women, women! Look,  
Our lamp is spent; it's out. Good sirs, take heart.  
We'll bury him; and then, what's brave, what's  
noble,  
Let's do 't after the high Roman fashion  
And make death proud to take us. Come, away.  
This case of that huge spirit now is cold.  
Ah women, women! Come, we have no friend  
But resolution and the briefest end.



English in Action

The English-Speaking Union  
National Shakespeare Competition

2017-2018 Monologue Selection Packet

Antony and Cleopatra

Cleopatra

5.2.55-57, 59-72

Where art thou, Death?

Come hither, come! Come, come, and take a queen

Worth many babes and beggars.

Sir, I will eat no meat; I'll not drink, sir.

If idle talk will once be necessary—

I'll not sleep neither. This mortal house I'll ruin,

Do Caesar what he can. Know, sir, that I

Will not wait pinioned at your master's court,

Nor once be chastised with the sober eye

Of dull Octavia. Shall they hoist me up

And show me to the shouting varletry

Of censuring Rome? Rather a ditch in Egypt

Be gentle grave unto me; rather on Nilus' mud

Lay me stark naked, and let the waterflies

Blow me into abhorring; rather make

My country's high pyramides my gibbet

And hang me up in chains!



English in Action

The English-Speaking Union  
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2017-2018 Monologue Selection Packet

As You Like It

Duke Senior

2.1.1-17

Now, my co-mates and brothers in exile,  
Hath not old custom made this life more sweet  
Than that of painted pomp? Are not these woods  
More free from peril than the envious court?  
Here feel we not the penalty of Adam,  
The seasons' difference, as the icy fang  
And churlish chiding of the winter's wind,  
Which when it bites and blows upon my body  
Even till I shrink with cold, I smile and say  
"This is no flattery. These are counselors  
That feelingly persuade me what I am."  
Sweet are the uses of adversity,  
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,  
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head.  
And this our life, exempt from public haunt,  
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,  
Sermons in stones, and good in everything.



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2017-2018 Monologue Selection Packet

As You Like It

Jaques

2.7.12-13, 18-35

A fool, a fool, I met a fool i' th' forest,  
A motley fool. A miserable world!  
“Good morrow, fool,” quoth I. “No, sir,” quoth he,  
“Call me not ‘fool’ till heaven hath sent me  
fortune.”  
And then he drew a dial from his poke  
And, looking on it with lack-luster eye,  
Says very wisely “It is ten o’clock.  
Thus we may see,” quoth he, “how the world wags.  
'Tis but an hour ago since it was nine,  
And after one hour more 'twill be eleven.  
And so from hour to hour we ripe and ripe,  
And then from hour to hour we rot and rot,  
And thereby hangs a tale.” When I did hear  
The motley fool thus moral on the time,  
My lungs began to crow like chanticleer  
That fools should be so deep-contemplative,  
And I did laugh sans intermission  
An hour by his dial. O noble fool!  
A worthy fool! Motley's the only wear.



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As You Like It

Rosalind

3.1.415-431

He was to imagine me his love, his mistress,  
and I set him every day to woo me; at which time  
would I, being but a moonish youth, grieve, be  
effeminate, changeable, longing and liking, proud,  
fantastical, apish, shallow, inconstant, full of tears,  
full of smiles; for every passion something, and for  
no passion truly anything, as boys and women are,  
for the most part, cattle of this color; would now  
like him, now loathe him; then entertain him, then  
forswear him; now weep for him, then spit at him,  
that I drave my suitor from his mad humor of love  
to a living humor of madness, which was to forswear  
the full stream of the world and to live in a  
nook merely monastic. And thus I cured him, and  
this way will I take upon me to wash your liver as  
clean as a sound sheep's heart, that there shall not  
be one spot of love in 't.





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2017-2018 Monologue Selection Packet

As You Like It

Phoebe

3.5.9-23 (partial), 25 (partial)-28

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 called 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.  
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.



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2017-2018 Monologue Selection Packet

Cymbeline

Imogen

1.6.167-181

Away! I do condemn mine ears that have  
So long attended thee. If thou wert honorable,  
Thou wouldst have told this tale for virtue, not  
For such an end thou seek'st, as base as strange.  
Thou wrong'st a gentleman who is as far  
From thy report as thou from honor, and  
Solicits here a lady that disdains  
Thee and the devil alike.—What ho, Pisanio!—  
The King my father shall be made acquainted  
Of thy assault. If he shall think it fit  
A saucy stranger in his court to mart  
As in a Romish stew and to expound  
His beastly mind to us, he hath a court  
He little cares for and a daughter who  
He not respects at all.—What ho, Pisanio!



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2017-2018 Monologue Selection Packet

Cymbeline  
Posthumus  
5.5.246-264

Ay, so thou dost,  
Italian fiend.—Ay me, most credulous fool,  
Egregious murderer, thief, anything  
That's due to all the villains past, in being,  
To come. O, give me cord, or knife, or poison,  
Some upright justicer.—Thou, king, send out  
For torturers ingenious. It is I  
That all th' abhorrèd things o' th' Earth amend  
By being worse than they. I am Posthumus,  
That killed thy daughter—villainlike, I lie—  
That caused a lesser villain than myself,  
A sacrilegious thief, to do 't. The temple  
Of virtue was she, yea, and she herself.  
Spit and throw stones, cast mire upon me, set  
The dogs o' th' street to bay me. Every villain  
Be called Posthumus Leonatus, and  
Be villainy less than 'twas. O Imogen!  
My queen, my life, my wife! O Imogen,  
Imogen, Imogen!



English in Action

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2017-2018 Monologue Selection Packet

Hamlet

Hamlet

1.2.133-150

O, that this too, too sullied flesh would melt,  
Thaw, and resolve itself into a dew,  
Or that the Everlasting had not fixed  
His canon 'gainst self-slaughter! O God, God,  
How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable  
Seem to me all the uses of this world!  
Fie on 't, ah fie! 'Tis an unweeded garden  
That grows to seed. Things rank and gross in nature  
Possess it merely. That it should come to this:  
But two months dead—nay, not so much, not two.  
So excellent a king, that was to this  
Hyperion to a satyr; so loving to my mother  
That he might not beteem the winds of heaven  
Visit her face too roughly. Heaven and Earth,  
Must I remember? Why, she would hang on him  
As if increase of appetite had grown  
By what it fed on. And yet, within a month  
(Let me not think on 't; frailty, thy name is woman!)



English in Action

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Hamlet

Hamlet

3.1.64-78, 80, 86-91

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 heartache and the thousand natural shocks  
That flesh is heir to—'tis a consummation  
Devoutly to be wished. 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 pangs of despised love, the law's delay,  
But that the dread of something after death,  
The undiscovered country from whose bourn  
No traveler 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,



English in Action

The English-Speaking Union  
National Shakespeare Competition

2017-2018 Monologue Selection Packet

Hamlet  
Gertrude  
4.7.190-208

There is a willow grows askant the brook  
That shows his hoar leaves in the glassy stream.  
Therewith fantastic garlands did she make  
Of crowflowers, nettles, daisies, and long purples,  
That liberal shepherds give a grosser name,  
But our cold maids do “dead men’s fingers” call  
them.

There on the pendant boughs her coronet weeds  
Clamb’ring to hang, an envious sliver broke,  
When down her weedy trophies and herself  
Fell in the weeping brook. Her clothes spread wide,  
And mermaid-like awhile they bore her up,  
Which time she chanted snatches of old lauds,  
As one incapable of her own distress  
Or like a creature native and endued  
Unto that element. But long it could not be  
Till that her garments, heavy with their drink,  
Pulled the poor wretch from her melodious lay  
To muddy death.



English in Action

The English-Speaking Union  
National Shakespeare Competition

2017-2018 Monologue Selection Packet

Henry IV, Part 1  
Prince Hal  
1.2.204-222

Yet herein will I imitate the sun,  
Who doth permit the base contagious clouds  
To smother up his beauty from the world,  
That, when he please again to be himself,  
Being wanted, he may be more wondered at  
By breaking through the foul and ugly mists  
Of vapors that did seem to strangle him.  
If all the year were playing holidays,  
To sport would be as tedious as to work,  
But when they seldom come, they wished-for come,  
And nothing pleaseth but rare accidents.  
So when this loose behavior I throw off  
And pay the debt I never promised,  
By how much better than my word I am,  
By so much shall I falsify men's hopes;  
And, like bright metal on a sullen ground,  
My reformation, glitt'ring o'er my fault,  
Shall show more goodly and attract more eyes  
Than that which hath no foil to set it off.



English in Action

The English-Speaking Union  
National Shakespeare Competition

2017-2018 Monologue Selection Packet

Henry IV, Part 2  
Rumor  
1.1.1-20 (partial)

Open your ears, for which of you will stop  
The vent of hearing when loud Rumor speaks?  
I, from the orient to the drooping west,  
Making the wind my post-horse, still unfold  
The acts commencèd on this ball of earth.  
Upon my tongues continual slanders ride,  
The which in every language I pronounce,  
Stuffing the ears of men with false reports.  
I speak of peace while covert enmity  
Under the smile of safety wounds the world.  
And who but Rumor, who but only I,  
Make fearful musters and prepared defense  
Whiles the big year, swoll'n with some other grief,  
Is thought with child by the stern tyrant war,  
And no such matter? Rumor is a pipe  
Blown by surmises, jealousies, conjectures,  
And of so easy and so plain a stop  
That the blunt monster with uncounted heads,  
The still-discordant wav'ring multitude,  
Can play upon it.





English in Action

The English-Speaking Union  
National Shakespeare Competition

2017-2018 Monologue Selection Packet

Henry IV, Part 2

Hostess

2.1.89 (partial) -107

Thou didst swear to me upon a  
parcel-gilt goblet, sitting in my Dolphin chamber at  
the round table by a sea-coal fire, upon Wednesday  
in Wheeson week, when the Prince broke thy head  
for liking his father to a singing-man of Windsor,  
thou didst swear to me then, as I was washing thy  
wound, to marry me and make me my lady thy wife.  
Canst thou deny it? Did not Goodwife Keech, the  
butcher's wife, come in then and call me Gossip  
Quickly, coming in to borrow a mess of vinegar,  
telling us she had a good dish of prawns, whereby  
thou didst desire to eat some, whereby I told thee  
they were ill for a green wound? And didst thou not,  
when she was gone downstairs, desire me to be no  
more so familiarity with such poor people, saying  
that ere long they should call me madam? And didst  
thou not kiss me and bid me fetch thee thirty  
shillings? I put thee now to thy book-oath. Deny it if  
thou canst.



English in Action

The English-Speaking Union  
National Shakespeare Competition

2017-2018 Monologue Selection Packet

Henry V

King Henry

3.1.1-9, 18 (partial), 23-26 (partial), 29 (partial) – 33, 35 (partial) - 37

Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once  
more,  
Or close the wall up with our English dead!  
In peace there's nothing so becomes a man  
As modest stillness and humility,  
But when the blast of war blows in our ears,  
Then imitate the action of the tiger:  
Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood,  
Disguise fair nature with hard-favored rage,  
On, on, you noblest English,  
Dishonor not your mothers. Now attest  
That those whom you called fathers did beget you.  
Be copy now to men of grosser blood  
And teach them how to war.  
Let us swear  
That you are worth your breeding, which I doubt  
not,  
For there is none of you so mean and base  
That hath not noble luster in your eyes.  
The game's afoot.  
Follow your spirit, and upon this charge  
Cry "God for Harry, England, and Saint George!"



English in Action

The English-Speaking Union  
National Shakespeare Competition

2017-2018 Monologue Selection Packet

Henry VI, Part I

Pucelle

5.4.37-54

First, let me tell you whom you have condemned:  
Not one begotten of a shepherd swain,  
But issued from the progeny of kings,  
Virtuous and holy, chosen from above  
By inspiration of celestial grace  
To work exceeding miracles on earth.  
I never had to do with wicked spirits.  
But you, that are polluted with your lusts,  
Stained with the guiltless blood of innocents,  
Corrupt and tainted with a thousand vices,  
Because you want the grace that others have,  
You judge it straight a thing impossible  
To compass wonders but by help of devils.  
No, misconceivèd! Joan of Arc hath been  
A virgin from her tender infancy,  
Chaste and immaculate in very thought,  
Whose maiden blood, thus rigorously effused,  
Will cry for vengeance at the gates of heaven.



English in Action

The English-Speaking Union  
National Shakespeare Competition

2017-2018 Monologue Selection Packet

Henry VI, Part 2

Duchess

2.4.22-26, 28-32, 35-42

See how the giddy multitude do point,  
And nod their heads, and throw their eyes on thee.  
Ah, Gloucester, hide thee from their hateful looks,  
And, in thy closet pent up, rue my shame,  
And ban thine enemies, both mine and thine.  
Ah, Gloucester, teach me to forget myself!  
For whilst I think I am thy married wife  
And thou a prince, Protector of this land,  
Methinks I should not thus be led along,  
Mailed up in shame, with papers on my back,  
The ruthless flint doth cut my tender feet,  
And when I start, the envious people laugh  
And bid me be advisèd how I tread.  
Ah, Humphrey, can I bear this shameful yoke?  
Trowest thou that e'er I'll look upon the world  
Or count them happy that enjoys the sun?  
No, dark shall be my light, and night my day.  
To think upon my pomp shall be my hell.



English in Action

The English-Speaking Union  
National Shakespeare Competition

2017-2018 Monologue Selection Packet

Henry VI, Part 3

Margaret

1.4.66-85

Brave warriors, Clifford and Northumberland,  
Come, make him stand upon this molehill here  
That raught at mountains with outstretchèd arms,  
Yet parted but the shadow with his hand.  
What, was it you that would be England's king?  
Was 't you that reveled in our parliament  
And made a preachment of your high descent?  
Where are your mess of sons to back you now,  
The wanton Edward and the lusty George?  
And where's that valiant crookback prodigy,  
Dickie, your boy, that with his grumbling voice  
Was wont to cheer his dad in mutinies?  
Or, with the rest, where is your darling Rutland?  
Look, York, I stained this napkin with the blood  
That valiant Clifford with his rapier's point  
Made issue from the bosom of the boy;  
And if thine eyes can water for his death,  
I give thee this to dry thy cheeks withal.  
Alas, poor York, but that I hate thee deadly  
I should lament thy miserable state.



English in Action

The English-Speaking Union  
National Shakespeare Competition

2017-2018 Monologue Selection Packet

Henry VI, Part 3  
Margaret  
1.4.87-93, 97-109

What, hath thy fiery heart so parched thine entrails  
That not a tear can fall for Rutland's death?  
Why art thou patient, man? Thou shouldst be mad;  
And I, to make thee mad, do mock thee thus.  
Stamp, rave, and fret, that I may sing and dance.  
Thou would'st be fee'd, I see, to make me sport.—  
York cannot speak unless he wear a crown.  
Ay, marry, sir, now looks he like a king.  
Ay, this is he that took King Henry's chair,  
And this is he was his adopted heir.  
But how is it that great Plantagenet  
Is crowned so soon and broke his solemn oath?—  
As I bethink me, you should not be king  
Till our King Henry had shook hands with Death.  
And will you pale your head in Henry's glory  
And rob his temples of the diadem  
Now, in his life, against your holy oath?  
O, 'tis a fault too too unpardonable.  
Off with the crown and, with the crown, his head;  
And whilst we breathe, take time to do him dead.



English in Action

The English-Speaking Union  
National Shakespeare Competition

2017-2018 Monologue Selection Packet

Henry VI, Part 3

Richard

5.6.64-80

See how my sword weeps for the poor king's death.  
O, may such purple tears be always shed  
From those that wish the downfall of our house.  
If any spark of life be yet remaining,  
Down, down to hell, and say I sent thee thither—  
I that have neither pity, love, nor fear.  
Indeed, 'tis true that Henry told me of,  
For I have often heard my mother say  
I came into the world with my legs forward.  
Had I not reason, think you, to make haste  
And seek their ruin that usurped our right?  
The midwife wondered, and the women cried  
“O Jesus bless us, he is born with teeth!”  
And so I was, which plainly signified  
That I should snarl, and bite, and play the dog.  
Then, since the heavens have shaped my body so,  
Let hell make crook'd my mind to answer it.



English in Action

The English-Speaking Union  
National Shakespeare Competition

2017-2018 Monologue Selection Packet

Henry VIII  
Buckingham  
2.1.136-154 (partial)

Henry the Eighth, life, honor, name, and all  
That made me happy at one stroke has taken  
Forever from the world. I had my trial,  
And must needs say a noble one, which makes me  
A little happier than my wretched father.  
Yet thus far we are one in fortunes: both  
Fell by our servants, by those men we loved most—  
A most unnatural and faithless service.  
Heaven has an end in all; yet, you that hear me,  
This from a dying man receive as certain:  
Where you are liberal of your loves and counsels  
Be sure you be not loose; for those you make friends  
And give your hearts to, when they once perceive  
The least rub in your fortunes, fall away  
Like water from you, never found again  
But where they mean to sink you. All good people,  
Pray for me. I must now forsake you. The last hour  
Of my long weary life is come upon me.  
Farewell.





English in Action

The English-Speaking Union  
National Shakespeare Competition

2017-2018 Monologue Selection Packet

Henry VIII

Queen Katherine

2.4.22-32 (partial), 40 (partial) – 47

In what have I offended you? What cause  
Hath my behavior given to your displeasure  
That thus you should proceed to put me off  
And take your good grace from me? Heaven witness  
I have been to you a true and humble wife,  
At all times to your will conformable,  
Ever in fear to kindle your dislike,  
Yea, subject to your countenance, glad or sorry  
As I saw it inclined. When was the hour  
I ever contradicted your desire,  
Or made it not mine too?  
If, in the course  
And process of this time, you can report,  
And prove it too, against mine honor aught,  
My bond to wedlock or my love and duty  
Against your sacred person, in God's name  
Turn me away and let the foul'st contempt  
Shut door upon me, and so give me up  
To the sharp'st kind of justice.



English in Action

The English-Speaking Union  
National Shakespeare Competition

2017-2018 Monologue Selection Packet

Julius Caesar

Portia

2.1.257-276

Nor for yours neither. You've ungently, Brutus,  
Stole from my bed. And yesternight at supper  
You suddenly arose and walked about,  
Musing and sighing, with your arms across,  
And when I asked you what the matter was,  
You stared upon me with ungentle looks.  
I urged you further; then you scratched your head  
And too impatiently stamped with your foot.  
Yet I insisted; yet you answered 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 seemed too much enkindled, and withal  
Hoping it was but an effect of humor,  
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 prevailed on your condition,  
I should not know you Brutus. Dear my lord,  
Make me acquainted with your cause of grief.



English in Action

The English-Speaking Union  
National Shakespeare Competition

2017-2018 Monologue Selection Packet

Julius Caesar

Portia

2.1.283 (partial) – 299, 301-304 (partial)

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 unpurgèd air  
To add unto his sickness? No, my Brutus,  
You have some sick offense 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 tonight  
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?



English in Action

The English-Speaking Union  
National Shakespeare Competition

2017-2018 Monologue Selection Packet

Julius Caesar

Portia

2.1.302-310, 315-325

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.  
I grant I am a woman, but withal  
A woman that Lord Brutus took to wife.  
I grant I am a woman, but withal  
A woman well-reputed, Cato's daughter.  
Think you I am no stronger than my sex,  
Being so fathered and so husbanded?  
Tell me your counsels; I will not disclose 'em.  
I have made strong proof of my constancy,  
Giving myself a voluntary wound  
Here, in the thigh. Can I bear that with patience,  
And not my husband's secrets?



English in Action

The English-Speaking Union  
National Shakespeare Competition

2017-2018 Monologue Selection Packet

Julius Caesar

Caesar

3.1.64-79

I could be well moved, if I were as you.  
If I could pray to move, prayers would move me.  
But I am constant as the Northern Star,  
Of whose true fixed and resting quality  
There is no fellow in the firmament.  
The skies are painted with unnumbered sparks;  
They are all fire, and every one doth shine.  
But there's but one in all doth hold his place.  
So in the world: 'tis furnished well with men,  
And men are flesh and blood, and apprehensive.  
Yet in the number I do know but one  
That unassailable holds on his rank,  
Unshaked of motion; and that I am he  
Let me a little show it, even in this:  
That I was constant Cimber should be banished  
And constant do remain to keep him so.



English in Action

The English-Speaking Union  
National Shakespeare Competition

2017-2018 Monologue Selection Packet

King John

Blanche

3.1.313-322, 327-328, 342-347, 350-351, 353

Upon thy wedding day?

Against the blood that thou hast married?

What, shall our feast be kept with slaughtered men?

Shall braying trumpets and loud churlish drums,

Clamors of hell, be measures to our pomp?

O husband, hear me! Ay, alack, how new

Is "husband" in my mouth! Even for that name,

Which till this time my tongue did ne'er pronounce,

Upon my knee I beg, go not to arms

Against mine uncle.

Now shall I see thy love. What motive may

Be stronger with thee than the name of wife?

The sun's o'er-cast with blood. Fair day, adieu.

Which is the side that I must go withal?

I am with both, each army hath a hand,

And in their rage, I having hold of both,

They whirl asunder and dismember me.

Husband, I cannot pray that thou mayst win.—

Uncle, I needs must pray that thou mayst lose.—

Whoever wins, on that side shall I lose.

Assured loss before the match be played.

There where my fortune lives, there my life dies.



English in Action

The English-Speaking Union  
National Shakespeare Competition

2017-2018 Monologue Selection Packet

King John  
Dauphin  
5.2.79-98

Your Grace shall pardon me; I will not back.  
I am too high-born to be propertied,  
To be a secondary at control,  
Or useful servingman and instrument  
To any sovereign state throughout the world.  
Your breath first kindled the dead coal of wars  
Between this chastised kingdom and myself  
And brought in matter that should feed this fire;  
And now 'tis far too huge to be blown out  
With that same weak wind which enkindled it.  
You taught me how to know the face of right,  
Acquainted me with interest to this land,  
Yea, thrust this enterprise into my heart.  
And come you now to tell me John hath made  
His peace with Rome? What is that peace to me?  
I, by the honor of my marriage bed,  
After young Arthur claim this land for mine.  
And now it is half conquered, must I back  
Because that John hath made his peace with Rome?  
Am I Rome's slave? What penny hath Rome borne?



English in Action

The English-Speaking Union  
National Shakespeare Competition

2017-2018 Monologue Selection Packet

King Lear  
Lear  
1.1.135-155

Peace, Kent.

Come not between the dragon and his wrath.

I loved her most and thought to set my rest

On her kind nursery. Hence and avoid

my sight!—

So be my grave my peace as here I give

Her father's heart from her.—Call France. Who stirs?

Call Burgundy. Cornwall and

Albany,

With my two daughters' dowers digest the third.

Let pride, which she calls plainness, marry her.

I do invest you jointly with my power,

Preeminence, and all the large effects

That troop with majesty. Ourselves by monthly course,

With reservation of an hundred knights

By you to be sustained, shall our abode

Make with you by due turn. Only we shall retain

The name and all th' addition to a king.

The sway, revenue, execution of the rest,

Belovèd sons, be yours, which to confirm,

This coronet part between you.





English in Action

The English-Speaking Union  
National Shakespeare Competition

2017-2018 Monologue Selection Packet

King Lear  
Edgar  
2.3.3 (partial) – 21

No port is free; no place  
That guard and most unusual vigilance  
Does not attend my taking. Whiles I may 'scape,  
I will preserve myself, and am bethought  
To take the basest and most poorest shape  
That ever penury in contempt of man  
Brought near to beast. My face I'll grime with filth,  
Blanket my loins, elf all my hairs in knots,  
And with presented nakedness outface  
The winds and persecutions of the sky.  
The country gives me proof and precedent  
Of Bedlam beggars who with roaring voices  
Strike in their numbed and mortified arms  
Pins, wooden pricks, nails, sprigs of rosemary,  
And, with this horrible object, from low farms,  
Poor pelting villages, sheepcotes, and mills,  
Sometime with lunatic bans, sometime with prayers,  
Enforce their charity. "Poor Turlygod! Poor Tom!"  
That's something yet. "Edgar" I nothing am.



English in Action

The English-Speaking Union  
National Shakespeare Competition

2017-2018 Monologue Selection Packet

King Lear

Lear

3.2.1-11, 16-26

Blow winds, and crack your cheeks! Rage, blow!  
You cataracts and hurricanoes, spout  
Till you have drenched our steeples, drowned the  
cocks.  
You sulph'rous and thought-executing fires,  
Vaunt-couriers of oak-cleaving thunderbolts,  
Singe my white head. And thou, all-shaking  
thunder,  
Strike flat the thick rotundity o' th' world.  
Crack nature's molds, all germens spill at once  
That makes ingrateful man.  
Rumble thy bellyful! Spit, fire! Spout, rain!  
Nor rain, wind, thunder, fire are my daughters.  
I tax not you, you elements, with unkindness.  
I never gave you kingdom, called you children;  
You owe me no subscription. Then let fall  
Your horrible pleasure. Here I stand your slave,  
A poor, infirm, weak, and despised old man.  
But yet I call you servile ministers,  
That will with two pernicious daughters join  
Your high-engendered battles 'gainst a head  
So old and white as this. O, ho, 'tis foul!



English in Action

The English-Speaking Union  
National Shakespeare Competition

2017-2018 Monologue Selection Packet

King Lear

Edgar

5.3.145-148, 153-169

Know my name is lost,  
By treason's tooth bare-gnawn and canker-bit.  
Yet am I noble as the adversary  
I come to cope.  
Draw thy sword,  
That if my speech offend a noble heart,  
Thy arm may do thee justice. Here is mine.  
Behold, it is my privilege, the privilege of mine  
honors,  
My oath, and my profession. I protest,  
Maugre thy strength, place, youth, and eminence,  
Despite thy victor-sword and fire-new fortune,  
Thy valor, and thy heart, thou art a traitor,  
False to thy gods, thy brother, and thy father,  
Conspirant 'gainst this high illustrious prince,  
And from th' extremest upward of thy head  
To the descent and dust below thy foot,  
A most toad-spotted traitor. Say thou "no,"  
This sword, this arm, and my best spirits are bent  
To prove upon thy heart, whereto I speak,  
Thou liest.



English in Action

The English-Speaking Union  
National Shakespeare Competition

2017-2018 Monologue Selection Packet

Love's Labor's Lost

Armado

1.2.167-185

I do affect the very ground (which is base)  
where her shoe (which is baser) guided by her foot  
(which is basest) doth tread. I shall be forsworn  
(which is a great argument of falsehood) if I love.  
And how can that be true love which is falsely  
attempted? Love is a familiar; love is a devil. There is  
no evil angel but love, yet was Samson so tempted,  
and he had an excellent strength; yet was Solomon  
so seduced, and he had a very good wit. Cupid's  
butt-shaft is too hard for Hercules' club, and therefore  
too much odds for a Spaniard's rapier. The first  
and second cause will not serve my turn; the  
*passado* he respects not, the *duello* he regards not.  
His disgrace is to be called "boy," but his glory is to  
subdue men. Adieu, valor; rust, rapier; be still,  
drum, for your manager is in love. Yea, he loveth.  
Assist me, some extemporal god of rhyme, for I am  
sure I shall turn sonnet. Devise wit, write pen, for I  
am for whole volumes in folio.



English in Action

The English-Speaking Union  
National Shakespeare Competition

2017-2018 Monologue Selection Packet

Love's Labor's Lost

Berowne

4.3.1-19

The King, he is hunting the deer; I am  
coursing myself. They have pitched a toil; I am  
toiling in a pitch—pitch that defiles. Defile! A foul  
word. Well, “set thee down, sorrow”; for so they  
say the fool said, and so say I, and I the fool. Well  
proved, wit. By the Lord, this love is as mad as Ajax.  
It kills sheep, it kills me, I a sheep. Well proved  
again, o’ my side. I will not love. If I do, hang me. I’  
faith, I will not. O, but her eye! By this light, but for  
her eye I would not love her; yes, for her two eyes.  
Well, I do nothing in the world but lie, and lie in my  
throat. By heaven, I do love, and it hath taught me to  
rhyme, and to be melancholy. And here is part of my  
rhyme, and here my melancholy. Well, she hath one  
o’ my sonnets already. The clown bore it, the fool  
sent it, and the lady hath it. Sweet clown, sweeter  
fool, sweetest lady. By the world, I would not care a  
pin, if the other three were in. Here comes one with  
a paper. God give him grace to groan.



English in Action

The English-Speaking Union  
National Shakespeare Competition

2017-2018 Monologue Selection Packet

Macbeth

Macbeth

1.7.8-22, 24-28

We still have judgment here, that we but teach  
Bloody instructions, which, being taught, return  
To plague th' inventor. This even-handed justice  
Commends th' ingredience of our poisoned 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 newborn babe  
Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubin horsed  
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 th' other—



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Macbeth

Hecate

3.5.2-13, 20-21, 30-33

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 called 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.  
I am for th' air. This night I'll spend  
Unto a dismal and a fatal end.  
He shall spurn fate, scorn death, and bear  
His hopes 'bove wisdom, grace, and fear.  
And you all know, security  
Is mortals' chiefest enemy.



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Measure for Measure

Angelo

2.4.168-184

Who will believe thee, Isabel?  
My unsoiled name, th' austereness of my life,  
My vouch against you, and my place i' th' state  
Will so your accusation outweigh  
That you shall stifle in your own report  
And smell of calumny. I have begun,  
And now I give my sensual race the rein.  
Fit thy consent to my sharp appetite;  
Lay by all nicety and prolixious blushes  
That banish what they sue for. Redeem thy brother  
By yielding up thy body to my will,  
Or else he must not only die the death,  
But thy unkindness shall his death draw out  
To ling'ring sufferance. Answer me tomorrow,  
Or by the affection that now guides me most,  
I'll prove a tyrant to him. As for you,  
Say what you can, my false o'erweighs your true.





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Measure for Measure

Claudio

3.1.131, 133-147

Death is a fearful thing.  
Ay, but to die, and go we know not where,  
To lie in cold obstruction and to rot,  
This sensible warm motion to become  
A kneaded clod; and the delighted spirit  
To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside  
In thrilling region of thick-ribbèd ice,  
To be imprisoned in the viewless winds  
And blown with restless violence round about  
The pendent world; or to be worse than worst  
Of those that lawless and incertain thought  
Imagine howling—'tis too horrible.  
The weariest and most loathèd worldly life  
That age, ache, penury, and imprisonment  
Can lay on nature is a paradise  
To what we fear of death.



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Much Ado About Nothing

Benedick

2.3.8-26

I do much wonder that one man, seeing how much another man is a fool when he dedicates his behaviors to love, will, after he hath laughed at such shallow follies in others, become the argument of his own scorn by falling in love—and such a man is Claudio. I have known when there was no music with him but the drum and the fife, and now had he rather hear the tabor and the pipe; I have known when he would have walked ten mile afoot to see a good armor, and now will he lie ten nights awake carving the fashion of a new doublet. He was wont to speak plain and to the purpose, like an honest man and a soldier, and now is he turned orthography; his words are a very fantastical banquet, just so many strange dishes. May I be so converted and see with these eyes? I cannot tell; I think not. I will not be sworn but love may transform me to an oyster, but I'll take my oath on it, till he have made an oyster of me, he shall never make me such a fool.



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Much Ado About Nothing

Benedick

2.3.22 (partial) - 36

May I be so converted and see  
with these eyes? I cannot tell; I think not. I will not  
be sworn but love may transform me to an oyster,  
but I'll take my oath on it, till he have made an  
oyster of me, he shall never make me such a fool.  
One woman is fair, yet I am well; another is wise, yet  
I am well; another virtuous, yet I am well; but till all  
graces be in one woman, one woman shall not  
come in my grace. Rich she shall be, that's certain;  
wise, or I'll none; virtuous, or I'll never cheapen  
her; fair, or I'll never look on her; mild, or come not  
near me; noble, or not I for an angel; of good  
discourse, an excellent musician, and her hair shall  
be of what color it please God. Ha! The Prince and  
Monsieur Love! I will hide me in the arbor.



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Much Ado About Nothing

Hero

3.1.72-74, 76-85, 87-91

So turns she every man the wrong side out,  
And never gives to truth and virtue that  
Which simpleness and merit purchaseth.  
No, not to be so odd and from all fashions  
As Beatrice is cannot be commendable.  
But who dare tell her so? If I should speak,  
She would mock me into air. O, she would laugh  
me  
Out of myself, press me to death with wit.  
Therefore let Benedick, like covered fire,  
Consume away in sighs, waste inwardly.  
It were a better death than die with mocks,  
Which is as bad as die with tickling.  
No, rather I will go to Benedick  
And counsel him to fight against his passion;  
And truly I'll devise some honest slanders  
To stain my cousin with. One doth not know  
How much an ill word may empoison liking.



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Much Ado About Nothing

Beatrice

4.1.315-321, 323-324, 326-327, 329-338

Is he not approved in the height a villain  
that hath slandered, scorned, dishonored my kinswoman?

O, that I were a man! What, bear her in  
hand until they come to take hands, and then, with  
public accusation, uncovered slander, unmitigated  
rancor—O God, that I were a man! I would eat his  
heart in the marketplace.

Talk with a man out at a window! A proper  
saying.

Sweet Hero, she is wronged, she is slandered,  
she is undone.

Princes and counties! Surely a princely testimony,  
a goodly count, Count Comfect, a sweet  
gallant, surely! O, that I were a man for his sake! Or  
that I had any friend would be a man for my sake!  
But manhood is melted into curtsies, valor into  
compliment, and men are only turned into tongue,  
and trim ones, too. He is now as valiant as Hercules  
that only tells a lie and swears it. I cannot be a man  
with wishing; therefore I will die a woman with  
grieving.



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Othello

Rodgerigo

1.1.135-154

Sir, I will answer anything. But I beseech you,  
If 't be your pleasure and most wise consent—  
As partly I find it is—that your fair daughter,  
At this odd-even and dull watch o' th' night,  
Transported with no worse nor better guard  
But with a knave of common hire, a gondolier,  
To the gross clasps of a lascivious Moor:  
If this be known to you, and your allowance,  
We then have done you bold and saucy wrongs.  
But if you know not this, my manners tell me  
We have your wrong rebuke. Do not believe  
That from the sense of all civility  
I thus would play and trifle with your Reverence.  
Your daughter, if you have not given her leave,  
I say again, hath made a gross revolt,  
Tying her duty, beauty, wit, and fortunes  
In an extravagant and wheeling stranger  
Of here and everywhere. Straight satisfy yourself.  
If she be in her chamber or your house,  
Let loose on me the justice of the state  
For thus deluding you.



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Othello

Iago

2.3.356-360, 365-379

And what's he, then, that says I play the villain,  
When this advice is free I give and honest,  
Probal to thinking, and indeed the course  
To win the Moor again? For 'tis most easy  
Th' inclining Desdemona to subdue  
His soul is so en fettered to her love  
That she may make, unmake, do what she list,  
Even as her appetite shall play the god  
With his weak function. How am I then a villain  
To counsel Cassio to this parallel course  
Directly to his good? Divinity of hell!  
When devils will the blackest sins put on,  
They do suggest at first with heavenly shows,  
As I do now. For whiles this honest fool  
Plies Desdemona to repair his fortune,  
And she for him pleads strongly to the Moor,  
I'll pour this pestilence into his ear:  
That she repeals him for her body's lust;  
And by how much she strives to do him good,  
She shall undo her credit with the Moor.



English in Action

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2017-2018 Monologue Selection Packet

Othello

Othello

3.3.299-314 (partial), 319-320

This fellow's of exceeding honesty,  
And knows all qualities with a learnèd spirit  
Of human dealings. If I do prove her haggard,  
Though that her jesses were my dear heartstrings,  
I'd whistle her off and let her down the wind  
To prey at fortune. Haply, for I am black  
And have not those soft parts of conversation  
That chamberers have, or for I am declined  
Into the vale of years—yet that's not much—  
She's gone, I am abused, and my relief  
Must be to loathe her. O curse of marriage,  
That we can call these delicate creatures ours  
And not their appetites! I had rather be a toad  
And live upon the vapor of a dungeon  
Than keep a corner in the thing I love  
For others' uses.  
If she be false, heaven mocks itself!  
I'll not believe 't.





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Othello

Othello

5.2.1-10 (partial), 13 (partial) - 24

It is the cause, it is the cause, my soul.  
Let me not name it to you, you chaste stars.  
It is the cause. Yet I'll not shed her blood,  
Nor scar that whiter skin of hers than snow,  
And smooth as monumental alabaster.  
Yet she must die, else she'll betray more men.  
Put out the light, and then put out the light.  
If I quench thee, thou flaming minister,  
I can again thy former light restore  
Should I repent me.  
When I have plucked the  
rose,  
I cannot give it vital growth again.  
It needs must wither. I'll smell it on the tree.  
O balmy breath, that dost almost persuade  
Justice to break her sword! One  
more, one more.  
Be thus when thou art dead, and I will kill thee  
And love thee after. One more, and this the last.  
So sweet was ne'er so fatal. I must weep,  
But they are cruel tears. This sorrow's heavenly:  
It strikes where it doth love. She wakes.



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Pericles

Marina

5.1.95-107, 110-111

I am a maid, my lord,  
That ne'er before invited eyes, but have  
Been gazed on like a comet. She speaks,  
My lord, that may be hath endured a grief  
Might equal yours, if both were justly weighed.  
Though wayward Fortune did malign my state,  
My derivation was from ancestors  
Who stood equivalent with mighty kings.  
But time hath rooted out my parentage,  
And to the world and awkward casualties  
Bound me in servitude. I will desist,  
But there is something glows upon my cheek,  
And whispers in mine ear "Go not till he speak."  
I said, my lord, if you did know my parentage,  
You would not do me violence.



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Richard II  
King Richard  
3.2.160-171, 176-182

For God's sake, let us sit upon the ground  
And tell sad stories of the death of kings—  
How some have been deposed, some slain in war,  
Some haunted by the ghosts they have deposed,  
Some poisoned by their wives, some sleeping killed,  
All murdered. For within the hollow crown  
That rounds the mortal temples of a king  
Keeps Death his court, and there the antic sits,  
Scoffing his state and grinning at his pomp,  
Allowing him a breath, a little scene,  
To monarchize, be feared, and kill with looks,  
Infusing him with self and vain conceit,  
Cover your heads, and mock not flesh and blood  
With solemn reverence. Throw away respect,  
Tradition, form, and ceremonious duty,  
For you have but mistook me all this while.  
I live with bread like you, feel want,  
Taste grief, need friends. Subjected thus,  
How can you say to me I am a king?



English in Action

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2017-2018 Monologue Selection Packet

Richard III

Anne

1.2.51-54, 57-71, 74-75

Foul devil, for God's sake, hence, and trouble us  
not,  
For thou hast made the happy Earth thy hell,  
Filled it with cursing cries and deep exclams.  
O, gentlemen, see, see dead Henry's wounds  
Open their congealed mouths and bleed afresh!—  
Blush, blush, thou lump of foul deformity,  
For 'tis thy presence that exhales this blood  
From cold and empty veins where no blood dwells.  
Thy deeds, inhuman and unnatural,  
Provokes this deluge most unnatural.—  
O God, which this blood mad'st, revenge his death!  
O Earth, which this blood drink'st, revenge his  
death!  
Either heaven with lightning strike the murderer  
dead,  
Or Earth gape open wide and eat him quick,  
As thou dost swallow up this good king's blood,  
Which his hell-governed arm hath butcherèd.  
Villain, thou know'st nor law of God nor man.  
No beast so fierce but knows some touch of pity.



English in Action

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Richard III

Anne

4.1.69-81, 87-91

No? Why? When he that is my husband now  
Came to me as I followed Henry's corse,  
When scarce the blood was well washed from his  
hands  
Which issued from my other angel husband  
And that dear saint which then I weeping followed—  
O, when, I say, I looked on Richard's face,  
This was my wish: be thou, quoth I, accursed  
For making me, so young, so old a widow;  
And, when thou wedd'st, let sorrow haunt thy bed;  
And be thy wife, if any be so mad,  
More miserable by the life of thee  
Than thou hast made me by my dear lord's death.  
For never yet one hour in his bed  
Did I enjoy the golden dew of sleep,  
But with his timorous dreams was still awaked.  
Besides, he hates me for my father Warwick,  
And will, no doubt, shortly be rid of me.



English in Action

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Richard III  
Tyrrel  
4.3.1-3, 6-22

The tyrannous and bloody act is done,  
The most arch deed of piteous massacre  
That ever yet this land was guilty of.  
Albeit they were fleshed villains, bloody dogs,  
Melted with tenderness and mild compassion,  
Wept like two children in their deaths' sad story.  
"O thus," quoth Dighton, "lay the gentle babes."  
"Thus, thus," quoth Forrest, "girdling one another  
Within their alabaster innocent arms.  
Their lips were four red roses on a stalk,  
And in their summer beauty kissed each other.  
A book of prayers on their pillow lay,  
Which once," quoth Forrest, "almost changed my  
mind,  
But, O, the devil—" There the villain stopped;  
When Dighton thus told on: "We smotherèd  
The most replenishèd sweet work of nature  
That from the prime creation e'er she framed."  
Hence both are gone with conscience and remorse;  
They could not speak; and so I left them both  
To bear this tidings to the bloody king.



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Richard III  
Queen Elizabeth  
4.4.284-296, 299-301

Send to her, by the man that slew her brothers,  
A pair of bleeding hearts; thereon engrave  
“Edward” and “York.” Then haply will she weep.  
Therefore present to her—as sometime Margaret  
Did to thy father, steeped in Rutland’s blood—  
A handkerchief, which say to her did drain  
The purple sap from her sweet brother’s body,  
And bid her wipe her weeping eyes withal.  
If this inducement move her not to love,  
Send her a letter of thy noble deeds;  
Tell her thou mad’st away her uncle Clarence,  
Her uncle Rivers, ay, and for her sake  
Mad’st quick conveyance with her good aunt Anne.  
There is no other way,  
Unless thou couldst put on some other shape  
And not be Richard, that hath done all this.



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Richard III

Richard

5.3.189-204 (partial), 210-213

Give me another horse! Bind up my wounds!  
Have mercy, Jesu!—Soft, I did but dream.  
O coward conscience, how dost thou afflict me!  
The lights burn blue; it is now dead midnight.  
Cold fearful drops stand on my trembling flesh.  
What do I fear? Myself? There's none else by.  
Richard loves Richard, that is, I am I.  
Is there a murderer here? No. Yes, I am.  
Then fly! What, from myself? Great reason why:  
Lest I revenge. What, myself upon myself?  
Alack, I love myself. Wherefore? For any good  
That I myself have done unto myself?  
O, no. Alas, I rather hate myself  
For hateful deeds committed by myself.  
I am a villain. Yet I lie; I am not.  
Fool, of thyself speak well.  
All several sins, all used in each degree,  
Throng to the bar, crying all "Guilty, guilty!"  
I shall despair. There is no creature loves me,  
And if I die no soul will pity me.





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Romeo and Juliet

Nurse

1.3.19-25, 39-53

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,  
On Lammas Eve at night shall she be fourteen.  
That shall she. Marry, I remember it well.  
'Tis since the earthquake now eleven years,  
For then she could stand high-lone. Nay, by th'  
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,  
He 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 holidam,  
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.”



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Romeo and Juliet

Mercutio

1.4.58-63, 75-77, 79-81, 84-89, 91-92

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 atomi  
Over men's noses as they lie asleep.  
And in this state she gallops night by night  
Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of love;  
On courtiers' knees, that dream on cur'sies straight;  
O'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses dream,  
Which oft the angry Mab with blisters plagues  
Because their breaths with sweetmeats tainted are.  
And sometime comes she with a tithe-pig's tail,  
Tickling a parson's nose as he lies asleep;  
Then he dreams of another benefice.  
Sometime she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,  
And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,  
Of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades,  
Drums in his ear, at which he starts and wakes  
And, being thus frighted, swears a prayer or two



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Romeo and Juliet

Juliet

2.2.36-39, 41-52

O Romeo, Romeo, wherefore art thou Romeo?  
Deny thy father and refuse thy name,  
Or, if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love,  
And I'll no longer be a Capulet.  
'Tis but thy name that is my enemy.  
Thou art thyself, though not a Montague.  
What's Montague? It is nor hand, nor foot,  
Nor arm, nor face. O, be some other name  
Belonging to a man.  
What's in a name? That which we call a rose  
By any other word would smell as sweet.  
So Romeo would, were he not Romeo called,  
Retain that dear perfection which he owes  
Without that title. Romeo, doff thy name,  
And, for thy name, which is no part of thee,  
Take all myself.



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Romeo and Juliet

Benvolio

3.1.160-180

Tybalt, here slain, whom Romeo's hand did slay—  
Romeo, that spoke him fair, bid him bethink  
How nice the quarrel was, and urged withal  
Your high displeasure. All this utterèd  
With gentle breath, calm look, knees humbly bowed  
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 entertained revenge,



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Romeo and Juliet

Juliet

3.2.106-125

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 killed 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, worsè than Tybalt's death,

That murdered me. I would forget it fain,

But, O, it presses to my memory

Like damnèd guilty deeds to sinners' minds:

"Tybalt is dead and Romeo banishèd."

That "banishèd," that one word "banishèd,"

Hath slain ten thousand Tybalts.



English in Action

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2017-2018 Monologue Selection Packet

Romeo and Juliet

Juliet

4.3.34, 41-60

Shall I not then be stifled in the vault,  
Where for this many hundred years the bones  
Of all my buried ancestors are packed;  
Where bloody Tybalt, yet but green in earth,  
Lies fest'ring in his shroud; where, as they say,  
At some hours in the night spirits resort—  
Alack, alack, is it not like that I,  
So early waking, what with loathsome smells,  
And shrieks like mandrakes torn out of the earth,  
That living mortals, hearing them, run mad—  
O, if I wake, shall I not be distraught,  
Environèd with all these hideous fears,  
And madly play with my forefathers' joints,  
And pluck the mangled Tybalt from his shroud,  
And, in this rage, with some great kinsman's bone,  
As with a club, dash out my desp'rate brains?  
O look, methinks I see my cousin's ghost  
Seeking out Romeo that did spit his body  
Upon a rapier's point! Stay, Tybalt, stay!  
Romeo, Romeo, Romeo! Here's drink. I drink to  
thee.



English in Action

The English-Speaking Union  
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2017-2018 Monologue Selection Packet

The Comedy of Errors

Adriana

2.1.92-106

His company must do his minions grace,  
Whilst I at home starve for a merry look.  
Hath homely age th' alluring beauty took  
From my poor cheek? Then he hath wasted it.  
Are my discourses dull? Barren my wit?  
If voluble and sharp discourse be marred,  
Unkindness blunts it more than marble hard.  
Do their gay vestments his affections bait?  
That's not my fault; he's master of my state.  
What ruins are in me that can be found  
By him not ruined? Then is he the ground  
Of my defeatures. My decayèd fair  
A sunny look of his would soon repair.  
But, too unruly deer, he breaks the pale  
And feeds from home. Poor I am but his stale.



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2017-2018 Monologue Selection Packet

The Comedy of Errors

Luciana

3.2.1-17

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?





English in Action

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2017-2018 Monologue Selection Packet

The Merchant of Venice

Portia

1.2.12-26

If to do were as easy as to know what were good to do, chapels had been churches, and poor men's cottages princes' palaces. It is a good divine that follows his own instructions. I can easier teach twenty what were good to be done than to be one of the twenty to follow mine own teaching. The brain may devise laws for the blood, but a hot temper leaps o'er a cold decree: such a hare is madness the youth, to skip o'er the meshes of good counsel the cripple. But this reasoning is not in the fashion to choose me a husband. O, me, the word "choose"! I may neither choose who I would nor refuse who I dislike. So is the will of a living daughter curbed by the will of a dead father. Is it not hard, Nerissa, that I cannot choose one, nor refuse none?



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The Merchant of Venice

Portia

3.4.59-60, 64-81

Come on, Nerissa, I have work in hand  
That you yet know not of.  
They shall, Nerissa, but in such a habit  
That they shall think we are accomplished  
With that we lack. I'll hold thee any wager,  
When we are both accoutered like young men,  
I'll prove the prettier fellow of the two,  
And wear my dagger with the braver grace,  
And speak between the change of man and boy  
With a reed voice, and turn two mincing steps  
Into a manly stride, and speak of frays  
Like a fine bragging youth, and tell quaint lies  
How honorable ladies sought my love,  
Which I denying, they fell sick and died—  
I could not do withal!—then I'll repent,  
And wish, for all that, that I had not killed them.  
And twenty of these puny lies I'll tell,  
That men shall swear I have discontinued school  
Above a twelvemonth. I have within my mind  
A thousand raw tricks of these bragging jacks  
Which I will practice.



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The Taming of the Shrew

Petruchio

4.1.190-209

My falcon now is sharp and passing empty,  
And, till she stoop, she must not be full-gorged,  
For then she never looks upon her lure.  
Another way I have to man my haggard,  
To make her come and know her keeper's call.  
That is, to watch her, as we watch these kites  
That bate and beat and will not be obedient.  
She ate no meat today, nor none shall eat.  
Last night she slept not, nor tonight she shall not.  
As with the meat, some undeservèd fault  
I'll find about the making of the bed,  
And here I'll fling the pillow, there the bolster,  
This way the coverlet, another way the sheets.  
Ay, and amid this hurly I intend  
That all is done in reverend care of her.  
And, in conclusion, she shall watch all night,  
And, if she chance to nod, I'll rail and brawl,  
And with the clamor keep her still awake.  
This is a way to kill a wife with kindness.  
And thus I'll curb her mad and headstrong humor.



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The Taming of the Shrew

Katherine

4.3.2-16

The more my wrong, the more his spite appears.  
What, did he marry me to famish me?  
Beggars that come unto my father's door  
Upon entreaty have a present alms.  
If not, elsewhere they meet with charity.  
But I, who never knew how to entreat,  
Nor never needed that I should entreat,  
Am starved for meat, giddy for lack of sleep,  
With oaths kept waking and with brawling fed.  
And that which spites me more than all these wants,  
He does it under name of perfect love,  
As who should say, if I should sleep or eat  
'Twere deadly sickness or else present death.  
I prithee, go, and get me some repast,  
I care not what, so it be wholesome food.



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The Taming of the Shrew

Katherine

5.2.177-195

I am ashamed that women are so simple  
To offer war where they should kneel for peace,  
Or seek for rule, supremacy, and sway  
When they are bound to serve, love, and obey.  
Why are our bodies soft and weak and smooth,  
Unapt to toil and trouble in the world,  
But that our soft conditions and our hearts  
Should well agree with our external parts?  
Come, come, you froward and unable worms!  
My mind hath been as big as one of yours,  
My heart as great, my reason haply more,  
To bandy word for word and frown for frown;  
But now I see our lances are but straws,  
Our strength as weak, our weakness past compare,  
That seeming to be most which we indeed least are.  
Then vail your stomachs, for it is no boot,  
And place your hands below your husband's foot;  
In token of which duty, if he please,  
My hand is ready, may it do him ease.



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The Tempest

Miranda

3.1.59-63 (partial), 65-70, 80, 87-88, 96-103

I do not know

One of my sex, no woman's face remember,  
Save, from my glass, mine own. Nor have I seen  
More that I may call men than you, good friend,  
And my dear father.

The jewel in my dower, I would not wish  
Any companion in the world but you,  
Nor can imagination form a shape  
Besides yourself to like of. But I prattle  
Something too wildly, and my father's precepts  
I therein do forget.

Do you love me?

I am a fool

To weep at what I am glad of.

At mine unworthiness, that dare not offer  
What I desire to give, and much less take  
What I shall die to want.

I am your wife if you will marry me.

If not, I'll die your maid. To be your fellow

You may deny me, but I'll be your servant

Whether you will or no.



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The Tempest  
Prospero  
Epilogue, 1-20

Now my charms are all o'erthrown,  
And what strength I have 's mine own,  
Which is most faint. Now 'tis true  
I must be here confined by you,  
Or sent to Naples. Let me not,  
Since I have my dukedom got  
And pardoned the deceiver, dwell  
In this bare island by your spell,  
But release me from my bands  
With the help of your good hands.  
Gentle breath of yours my sails  
Must fill, or else my project fails,  
Which was to please. Now I want  
Spirits to enforce, art to enchant,  
And my ending is despair,  
Unless I be relieved by prayer,  
Which pierces so that it assaults  
Mercy itself, and frees all faults.  
As you from crimes would pardoned be,  
Let your indulgence set me free.



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The Two Gentlemen of Verona

Launce

2.3.15-34

This shoe is my father. No, this left shoe is my father; no, no, this left shoe is my mother. Nay, that cannot be so neither. Yes, it is so, it is so; it hath the worsor sole. This shoe with the hole in it is my mother; and this my father. A vengeance on 't, there 'tis! Now sir, this staff is my sister, for, look you, she is as white as a lily and as small as a wand. This hat is Nan, our maid. I am the dog. No, the dog is himself, and I am the dog. O, the dog is me, and I am myself. Ay, so, so. Now come I to my father: "Father, your blessing." Now should not the shoe speak a word for weeping. Now should I kiss my father. Well, he weeps on. Now come I to my mother. O, that she could speak now like a wold woman! Well, I kiss her. Why, there 'tis; here's my mother's breath up and down. Now come I to my sister. Mark the moan she makes! Now the dog all this while sheds not a tear nor speaks a word. But see how I lay the dust with my tears.





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The Two Gentlemen of Verona

Proteus

2.4.202-216, 219-220, 222-224

Even as one heat another heat expels,  
Or as one nail by strength drives out another,  
So the remembrance of my former love  
Is by a newer object quite forgotten.  
Is it mine eye, or Valentine's praise,  
Her true perfection, or my false transgression,  
That makes me reasonless to reason thus?  
She is fair, and so is Julia that I love—  
That I did love, for now my love is thawed,  
Which like a waxen image 'gainst a fire  
Bears no impression of the thing it was.  
Methinks my zeal to Valentine is cold,  
And that I love him not as I was wont.  
O, but I love his lady too too much,  
And that's the reason I love him so little.  
'Tis but her picture I have yet beheld,  
And that hath dazzled my reason's light;  
There is no reason but I shall be blind.  
If I can check my erring love, I will;  
If not, to compass her I'll use my skill.



English in Action

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2017-2018 Monologue Selection Packet

The Two Noble Kinsmen  
Jailer's Daughter  
2.4.1-19

Why should I love this gentleman? 'Tis odds  
He never will affect me. I am base,  
My father the mean keeper of his prison,  
And he a prince. To marry him is hopeless;  
To be his whore is witless. Out upon 't!  
What pushes are we wenches driven to  
When fifteen once has found us! First, I saw him;  
I, seeing, thought he was a goodly man;  
He has as much to please a woman in him,  
If he please to bestow it so, as ever  
These eyes yet looked on. Next, I pitied him,  
And so would any young wench, o' my conscience,  
That ever dreamed, or vowed her maidenhead  
To a young handsome man. Then I loved him,  
Extremely loved him, infinitely loved him!  
And yet he had a cousin, fair as he too.  
But in my heart was Palamon, and there,  
Lord, what a coil he keeps! To hear him  
Sing in an evening, what a heaven it is!



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The Two Noble Kinsmen  
Jailer's Daughter  
2.6.1-15, 17-21

Let all the dukes and all the devils roar!  
He is at liberty. I have ventured for him,  
And out I have brought him; to a little wood  
A mile hence I have sent him, where a cedar  
Higher than all the rest spreads like a plane  
Fast by a brook, and there he shall keep close  
Till I provide him files and food, for yet  
His iron bracelets are not off. O Love,  
What a stout-hearted child thou art! My father  
Durst better have endured cold iron than done it.  
I love him beyond love and beyond reason  
Or wit or safety. I have made him know it;  
I care not, I am desperate. If the law  
Find me and then condemn me for 't, some wenches,  
Some honest-hearted maids, will sing my dirge  
Dying almost a martyr. That way he takes  
I purpose is my way too. Sure he cannot  
Be so unmanly as to leave me here.  
If he do, maids will not so easily  
Trust men again. And yet he has not thanked me



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The Winter's Tale

Leontes

2.1.47-63

How blest am I

In my just censure, in my true opinion!

Alack, for lesser knowledge! How accursed

In being so blest! There may be in the cup

A spider steeped, and one may drink, depart,

And yet partake no venom, for his knowledge

Is not infected; but if one present

Th' abhorred ingredient to his eye, make known

How he hath drunk, he cracks his gorge, his sides,

With violent hefts. I have drunk, and seen the spider.

Camillo was his help in this, his pander.

There is a plot against my life, my crown.

All's true that is mistrusted. That false villain

Whom I employed was pre-employed by him.

He has discovered my design, and I

Remain a pinched thing, yea, a very trick

For them to play at will. How came the posterns

So easily open?



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2017-2018 Monologue Selection Packet

Timon of Athens

Flavius

4.2.36-56

Who would not wish to be from wealth exempt,  
Since riches point to misery and contempt?  
Who would be so mocked with glory, or to live  
But in a dream of friendship,  
To have his pomp and all what state compounds  
But only painted, like his varnished friends?  
Poor honest lord, brought low by his own heart,  
Undone by goodness! Strange unusual blood  
When man's worst sin is he does too much good!  
Who then dares to be half so kind again?  
For bounty, that makes gods, do still mar men.  
My dearest lord, blest to be most accursed,  
Rich only to be wretched, thy great fortunes  
Are made thy chief afflictions. Alas, kind lord!  
He's flung in rage from this ingrateful seat  
Of monstrous friends,  
Nor has he with him to supply his life,  
Or that which can command it.  
I'll follow and inquire him out.  
I'll ever serve his mind with my best will.  
Whilst I have gold, I'll be his steward still.



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2017-2018 Monologue Selection Packet

Titus Andronicus

Tamora

1.1.104-120

Stay, Roman brethren!—Gracious conqueror,  
Victorious Titus, rue the tears I shed,  
A mother's tears in passion for her son.  
And if thy sons were ever dear to thee,  
O think my son to be as dear to me.  
Sufficeth not that we are brought to Rome  
To beautify thy triumphs and return  
Captive to thee and to thy Roman yoke,  
But must my sons be slaughtered in the streets  
For valiant doings in their country's cause?  
O, if to fight for king and commonweal  
Were piety in thine, it is in these!  
Andronicus, stain not thy tomb with blood.  
Wilt thou draw near the nature of the gods?  
Draw near them then in being merciful.  
Sweet mercy is nobility's true badge.  
Thrice-noble Titus, spare my first-born son.



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Titus Andronicus

Tamora

4.4.81, 84-96, 98-102

Why should you fear? Is not your city strong?  
King, be thy thoughts imperious like thy name.  
Is the sun dimmed that gnats do fly in it?  
The eagle suffers little birds to sing  
And is not careful what they mean thereby,  
Knowing that with the shadow of his wings  
He can at pleasure stint their melody.  
Even so mayst thou the giddy men of Rome.  
Then cheer thy spirit, for know, thou emperor,  
I will enchant the old Andronicus  
With words more sweet and yet more dangerous  
Than baits to fish or honey-stalks to sheep,  
Whenas the one is wounded with the bait,  
The other rotted with delicious feed.  
If Tamora entreat him, then he will,  
For I can smooth and fill his aged ears  
With golden promises, that were his heart  
Almost impregnable, his old ears deaf,  
Yet should both ear and heart obey my tongue.



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Titus Andronicus

Aaron

5.1.127-146

Even now I curse the day—and yet, I think,  
Few come within the compass of my curse—  
Wherein I did not some notorious ill,  
As kill a man, or else devise his death;  
Ravish a maid or plot the way to do it;  
Accuse some innocent and forswear myself;  
Set deadly enmity between two friends;  
Make poor men's cattle break their necks;  
Set fire on barns and haystacks in the night,  
And bid the owners quench them with their tears.  
Oft have I digged up dead men from their graves  
And set them upright at their dear friends' door,  
Even when their sorrows almost was forgot,  
And on their skins, as on the bark of trees,  
Have with my knife carved in Roman letters  
“Let not your sorrow die, though I am dead.”  
But I have done a thousand dreadful things  
As willingly as one would kill a fly,  
And nothing grieves me heartily indeed  
But that I cannot do ten thousand more.





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Titus Andronicus  
Titus Andronicus  
5.2.169-187

Come, come, Lavinia. Look, thy foes are bound.—  
Sirs, stop their mouths. Let them not speak to me,  
But let them hear what fearful words I utter.—  
O villains, Chiron and Demetrius!  
Here stands the spring whom you have stained with  
mud,  
This goodly summer with your winter mixed.  
You killed her husband, and for that vile fault  
Two of her brothers were condemned to death,  
My hand cut off and made a merry jest,  
Both her sweet hands, her tongue, and that more dear  
Than hands or tongue, her spotless chastity,  
Inhuman traitors, you constrained and forced.  
What would you say if I should let you speak?  
Villains, for shame you could not beg for grace.  
Hark, wretches, how I mean to martyr you.  
This one hand yet is left to cut your throats,  
Whiles that Lavinia 'tween her stumps doth hold  
The basin that receives your guilty blood.



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Titus Andronicus  
Titus Andronicus  
5.2.182-201

What would you say if I should let you speak?  
Villains, for shame you could not beg for grace.  
Hark, wretches, how I mean to martyr you.  
This one hand yet is left to cut your throats,  
Whiles that Lavinia 'tween her stumps doth hold  
The basin that receives your guilty blood.  
You know your mother means to feast with me,  
And calls herself Revenge, and thinks me mad.  
Hark, villains, I will grind your bones to dust,  
And with your blood and it I'll make a paste,  
And of the paste a coffin I will rear,  
And make two pasties of your shameful heads,  
And bid that strumpet, your unhallowed dam,  
Like to the earth swallow her own increase.  
This is the feast that I have bid her to,  
And this the banquet she shall surfeit on;  
For worse than Philomel you used my daughter,  
And worse than Procne I will be revenged.  
And now prepare your throats.—Lavinia, come,  
Receive the blood.



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Twelfth Night

Orsino

1.1.1-15

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 odor. 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, naught enters there,  
Of what validity and pitch so'er,  
But falls into abatement and low price  
Even in a minute. So full of shapes is fancy  
That it alone is high fantastical.



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Twelfth Night

Viola

2.2.17-22 (partial), 24-32, 36-40

I left no ring with her. What means this lady?  
Fortune forbid my outside have not charmed 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!  
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.  
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.



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Twelfth Night

Sebastian

4.3.1-4, 8-22

This is the air; that is the glorious sun.  
This pearl she gave me, I do feel 't and see 't.  
And though 'tis wonder that enwraps me thus,  
Yet 'tis not madness. Where's Antonio, then?  
His counsel now might do me golden service.  
For though my soul disputes well with my sense  
That this may be some error, but no madness,  
Yet doth this accident and flood of fortune  
So far exceed all instance, all discourse,  
That I am ready to distrust mine eyes  
And wrangle with my reason that persuades me  
To any other trust but that I am mad—  
Or else the lady's mad. Yet if 'twere so,  
She could not sway her house, command her  
followers,  
Take and give back affairs and their dispatch  
With such a smooth, discreet, and stable bearing  
As I perceive she does. There's something in 't  
That is deceivable. But here the lady comes.