

2023 JOHN BELL SCHOLARSHIP MONOLOGUE LIST



**SHAKESPEARE
BELL**



ROMEO AND JULIET

ACT 3, SCENE 2 (EDITED)

In her bedroom, Juliet eagerly awaits the arrival of her new husband, Romeo, following their secret wedding earlier that day. As Juliet waits for night to come, she speaks of Romeo with great anticipation. She has no idea that he has just fought and killed her cousin, Tybalt.

JULIET

Gallop apace, you fiery-footed steeds,
Towards Phoebus' lodging: such a wagoner
As Phaeton would whip you to the west,
And bring in cloudy night immediately.
Spread thy close curtain, love-performing night,
That runaways' eyes may wink, and Romeo
Leap to these arms, untalk'd of and unseen.
Come, night; come, Romeo; come, thou day in night;
For thou wilt lie upon the wings of night
Whiter than new snow on a raven's back.
Come, gentle night, come, loving, black-brow'd night,
Give me my Romeo; and, when he shall die,
Take him and cut him out in little stars,
And he will make the face of heaven so fine
That all the world will be in love with night
And pay no worship to the garish sun.
O, I have bought the mansion of a love,
But not possess'd it, and, though I am sold,
Not yet enjoy'd. So tedious is this day
As is the night before some festival
To an impatient child that hath new robes
And may not wear them. O, here comes my nurse,
And she brings news; and every tongue that speaks
But Romeo's name speaks heavenly eloquence.

fiery-footed steeds – The horses that draw the chariot of the Sun god.

Phoebus' lodging – The Sun god's home, where he will rest – ie, where the sun will set.

Phaeton – Phoebus' eager and reckless son, who was allowed to drive the sun-chariot for his father for one day.

ROMEO AND JULIET

ACT 2, SCENE 2

Romeo has met Juliet at the Capulet ball, and the two have fallen for each other at first sight. After the ball, Romeo leaves his friends and climbs over the orchard walls of the Capulet mansion, in search of Juliet. Hiding in the darkness, within enemy territory, he spies Juliet standing high up at a window.

ROMEO

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!

be not her maid – do not follow the virgin goddess, Diana, who is cold to love and marriage

vestal livery – special clothing worn by a virgin

discourses – speaks

airy region – the sky

TWELFTH NIGHT

ACT 2, SCENE 2

Viola is disguised as a man named 'Cesario'. She has been sent by her master, the Duke Orsino, to help him woo the countess Olivia. The problem is, Olivia has no interest in Orsino, and has fallen in love with Cesario.

In order to get Cesario to visit her again, Olivia plays a trick. She sends her snobby servant, Malvolio, to 'return' a ring that Viola-as-Cesario supposedly left behind. Viola, having never sent a ring, is completely confused.

VIOLA

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; the cunning of her passion
 Invites me in this churlish messenger.
 None of my lord's ring? Why, he sent her none.
 I am the man. If it be so, as 'tis,
 Poor lady, she were better love a dream.
 Disguise, I see thou art a wickedness
 Wherein the pregnant enemy does much.
 How easy is it for the proper false
 In women's waxen hearts to set their forms!
 Alas, our frailty is the cause, not we,
 For such as we are made of, such we be.
 How will this fadge? My master loves her dearly,
 And I, poor monster, fond as much on him;
 And she, mistaken, seems to dote on me.
 What will become of this? As I am man,
 My state is desperate for my master's love.
 As I am woman, now alas the day,
 What thriftless sighs shall poor Olivia breathe?
 O Time, thou must untangle this, not I;
 It is too hard a knot for me to untie.

pregnant enemy – a ready foe

proper false – good looking, but deceitful

waxen – impressionable, mouldable, easily imprinted on

how will this fadge? – how will this turn out?

TWELFTH NIGHT

ACT 5, SCENE 1

Antonio is a sea captain who cares deeply for Sebastian (Viola's twin brother), who he rescued and cared for following a shipwreck. Although he has many enemies in the court of Illyria, Antonio follows Sebastian there. In Illyria, Antonio gives Sebastian some money, and is later imprisoned by Duke Orsino's officers.

In Orsino's court, Antonio sees Viola and mistakes her for Sebastian. Antonio asks for his purse (money) back, but Viola professes not to know Antonio, making him feel betrayed and heartbroken. He fights for his release, and rebukes Viola, who he still thinks is Sebastian.

ANTONIO

Orsino, noble sir,
 Be pleased that I shake off these names you give me:
 Antonio never yet was thief or pirate,
 Though I confess, on base and ground enough,
 Orsino's enemy. A witchcraft drew me hither:
 That most ingrateful boy there by your side,
 From the rude sea's enraged and foamy mouth
 Did I redeem; a wreck past hope he was.
 His life I gave him and did thereto add
 My love, without retention or restraint,
 All his in dedication. For his sake
 Did I expose myself, pure for his love,
 Into the danger of this adverse town,
 Drew to defend him when he was beset;
 Where being apprehended, his false cunning,
 Not meaning to partake with me in danger,
 Taught him to face me out of his acquaintance,
 And grew a twenty years removed thing
 While one would wink; denied me mine own purse,
 Which I had recommended to his use
 Not half an hour before.

redeem – save

a wreck – playing on the term 'shipwreck'

pure – purely

adverse – hostile, unfriendly

drew – took out my sword

beset – surrounded, under attack

recommended – given

MACBETH

ACT 1, SCENE 1

Lady Macbeth, having received news of the witches' prophecies, now waits in anticipation for the arrival of her husband, Macbeth. A messenger tells her that King Duncan is also on his way to the Macbeths' castle to stay with them that night. Lady Macbeth calls upon dark spirits to give her the strength to commit a treasonous act.

LADY MACBETH

The raven himself is hoarse
That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan
Under my battlements. Come, you spirits
That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here,
And fill me from the crown to the toe top-full
Of direst cruelty! Make thick my blood;
Stop up the access and passage to remorse,
That no compunctious visitings of nature
Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace between
The effect and it! Come to my woman's breasts,
And take my milk for gall, you murdering ministers,
Wherever in your sightless substances
You wait on nature's mischief! Come, thick night,
And pall thee in the dunnest smoke of hell,
That my keen knife see not the wound it makes,
Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the dark,
To cry 'Hold, hold!'

raven – a large crow, a signal of death or doom

unsex – remove the qualities traditionally attributed to one's sex

compunctious – remorseful, regretful

fell – cruel, ruthless

pall – to cover or conceal

MACBETH

ACT 2, SCENE 1 (EDITED)

Macbeth, having made the decision to kill King Duncan, is immediately wracked with guilt. His imagination leads him to see a floating dagger in front of him, pointing towards the very place that Duncan lies asleep.

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-oppressèd 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.

heat-oppressed – fevered

dudgeon – wooden handle of a dagger

marshall'st – leading towards Duncan

knell – a solemn bell, often used to announce death, or used at funerals

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM

ACT 4, SCENE 1

In the forest, Bottom wakes up from a deep sleep, confused. He vaguely remembers that he had the head of a donkey and that the Queen of the Fairies was madly in love with him. But now he is all alone – no donkey ears, no fairies, and his friends are nowhere to be found. Was it all a dream, or was it real? Undeterred, Bottom resolves to find his friends and turn his “dream” into a most spectacular performance.

BOTTOM

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

patched fool – a fool’s multicoloured, patched costume, that of a jester.

peradventure – perhaps

her death – the character of Thisbe dies at the end of the play Bottom and his friends are planning to perform for the Duke

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM

ACT 1, SCENE 1 (EDITED)

Hermia plans to run away to the forest in secret with her boyfriend, Lysander. They share their plans with Hermia's best friend, Helena, and wish her good luck with Demetrius, the man Helena loves (yet who is more interested in Hermia). Once alone, Helena laments the situation and reflects on her own unhappiness in 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 wing'd Cupid painted blind;
Nor hath Love's mind of any judgement taste:
Wings, and no eyes, figure unheedy haste.
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 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.

errs – make a mistake, error

holding no quantity – without form or bounds, shapeless

eyne – eyes

OTHELLO

ACT 4, SCENE 3

Othello has publicly accused his wife, Desdemona, of infidelity. Following her pleas of innocence, Desdemona and her gentlewoman (ie. her maid/assistant), Emilia, retire to Desdemona's bedroom, as instructed by Othello. As Emilia dresses Desdemona for bed, they discuss the fraught relationships between men and women, and the roles women are expected to play.

EMELIA

But I do think it is their husbands' faults
 If wives do fall: say that they slack their duties,
 And pour our treasures into foreign laps,
 Or else break out in peevish jealousies,
 Throwing restraint upon us; or say they strike us,
 Or scant our former having in despite.
 Why, we have galls, and though we have some grace,
 Yet have we some revenge. Let husbands know
 Their wives have sense like them: they see and smell
 And have their palates both for sweet and sour,
 As husbands have. What is it that they do
 When they change us for others? Is it sport?
 I think it is. And doth affection breed it?
 I think it doth. Is't frailty that thus errs?
 It is so too. And have not we affections,
 Desires for sport, and frailty, as men have?
 Then let them use us well, else let them know,
 The ills we do, their ills instruct us so.

pour our treasures into foreign laps – cheat on us with other people

peevish – moody, irritable

scant our former having – reduce our allowance

galls – resentments, bitterness

HAMLET

ACT 1, SCENE 2

Hamlet, the Prince of Denmark, is mourning his late father, the King. On returning home for the funeral, Hamlet discovers that his mother, Queen Gertrude, has already remarried, to his uncle. Hamlet is still in deep grief, and disgusted at his mother's actions. He is frustrated by his own lack of control over the situation, and confides in the audience.

HAMLET

O, that this too too solid flesh would melt,
 Thaw and resolve itself into a dew,
 Or that the Everlasting had not fix'd
 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! –
 A little month, or ere those shoes were old
 With which she followed my poor father's body,
 Like Niobe, all tears. Why she, even she –
 O God, a beast, that wants discourse of reason,
 Would have mourned longer – married with my uncle,
 My father's brother, but no more like my father
 Than I to Hercules. Within a month,
 Ere yet the salt of most unrighteous tears
 Had left the flushing in her gallèd eyes,
 She married. O, most wicked speed, to post
 With such dexterity to incestuous sheets!
 It is not, nor it cannot come to good.
 But break, my heart, for I must hold my tongue.

the Everlasting – God

canon – holy law

Hyperion – a Greek sun god

satyr – a creature that is half-man, half-beast, associated with lust

ere – before

Niobe – Mythological Greek woman who turned to stone grieving for her slaughtered children

wants – lacks

Hercules – a Greek hero known for his physical strength, who performed superhuman tasks

galled – irritated