

# 2019 JOHN BELL SCHOLARSHIP MONOLOGUE LIST

## A Midsummer Night's Dream – Act 1, Scene 1 (edited)

*Helena's best friend Hermia has just told her of her plans to run away to the forest with her love, Lysander. Helena reflects on her own happiness and pursuit of love.*

### HELENA

How happy some o'er other some can be!  
Through Athens I am thought as fair as she.  
But what of that? Demetrius thinks not so;  
He will not know what all but he do know.  
And as he errs, doting on Hermia's eyes,  
So I, admiring of his qualities:  
Things base and vile, holding no quantity,  
Love can transpose to form and dignity.  
Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind,  
And therefore is winged Cupid painted blind.  
Nor hath Love's mind of any judgement taste:  
Wings and no eyes figure unheedy haste.  
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 showers of oaths did melt.  
I will go tell him of fair Hermia's flight:  
Then to the wood will he tomorrow 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.

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## **Much Ado About Nothing – Act 2, Scene 3**

*Benedick has overheard his friends in conversation talking about Beatrice's love for him. He doesn't know that it is a playful ruse designed to get the former enemies to fall in love with each other.*

### **BENEDICK**

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

*[Enter BEATRICE]*

Here comes Beatrice. By this day, she's a fair lady! I do spy some marks of love in her.

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## Titus Andronicus – Act 2, Scene 3

*Tamora, the Queen of the Goths, encounters Lavinia and Bassianus in an isolated part of the forest. When Tamora's sons arrive, she calls on them to prove their allegiance to her.*

### TAMORA

Have I not reason, think you, to look pale?  
These two have 'ticed me hither to this place,  
A barren detested vale you see it is;  
The trees, though summer, yet forlorn and lean,  
O'ercome with moss and baleful mistletoe;  
Here never shines the sun, here nothing breeds  
Unless the nightly owl or fatal raven;  
And when they showed me this abhorrèd pit,  
They told me, here, at dead time of the night,  
A thousand fiends, a thousand hissing snakes,  
Ten thousand swelling toads, as many urchins,  
Would make such fearful and confusèd cries  
As any mortal body hearing it  
Should straight fall mad, or else die suddenly.  
No sooner had they told this hellish tale  
But straight they told me they would bind me here  
Unto the body of a dismal yew  
And leave me to this miserable death.  
And then they called me foul adulteress,  
Lascivious Goth, and all the bitterest terms  
That ever ear did hear to such effect.  
And had you not by wondrous fortune come,  
This vengeance on me had they executed.  
Revenge it, as you love your mother's life,  
Or be ye not henceforth called my children.

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## Romeo and Juliet – Act 2, Scene 2

*Romeo and Juliet have met and fallen in love at first sight at the Capulet ball, before discovering they are from rival families. Later that night, Romeo enters the Capulet grounds in search of Juliet.*

### ROMEO

He jests at scars that never felt a wound.

*[JULIET appears above at a window]*

But, soft! What light through yonder window breaks?  
It is the east, and Juliet is the sun.  
Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,  
Who is already sick and pale with grief  
That thou, her maid, art far more fair than she.  
Be not her maid, since she is envious;  
Her vestal livery is but sick and green,  
And none but fools do wear it; cast it off.  
It is my lady, O, it is my love:  
O, that she knew she were!  
She speaks, yet she says nothing: what of that?  
Her eye discourses, I will answer it.  
I am too bold, 'tis not to me she speaks:  
Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven,  
Having some business, do entreat her eyes  
To twinkle in their spheres till they return.  
What if her eyes were there, they in her head?  
The brightness of her cheek would shame those stars,  
As daylight doth a lamp; her eyes in heaven  
Would through the airy region stream so bright  
That birds would sing and think it were not night.  
See how she leans her cheek upon her hand!  
O, that I were a glove upon that hand,  
That I might touch that cheek!

**BELL  
SHAKESPEARE.**

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## Romeo and Juliet – Act 2, Scene 2

*Romeo and Juliet have met for the first time and professed their love for one another, all in the course of one night. Juliet reflects on the speed and intensity of their feelings for one another, as she speaks to Romeo.*

### JULIET

Thou know'st the mask of night is on my face,  
Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek  
For that which thou hast heard me speak tonight.  
Fain would I dwell on form, fain, fain deny  
What I have spoke, but farewell compliment!  
Dost thou love me? I know thou wilt say 'Ay',  
And I will take thy word; yet if thou swear'st,  
Thou mayst prove false: at lovers' perjuries  
They say Jove laughs. O gentle Romeo,  
If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully;  
Or if thou think'st I am too quickly won,  
I'll frown and be perverse, and say thee nay,  
So thou wilt woo, but else not for the world.  
In truth, fair Montague, I am too fond,  
And therefore thou mayst think my 'haviour light:  
But trust me, gentleman, I'll prove more true  
Than those that have more cunning to be strange.  
I should have been more strange, I must confess,  
But that thou overheard'st, ere I was ware,  
My true-love passion. Therefore pardon me,  
And not impute this yielding to light love,  
Which the dark night hath so discovered.

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## Macbeth – Act 2, Scene 1 (edited)

*Macbeth and his wife, Lady Macbeth, have planned to murder the King of Scotland in their own castle. Just before the plan is enacted, Macbeth sees a vision before him.*

### MACBETH

Is this a dagger which I see before me,  
The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch thee.  
I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.  
Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible  
To feeling as to sight? Or art thou but  
A dagger of the mind, a false creation,  
Proceeding from the heat-oppresèd brain?  
I see thee yet, in form as palpable  
As this which now I draw.  
Thou marshall'st me the way that I was going,  
And such an instrument I was to use.  
Mine eyes are made the fools o' the other senses,  
Or else worth all the rest. I see thee still,  
And on thy blade and dudgeon gouts of blood,  
Which was not so before. There's no such thing:  
It is the bloody business which informs  
Thus to mine eyes. Thou sure and firm-set earth,  
Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear  
Thy very stones prate of my whereabouts,  
And take the present horror from the time,  
Which now suits with it. Whiles I threat, he lives:  
Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives.

*[A bell rings]*

I go, and it is done; the bell invites me.  
Hear it not, Duncan, for it is a knell  
That summons thee to heaven, or to hell.

**BELL  
SHAKESPEARE.**