Monologues Grades 7-12

**Directions: Students in seventh through twelfth grade should be given this handout at least two
weeks prior to their scheduled screening/evaluation. They are to choose one of these
monologues to perform. The monologue should be memorized and well rehearsed. No make­
up, props, or costumes are permitted.**

**Monologues From Arsenic and Old Lace by Joseph Kesselring**

**Prepared by Dr. Rebecca Hale**

**Monologue # 1**

**Character: Mortimer (3 theatre critic and the nephew of Abby and Martha) Act I**

"City desk! Hello, Al. Do you know who this is? (pause) That's right. Say, Al, when I left the office, I told you where I was going, remember? - Well, where did I say? (pause) Uh - huh. Well, it would take me about half an hour to get to Brooklyn. What time have you got? (looks at watch) That's right. I must be here. (hangs up phone) Aunt Abby! Aunt Martha Come in here! What are we going to do? What are we going to do? (pointing to window-seat) There's a body in there! Well, good heavens, I can't turn you over to the police! But what am I going to do? My dear Aunt Abby, can't I make you realize that something has to be done? (To aunts) Sssshhh---(into phone) Oh, no, Al, I'm sober as a lark. I just called you because I was feeling a little Pirandello - Piran - you wouldn't know, Al. Look, I'm glad you called. Get hold of George right away. He's got to review the play tonight. I can't make it. No, Al, you're wrong. I'll tell you all about it tomorrow. Well, George has got to cover the play tonight! This Is my department and I'm running it! You get a hold of George! (He hangs up and tries to collect himself.) Now, let's see, where were we?"

**Monologue #2**

**Character: Mortimer (talking about his strange family to his girlfriend Elaine) Act II**

Elaine, you've got to go home! I love you very much, Elaine. In fact, I love you so much I can't marry you. NO, I don't think I’ve gone crazy, but it's just a matter of time. You see insanity runs in my family. That's why I can't marry you, dear. There's a strange taint In the Brewster blood. If you really knew my family it's - well- It's what you'd expect if Strindberg had written Hellzapoppin. No, it goes way back. The first Brewster - the one who came over on the Mayflower. You know in those days, the Indians used to scalp the settlers - he used to scalp the Indians. That's not ancient history. It's the whole family. Take my grandfather - he tried his patent medicines out on dead people to be sure he wouldn't kill them. And then there's Jonathan. You just said he was a maniac - he tried to kill you. And there's Teddy, too. You knowTeddy. He thinks he's Roosevelt. No, dear, no Brewster should marry. I realize now that if I'd met my father in time, I'd have stopped him. I know I’m acting irrationally, but just put it down to the fact that I'm a mad Brewster. Well, if you love me, will you get out of here!”

**Monologues From Our Town by Thornton Wilder**

**Prepared by Dr. Rebecca Hale**

**Monologue #1**

**Character: Stage Manager (could be played by male or female) Scene: Act I**

This play Is called Our Town. It was written by Thornton Wilder. The name of our town Is Grover's Corners, N.H., Just over the line from Massachusetts: latitude 42 degrees, 40 minutes, longitude 70 degrees, 37 minutes. The first act shows a day in our town. The date is May 7, 1901, just before dawn. Up here is Main Street. Cuttin’ across it over there on the left is the railroad tracks. Next to the Post Office there is the Town Hall; jail is in the basement. Bryan once made a speech from those steps there. Along Main Street there's a row of *stores.* Hitchin’ posts and horse-blocks in front of 'em. First automobile's goin' to come along In about five years - belonged to Banker Cartwright, our town's richest citizen. Lives in the big white house up there on the hill. Most everybody in town manages to look into these stores once a day. This is our doctor's house - Doc Gibbs', This Is Mrs. Gibbs' garden - corn - peas - beans - hollyhocks. In those days our newspapers came out twice a week - the Grover's Corners Sentinel- and this is Editor Webb's house. And this is Mrs. Webb's garden. Just like Mrs. Gibbs's, only it's got a lot of sunflowers, too. Nice town, y' know what I mean? Nobody remarkable ever come out of it, so far as we know. The earliest dates on the tombstones up there in the cemetery say 1670. They're Grover’s and Cartwright’s and Gibbses and Hersey’s -same names as around here now. Well, as I said, it's early morning, S0 - another day's begun."

**Monologue #2**

**Character: George (speaking to Emily) Scene: Act 11**

"Y'know, Emily, whenever I meet a farmer I ask him if he thinks it's important to go to Agriculture School to be a good farmer. And some of them say it's even a waste of time. You can get all that stuff, anyway, in the pamphlets the Government sends out --. And Uncle Luke's getting’ old; he's about ready for me to start in taking over his farm tomorrow, if I could, And like you say, being gone all that time - in other places and meeting other people - Gosh, If anything like that can happen I don't want to go away - I guess new people probably aren't any better than old ones. I'll bet they almost never are. Emily - I feel that you're as good a friend as I've got. I don't need to go and meet the people in other towns. Emily, I'm going to make up my mind right now - I won't go. I'll tell Pa about it tonight. Emily, I'm glad you spoke to me about that - that fault in my character. What you said was right; but there was one thing wrong in it. That's where you said that I wasn't noticing- people - and you, for instance - why, you say you were watching me when I did everything - Why, I was doing the same about you all the time. Why sure -I always thought about you as one of the chief people I thought about. I always made sure where you were sitting on the bleachers, and who you were with, and for three days now I've tried to walk home with you; but something's always got in the way. Yesterday, I was standing over by the wall waiting for you, and you walked home with Miss Corcoran. Listen, Emily, I'm going to tell you why I'm not going to Agriculture School. I think once you've found a person you’re very fond of -I mean a person who's fond of you, too, and who likes you well enough to be interested in your character - I think that's just as important as college is, ,and even more so. That's what I think."

**Monologue #3**

**Character: Emily (After Emily returns to earth on her 12th birthday) Scene: Act III**

"Oh, Mama, just look at me one minute as though you really saw me. Mama! Fourteen years have gone by! -I'm dead! - You're a grandmother, Mama! I married George Gibbs, Mama!- Wally's dead, too, Mama! His appendix burst on a camping trip to Crawford Notch. We felt just terrible about it; don't you remember? - But, just for a moment now we're all together - Mama, just for a moment let's be happy. Let's look at one another!

 I can't! I can't go on! It goes so fast. We don't have time to look at one another. I didn't realize. So all that was going on and we never noticed! Take me back - up the hill- to my grave. But first: Wait!

One more look!

Goodbye, world! Goodbye, Grover's Corners ---. Mama and Papa. Goodbye to clocks ticking - and my butternut tree! And Mama's sunflowers - and food and coffee - and new-ironed dresses and hot baths - and sleeping and waking up! - Oh, earth, you're too wonderful for anyone to realize you. Do any human beings ever realize life while they live it - every, every minute?"

**Monologues A Midsummer Night’s Dream by William Shakespeare**

**Prepared Lindsey Lanson**

**HELENA: Act I, sc. 1**

Call you me fair? that fair again unsay. Demetrius loves your fair: O happy fair! Your eyes are lode-stars; and your tongue's sweet air More tuneable than lark to shepherd's ear, When wheat is green, when hawthorn buds appear. Sickness is catching: O, were favour so, Yours would I catch, fair Hermia, ere I go; My ear should catch your voice, my eye your eye, My tongue should catch your tongue's sweet melody. Were the world mine, Demetrius being bated, The rest I'd give to be to you translated. O, teach me how you look, and with what art You sway the motion of Demetrius' heart.

[**Lysander**](http://www.opensourceshakespeare.org/views/plays/characters/charlines.php?CharID=Lysander&WorkID=midsummer) **Act 1.Scene I**

You have her father's love, Demetrius; Let me have Hermia's: do you marry him.

[*~~Egeus~~*](http://www.opensourceshakespeare.org/views/plays/characters/charlines.php?CharID=Egeus&WorkID=midsummer)*~~. Scornful Lysander! true, he hath my love, And what is mine my love shall render him.
And she is mine, and all my right of her I do estate unto Demetrius.~~*

I am, my lord, as well derived as he, As well possess'd; my love is more than his; My fortunes every way as fairly rank'd, If not with vantage, as Demetrius'; And, which is more than all these boasts can be, I am beloved of beauteous Hermia: Why should not I then prosecute my right? Demetrius, I'll avouch it to his head, Made love to Nedar's daughter, Helena, And won her soul; and she, sweet lady, dotes, Devoutly dotes, dotes in idolatry, Upon this spotted and inconstant man.

A good persuasion: therefore, hear me, Hermia. I have a widow aunt, a dowager Of great revenue, and she hath no child: From Athens is her house remote seven leagues; And she respects me as her only son. There, gentle Hermia, may I marry thee; And to that place the sharp Athenian law Cannot pursue us. If thou lovest me then, Steal forth thy father's house to-morrow night; And in the wood, a league without the town, Where I did meet thee once with Helena,
To do observance to a morn of May, There will I stay for thee.

[***~~Hermia~~***](http://www.opensourceshakespeare.org/views/plays/characters/charlines.php?CharID=Hermia&WorkID=midsummer)***~~.~~*** *~~My good Lysander! I swear to thee, by Cupid's strongest bow, By his best arrow with the golden head, By the simplicity of Venus' doves, By that which knitteth souls and prospers loves, And by that fire which burn'd the Carthage queen, When the false Troyan under sail was seen, By all the vows that ever men have broke, In number more than ever women spoke,
In that same place thou hast appointed me, To-morrow truly will I meet with thee.~~*

[**Lysander**](http://www.opensourceshakespeare.org/views/plays/characters/charlines.php?CharID=Lysander&WorkID=midsummer)**.** Keep promise, love. Look, here comes Helena.

**HELENA Act I, sc. 1**

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, folding no quantity,

Love can transpose to form and dignity: Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind; And therefore is wing'd Cupid painted blind: Nor hath Love's mind of any judgement 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 every where: For ere Demetrius look'd on Hermia's eyne, He hail'd down oaths that he was only mine; And when this hail some heat from Hermia felt, So he dissolved, and showers of oaths did melt. I will go tell him of fair Hermia's flight: Then to the wood will he to-morrow night Pursue her; and for this intelligence If I have thanks, it is a dear expense: But herein mean I to enrich my pain, To have his sight thither and back again.

**PUCK**  **Act II, sc. 1**

The king doth keep his revels here to-night: Take heed the queen come not within his sight;

For Oberon is passing fell and wrath, Because that she as her attendant hath A lovely boy, stolen from an Indian king; She never had so sweet a changeling; And jealous Oberon would have the child Knight of his train, to trace the forests wild; But she perforce withholds the loved boy,

Crowns him with flowers and makes him all her joy: And now they never meet in grove or green,

By fountain clear, or spangled starlight sheen, But, they do square, that all their elves for fear

Creep into acorn-cups and hide them there.

**PUCK Act II, sc. 1**

Thou speak'st aright; I am that merry wanderer of the night. I jest to Oberon and make him smile

When I a fat and bean-fed horse beguile, Neighing in likeness of a filly foal:And sometime lurk I in a gossip's bowl, In very likeness of a roasted crab, And when she drinks, against her lips I bob

And on her wither'd dewlap pour the ale. The wisest aunt, telling the saddest tale,Sometime for three-foot stool mistaketh me; Then slip I from her bum, down topples she, And 'tailor' cries, and falls into a cough; And then the whole quire hold their hips and laugh, And waxen in their mirth and neeze and swear A merrier hour was never wasted there. But, room, fairy! here comes Oberon.

**TITANIA Act II, sc. 1**

Set your heart at rest: The fairy land buys not the child of me. His mother was a votaress of my order: And, in the spiced Indian air, by night,Full often hath she gossip'd by my side, And sat with me on Neptune's yellow sands, Marking the embarked traders on the flood, When we have laugh'd to see the sails conceive And grow big-bellied with the wanton wind; Which she, with pretty and with swimming gait Following,--her womb then rich with my young squire,-- Would imitate, and sail upon the land, To fetch me trifles, and return again, As from a voyage, rich with merchandise. But she, being mortal, of that boy did die; And for her sake do I rear up her boy, And for her sake I will not part with him.

**PUCK Act II, scene i**
Thou speakest aright;I am that merry wanderer of the night.I jest to Oberon, and make him smileWhen I a fat and bean-fed horse beguile,Neighing in likeness of a filly foal;
And sometime lurk I in a gossip's bowlIn very likeness of a roasted crab,And when she drinks, against her lips I bobAnd on her withered dewlap pour the ale.The wisest aunt, telling the saddest tale,Sometime for three-foot stool mistaketh me;Then slip I from her bum, down topples she,And 'tailor' cries, and falls into a cough;And then the whole quire hold their hips and laugh,And waxen in their mirth, and neeze, and swearA merrier hour was never wasted there.

[**Titania**](http://www.opensourceshakespeare.org/views/plays/characters/charlines.php?CharID=Titania&WorkID=midsummer)**. Act II Scene 1**

 These are the forgeries of jealousy: And never, since the middle summer's spring, Met we on hill, in dale, forest or mead, By paved fountain or by rushy brook, Or in the beached margent of the sea,
To dance our ringlets to the whistling wind, But with thy brawls thou hast disturb'd our sport. Therefore the winds, piping to us in vain, As in revenge, have suck'd up from the sea Contagious fogs; which falling in the land Have every pelting river made so proud That they have overborne their continents:
The ox hath therefore stretch'd his yoke in vain, The ploughman lost his sweat, and the green corn
Hath rotted ere his youth attain'd a beard; The fold stands empty in the drowned field, And crows are fatted with the murrion flock; The nine men's morris is fill'd up with mud, And the quaint mazes in the wanton green For lack of tread are undistinguishable: The human mortals want their winter here;
No night is now with hymn or carol blest: Therefore the moon, the governess of floods, Pale in her anger, washes all the air, That rheumatic diseases do abound: And thorough this distemperature we see
The seasons alter: hoary-headed frosts Far in the fresh lap of the crimson rose, And on old Hiems' thin and icy crown An odorous chaplet of sweet summer buds Is, as in mockery, set: the spring, the summer,
The childing autumn, angry winter, change Their wonted liveries, and the mazed world, By their increase, now knows not which is which: And this same progeny of evils comes From our debate, from our dissension; We are their parents and original.

[**Demetrius**](http://www.opensourceshakespeare.org/views/plays/characters/charlines.php?CharID=Demetrius-mnd&WorkID=midsummer)**. Act II Scene 1**

I love thee not, therefore pursue me not. Where is Lysander and fair Hermia? The one I'll slay, the other slayeth me. Thou told'st me they were stolen unto this wood; And here am I, and wode within this wood, Because I cannot meet my Hermia. Hence, get thee gone, and follow me no more. Do I entice you? do I speak you fair? Or, rather, do I not in plainest truth Tell you, I do not, nor I cannot love you? Tempt not too much the hatred of my spirit; For I am sick when I do look on thee. You do impeach your modesty too much, To leave the city and commit yourself Into the hands of one that loves you not; To trust the opportunity of night And the ill counsel of a desert place With the rich worth of your virginity. I'll run from thee and hide me in the brakes, And leave thee to the mercy of wild beasts. I will not stay thy questions; let me go: Or, if thou follow me, do not believe But I shall do thee mischief in the wood.

[**Helena**](http://www.opensourceshakespeare.org/views/plays/characters/charlines.php?CharID=Helena-mnd&WorkID=midsummer)**. Act II Scene 1**

You draw me, you hard-hearted adamant; But yet you draw not iron, for my heart Is true as steel: leave you your power to draw, And I shall have no power to follow you.And even for that do I love you the more. I am your spaniel; and, Demetrius, The more you beat me, I will fawn on you: Use me but as your spaniel, spurn me, strike me, Neglect me, lose me; only give me leave, Unworthy as I am, to follow you. What worser place can I beg in your love,— And yet a place of high respect with me,— Than to be used as you use your dog? And I am sick when I look not on you. Your virtue is my privilege: for that It is not night when I do see your face, Therefore I think I am not in the night; Nor doth this wood lack worlds of company, For you in my respect are all the world: Then how can it be said I am alone, When all the world is here to look on me? The wildest hath not such a heart as you. Run when you will, the story shall be changed: Apollo flies, and Daphne holds the chase; The dove pursues the griffin; the mild hind Makes speed to catch the tiger; bootless speed, When cowardice pursues and valour flies.

**PUCK Act II, sc. 2**

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

**HELENA Act II, sc. 2**

O, I am out of breath in this fond chase! The more my prayer, the lesser is my grace.Happy is Hermia, wheresoe'er she lies; For she hath blessed and attractive eyes. How came her eyes so bright? Not with salt tears: If so, my eyes are oftener wash'd than hers. No, no, I am as ugly as a bear; For beasts that meet me run away for fear: Therefore no marvel though Demetrius Do, as a monster fly my presence thus. What wicked and dissembling glass of mine Made me compare with Hermia's sphery eyne?

But who is here? Lysander! on the ground! Dead? or asleep? I see no blood, no wound. Lysander if you live, good sir, awake.

**HERMIA Act II, sc. 2**

*Awaking*

Help me, Lysander, help me! do thy best To pluck this crawling serpent from my breast! Ay me, for pity! what a dream was here! Lysander, look how I do quake with fear: Methought a serpent eat my heart away, And you sat smiling at his cruel pray. Lysander! what, removed? Lysander! lord! What, out of hearing? gone? no sound, no word? Alack, where are you speak, an if you hear; Speak, of all loves! I swoon almost with fear. No? then I well perceive you all not nigh Either death or you I'll find immediately.

**TITANIA Act III, sc. 1**

What angel wakes me from my flowery bed?

***~~BOTTOM~~***

*~~[Sings] The finch, the sparrow and the lark, The plain-song cuckoo gray, Whose note full many a man doth mark, And dares not answer nay;-- for, indeed, who would set his wit to so foolish a bird? who would give a bird the lie, though he cry~~* ~~'cuckoo' never so?~~

**TITANIA**

I pray thee, gentle mortal, sing again: Mine ear is much enamour'd of thy note; So is mine eye enthralled to thy shape; And thy fair virtue's force perforce doth move me On the first view to say, to swear, I love thee.

***~~BOTTOM~~***

*~~Methinks, mistress, you should have little reason for that: and yet, to say the truth, reason and love keep little company together now-a-days; the more the pity that some honest neighbours will not make them friends. Nay, I can gleek upon occasion.~~*

**TITANIA**

Thou art as wise as thou art beautiful.

***~~BOTTOM~~***

*~~Not so, neither: but if I had wit enough to get out of this wood, I have enough to serve mine own turn~~.*

**TITANIA**

Out of this wood do not desire to go: Thou shalt remain here, whether thou wilt or no. I am a spirit of no common rate; The summer still doth tend upon my state; And I do love thee: therefore, go with me;

I'll give thee fairies to attend on thee, And they shall fetch thee jewels from the deep, And sing while thou on pressed flowers dost sleep; And I will purge thy mortal grossness so That thou shalt like an airy spirit go.

[**Oberon**](http://www.opensourceshakespeare.org/views/plays/characters/charlines.php?CharID=Oberon&WorkID=midsummer)**.**  **Act III Scene 2**

Thou see'st these lovers seek a place to fight Hie therefore, Robin, overcast the night; The starry welkin cover thou anon With drooping fog as black as Acheron, And lead these testy rivals so astray As one come not within another's way. Like to Lysander sometime frame thy tongue, Then stir Demetrius up with bitter wrong; And sometime rail thou like Demetrius; And from each other look thou lead them thus, Till o'er their brows death-counterfeiting sleep With leaden legs and batty wings doth creep: Then crush this herb into Lysander's eye;
Whose liquor hath this virtuous property, To take from thence all error with his might, And make his eyeballs roll with wonted sight. When they next wake, all this derision Shall seem a dream and fruitless vision,
And back to Athens shall the lovers wend, With league whose date till death shall never end.Whiles I in this affair do thee employ, I'll to my queen and beg her Indian boy; And then I will her charmed eye release
From monster's view, and all things shall be peace.

**PUCK Act III, sc. 2**

My mistress with a monster is in love. Near to her close and consecrated bower, While she was in her dull and sleeping hour, A crew of patches, rude mechanicals, That work for bread upon Athenian stalls, Were met together to rehearse a play Intended for great Theseus' nuptial-day. The shallowest thick-skin of that barren sort,

Who Pyramus presented, in their sport Forsook his scene and enter'd in a brake When I did him at this advantage take, An ass's nole I fixed on his head: Anon his Thisbe must be answered, And forth my mimic comes. When they him spy, As wild geese that the creeping fowler eye, Or russet-pated choughs, many in sort, Rising and cawing at the gun's report, Sever themselves and madly sweep the sky, So, at his sight, away his fellows fly;

And, at our stamp, here o'er and o'er one falls; He murder cries and help from Athens calls. Their sense thus weak, lost with their fears thus strong, Made senseless things begin to do them wrong; For briers and thorns at their apparel snatch;Some sleeves, some hats, from yielders all things catch. I led them on in this distracted fear,

And left sweet Pyramus translated there: When in that moment, so it came to pass, Titania waked and straightway loved an ass.

**HELENA Act III, sc. 2**

Now I but chide; but I should use thee worse, For thou, I fear, hast given me cause to curse, If thou hast slain Lysander in his sleep, Being o'er shoes in blood, plunge in the deep, And kill me too. The sun was not so true unto the day As he to me: would he have stolen away From sleeping Hermia? I'll believe as soon This whole earth may be bored and that the moon May through the centre creep and so displease Her brother's noontide with Antipodes. It cannot be but thou hast murder'd him; So should a murderer look, so dead, so grim.

***~~DEMETRIUS~~***

*~~So should the murder'd look, and so should I, Pierced through the heart with your stern cruelty: Yet you, the murderer, look as bright, as clear, As yonder Venus in her glimmering sphere.~~*

**HELENA Act III, sc. 2**

O spite! O hell! I see you all are bent To set against me for your merriment: If you we re 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.

**HELENA Act III, sc.2**

Lo, she is one of this confederacy! Now I perceive they have conjoin'd all three To fashion this false sport, in spite of me. Injurious Hermia! most ungrateful maid! Have you conspired, have you with these contrived

To bait me with this foul derision? Is all the counsel that we two have shared, The sisters' vows, the hours that we have spent, When we have chid the hasty-footed time For parting us,--O, is it all forgot? All school-days' friendship, childhood innocence? We, Hermia, like two artificial gods, Have with our needles created both one flower, Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion, Both warbling of one song, both in one key, As if our hands, our sides, voices and minds, Had been incorporate. So we grow together, Like to a double cherry, seeming parted, But yet an union in partition; Two lovely berries moulded on one stem; So with two seeming bodies but one heart, Two of the first, like coats in heraldry, Due but to one, and crowned with one crest.

And will you rent our ancient love asunder, To join with men in scorning your poor friend? Is it not friendly; tis not maidenly. Our sex, as well as I, may chide you for it, Though I alone do feel the injury.

**HERMIA Act III, sc. 2**

Puppet? why so? ay, that way goes the game.Now I perceive that she hath made compare Between our statures; she hath urged her height; And with her personage, her tall personage, Her height, forsooth, she hath prevail'd with him. And are you grown so high in his esteem; Because I am so dwarfish and so low? How low am I, thou painted maypole? speak; How low am I? I am not yet so low But that my nails can reach unto thine eyes.

**HELENA Act III, sc. 2**

Good Hermia, do not be so bitter with me.I evermore did love you, Hermia, Did ever keep your counsels, never wrong'd you; Save that, in love unto Demetrius, I told him of your stealth unto this wood. He follow'd you; for love I follow'd him; But he hath chid me hence and threaten'd me To strike me, spurn me, nay, to kill me too:

And now, so you will let me quiet go, To Athens will I bear my folly back And follow you no further: let me go:

You see how simple and how fond I am.

[**Oberon**](http://www.opensourceshakespeare.org/views/plays/characters/charlines.php?CharID=Oberon&WorkID=midsummer)**. Act IV Scene 1**

*[Advancing]* Welcome, good Robin. See'st thou this sweet sight? Her dotage now I do begin to pity: For, meeting her of late behind the wood, Seeking sweet favours from this hateful fool, I did upbraid her and fall out with her; For she his hairy temples then had rounded With a coronet of fresh and fragrant flowers; And that same dew, which sometime on the buds Was wont to swell like round and orient pearls, Stood now within the pretty flowerets' eyes Like tears that did their own disgrace bewail. When I had at my pleasure taunted her
And she in mild terms begg'd my patience, I then did ask of her her changeling child; Which straight she gave me, and her fairy sent To bear him to my bower in fairy land. And now I have the boy, I will undo
This hateful imperfection of her eyes: And, gentle Puck, take this transformed scalp From off the head of this Athenian swain; That, he awaking when the other do, May all to Athens back again repair And think no more of this night's accidents But as the fierce vexation of a dream. But first I will release the fairy queen.
Be as thou wast wont to be; See as thou wast wont to see: Dian's bud o'er Cupid's flower Hath such force and blessed power. Now, my Titania; wake you, my sweet queen.

[**Bottom**](http://www.opensourceshakespeare.org/views/plays/characters/charlines.php?CharID=Bottom&WorkID=midsummer)**.**  **Act IV Scene 1**

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

*[Exit]*

**Monologues****The Miracle Worker by William Gibson**

**Prepared Lindsey Lanson**

**Annie Act Two**

Mrs. Keller. I grew up in such an asylum. Rats, why, my brother Jimmie and I used to play with rats! You’re as innocent as a lamb to me, and Captain Keller too. Maybe he’d like to hear what it will be for Helen to live with streetwalkers and people queer in the head, with fits, or D.T.’s and the babies born with no family, the first year we had eighty, seventy died, and the room we played in was the dead house, where they kept the bodies till they could dig the graves. No, it made me strong. But Captain Keller wouldn’t want to send Helen there. She’s strong enough! I didn’t come here for love. I came for money! We’ll talk to Captain Keller.

**Annie Act Two**

(*Annie is teaching Helen the stitch, Helen cannot get it right, and Annie guides her fingers painstakingly.)* In and under. Under. Yes. Good! Well. At least I’m back to where I can touch you, hm? Touch and go! Be thankful for small favors, Miss Sullivan, out of little acorns, giant oaks, etcetera. Like an egg. Egg. It has a name; the name stands for the thing. Simple, it’s as simple as birth. To explain. Helen, Helen, the chick has to come out of its shell, sometime. You come out too. There’s only one way out, for you, and its language. To learn that your fingers can talk. And say anything. Anything you can think.

**Monologues From *Pygmalion* by George Bernard Shaw**

**Prepared by Angela Papale**

**Monologue #1**

**Character: LIZA From: Act V of *Pygmalion***

LIZA: Your calling me Miss Doolittle that day when I first came to Wimple Street. That was the beginning of self-respect for me. And there were a hundred little things you never noticed, because they came naturally to you. Things about standing up and taking off your hat and opening doors—Yes: things that showed you thought and felt about me as if I were something better than a scullery-maid; though I know you would have been just the same to a scullery maid if she had been let into the drawing-room. You see, really and truly, apart from the things anyone can pick up (the dressing and the proper way of speaking, and so on), the difference between a lady and a flower girl is not how she behaves, but how she’s treated. I shall always be a flower girl to Professor Higgins, because he always treats me as a flower girl, and always will; but I know I can be a lady to you, because you always treat me as a lady, and always will.

**Monologue #2**

**Character: Professor Higgins From Act II of *Pygmalion***

HIGGINS: What is life but a series of inspired follies? The difficulty is to find them to do. Never lose a chance: it doesn’t come everyday. I shall make a duchess of this draggletailed guttersnipe. Yes: in six months—in three if she has a good ear and a quick tongue—I’ll take her anywhere and pass her off as anything. We’ll start today: now! This moment! Take her away and clean her, Mrs. Pearce. Monkey Brand, if it won’t come off any other way. Is there a good fire in the kitchen? Take all her clothes off and burn them. Ring up Whitely or somebody for new ones. Wrap her up in brown paper ‘til they come. We want none of your Lisson Grove prudery here, young woman. You’ve got to learn to behave like a duchess. Take her away, Mrs. Pearce. If she gives you any trouble, wallop her.

**Monologue #3**

**Character: Liza From Act V of *Pygmalion***

LIZA: Oh, you are a cruel tyrant. I can’t talk to you: you turn everything against me. I’m always in the wrong. But you know very well all the time that you’re nothing but a bully. You know I can’t go back to the gutter, as you call it, and that I have no real friends in the world but you and the Colonel. You know well I couldn’t bear to live with a low common man after you two; and it’s wicked and cruel of you to insult me by pretending I could. You think I must go back to Wimpole Street because I have nowhere else to go but father’s. But don’t you be too sure that you have me under your feet to be trampled on and talked down. I’ll marry Freddy, I will, as soon as he’s able to support me.

**Monologue #4**

**Character: Professor Higgins From Act II of *Pygmalion***

HIGGINS: Have you ever met a man of good character where women are concerned? Well, I haven’t. I find that the moment I let a woman make friends with me, she becomes jealous, exacting, suspicious, and a nuisance. I find that the moment I let myself make friends with a woman, I become selfish and tyrannical. Women upset everything. When you let them into your life, you find that the woman is driving at one thing and you’re driving at another. I suppose the woman wants to live her own life; and the man wants to live his; and each tries to drag the other on the wrong track. One wants to go north and the other south; and the result is that both have to go east, though they both hate the east wind. So here I am, a confirmed old bachelor, and likely to remain so.

**Monologues from *The Glass Menagerie* by Tennessee Williams**

**Prepared by Angela Papale**

**Monologue #1**

**Character: LAURA From: Scene Two of *The Glass Menagerie***

LAURA: Please don’t stare at me, Mother. Has something happened? Mother, has…something happened? Mother, I wish that you would tell me what’s happened! Oh…Oh I…I’ve just been going out walking. I just went walking. All sorts of places—mostly in the park. It was the lesser of two evils, Mother. I couldn’t go back to that school. I threw up—on the floor! It wasn’t as bad as it sounds. I went inside places to get warmed up. I went in the art museum and the bird houses at the zoo. I visited the penguins every day! Sometimes I did without lunch and went to the movies. Lately I’ve been spending most of my afternoons in the Jewel Box, that big glass house where they raise the tropical flowers. Mother, when you’re disappointed, you get that awful suffering look on your face, like the picture of Jesus’ mother in the museum! I couldn’t face it.

**Monologue #2**

**Character: LAURA From: Scene Two of *The Glass Menagerie***

LAURA: Yes. I liked one once. I came across his picture a while ago. No, it’s in the yearbook. His name was Jim. Here he is in *The Pirates of Penzance*, the operetta the senior class put on. He had a wonderful voice and we sat across the aisle from each other Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays in the Aud. Here he is with the silver cup for debating! See his grin? He used to call me—Blue Roses. When I had that attack of pleurosis—he asked me what was the matter when I came back. I said pleurosis—he thought that I said Blue Roses! So that’s what he always called me after that. Whenever he saw me, he’d holler, “Hello, Blue Roses!” I didn’t care for the girl he went out with. Emily Meisenbach. Emily was the best-dressed girl at Soldan. She never struck me, though, as being sincere…It says in the Personal Section—they’re engaged. That’s six years ago! They must be married by now.

**Monologue #3**

**Character: TOM From: Scene Three of *The Glass Menagerie***

TOM: I’m going to opium dens! Yes, opium dens, dens of vice and criminals’ hangouts, Mother. I’ve joined the Hogan Gang, I’m a hired assassin, I carry a tommy gun in a violin case! I run a string of cat houses in the Valley! They call me Killer, Killer Wingfield, I’m leading a double-life, a simple honest warehouse worker by day, by night a dynamic *czar* of the *underworld, Mother.* I go to gambling casinos, I spin away fortunes on the roulette table! I wear a patch over one eye and a false mustache, sometimes I put on green whiskers. On those occasions they call me—El Diablo! Oh, I could tell you many things to make you sleepless! My enemies plan to dynamite this place. They’re going to blow us all sky-high some night! I’ll be glad, very happy, and so will you! You’ll go up, up on a broomstick, over Blue Mountain with seventeen gentlemen callers! You ugly—babbling old—witch.

**Monologue #4**

**Character: Jim From: Scene Seven of *The Glass Menagerie***

JIM: Ha-ha, that’s very funny! I’m glad to see that you have a sense of humor. You know—you’re—well—very different! Surprisingly different from anyone else I know! Do you mind me telling you that? I mean it in a nice way— You make me feel sort of—I don’t know how to put it! I’m usually pretty good at expressing things, but—this is something that I don’t know how to say! Has anyone ever told you that you were pretty? Well, you are! In a very different way from anyone else. And all the nicer because of the difference, too. I wish that you were my sister. I’d teach you to have some confidence in yourself. The different people are not like other people, but being different is nothing to be ashamed of. Because other people are not such wonderful people. They’re one hundred times on thousand. You’re one times one! They walk all over the earth. You just stay here. They’re common as—weeds, but—you—well, you’re—*Blue Roses!*

**Monologue From The Effect of Gamma Rays on Man in the Moon MarigoldsBy: Paul ZindelPrepared by: Andee Reed**

**Monologue #1**

**Character Tillie**He told me to look at my hand, for a part of it came from a star that exploded too long ago to imagine. This part of me was formed from a tongue of fire that screamed through the heavens until there was our sun. And this part of me - this tiny part of me - was on the sun when it itself exploded and whirled in a great storm until the planets came to be. And this small part of me was then a whisper of the earth. When there was life, perhaps this part of me got lost in a fern that was crushed and covered until it was coal. And then it was a diamond millions of years later - it must have been a diamond as beautiful as the star from which it had first come.Or perhaps this part of me became lost in a terrible beast, or became part of a huge bird that flew above the primeval swamps.And he said this thing was so small - this part of me was so small it couldn't be seen- but it was there from the beginning of the world.And he called this bit of me an atom. And when he wrote the word, I fell in love with it.Atom.Atom.What a beautiful word.

**Monologue #2**

**Character: Ruth**Didn't she tell you yet? Oh, Tillie, how could you? She's fantastic, Mama! She's a finalist in the Science Fair. There were only five of them out of hundreds. She won with all those plants over there. They're freaks! Isn't that a scream? Dr. Berg picked her himself. The Principal! And I heard Mr. Goodman say she was going to be another Madam Pasteur and he never saw a girl do anything like it before and … so I told everybody, "Yes, she's my sister!" Tillie, "You're my sister!" I said. And Mr. Goodman called the Advance and they're coming to take your picture. Oh, Mama, isn't it crazy? And nobody laughed at her, Mama. She beat out practically everybody and nobody laughed at her. "She;s my sister," I said. "She's my sister!"

**Monologue #3**

**Character: Tillie**The Conclusion: My experiment has shown some of the strange effects radiation can produce…and how dangerous it can be if not handled correctly.Mr. Good man said I should tell in this conclusion what my future plans are and how this experiment has helped me make them.For one thing, the effect of gamma rays on man-in-the-moon marigolds has made me curious about the sun and stars, for the universe itself must be like a world of great atoms - and I what to know more about it.But most important, I suppose, my experiment has made me feel important - every atom in me, in everybody, has come from the sun - from places beyond our dreams. The atoms of our hands, the atoms of our hearts…Atom.Atom.What a beautiful word.

 **Monologue From Book: Harvey By: Mary Chase Prepared by: Andee Reed**

**Monologue #1**

**Character: Elwood**Harvey and I sit in the bars and we have a drink or two and play the jukebox. Soon the faces of other people turn toward mine and smile. They are saying" We don't know your name, Mister, but you're a lovely fellow." Harvey and I warm ourselves in those golden moments. We have entered as strangers - soon we have friends. They come over. They sit with us. They drink with us. They talk to us. They tell us about the big terrible things they have done. The big wonderful things they will do. Their hopes, their regrets, their loves, their hats. All very large because no one ever brings anything small into a bar. Then I introduce them to Harvey. And he is bigger and grander than anything they offer me. When they leave, they leave impressed. The same people seldom come back - but that's envy, my dear. There's a little bit of envy in the best of us - too bad, isn't it/

**Monologue #2**

**Character: Elwood**How do I know his name is Harvey? That was rather an interesting coincidence, Doctor. One night several years ago I was walking early in the evening along Fairfax Street - between 18th and 19th. I had just helped Ed Hickey into a taxi. Ed had been mixing his rye with his gin, and I felt he needed conveying. i started to walk down the street when I heard a voice saying; "Good evening, Mr. Dowd." I turned and there was this great white rabbit leaning against a lamp post. Well, I thought nothing of that, because when you have lived in a town as long as I have lived in this one, you get used to the fact that everybody knows your name. Naturally, I went over to chat with him. He said to me: "Ed Hickey is a little spiffed this evening, or could i be mistaken?" Well, of course, he was not mistaken. I think the world and all of Ed but he was spiffed. Well, anyway, we stood there and talked, and finally I said - "You have the advantage of me. You know my name and I don't know yours." Right back at me he said: "What name do you like?" Well, I didn't even have to think for a minute: Harvey has always been my favorite name. So I said, "Harvey," and this is the interesting part of the whole thing. He said, "What a coincidence! My name happens to be Harvey."

**Monologue #3**

**Character: Dr. Chumley**Doctor - the function of a psychiatrist is to tell the difference between those who are reasonable and those who merely talk and act reasonably. Do you realize what you have done to me? You don't answer. I'll tell you. You have permitted a psychopathic case to walk off these grounds and roam around with an overgrown white rabbit. You have subjected me - a psychiatrist - to the humiliation of having to call - of all things - a lawyer to find out who came here to be committed- and who came out here to commit. I will now have to do something I haven't done in fifteen years. I will have to go out after this patient, Elwood P. Dowd, and I will have to bring him back, and when I do bring him back, your connection with this institution is ended- as of that moment!

**Monologues From The Grapes of Wrath by John Steinbeck**

**Prepared byAlana Villavaso**

**Monologues #1**

**Character: Tom Joad**

The owner men came onto the land. Some of the men were kind because they hated what they had to do. Some of them were angry because they hated to be cruel. And some of them were cold because they had long ago found that one could not be an owner unless one was cold. All of them were caught in something larger than themselves. The Bank or The Company must have, needs, wants, a profit.

At last the owner men came to the point. The ten­ant system will not work anymore. One man on a trac­tor can take the place of 12 or 14 families. Pay him a wage and take all the crop. We don't like to do it, but we have to do it.

The tenants stood up angrily. Grampa killed. Indians for the land, Pa killed snakes for the land. Then a bad year came and he had to borrow money. The bank owned the land then, but we stayed and got a little of what we raised. Even if it's no good, it's still ours. Being born on it, working it-that's what makes it ours. That's what makes ownership, not a paper with numbers on it.

And now the owner men grew angry. You'll have to go. You're on land that isn't yours. But if we go, where'll we go? We got no money.

 Why don't you go on west to California? There's work there, and it never gets cold. Why, you can reach out anywhere and pick an orange. Why, there's always some kind of crop to work in. Why don't you go there? And the owner men started their cars and rolled away. The tenant men squatted down to mark the dust with a stick, to figure, to wonder

.

**Monologues #2**

**Character: Navator**

In the evening, a strange thing happened. The 20 families became one family. The children were the children of all. Every night a world created, and every morning the world torn down like a circus.

The families learned what rights must be observed.

The right of privacy in the tent. The right to keep the past hidden in the heart. The right to talk and to lis­ten. And as the worlds moved westward, rules became laws, although no one told the families. It is unlawful to foul the drinking water. It is unlawful to eat good rich food near one who is hungry.

And with the laws, the punishments. There were only two: a quick fight or isolation. Isolation was the worst. For if one broke the laws, his name and face went with him, and he had no place in any world.

There grew up government in the worlds, with lead­ers. A man who was wise found that his wisdom was needed in every camp. A kind of insurance developed. A man with food fed a hungry man, and insured him­self against hunger. And when a baby died, a pile of sil­ver coins grew at the tent flap, for a baby must be well buried, since it had nothing else of life. An old man may be left in a poor grave, but not a baby.

Every night passed, and with the dawn the women came out of the tents, built the fires, put the coffee to boil. And the men came out and talked softly in the dawn. When you cross the Colorado River, there's the desert. Look out for the desert. Take plenty of water.

The families ate quickly, and the dishes were dipped and wiped. There was a rush to go. And when the sun rose, the camping place was vacant. And the camping place was ready for a new world in a new night

**Monologues #3**

**Character: William Eaton**

When the fiddlers struck up the music for the sec­ond square dance, Tom saw three strangers force their way through, toward some of the dancers. Twenty young men lounged slowly across the floor. Off in the darkness, a shrill whistle sounded. The three were walled in now. And each one felt the grip of hands. And then the wall of men moved slowly off the dance plat­form.

A touring car drove to the entrance. The driver called, "Open up. We hear you got a riot."

"We got no riot here."

The men listened to the music and then the car pulled slowly away and waited.

"Listen you," said Willie Eaton to the three strangers. "We're letting you off this time. But you take back the word. If this ever happens again, we'll bust every bone in their body."

They neared the fence. "Got some fellows going home early," said Willie. The three men climbed over the fence and disappeared into the darkness. The music of "Old Dan Tucker" whined from the string band.

**Monologues From A Raisin in the Sun by Lorraine Hansberry**

**Prepared byAlana Villavaso**

**Monologues #1**

**Character: Mama**

 I ain't rightly decided. *(Thinking. She speaks now with emphasis)* Some of if got to be put away for Beneatha and her schoolin'-and ain't nothing going to touch that part of it. Nothing. *(She waits several sec­onds, trying to make up her mind about something, and looks at* RUTH *a little tentatively before going on)* Been thinking-that we maybe could meet the notes on a little old two-story somewhere, with a yard where Travis could play in the summertime, if we use part of the insurance for a down payment and everybody kind of pitch in. I could maybe take on a little day work again, few days a week-

 "Rat trap"-yes, that's all it is. *(Smiling)* I remember just as well the day me and Big Walter moved in here. Hadn't been married but two weeks and wasn't planning on living here no more than a year. *(She shakes her head at the dissolved dream)* We was going to set away, little by little, don't you know, and buy a little place out in Morgan Park. We had even picked out the house. *(Chuckling a little)* Looks right dumpy today. But Lord, child, you should know all the dreams I had 'bout buying that house and fixing it up and making me a little garden in the back­*(She waits and stops smiling)* And didn't none of it happen

Honey, Big Walter would come in here some nights back then and slump down on that couch there and just look at the rug, and look at me and look at the rug and then back at me-and I'd know he was down then ... really down. (After a second very long and thoughtful pause; she is seeing back to times that only she can see) And then, Lord, when I lost that baby-little Claude-I almost thought I was going to lose Big Walter too. Oh, that man grieved hisself! He was one man to love his children.

**Monologues #2**

**Character: Walter Lee**

Gone, what you mean Willy is gone? Gone where? You mean he went by himself. You mean he went off to Springfield by himself-to take care of get­ting the *license-(Turns and looks anxiously at* RUTH) You mean maybe he didn't want too many people in on the business down there? *(Looks to* RUTH *again, as before)* You know Willy got his own ways. *(Looks back to* BOBO) Maybe you was late yesterday and he just went on down there without you. Maybe-maybe -he's been callin' you at home tryin' to tell you what happened or something. Maybe-maybe-he just got sick. He's somewhere--he's got to be somewhere. We-just got to find him-me and you got to find him.1 (Grabs BOBO senselessly by the collar and starts to' shake him) We got to!

BOBO (In sudden angry, frightened agony) What's the matter with you, Walter! When a cat take off with your money he don't leave you no maps!

WALTER (Turning madly, as though he is looking for WILLY in the very room) Willy! •.. Willy ••• don't

 do it Please don't do it ... Man, not with that

 money Man, please, not with that money .••

 Oh, God Don't let it be true ••• (He is wan·

dering around, crying out for WILLY and looking for him or perhaps for help from God) Man .•• I trusted you • •. Man, I put my life in your hands .••

**Monologues #3**

**Character: Beneatha**

 Me? .. Me? Me I'm nothing ... Me.When I was very small we used to take our sleds out in the wintertime and the only hills we had were the ice-covered stone steps of some houses down the street. And we used to fill them in with snow and make them smooth and slide down them all day ..• and it was very dangerous you know ... far too steep •.. and sure enough one day a kid named Rufus came down too fast and hit the sidewalk ... and we saw his face just split open right there in front of us ... And I remember standing there looking at his bloody open face thinking that was the end of Rufus. But the am­bulance came and they took him to the hospital and they fixed the broken bones and they sewed it all up ••. and the next time I saw Rufus he just had a little line down the middle of his face ••• I never got over that .•.

That that was what one person could do for another, fix him up--sew up the problem, make him all right again. That was the most marvelous thing in the world .•• I wanted to do that. I always thought it was the one concrete thing in the world that a human being could do. Fix up the sick, you know-and make them whole again. This was truly being God •••